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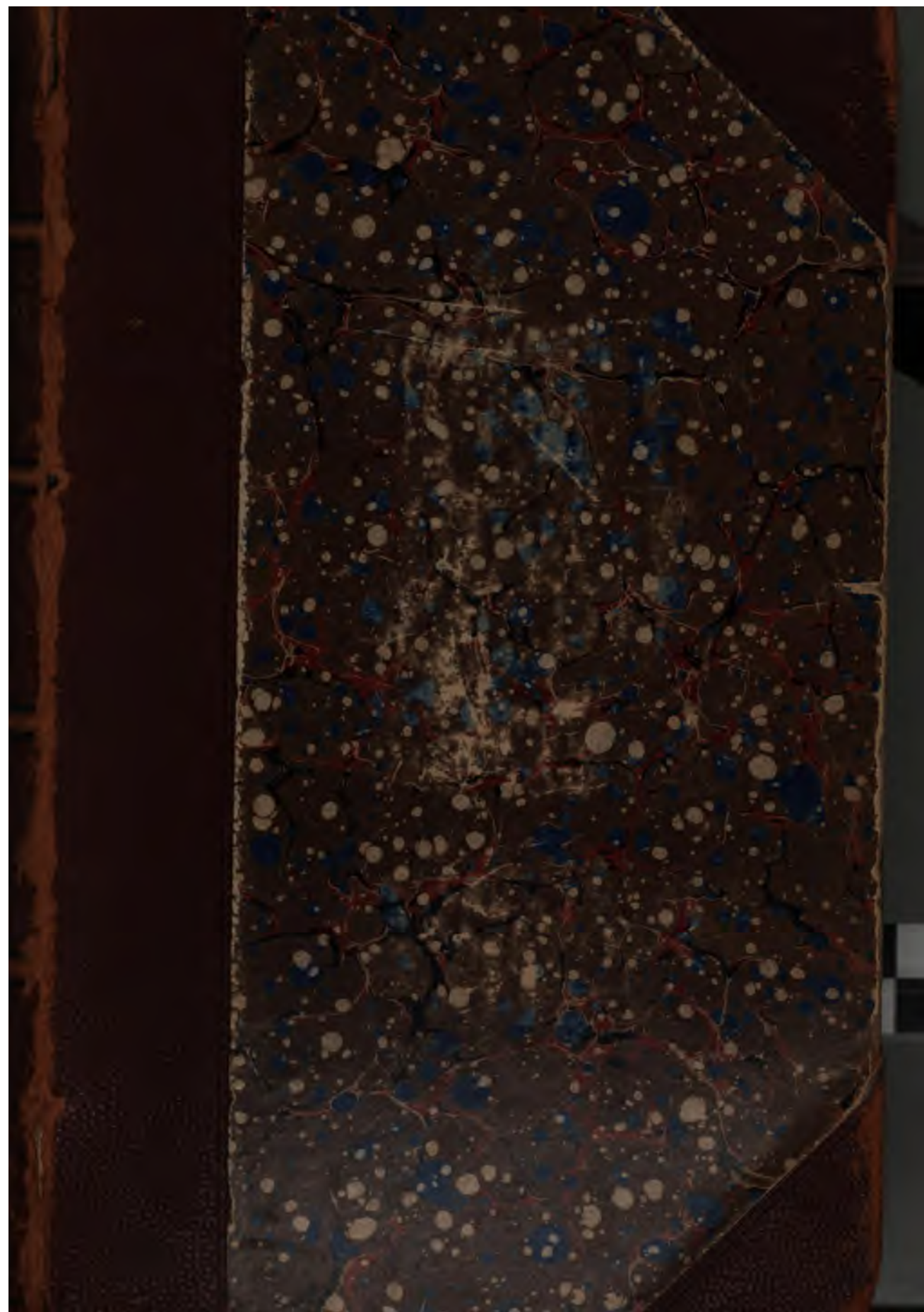
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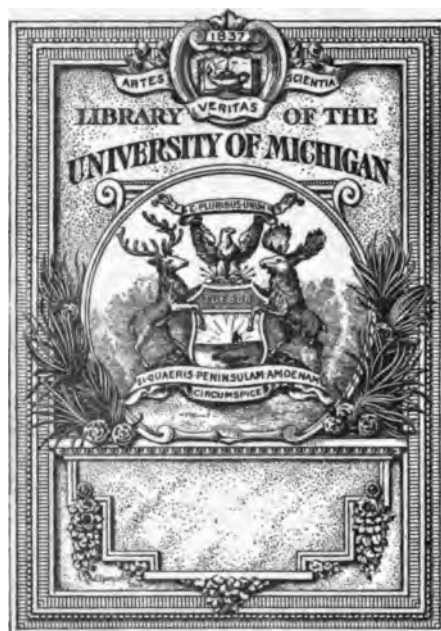
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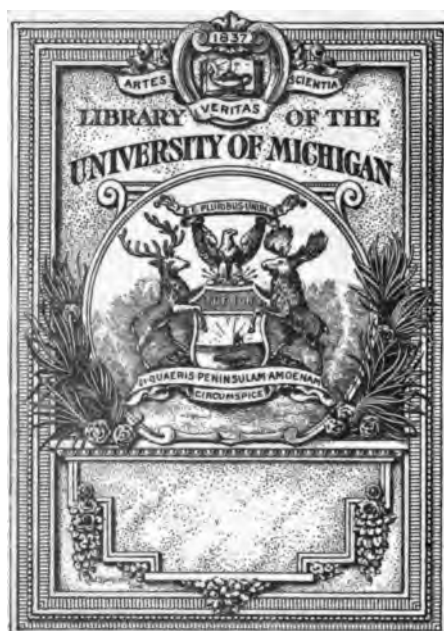
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CRICKET AND THE VICTORIAN ERA.

BY PRINCE RANJITSINGHJI.

IN this year of grace 1897 all the British empire is joining together to congratulate her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria upon the unparalleled duration of her reign. There is no part or condition of her loyal subjects' lives which may not fairly be called upon to prove its right to be regarded as one of the blessings her Majesty may associate with her happy occupation of the throne of England.

The rise and development of athleticism, until it has become a most important aspect of British life, has been one of the marked characteristics of the Victorian era. I do not mean to say that the nation had not athletic tastes and tendencies long before Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837. That would be untrue. For from time immemorial the English have been passionately fond of sports and pastimes, and

have carried their love for them wherever they have wandered on their many errands of peace and war. But in former days games of all kinds were offshoots and ornaments of daily life rather than distinct and absorbing interests. It is during the last sixty years, and especially during the latter half of this period, that the two great games cricket and football have become such enormous factors in the sum of English life. It may almost be said that the average modern Englishman has two separate sides to his nature—one for work and one for games. And though his work may sometimes make it impossible for him to play games, though his interest in games may sometimes prevent him from working, still if an average be struck the two sides will be found fairly well balanced. At any rate, games form a very large part of modern English life.

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Queen Victoria reigns over a people who find much of the pleasure of life in games — either actively or passively. In reviewing a period with regard to its value in a nation's history, it is a great mistake to leave out of the reckoning the recreations and pleasures of the people, for these have a great influence upon the national character. And the larger share such things have in daily life and interests, the more important is it to take them into consideration. So in casting our eyes back upon Queen Victoria's reign we must not omit to notice the prevailing spirit of athleticism, which if it existed before has only of late years assumed a definite shape by crystallising, as it were, round the two great English games and round others in a less marked degree.

Foreigners who come to England are always surprised and impressed by the deep and widespread interest in games. A German friend of mine once said to me: "When I first came to England I was naturally on the look-out for such traits and characteristics as were different from those of my own countrymen. Nothing struck me as more peculiar in external English life than the extraordinary interest taken in games, and the exaggerated importance, as it seemed to me then, attached to them by the public. I could understand people liking football and cricket, but I could not understand how they could bring themselves to make these games integral and absorbing portions of their life. The way I first perceived what games mean to Englishmen was this. I was taken by a young Oxford graduate to see a cricket-match at Kennington Oval. To begin with, I was much astounded at the enormous seating area of the ground, and at the huge crowd that was assembled

to watch eleven men from Nottingham play at bat and ball against eleven men of Surrey. But what seemed to me hardly credible was the extreme orderliness of the many thousands as they came and went through the turnstiles or stood in their places round the ring. And yet there were only four or five policemen on the ground. These, too, had nothing much to do. They seemed chiefly occupied in finding some spot to stand where they could see the match well without obscuring any one's view. I remarked on this to my friend, and told him that abroad it would require at least three hundred policemen to keep such a huge crowd in order. 'Ah!' he replied, 'but all these people come to see cricket, and when they get here pay no attention to anything but the game. So they sit still and don't interfere with one another.' Then I saw how deeply the English are interested in games." My German acquaintance's remarks are instructive. Something that keeps 25,000 people in order without external direction or suppression must be very real. I am afraid large bodies of spectators are not always quite so well-behaved as on this occasion. But that they behave as well as they usually do is surprising enough till the reason is recognised.

The mention of foreign criticism of English games reminds me of an article I saw in the 'New Review' last summer. The writer of it tried to show that the games and pastimes upon which the English pride themselves as having contributed largely towards the national greatness, do not produce, even physically, finer men than the Continental military training; that they certainly produce far less valuable citizens, and waste also much valuable time. His point was, as far as I remember,

that the three years' military training which every Frenchman and German has to undergo produce a physical result at least as good as do our games, and with great economy of time. Further, whereas skill in games is of no practical use, a knowledge of military service and its requirements is useful for an extremely important end, the defence of one's country.

With regard to physical development pure and simple, I am not in a position to dispute these statements. For I have not seen enough men trained under the military system to afford a fair comparison. But those Frenchmen and Germans whom I have seen certainly fall below the physical standard attained by the average Englishman. As far as I can see, the man who is the result of football and cricket is in the matter of thew and sinew, and general bodily ability, about as good a specimen as can be produced by any means whatever. However, for the sake of argument let us regard the two physical results as equal, or, if need be, that of games as slightly inferior to that of military service. In every other respect, there can be no possible doubt, games are far better training for a man than military service. In the first place, they fit in much more conveniently with the pursuit of an employment, whether trade or profession. Nowadays a young man can get plenty of exercise at football or cricket without in any way spending upon them time which he ought to be devoting to work. Perhaps he may not be able to play enough to become a first-rate performer, or to win any fame as an athlete, but he can play enough to cultivate his physique quite as highly as desirable. Military training, on the other hand, cuts a man's life in two.

In order to meet its requirements he has to leave his trade or profession for several years, which must handicap him immensely, and is likely to render him far less efficient in his particular line than he would otherwise be. Military training comes all in a lump; training by games is spread over many years. The former ends suddenly and for ever, the latter goes on as long as a man retains the power of running and a fair use of his limbs. Moreover, it is quite obvious that the general atmosphere of cricket and football fields is for a young man far preferable to that of the barracks. Barrack life is at best rather unsavoury—at least so it seems to me. I can well understand that three years spent in it may do an infinite amount of harm, whereas a playing-field cannot possibly do any one any harm, but only good. But to return to the respective results. Given that the two trainings produce practically the same purely physical result, and you have not made sure one does not produce a far better man than the other. Now I maintain that the training by means of games turns out by far the better man. The oft-repeated saying of the Duke of Wellington, that the battle of Waterloo was won on the Eton playing-fields, has a deeper meaning than is usually attached to it. Games do more than strengthen muscles and teach courage and endurance. They give those who play them an unconquerable *joie de vivre*—a buoyancy that refuses to be overwhelmed. It is this pleasure in life, these eternal good spirits, that, in addition to courage, endurance, and physical powers, are the great benefits England has reaped and is still reaping from her love for games. And herein is one of her most fruitful resources. Mr Andrew Lang, in his

unerring manner, has hit the nail exactly on the head. And what he says of cricket applies also in some degree to other games. "Cricket," he writes, "is a liberal education in itself, and demands temper, justice, and perseverance. There is more teaching in the playground than in schoolrooms" — he might have added, than in gymnasiums or drill-yards — "and a lesson better worth learning often. For there can be no good or enjoyable cricket without enthusiasm — without sentiment, one may almost say; a quality that enriches life and refines it; gives it, what life more and more is apt to lose, zest."

No one ever got much enthusiasm or zest out of parallel bars or squad drill. It is just this that makes all the difference. Physical training by means of games has all the advantages over that by means of military service which the voluntary and pleasant has over the compulsory and distasteful. In the former the subject can give full play to his instincts and becomes himself; in the latter he is checked and curbed and pressed into a mould. And the instincts to which games give scope are some of the best in human nature. Cricketers and footballers are far more likely to realise their possibilities for good than are hastily-trained soldiers. As to who make the better citizens, it may be safely concluded that the better men do, unless they are required for a European war—a contingency to which Englishmen are happily not in much danger of being subject.

Well, then, athletics have come to be a very large part of English life—definite forms of athletics. For proof of this statistics suffice. Not that I mean to deal in figures. The huge numbers recorded as having visited cricket, football, and other matches, the variety

and circulation of sporting journals and the general prevalence of athletic literature of all sorts, show that games are with us in some bulk. And games are good, for they produce good results and make almost without exception for what is good.

The next point I should like to make is, that cricket is the best of all games, and is so regarded by the majority of Englishmen all over the world—best intrinsically as a game, and also because of its effects upon those who play it or watch it being played.

What says Richard Daft, one of the most skilful and thoughtful of cricketers?—

"No game except cricket combines a great amount of science with the advantage of bodily exercise. In fact, the mental and physical qualities required for one who would excel as a cricketer are about equally in demand. When one is at the wickets batting the brain is never at rest—eye and hand must work together. The bowler is your enemy for the time being, to say nothing of the wicket-keeper and fielders; your enemy is doing all he can to overcome you, and you must bring all your mental and physical qualities into play to prevent him.

"The games of lawn-tennis, football, baseball, lacrosse, and others, are all of the same class as cricket, but none of them allow of such exact science as our national game.

"A single mistake on the part of a batsman may cause his downfall, whereas at every other game more mistakes can often be made without the like disastrous consequences to the player who makes them.

"Then, of course, we have an advantage over football in having a most enjoyable time of the year for our game. The surroundings of a cricket match are naturally of a pleasanter character. I am very far from running down our chief winter pastime. Football is, in my opinion, by far and away the finest game ever known with the one exception of cricket.

"Cricket has also this great advantage over many games — by having

eleven men on each side. This must always make a game more interesting than where there are only one or two on a side. When we have eleven-a-side contests we know that a match is never lost till it is won, and a seeming defeat is often turned into a victory by the tail-end at the eleventh hour.

"Cricket is the king of games for players, as it is for spectators who understand the game. For those who do not, I can quite understand their considering it slow and uninteresting.

"And now that I have gone through the whole of my career down to the present time and look back to the time I was a young man, I am far from regretting that I have been a cricketer; and he who has never indulged in this noblest of all pastimes, be he prince or peasant, has missed one of the greatest enjoyments of life."

Such is Richard Daft's opinion of cricket; and I think it will be echoed by all who have either taken part in the game or had much to do with it. How cricket compares with sports is another question. There are many fine cricketers who like hunting, shooting, or fishing better than cricket. But no one who has played most of the English games with fair success has really any doubt in his mind that cricket stands by itself as the best of them all. The opinions of men who have risen to a high position in other games, but have failed in cricket, must be accepted with some reservation. There are many men who have played football and cricket equally well; but none of those whom I know has the slightest hesitation in plumping for cricket as the better game of the two.

It is always difficult to analyse a game with a view to finding out why it gives pleasure. Richard Daft seems to me to go to the root of the matter with regard to cricket when he says that it requires of its followers a high degree not only of bodily but of mental skill, and exercises both

in a very pleasurable way. But there is something in the game of cricket which cannot be expressed in words—a peculiar charm and fascination. It is as impossible to describe this as it is to describe the pleasure derived from seeing fine trees or fine buildings. All one can say is that the charm of the game consists in an aggregate of pleasant feelings which is greater than that given by any other. And I think the reason must be that cricket calls into play more faculties, and gives them freer play and wider scope, than any other game. This is what a cricketer means when he says there is so much in the game. People who have not played or been closely concerned with cricket have not the faintest conception what there is in it. In a somewhat similar way those who have no acquaintance with music fail to understand what there is in a sonata of Beethoven.

It has sometimes been objected that nearly all the pleasure derived from cricket is due not so much to the intrinsic merits of the game as to accidents of conditions and surroundings. That bright June sunshine and fine green turf are good settings for a game no one can deny. Then there is that grand old elm yonder to lie under while looking on. And there is all the pleasant companionship and salted wit of the pavilion and the railway journey. But I cannot help thinking that it is the spirit of cricket—of the game itself—that glorifies everything connected with it. No doubt when people play the game on a rough jumble of veldt-grass and mine-tailings in the outskirts of Johannesburg half the pleasure they find is the result of association of ideas. The feel of a bat and its sound against the ball bring back memories of the green turf and cool breezes of

England. Still, cricket is a gem fair in itself apart from the beauty of its setting—a gem quite worthy of a niche in Queen Victoria's crown.

But there is another respect in which cricket is pre-eminent as a game. It seems to have an extraordinarily good influence both upon those who take an active part in it and upon those who are merely spectators. I have tried to suggest some of the ways in which games are beneficial to the nation as a whole. They are a splendid form of recreation and an excellent physical training, and cricket as the best of them may fairly be regarded as conferring the greatest benefits. I hope I shall not be convicted of special pleading, for I am afraid my case is not very scientifically stated. However, no one who knows anything of the game can fail to see what a fine physical training cricket affords. It exercises every muscle of the body, encouraging not only strength and speed but agility and quickness. It also gives grace and ease of movement. Few good cricketers are clumsy or ponderous, at any rate in their prime; and even when years bring a superfluity of flesh, cricketers seem to retain enough of their youthful qualities to make them far more active than those of their coevals who have never taken part in the game. Something of the educational value of cricket has also been hinted at. But that aspect of the game concerns all who take part in it as a recreation, especially boys and men without much leisure. There are two classes of people affected by cricket in a more special way—those who devote their life to the game, and those who form the large body of regular spectators.

Let us consider the former class first. One of the most recent de-

velopments of the game is the number of professionals who take it up as a means of gaining their livelihood. And along with them, as far as the influence of cricket is concerned, may be grouped the leisured class who make it their chief occupation.

Now the increase of the number of professional players is a natural result of the evolution of cricket into its present state and dimensions. Later on modern cricket will be reviewed in its relation to the past. Here it is sufficient to admit that the game has in a sense become more than a game. It is a huge institution, highly organised and demanding the entire time of those actively engaged in it, or at any rate so much of their time that they are good for little else. From being a recreation it has become an occupation. A man nowadays cannot play first-class cricket and do much else. And many people regard this as not quite as it should be. They cry out against the present state of things because men are taken away from trades and useful occupations in order to play cricket for some fifteen years of their lives, and the very best years into the bargain. They point out also that though a professional cricketer may lead a very pleasant and harmless life as long as he is young and fit to play, the profession he adopts ceases with his youth, so that he is left stranded at an age when most men are just beginning to be successful and are ensuring the position of themselves and their families.

These objections to the present state of games look very plausible at first sight, from the point of view of political and social economy. And there is no doubt that there is very considerable justification for them with regard to football. A football professional gets higher

wages on the average than a cricket professional, but his career is very much shorter. Few men are able to make wages out of the game for more than ten years altogether. These ten years are sufficient to put them out of touch with other occupations, and give them a taste for doing nothing except playing games. It must be remembered that though the actual time spent in football-matches is not great—in fact, it is so small that first-class football and an ordinary trade are by no means mutually exclusive—the training and preparation of a professional football team is so rigorous that practically there is no chance of its members being able to do anything else. Then football professionals are paid a retaining fee during the close season, so they have no need to work even then. There is no doubt that many of them are stranded in most unenviable positions at the end of their brief and meteoric careers. With cricket professionals the case is somewhat different. Their period of active service is much longer. For after a cricketer has played many years for a county, and at last is too old to be of any use in first-class cricket, he can always obtain a berth either as a school coach or as a club bowler, the duties of which he can fulfil adequately until he is practically an old man. And all this time his wages are good enough to enable him to put by a sufficient provision for his old age. As a matter of fact, the demand for players who have been first-class to fill posts at clubs and schools is far in excess of the supply. A first-class cricketer, whose character is good, can rely with certainty upon obtaining on his retirement from county cricket a suitable and well-paid berth, which he will be capable of filling for many years. Frequently, too,

their fame and popularity help cricketers to find good businesses upon their retirement, when usually they have a certain amount of money, gained from their benefit match, to invest. Certainly, from a material point of view, a successful cricketer's career is by no means unprofitable. More than that, it is far better than those followed by most men in the class from which the majority of professional cricketers are drawn. But what of the unsuccessful? What of the many men who take up cricket as their profession, and fail to get inside the sacred pale of first-class cricket? Well, an honest hard-working man can always make a living at the game. Nor are the failures relatively more numerous in this profession than in any other. It must not be supposed that these remarks are meant to encourage young fellows to adopt cricket as a profession. For it is to be remembered that the competition is very keen, and that success is impossible without certain natural gifts. And assuredly cricket is not a good profession for those who do not succeed in it, though it may be that there are many worse.

Before considering what there is in the other objection to the existing state of games, let us see what kind of man is produced by a life devoted to cricket. It has always seemed to me that those people are most fortunate whose work and pleasure are combined. I do not mean those who merely take a kind of side interest in their work while their real interests are otherwise directed, but those whose chief pleasure is their work. It is of course out of the question to compare playing cricket with the pursuit of art, science, or literature. But in a far-off way a professional cricketer's life does somewhat resemble that of an artist. The true artist regards his

art, not as a means to an end, but as an end in itself. For him his art is not only his work but his pleasure. Now most cricketers would rather play cricket than do anything else, even though it is the means whereby they live. The large majority of professionals play cricket for cricket's sake, rather than because they get so much a-year for appearing in so many matches or bowling for so many hours a-day at nets. For this reason, I think I would rather be a professional cricketer than a man who toils to make a large income out of some business that he hates, in order to be able to spend it upon something he likes. Such men have a divided life, half of which is not life at all in the true sense of the word. A cricketer is a far better exponent of the art of living than many men who are far richer and far more highly esteemed. Perhaps this is the reason why cricketers as a class are so remarkably happy themselves and so extremely pleasant to deal with. There are few worthier fellows in the world than the average professional of the better class. I remember hearing Mr Stoddart say—and I hope he will not mind my repeating it—"Well, I never want to meet three better fellows or more pleasant companions than Tom Richardson, Albert Ward, and Brockwell." This was soon after he returned from his tour in Australia in the winter of 1895-96. It is true he happened to light on three particularly good specimens, but what he said of them is widely applicable among professionals. They are as a class good fellows and pleasant companions. And it would be curious if there was much wrong with the life that produces men who are happy themselves and make others happy too.

At the same time, cricket does not stamp a man with any special

peculiarities. On the contrary, as was remarked above, cricketers do not all give the impression of having been turned out of the same mould. There is usually not much difficulty in classing most men one comes across as belonging to this or to that calling. But I think it would puzzle even Sherlock Holmes himself to place an average cricketer correctly if he met him unaccompanied by the tell-tale bag. A cricketer is just a man with a clear eye, bronzed face, and athletic figure. He is usually somewhat lacking in general information, and is sometimes a poor conversationalist upon any but his own subject. He does not read much. On the other hand, he does not talk much about things he does not understand, which is a good trait. He gives the impression of having led a free unconstrained life—he might be, in fact, anything from a trooper in the Rhodesian Horse to a Californian orange-grower. He is simple, frank, and unaffected; a genuine person, with plenty of self-respect, and no desire to seem what he is not: on the whole, not a bad sort of man at all—quite the reverse. So the profession of cricket does not do much harm to those who follow it. My view may be rather too rosy. I may be reading into the cricketer what I would like to see in him, rather than portraying him as he is. I do not think so. Perhaps I may have been singularly fortunate in my acquaintance, but most of the cricketers I know have my sincere regard and respect. As for the amateur who, being a man of leisure, devotes his life to cricket—well, he gets much good out of the game and very little ill, whereas he might very easily be doing something that would have quite the reverse effect upon him. He generally has the good qualities of the professional; only in a higher de-

gree, inasmuch as he starts in most cases with more capacity for development. Time spent upon cricket is quite as profitable as time devoted to hunting or shooting. To play cricket, a man must lead a healthy regular life, which after all is a very excellent thing.

But what about the other objection, which may be called the economical? It is this. Cricket is a splendid recreation, and is, no doubt, good enough in its way. But it is not the kind of thing to which a man ought to devote himself. It is a game. Men ought not to get incomes out of games. They ought to be so employed that their means of livelihood is also a benefit to their fellow-men and to society. They ought to be helping to supply some part of the world's requirements. Cricket is not a waste of time as a recreation and a physical training, but as an occupation it is. Even if the life of a cricketer does no harm to the individual who follows it, what excuse is there for the existence in the community of a class that does nothing for the general welfare? An anecdote occurs to me that illustrates the feeling underlying this objection. In the sixth form at a well-known public school there was a boy who was then a very fine bat, and became afterwards a first-rate cricketer. He showed up a piece of Latin prose which contained among other blunders a flagrantly inexcusable false concord. The headmaster said to the perpetrator, "You may some day make a good professional cricketer. You probably will. But you will never make a useful citizen or a Christian English gentleman." Perhaps the headmaster did not mean all he said, but his criticism showed in what light he regarded cricket. Now I should be the last to say that a man of ability should give all his time to

cricket. That would be absurd. But I do not think that the life of one who devotes himself to cricket is either altogether wasted or quite useless to his fellow-men, for the simple reason that cricket provides a very large number of people with cheap, wholesome, and desirable amusement.

There is a side of modern games upon which we have not yet touched—the spectacular. It may safely be asserted that more people go yearly to cricket and football matches than to any other entertainment. Both games afford the spectators a wonderful amount of innocent and healthy amusement. The value of this side of games will be touched upon later. At present, the point I am making is that this form of amusement is not possible without a class who devote themselves entirely to the games. Perhaps this does not quite hold good of football, but it certainly does of cricket. Whether spectacular football would be possible without professionals I very much doubt, for without them it would be almost impossible to establish a sufficient number of first-class teams to give exhibitions of the game at all the many towns where such a fervid interest is taken in it. This, I think, is the justification of professionalism in football. The public are very keen on seeing the game, and it is a good thing that they are, but they will not go to see bad or mediocre football. A demand for exhibitions of first-rate football has arisen, and has been met by the inevitable supply. So in spite of the undoubted drawbacks and evils of professional football, which need not be mentioned here, the present form of the game is justified by the amount of amusement and pleasure it affords to a very large section of the community.

Now if this is true of football

it is doubly true of cricket. Professionalism is necessary for the continuance of the game in anything like a developed form, not only as a spectacular amusement, but as an everyday recreation. Even club cricket cannot very well be carried on without professionals. Bowlers, ground men, and coaches are necessary in any but the crudest cricket: without them the standard of skill cannot be high, for adequate conditions for its exercise cannot be realised. Now a high standard of skill is what makes and maintains the popularity of a game. Of course these things react upon each other. Skill arouses interest, interest creates a somewhat fastidious taste, and this taste, in its turn, demands a high standard of skill to satisfy it. The popularity of cricket has more or less kept pace with its development as a game. People went to see players who had made reputations, and as the number of skilled players increased, so did that of the spectators. From watching famous players people have learnt much of the game, so that now they can appreciate skill even in unknown performers. If for some reason skill in cricket suffered a sudden decline, the interest in the game would wane—public interest in it as a spectacular amusement. In this form cricket could not possibly exist without professionals, for unless a considerable number of men devoted their entire time and energies to the game, it would be impossible to fill up the county teams with players possessing the requisite amount of skill. The small number of amateurs in first-class cricket is very noticeable. It is the result of the fact that though there are innumerable amateur players of a certain standard, there are only a few who have both the necessary leisure and

the necessary skill for first-class cricket.

Spectacular cricket must be first-class, because the people will have results. Bad or mediocre play does not convince them: it is not what they want. The development of cricket has taught them what the game is when played skilfully, and they would soon cease to care about going to matches if the play were poor, or if it sank to the average standard that can be attained by men who only played cricket occasionally and as a recreation. There are players who can come into first-class cricket from other pursuits, and make centuries. But players like Mr W. H. Patterson and Mr A. G. Steel are very rare indeed. Even if there were thirty such—and I do not suppose there are more than three—how could sufficient players of the necessary degree of skill be got together to provide first-class matches in all the many cricket-loving towns in England? I cannot see how cricket, as a great institution for providing popular amusement, could, as things are now, exist without a class of people who devote themselves entirely to it. In calling cricket a great institution for providing popular amusement, I am not taking into consideration the motives of men in playing or the reasons why county clubs are formed or championships instituted. I am merely regarding the result of cricket as it is played nowadays.

And this result is, that hundreds of thousands of people of all classes can go and enjoy themselves by looking on at the game. Their convenience is consulted, accommodation is provided for them, and good cricket such as their hearts delight in is shown them. The clubs, it is true, want their shillings or sixpences. But

how does this affect the question, so long as the people see what they desire to see and the sight is good for them? Going to see cricket-matches is neither a bad nor a neutral but a good thing. Of this I am quite sure in my own mind. But I do not quite know how to prove it. Perhaps no one disputes it. Why, then, this outcry against present-day athleticism as an evil? No one would try to argue that cricket is the finest thing in the world. But it is a really good thing, and satisfies better than any other kind of exhibition the desire for athletic sight-seeing which is so marked a trait in the English character. The chances are that a strong popular desire, if not bad, is very good, and consequently ought to be satisfied. Cricket is the best athletic food for the public. It is not so furiously popular as football, nor so much thought of in some districts. But it has a more even and a firmer hold on people in general. Neither time nor money has tarnished it. There are very few newspaper readers who do not turn to the cricket column first when the morning journal comes; who do not buy a halfpenny evening paper to find out how many runs W. G. or Bobby Abel has made. Many of these same people go to the Oval on Saturday afternoon to see Surrey play Gloucestershire. And the large majority of them would be doing nothing if they did not do this. The remembrance of a bright half-hour when Tom Hayward and Walter Read were in together makes the cricket news doubly interesting all the summer. It is a grand thing for people who have to work most of their time to have an interest in something or other outside their particular groove. Cricket is a first-rate interest. The game has developed to such

a pitch that it is worth taking interest in. Go to Lord's and analyse the crowd. There are all sorts and conditions of men there round the ropes — bricklayers, bank-clerks, soldiers, post-men, and stockbrokers. And in the pavilion are Q.O.'s, artists, archdeacons, and leader-writers. Bad men, good men, workers and idlers are all there, and all at one in their keenness over the game. It is a commonplace that cricket brings the most opposite characters and the most diverse lives together. Anything that puts many very different kinds of people on a common ground must promote sympathy and kindly feelings. The workman does not come away from seeing Middlesex beating Lancashire or *vice versa* with evil in his heart against the upper ten; nor the Mayfair *homme de plaisir* with a feeling of contempt for the street-bred masses. Both alike are thinking how well Mold bowled, and how cleanly Stoddart despatched Briggs's high-tossed slow ball over the awning. Even that cynical *nil admirari* lawyer caught himself cheering loudly when Sir Timothy planted Hallam's would-be yorker into the press-box. True, he caught himself being enthusiastic and broke off at once; but that little bit of keen appreciation did him no harm. Jones and Smith, who quarrelled bitterly over that piece of land, forgot all about the matter under the influence of Ford's hitting, and walked down to Baker Street quite familiarly. They will come up in the same carriage to-morrow morning, as they always used to do till last month. Yes; there is a world of good in cricket, even in cricket as played nowadays, though it does require so great a sacrifice of time that might be devoted to more obviously useful pursuits.

How cricket has gradually developed into its present condition is the history of the game during the Victorian Era. Into this it would be impossible for me to go deeply in this article, even if I had the necessary knowledge of facts. Besides, the historical part of Dr W. G. Grace's splendid book on the game practically leaves nothing unsaid.

There are two sides to cricket. There is cricket as a game consisting of bowling, fielding, and batting; and there is cricket in the shape of clubs and club management. The two aspects of the game naturally are almost inextricably mixed up, and react continuously upon each other.

The evolution of skill in cricket is by no means easy to trace. Whether the players of to-day are better or worse than those of the past is not and cannot be decided, so different are the conditions under which the game is played now from what they used to be. The gradual improvement in wickets alone would make any comparison difficult. But there is no doubt that the number of good players has enormously increased. I should say that there are fifty good bowlers and fifty good bats nowadays where there was one in the days of William Clarke and Alfred Mynn. As to quality, there are no data for comparison. But it is only reasonable to suppose that over-arm bowling gives a bowler wider scope than did either under-arm or round-arm; and that proportionately batsmen have become more versatile, and have learnt the use of more strokes. It is instructive to notice that in the old days straight balls were considered the most difficult and dangerous, while those off the wicket were regarded as godsend; to be promptly turned into runs; whereas now, batsmen delight in a straight bowler, and

find it safer to hit straight balls than any others: it is the ball off the wicket that gives us most trouble.

The three changes in the style of bowling are landmarks in the history of cricket as a game of skill. The higher the arm is allowed to go, the greater the skill required in the batsman. No doubt the old under-arm bowlers were very accurate and clever, and reached as high a standard in their line as modern bowlers have reached in theirs: if we could call back old William Clarke from the fields of asphodel he would be sure to take a high place in our averages. But there is this to be taken into account: an under-arm bowler could only bowl a certain number of different balls, and when round-arm bowling was legalised there were added to the game all those balls which round-arm bowlers could deliver but under-arm bowlers could not: similarly, when over-arm bowling came in, the sum total of bowlable balls was again increased. An under-arm bowler can make the ball twist—that is, curl off the ground—but he cannot make it break or bump; a round-arm can make the ball twist from leg and break somewhat from the off and also cause it to swing across the wicket; an over-arm can do all these things and also make the ball bump. All three kinds differ in the flight of the ball in the air and in its manner of coming from the pitch.

Naturally a batsman had to know more strokes as the number of balls to be played increased; so the development of batting must have gone hand in hand with that of bowling. The change from under- to round-arm was begun by Mr John Wiles in 1822, and the style became general about 1827. F. W. Lillywhite was the great exponent of the innovation. He

and a bowler named Broadbridge were so good that Sussex was able to play All England on level terms. Those must have been good days! But, apart from its gradual adaptation to the requirements of changes in bowling style, there is one great landmark that separates the old batting from the new—the appearance of Dr W. G. Grace in the cricket world. In 1865 W. G. came fully before the public that has admired and loved him ever since. He revolutionised batting. He turned it from an accomplishment into a science. All I know of old-time batting is, of course, gathered from books and older players, but the impression left on my mind is this: Before W. G. batsmen were of two kinds—a batsman played a forward game or he played a back game. Each player, too, seems to have made a specialty of some particular stroke. The criterion of style was, as it were, a certain fixed method of play. It was bad cricket to hit a straight ball; as for pulling a slow long-hop, it was regarded as immoral. What W. G. did was to unite in his mighty self all the good points of all the good players, and to make utility the criterion of style. He founded the modern theory of batting by making forward and back play of equal importance, relying neither on the one nor on the other, but on both. Any cricketer who thinks for a moment can see the enormous change W. G. introduced into the game. I hold him to be, not only the finest player born or unborn, but the maker of modern batting. He turned the old one-stringed instrument into a many-chorded lyre. And, in addition, he made his execution equal his invention. All of us now have the instrument, but we lack his execution. It is not that we do not know,

but that we cannot perform. Before W. G. batsmen did not know what could be made of batting. The development of bowling has been natural and gradual; each great bowler has added his quota. W. G. discovered batting; he turned its many narrow straight channels into one great winding river. Any one who reads his book will understand this. Those who nowadays try to follow in his footsteps may or may not get within measurable distance of him, but it was he who pioneered and made the road. Where a great man has led many can go afterwards, but the honour is his who found and cut the path. The theory of modern batting is in all essentials the result of W. G.'s thinking and working on the game.

As for fielding, it is much the same as ever, neither better nor worse, I expect, though probably the placing of the field is less stereotyped and more scientific than in earlier times.

New rules introduced at various times, such as relate to the follow-on and the declaration-of-innings and suchlike, have affected the way in which matches work out, but have not materially altered the game itself. Cricket as played now is the result of W. G.'s sudden development of batting, and of the final evolution of bowling into the present over-arm style. And this growth of cricket into what it is now has been facilitated and fostered by the rise and establishment of a class devoted entirely to the game. Mark you, cricket is a big thing, and to reach the highest pitch in it of which you are capable you must give to it your best endeavours and nearly all your time. Whether you ought to do so is another question altogether—although I have tried to show that to do so is not altogether useless.

How did the modern system of county cricket come into vogue? Briefly thus. In the beginning it was local club cricket pure and simple; then out of this grew representative local cricket—that is, district or county cricket, which flourished along with local club cricket. Out of county cricket, which was then only local cricket glorified, sprang exhibition cricket, which lived side by side with, but distinct from, the other. Finally, exhibition and county cricket merged and became one. And that is where we are now. The fact that county cricket is a mixture of two entirely different elements is not generally perceived. Otherwise there would be less nonsense talked about some aspects of it.

Down to the year 1846 all cricket was practically club cricket. At first clubs were local. Eleven players of one village or town played eleven of another. In other words, the localities contended against one another in cricket. The interest was local. If the game had been polo or quoits, the *raison d'être* of the match would have been the same. Single-wicket matches being common, one local champion would often play another. These, too, were the days of country gentlemen with country seats. Attached to these were clubs or elevens who played matches against others of the same kind or against local clubs. In both cases the basis of the club was local. Though in the case of the country gentleman's eleven the match was the thing, English gentlemen liked (as they like still) matches, whether between horses, prize-fighters, gamecocks, or cricket elevens. Of course the recreative side of the game came in also; in fact, it is and always has been what philosophers call the final cause of cricket.

The early form of county cricket soon developed. It was played on an extended local basis. Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Middlesex, and Nottinghamshire had county clubs very early. The great local club of the early days was the famous one of Hambledon in Hampshire. It played against selected elevens and against the counties. It was founded in 1750, and lasted till 1791, when it was dissolved, its members going to the Surrey, Hampshire, Kent, and Middlesex clubs. From county to bigger representative matches was an easy step. The Gentlemen v. Players began in 1806, and the North v. South in 1836. It is interesting, by the way, to note that Eton and Harrow played one another right at the beginning of the century. The M.C.C. was founded in 1789. It originated partly in the desire of certain gentlemen in London to form a club and play cricket, partly in the business enterprise of a man named Lord, who is immortal for ever. From the beginning the M.C.C. was purely and simply a club for cricket purposes. It had no local basis. The fact that it drew its members from London secured this. London as a whole is not exactly suited for local interests. The M.C.C. soon numbered many famous cricketers among its members, and became the great typical cricket club once and for all. It is a club, neither local nor anything else, but simply a cricket club. Its position is unique. As the leading cricket club, it is universally regarded as the supreme authority in all matters that are purely cricket, and all matters that concern cricket clubs as such.

But another kind of club grew up in those days—the Wandering Club. No doubt there were many of this kind. The basis of such

is social and cricket. The early wandering clubs were no doubt formed by men of means and leisure who had no local club to play for, but who liked the game and one another sufficiently well to band together. The I Zingari was the most noted, and remains so. It was instituted in 1845. Innumerable others sprang up on the same lines. W. G. gives a most amusing list of some of their names.

Clubs founded and playing upon the local and the social peripatetic basis continue to thrive and strive all over England. There is nothing new about village, town, and wandering clubs except the ground arrangements and such incidental matters.

It is county cricket that is played upon lines so different from those of the early days. The change came about, I think, as follows:—

In 1846 the famous bowler William Clarke started the idea of exhibition cricket. To quote from W. G.'s book:—

"The All-England Eleven was started by one man and conducted on business principles, and while it lived was exceedingly active, and helped to spread abroad a knowledge of the game. William Clarke was the founder: the majority of the players who composed it were the best professionals in England in every branch of the game, and under his leadership were open for engagements anywhere as long as they obtained their price. As the Eleven grew in strength and popularity, the desire to be considered worthy of a place in it became the aim of every young and rising cricketer, and on more than one occasion some of the most celebrated amateurs were to be found playing in its ranks for the honour alone. Of course the difficulty was to find any clubs to compete against. Usually the number of their opponents was twenty-two; but very often that was found inadequate to make a fight against so strong a combination of

talent, and recourse was had to players outside of the club.

A good many of us can date our first experience of first-class play from witnessing the famous All-England Eleven, and hundreds will tell with glistening eyes of the good old times when they were considered worthy of a place against it."

Clarke seems to have argued thus: "I want to play cricket because I like it. It is my profession, and may fairly be made as lucrative as possible. Others in my position want the same as I do. The public is interested in good cricket, and will pay to see it." The All-England Eleven played all over the country, and was a great success from both a financial and a cricket point of view. Its matches had a twofold interest for people. There was the local interest in the local sides, and also the interest in the cricket exhibited by some of the most celebrated and skilful players in England.

In 1852 there was a split in the All-England Eleven, and certain members of it seceding, instituted another exhibition club called the United England Eleven. This played on the same lines as its original. Both went on side by side for many years. Finally the United Eleven itself split up. Some of its members formed the South of England Eleven, some returned to the All-England Eleven. Various other elevens were started in imitation of these, but did not become so famous. It is worth while noting that, after breaking up, the elevens in re-forming paid some attention to a local basis. The All-England Eleven was latterly composed almost entirely of northern players, the South of England Eleven of Southerners.

The important points about these exhibition elevens are: first, the new position professionals

took ; secondly, the introduction and development of spectacular cricket.

A professional in former times was entirely the servant of his club, and in a servant's position. In the exhibition elevens he became a free member of a professional team. He was a member of a club with equal rights with the other members, and also in a way a public character, supported by and responsible to the public. These two aspects of a professional's position are worth remarking, with reference to the position of modern professionals playing for counties. A modern professional who represents his county is partly a servant of the club, partly a servant of the public, and partly a skilled labourer selling his skill in the best market. He may or he may not have a local interest in the club he represents : that is another aspect of his case.

The introduction of spectacular cricket changed the basis of county cricket considerably. For many years the exhibition elevens and the counties played side by side, but gradually the former died out, and the new elements they had introduced into the game were absorbed into county cricket. The process was gradual, but in the end complete. The old county clubs and the new ones that from time to time sprang up added the exhibition side of cricket to the old local basis. The county clubs were no longer merely glorified local clubs, but in addition business concerns. They provided popular amusement and good cricket ; in

fact, they became what they are now—local in name and partly local in reality, but also run upon exhibition or, as I called it, spectacular lines. The two interests join and make the system a very strong one. Its value I have tried to prove. Its justification is the pleasure it provides for large numbers of the public. From a purely cricket point of view not much can be said against it. At any rate, it promotes skill in the game and keeps up the standard of excellence.

Such, then, are some of the aspects and tendencies of the game of cricket at the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. No doubt her Majesty takes some interest in cricket as one of the pleasures of her people. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales frequently attends first-class matches, and is always delighted when he sees good play. He told me at Sheffield Park during the first match of the Australian tour that he was very fond of the game a few years ago. There is a photograph hanging in the pavilion at Sheffield Park representing an eleven of the Bullingdon Club. It was taken at Oxford after a match in which the Prince of Wales had been playing. The names of H.H. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and H.H. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein are well known in the cricket-field. The latter nearly secured his Blue at Oxford. So it cannot be said that the Queen has no connection with cricket.

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY.

ITS CRIMES AND REMEDY.

AFTER an absence of twelve years I revisited Constantinople at the end of last April. For six years, 1880-1885, I had resided there, and had taken an active part in the remarkable transformation which was effected during that period in the financial position of Turkey. Shortly after my arrival in 1880 Monsieur Fournier, then French Ambassador, said to me in private conversation, "I would not give the Turkish empire an existence of more than eighteen months; my colleague of Great Britain thinks it good for five years." With much humility, befitting a new-comer to Constantinople, albeit then a resident in Turkey of twenty-three years' standing, I ventured to express the opinion that even Sir Henry Layard's estimate of five years would prove much below the mark. In truth, before I left Constantinople, in the short space of six years, a financial change was brought about which, on looking back upon it, seems to have been nothing less than marvellous.

In 1880 the dishonoured foreign debt of Turkey was fully two hundred millions sterling. A floating debt had been contracted during the Russo-Turkish war of many millions more, which, although not dishonoured, was in a very critical position. There was in circulation a debased paper currency which was only worth against gold one-tenth of its face-value, and a large metallic currency whose intrinsic value was only about forty per cent of its nominal. Said

Pasha, better identified as "Kutchuk Said," was Grand Vizier, and the Sublime Porte, although even then much fettered by the absorbing tendencies of Sultan Abdul Hamid, was still a power in the Government of the country. The Grand Vizier had to count upon influencing the Palace in favour of his projects, but he was the initiator and proposer of every useful reform.

The key to the financial improvement was the success of a separate Administration which was created in 1880 for the encashment of six principal sources of revenue by a native executive, under European control. This Administration, originally destined to extinguish the foreign floating debt, worked without friction and with a regularity which inspired general confidence. Its resources enabled Said Pasha in 1882 to come to terms with the holders of the dishonoured foreign debt of two hundred millions, and the new Turkish securities then created became quoted on all the Bourses of Europe. The bankruptcy of Turkey was thus removed by an amicable arrangement with its foreign creditors. The debased paper currency was gradually retired at its current value and burned. The treatment of the metallic currency was novel but effective. By imperial iradé, at a given date the nominal value of that currency was reduced by fifty per cent, so that the holder of a coin which may have been received at night for five piastres, was worth, next morning, only two

piastres and a half. These sacrifices were borne with a submission which exemplified the best characteristics of the oriental mind. The country was favoured during several consecutive years with good harvests, commerce was active, money was plentiful, and credit was good. There was peace in the empire, and, in general, security for life and property.

The Armenian question existed, indeed it was to the fore from the time of the signature of the Berlin Treaty, and notes were from time to time addressed by the Foreign Office to the British Ambassador reminding the Sultan of his promise to give a better government to the Armenians. But none of the Christian races in the empire were persecuted. The Armenians who lived in the neighbourhood of Van suffered pecuniarily from the lawlessness of the Kurds, who greatly outnumbered them, and who only nominally recognised the authority of the Sultan. Elsewhere no animosity was shown towards the Armenians, and they had no exceptional hardships to bear. I remember frequently in 1884 and 1885 hearing Sir William White express his views on the Armenian question. While earnestly desirous of improving the lot of the Armenians in the interior, he was conscious of the unfortunate fact that they were a minority in the midst of a semi-barbarous majority. He therefore always deprecated all provocative action on the part of the Armenians, being convinced that such action would only aggravate the situation and render their enemies more vindictive. The only effective remedy for the grievances of that suffering population was not a special organisation for the exclusive behoof of Armenians,

but a better administration for all classes, Mussulmans and Christians, and the complete subjection to law and order of the Kurd majority. These views are still the only sound ones, and Sir William White's dread of the consequences of provocative action has sadly proved prophetic.

During my recent visit to Constantinople I found that great changes for the worse had taken place since 1885. The financial position of the Government, *then* improving, and generally satisfactory, was *now* strained to the utmost degree. The revenue from Customs, which was then yearly increasing, was falling off monthly. Fresh burdens had been imposed upon the Treasury to the extent of about one million sterling annually, as the result of exorbitant guarantees given to new lines of railways, the concessions for which were obtained chiefly through German influence. The military expenditure (quite irrespective of the expenditure incurred for the recent Greco-Turkish war) had been largely increased. In short, on the most favourable estimate the expenditure during the past year exceeded the receipts by four millions sterling. The salaries of officials and the army were many months in arrear, in some cases as many as twelve months. Merchants complained that business was at a standstill, and trade with the interior greatly diminished. European residents expressed themselves as worn out with the long-continued strain of uncertainty and insecurity. The native Christians live in constant fear of massacre or persecution, and competent authorities assured me that even the Mussulman population was weary with the maladministration, from which they suffer as much as the Christians. All

around, one felt that there was a feeling of unrest and weariness, —dissatisfaction with the present and distrust for the future.

Some may attribute this sad change to the atrocities perpetrated upon the Armenians during the past two years. In reality, however, these atrocities are only one of the consequences of the true cause. It is to be found in the absorption of all the administrative functions of the country into the hands of an unscrupulous Palace clique. The Sublime Porte, immemorial centre of all functions of government through Ministers, is now of no account, and the Grand Vizier is reduced to the rôle of a functionary simply doing the uncontrolled will of the sovereign. Sultan Abdul Hamid has often been described as the most hard-working monarch in Europe. From early morning to late night he is engrossed in the affairs of State, and he is possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. But he is suspicious, distrustful, self-willed, and in constant fear of treachery. His suspicions render him incapable of being just to those who serve him or of giving them his confidence. His distrust warps his judgment and shuts his eyes to what his reason might commend. His self-will is intolerance of the opinions of others and an unreasoning impulsiveness. His fear for his personal safety makes him the slave of intriguers whose corruption he knows but has not the courage to check.

The result of the concentration of all power and action in the hands of Sultan Abdul Hamid has been the estrangement of all ability from the Administration of the country, and the committal of the interests of the empire to one

man acting through corrupt and irresponsible courtiers. To get into favour at Court, the Palace clique has to be squared; to remain in favour, all the exigences and caprices of that clique have to be complied with. The clique maintains its influence by preying upon the fears of the Sultan, and it has organised, ostensibly for his security, a colossal system of espionage by means of which it is able to destroy or render harmless any one hostile to their schemes. It has its secret agents in every province, and even in the household of every person of any importance.

It is curious to notice how persistently and how ably Sultan Abdul Hamid has worked during the past twenty years to attain his ideal of a purely personal rule. Mithad Pasha, with his immature theories of a constitutional régime, was without pity banished to Taif and left to die there. Hairaddin Pasha, with his more practical scheme of Ministerial responsibility, was ignored and neglected. "Kutchuk" Said was raised to power as Grand Vizier because from his previous insignificance he promised to be a willing and subservient tool to carry out his master's purposes; but as soon as his intelligence and capacity had given him a public reputation, he was set aside. Kiamil Pasha was chosen as successor for the same reason which had led to the choice of Said, and he was discarded later on in a similar way. Both, during five years of service as Grand Viziers, proved themselves to be men of honour, ability, and integrity, loyal to the throne and devoted to the best interests of their country. They were, however, too honest and too intelligent to suit the corrupt purposes of

the Palace clique. Kutchuk Said, it will be remembered, had to take refuge at the British Embassy from the machinations of his enemies working upon the suspicious jealousy of the Sultan. He is now living in absolute seclusion ; and as he is known to be watched by secret spies, even his friends refrain from visiting him, lest their visits should compromise him. Kiamil Pasha was driven from private life in the capital and ordered to repair within twenty-four hours to Smyrna.

During Said's vizieriate the Sultan became conscious that he could not ignore the opinions of the best intelligences of the country without alienating the sympathies of his people, and he very adroitly bade for an outside support. England was estranged from him. France was still in her isolation. Russia was badgering him about the war indemnity. There was only Germany to which he could look as to a great Power which had no direct interest in Turkish affairs. The then German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, sympathetic and conciliatory, became the Sultan's *confidante* and counsellor. Through his influence Prince Bismarck was gained over to the cause. The astute Chancellor, although having often disowned any belief in Turkish regeneration, saw that he could serve German interests and play an important political rôle by making full use of the Sultan's confidence. He sent him officers for the army and civil functionaries—men, it must be admitted, of real ability, but whose reports were mostly pigeon-holed and neglected. This German support was of great use to the Sultan. It flattered his vanity, and enabled him to feel at ease in his relations

with the other Powers. Especially it made him indifferent to his unpopularity with his own subjects. Strong in this support, he reduced his Ministers to the position of nonentities, and he concentrated in the Palace all influence and action. Had he been able to control his surroundings and *directly* to guide the administrative agents in the provinces, to correct abuses and to initiate reforms, the concentration of power in one hand might have been productive of good ; but such was not the case. Venality and intrigue reigned around him, and his fears for his person obliged him to wink at the corruption which he knew surrounded him. Instead of exercising a direct influence for good, his influence, acting through a corrupt and self-seeking medium, was for evil. Instead of initiating reforms, abuses became every day more rampant. The corruption and intrigue of the centre spread to the provinces, where Governors and Mudirs took the keynote from the Palace clique, which was omnipotent. Naturally these corrupt tendencies had most effect in the provinces far removed from European influence, for there the instigations of the Palace clique had full play. The Armenians in the Valayet of Moush were frequent sufferers from Kurdish lawlessness. They had for years been subjected by the Kurds to the payment of a kind of tribute in consideration of being left in peace. But in 1893, secretly encouraged by the authorities at Moush, this blackmail was aggravated by aggressive acts of plunder. The Armenians resisted, and succeeded in driving away their aggressors. In the spring of 1894, when the Armenians had been impoverished by the Kurdish raids,

Turkish gendarmes were sent to the Armenian village of Talori to collect taxes. To quote the words of a despatch of Sir Philip Currie—

“The people protested that, in consequence of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Kurds, they were unable to contribute, not having enough to support life; and while declaring their loyalty to the Government, they stated that it was impossible for them to pay taxes if they were not protected by the authorities against the Kurds. The Kaimakam of the district, therefore, came into the village himself and insulted and maltreated the inhabitants. The Talori villagers, exasperated by his conduct, set upon him and beat him.”

This was the signal for a terrible vengeance. Troops were concentrated in the district, and the Armenians of Talori fled to the mountains. The Kurds were induced to attack the Armenians in their stronghold, but the attack was successfully repulsed. Thereupon the soldiers intervened. Osman Pasha, their leader, read an imperial firman, authorising the punishment of the villagers, and exhorted the soldiers not to fail in their duty.

“Leading men, headed by a priest, went out to meet the commanding officer, with their tax receipts in their hands by way of proving their loyalty to the Government, and begging for mercy. They were surrounded and killed to a man. Petroleum, which the troops had expressly brought with them, was utilised for burning the houses together with the inhabitants inside them.”

Women were violated, and by the lowest estimate 900 Armenians were massacred. Such was the appalling butchery and brutality by means of which order was sought to be established: in the words of an official memorandum

communicated to the Ambassadors by order of the Sultan, “the Government did not fail to do its duty.” Prompt administrative action, disapprobation of the massacres, and the punishment of a few of the guilty, might have arrested the bloody work. On the contrary, the Sultan first denied the fact of the massacres, then decorated with exceptional *éclat* the Mufti of Moush, who was reported to have incited the troops against the Christians, and Zeki Pasha, commandant of the 4th Army Corps, of which the troops engaged formed a part, and he dismissed the Moutesarif of Moush, who had protested against the massacres. The pressing protestations of England were temporised with, when the massacres could be no longer denied, by promises of a commission of inquiry; and after long negotiations it was discovered that the commission of inquiry was only to ascertain the culpability of the Armenians. Fanaticism was thus encouraged, and it became apparent to all the functionaries in the interior that the deeds which had been committed were approved of by the Palace clique. The ghastly work of massacre extended in area, and as it spread gained in intensity, until the Armenian victims were counted by tens of thousands. I would not go the length that some have gone in calling Sultan Abdul Hamid “an assassin” or a “murderer”—he may have been an innocent dupe—but certain it is that the system of personal rule, exercised through wicked agents, which was his creation, is responsible for the blood of the Armenians.

I have already referred to the outside support which facilitated Sultan Abdul Hamid in imposing upon his country his one-man rule.

The value of that support became apparent when the Armenian question reached its acute stage. The atrocities perpetrated upon the Armenians excited at once in England an indignation perhaps unparalleled in intensity; but in Germany, Russia, and France the official world minimised the evil, and it was only after many months that the people of these countries realised to the full the horrors which had been enacted. If public opinion was slower abroad to rise in revolt against such proceedings, it was entirely owing to the fact that the Emperors of Germany and Russia sympathised in the autocratic tendencies of Abdul Hamid; and when England brought home to the door of the Sultan the responsibility of the crimes which had been committed, they demurred, and pretended that the Sultan's authority was the only influence which could be relied upon. Official France followed Russian inspirations; but it must be acknowledged, to the honour of M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, that he not only prophesied the course of events, but also clearly indicated to his Government their true cause. It was this moral support of the Sultan by Germany and Russia which enfeebled the action of the Concert of Europe, and presented to the world the sad spectacle of civilised Europe being helpless to avert the shedding of innocent blood.

The indignation in England at the appalling atrocities led many good-hearted Englishmen to criticise the policy, first of Lord Rosebery and afterwards of Lord Salisbury, as too weak for the occasion. But, in reality, no other policy than that adopted was possible. In face of the more than luke-

warmness of official Germany, Russia, and France, only one of two courses was left to England—either to break up the Concert of Europe and act alone, or, concealing the want of sympathy which she encountered from the Powers just named, to endeavour to change their views, and succeed, in the name of united Europe, to bring effective pressure to bear upon the Sultan. The first course—independent action—was surrounded by many material difficulties, and after the well-known emphatic declaration of Prince Lobanoff, was certain to lead to a European war, in circumstances eminently disadvantageous to England. It is easy to understand that no British Government could face such an eventuality for interests not directly British. It would have been to fly from the frying-pan into the fire. The second course was, therefore, the only prudent one, and it was carried out with remarkable tact, patience, and perseverance. Immediate success was not possible, and more innocent blood had to flow in the interval of patient negotiation; but it is a mistake to suppose that the policy has not been in a large measure successful. Both Germany and Russia, after infinite effort, both official and officious—perhaps especially the latter—were brought round to press upon the Sultan the imperious necessity of preventing a repetition of past disorders, and to join in a demand in the name of the Concert of Europe for administrative reforms to improve the situation of the people of Turkey, both Christians and Mussulmans. The Concert of Europe thus became a reality, not by the modification of the views of England, but chiefly by a change in the attitude of Russia; and it

has stood the strain of unforeseen complications in Orete and Thessaly.

Much time was devoted by the Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople to the preparation of a project of reform for Turkey, but the outbreak of the Cretan troubles and the war with Greece have deferred its presentation to the Sultan. The details of these reforms have not been made public, and consequently they cannot be criticised. I found, however, a general consensus of opinion in Constantinople on the part of Turkish statesmen and competent European residents, that no project of reforms has the least chance of being effectively carried out as long as the present Palace rule continues. It is not the introduction of Europeans into the Administration of the country which can do any real good; on the contrary, with the divergent views of the six Powers, and the self-seeking, in the shape of influence, concessions, and orders, too often apparent, European nominations, dictated by foreign action, would prove disastrous to the best interests of the country and introduce an element of friction. The initiative of reforms must be taken by the best intelligences of the empire itself: if exotic, it will either fail or lead necessarily to a foreign occupation. I am quite aware there is no probability of Sultan Abdul Hamid's giving up willingly his personal rule, or exercising it other than through the present corrupt medium; but that does not the less render it expedient to enlighten public opinion as to the nature of the cancer which is poisoning the life-blood in Turkey, and which, until it is eradicated, renders hopeless all reform. The life of an individ-

ual is, after all, subject to many vicissitudes, and at best is not of long duration. A change may be nearer than any one can foresee; in any case, it cannot be much delayed.

A true diagnosis of the disease is the best means of deciding upon the necessary remedy. In this case I have endeavoured to indicate the evil, and if my view is correct, the only effective remedy is the substitution for Palace rule of Ministerial responsibility to the country and to the sovereign. Without doubt, by such a change the true interests of the sovereign would be advanced. Loyalty to the throne, and to its occupant as Caliph, is a sentiment still strong in the breasts of good Mussulmans, and the position of the Sultan would be immensely strengthened if he could understand the advantage of reigning but not governing. He might reign in the affections and confidence of his people, instead of living, as at present, in continual fear. He might assist with his counsel and strengthen with his moral support his Ministers in the direction of the affairs of State, and remain, in the eyes of his people, uncompromised by their faults or by any gust of unpopularity which their measures might provoke. As a check upon the Cabinet of Ministers and a support to the sovereign, a third power seems necessary, which most naturally would be a Parliament of representatives of the country. For such popular representation unfortunately Turkey is not ripe. As a first step, however, towards this desirable object, there might be created a Council of Notables, representative of the chief interests of the country—ex-Ministers and men of intelligence. Such an institution

would be quite in harmony with long-established custom in the empire, and entirely in consonance with Mohammedan ideas. Frequently during the present reign such assemblies have been convoked, but their value was impaired by the choice of the invited being left to the Sultan and the meetings being held at the Palace. These evils would be obviated by making the Council an institution of the State, nominating its members for a fixed period, establishing a code of procedure for its deliberations, and giving the choice of its President to the members. This Council of Notables would be in some sort a Consultative Court of Appeal to which both the sovereign and the Cabinet of Ministers might refer,—the first, on any change of Cabinet which he might deem expedient; the second, on any grave question of State. This is only a rough outline of a suggestion which the limited space at my command does not admit of my developing more fully.

I have no hesitation in saying that the elements exist in Turkey to carry out such a reformation of its Government as I have indicated. As the result of the mediation of the Powers now being carried on between Turkey and Greece an era of peace may be entered upon, and Turkey does not lack statesmen of ability and integrity who are capable of bringing order out of disorder and restoring security of life and property to both Christians and Mussulmans. A Mohammedan statesman said to me lately: "The Armenians have lived in our midst for centuries, and they have never, until recently, been massacred or specially oppressed. On the contrary, they were found holding honourable situations in all our Administrations, and they prospered

as our 'Sarrafas.' It would be the same again if the Government of the country were, as in former times, at the Sublime Porte and not at Yildiz." I believe he was right. There is not amongst Mussulmans, in general, a growth of fanaticism. Quite the opposite; the spread of enlightenment and larger contact with the West are decreasing it.

We were told some months ago by a very high authority that in rejecting the advances of Nicholas I. of Russia in 1853 for the partition of Turkey "we put all our money on the wrong horse." That is an academic question which I would not venture to discuss. Certainly to-day the partition of the Turkish empire would not be relished by any of the Powers, and it is realised that it would involve administrative burdens which none are in a mood to accept. The much-discussed dogma of the integrity of the Turkish empire I have always regarded as important and valuable when considered as a self-denying principle on the part of the Powers of Europe, but as in no way intended to prevent the decentralisation of portions of the empire as they are ready for self-government or capable of directing their own destinies. It has been through the first stage of autonomy that Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Roumelia have reached the virtually independent positions which they now so advantageously occupy. They may all be regarded as triumphs to the cause of liberty and progress. Greece itself is only an earlier example, as Crete may now happily be called the latest; and if, as the outcome of autonomy, Crete should elect for annexation to Greece, there will only be a repetition of the fusion of Roumelia with Bulgaria. The

consolidation of all these self-governing centres has been accomplished without detriment to the Turkish empire as a whole. There is much still to be achieved on the same lines, and it is because I believe in this that I hold to the expediency of maintaining the Turkish empire and sympathising with every effort which can tend to free it from the thralldom of what Lord Salisbury has aptly described as an "extravagant autocracy." We cannot ignore the many millions of the population of Turkey to whom only a Mohammedan rule is agreeable; and if we wait patiently we shall see that population, now oppressed by an unwholesome autocracy, reassert its right to a voice in the destinies of their country.

The financial situation of the country has recently caused considerable anxiety, especially in France, where it is generally supposed that about two-thirds of the Turkish foreign debt is held. The capital, however, thus engaged, is not so great as many people suppose. The nominal amount of the consolidated Turkish foreign debt, exclusive of the portion guaranteed by the Egyptian tribute, is about £S110,000,000, and the revenues devoted to it are roughly £S2,200,000 per annum. But the real value of that debt since it was rearranged in 1882 has never exceeded £S35,000,000. The French holdings, which are chiefly of the C and D categories, cannot therefore exceed, and do not probably represent, an engagement of capital amounting to £S20,000,000. The annual burden for interest and sinking fund of that debt (£S2,200,000) is not onerous on a budget of about sixteen millions; indeed few countries can boast of

such a small alienation of their resources for their public debt. It is also improbable that in any circumstances the revenues consecrated to the holders of the foreign debt in 1882 will be interfered with. It is a disordered Administration which has destroyed the financial situation.

I have alluded to the shedding of innocent blood which the Palace rule has caused, and it may be added that its uncontrolled extravagance and the burdens it has imposed upon the country are equally calamitous. There is a Ministry of Finance, but it receives its orders from the Palace. No fixed budget regulates expenditure; indeed a budget is useless when the orders of the Sultan exacting money or engaging the Treasury have to be implicitly obeyed. The Ministry of Finance is simply an office to mulct the country and squander its resources according to the sweet will of the sovereign. As there is no budget, so there are no reliable accounts rendered of income or expenditure. For the present the prospect of some millions being obtained from Greece sustains the hopes of pressing creditors; but as the indemnity is not likely to exceed the outstanding war expenditure and advances, the deadlock which was felt a few months ago is sure to recur and to demand radical reforms. It is when the era of peace has been entered on, and the financial shoe begins to pinch acutely, that a crisis may be expected. Meantime it appears to me that the policy most worthy of constitutional England is to encourage every tendency towards government with Ministerial responsibility, rather than to increase the *ingérance* of

foreign Powers, which, instead of consolidating the empire, will make its last state worse than the first.

The action of any one Power which becomes responsible for the interests of the empire might be, as it has been in Egypt, of practical value. It would ensure that every scheme or project, before it is adopted, is examined and well considered by competent and honourable men, realising the responsibility of their country and their own. But with six Powers there is no sense of individual responsibility, and the result would be a perpetuation of what has taken place in recent years at Constantinople, and is at present taking place, by which the best interests of the country are sacrificed for the benefit of European company-mongers. This is what now happens. A financial agent from the country which happens to be most in favour at Yildis appears upon the scene to get some concession or a railway guarantee. He enlists on his side all the local bankers who might give trouble, by allotting them shares in the plunder to be secured. He then squares the Palace clique by present and prospective benefits, and the scheme is made attractive by promising a money advance or some illusory advantage to the country. The ambassador knows nothing of the project, and probably does no more than invite the financial agent to dinner in virtue of letters of introduction from some influential personage of the country from which he comes. He does not even know that his dragoman, when at the Palace on Embassy business, speaks, in passing, favourably of the financial agent or his scheme. The

Palace clique, sufficiently satisfied, looks after the matter when it reaches the Sultan, as does every one of the large number of outsiders interested. With this chorus of favourable opinions, and with a desire to favour the countryman of the exalted friend or Power whose influence for the time being he hopes to use against the inconvenient attitude of some other of the Powers, the Sultan becomes favourably disposed. Delay, of course, occurs, during which more people get knowledge of what is in the wind, and avail themselves of an opportunity, not to be lost, of being squared. When as much has been got out of the financial agent as it is thought he will bear, the Sultan is induced to approve the project, and an Imperial iradé is issued. The scheme, which has been criticised only by interested eyes, is then launched with a flourish of trumpets to attract the ever-ready-to-be-deluded public, on to whose shoulders the burden is meant to be passed. Later on, the prospective benefits to the country are found to be illusory, and difficulties arise in the execution of the project, or the Treasury is unable to carry out its engagements, and *then* it becomes the duty of the ambassador to see that a contract, duly concluded, is faithfully respected or compensated for by some other equivalent advantages. The interests of his countryman must be protected without regard to the interests of the country defrauded. Thus of late years railway guarantees, involving an annual burden to the Treasury of about one million sterling, were granted, which, as the resources of the country cannot possibly support their onerous conditions, will some day or

other become diplomatic questions.¹ The sad truth is, that Turkey is at present an orange being sucked dry by European professionals.

It may be asked, Will not a Cabinet of responsible Ministers be as amenable to the evil influences of corruption and bribery as the present surroundings of the Sultan? I think not, for there is a certain safety in numbers. All the members of a Cabinet cannot easily be squared, and some of them are sure to be susceptible to honest influences and representations. The example of the two men of whom I have already spoken—Kutchuk Said Pasha and Kiamil Pasha—proves that both able and honest Ministers are to be found in Turkey; and there are

many more of the same type—men who know the defects of their country's administration, and are capable of initiating and carrying through the reforms necessary to remedy them. It is not the laws of the country which are defective, but their execution. It is the present corruption in high places which vitiates and paralyses the whole administrative organisation. Unless the one-man rule is abolished, Turkey will drift from bad to worse, and an empire possessing immense resources, and inhabited by a people who have only recently given proof of their strength and vitality, will continue to be a curse to the world and a dishonour to our age.

R. HAMILTON LANG.

¹ To one railway company a guarantee was granted of £754 per kilometre, another £620, another £600, and another £572. Supposing the exaggerated cost for construction of £10,000 per kilometre, equal to £16,000 per mile (the Smyrna-Aidin extensions, a prosperous and *unguaranteed* line, only cost £6000 per mile), it will be seen that the guarantees represent from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. No uninterested adviser would have sanctioned such colossal guarantees for a country whose budget without them was already many millions in deficit. Sir Vincent Caillard, in his report of last year, commends the Government for its resolve to give no more such guarantees; but this is merely locking the door after the steed has been stolen.

THAKUR PERTÁB SINGH: A TALE OF AN INDIAN FAMINE.

BY SIR C. H. T. CROSTHWAITE, K.C.S.I.

THE VILLAGE.

A WIDE plain, level as the face of the ocean, fading away into the horizon. Not a rise to break the dead even monotony, except that ridge of hillocks away to the east piled up from the sandy soil by the persistent efforts of the hot west wind. The fields are a dull grey colour. Even here where the earth is light and sandy it looks hard and cruel. The short stubble shorn with a sickle to the very root by a hand that can afford to waste nothing, not even an inch of barley straw, is on the ground still. Amongst it are a few weeds; and they alone keep green, how you may well wonder. There are no hedges. The small fields, seldom larger than half an acre, are marked off from each other by low narrow ridges of earth a foot or two in width, forming boundaries which are respected by the plough. They bear a little creeping grass, succulent and sweet, good feeding for the cattle. Here and there on these narrow margins, especially where the corners of several fields meet, are thickets of a thorny shrub, and now and again a graceful acacia whose feathery leaves hardly throw a shade.

Far away, planted probably along a road, you can see a straight avenue of large and spreading trees. Yes, it is the high road, and on one side of it, the side nearest to us, there is what looks like a thick plantation. It is a mango grove, and you may be sure the village is not far from it. You cannot discern it, but if

you look closely—the atmosphere is so dense with heat-haze and dust that every outline is blurred as by a channel fog,—you will make out a white spire, obtuse in shape, rising a few feet above what appears to be a mound of earth. That is the village temple, and the mound is the collection of mud houses which form the village. It is quite two miles away. The afternoon sun is beating fiercely down on the scorched earth. It strikes your head just under the shade of your hat. The wind is blowing hotter and fiercer than the blast from the stokehole of a steamer. Now and then it is seized with a fit of fury, and tears up the dust and sand from the earth it hates and casts them up in a blinding cloud. There on the road, where it finds a clear course marked out and given up to it, the wind whirls up the finely powdered earth into a dust devil and urges it along the track at racing speed. To hell with you, it says, to hell.

No wonder that there is no sign of life in the fields. Ah! but there is some. There, four or five fields off, is a man scuffling away at the ground. A hasty glance might miss seeing him, his colour mingles so with that of the earth. He is naked to the waist; he is scraping up grass from one of the ridges between the fields. When he has gathered enough, he will take from his head the big coarse cloth which serves him as a turban, and will carry his grass in it. Farther off are others, men and

women, occupied in a like way. Others are cutting branches from the thorny bushes, to be chopped up as fodder for the beasts. Until the rain comes, what else can be done? Those whitish specks away there towards the sand-hillocks are cattle. There will be a boy or two herding them, little black fellows with a scanty loin-cloth and a long bamboo, only you cannot see them.

We will walk on to the village, where at least there will be shade and a drink of water to be had, although, if you are wise, you will bear with your thirst until the sun goes down. The trees in the mango grove do not seem to feel the heat. They are green and fresh, and their shade is grateful, yet the hot wind comes off from them with a heavy sickly breath. Up there on that withered branch is a crow sitting with his beak wide open gasping for air; there are more gasping crows on the trees beyond. In this weather one feels pity even for an Indian crow. Here on the outskirts of the village is a huge pipal-tree. How juicy and fresh its polished leaves look! It seems able to find moisture anywhere, even in the dry centuries-old bricks of that ruined wall from which another big tree of the tribe is growing. But this one has a whole territory to itself. Its huge trunk is like a fluted column, spreading out at the base to grip the earth, while the branches stretch out wide and low on every side for sixty feet and more. A little shrine built of bricks and smeared with red paint stands close in to one side of the trunk, and from one of the lower branches hangs a round pot of baked clay with water in it. A small hole in the bottom with a bit of rag lets the water trickle down drop by drop on a smooth cone of black

stone, the symbol of fertility. The road narrows now as we near the village, and takes a gentle slope downward—not that there is much difference in the level, but it has been worn down by the tread of men and cattle and the grinding of the heavy misshapen cart-wheels ever since the village became a village in the far-off time. Earth, too, has been stolen from it after each rainy season, to restore those high narrow banks that protect the fields on either side from the cattle as they come and go. For these fields near the homestead are the best. It is easier to cart manure to them, and they get all the refuse from the houses. They can be watered, moreover, from wells and from the three or four slimy ponds or holes from which the clay was taken to build the mud huts and to make bricks for the better houses. Even now in this furnace of heat these fields are fresh and green,—this one with the bright shoots of the sugarcane, that with the tender glossy leaves of the young maize. Here and there near the best wells are vegetables of various kinds, or spices or tobacco in small neat plots, like the seed plots of a nursery-garden. For there is no waste here. The rent of this land is high, and it repays care and skill.

From the outside the village looks like a mud fort or prison. The walls stand up dreary and blank, the outer skin of mud rising in blisters and peeling off in the heat. Hardly a window looks outward; here and there you may see one high up in the wall of some of the bigger houses. Its wooden doors or shutters are open to let in light and air, perhaps to allow the inmates to peep out occasionally. The roofs are flat. On some the big stalks of the giant millet are

stored for fodder ; on others are heaped pyramids of cow-dung cakes, the ordinary and almost the only fuel.

Entering the village, the road becomes narrow and tortuous. It runs between the blank mud walls of the small yards which shut in the huts of the peasants. Low and rude doors of rough unpainted wood, polished only by the hands that open and shut them, give access to the road. Here and there a higher wall with quite a large gateway marks the house of some richer man—a trader perhaps, or one of the landowners. Narrower lanes now and again branch off to this side and to that from the main road, which grows more and more crooked as it approaches the centre of the village. Was it mere haphazard that made it so winding, or were these twisting lanes and the blank walls outside designed for defence ? It may well be, for less than a century ago the Mah-ratta and the Pindari harried these plains.

Landlord and Tenant.

But here we are close to the headman's house. There is an open space, cramped, it is true, but still open compared to the lanes we travelled by. In the middle a big well, with raised and cemented margin ; with posts and pulleys for the water-drawers : beyond the well is a huge pipal tree. You can hear the peculiar whistling coo and the restless rustle of a flock of green pigeons in its upper branches. Behind the tree is the big gateway of the headman's house, which is built of small burnt bricks. On the other side, on a high plinth of earth, is an open shed spacious and airy, without side walls. That is the village *choupal*, which serves the purposes of a town hall or assembly rooms.

There are quite a number of people there already, although the cattle are not yet home, and the day's field-work has not ended. They are squatting in a circle round a wizened grey-haired old man, who is evidently some one of note. He is the village accountant. He has a huge oblong book bound in coarse red canvas on the ground before him. It is open, and the strong black characters of the figures are clear and distinct even from where we stand. It is the village rent-roll, and he is explaining their accounts to some of the tenants. He has a rude pair of spectacles with thick clumsy frames upon his nose. His turban is large and white, and he wears a long white calico coat fairly clean, with tight pantaloons of the same material. The men round him are cultivators. They are in their ordinary working dress, a *pagri* or turban of coarse cotton stuff wound untidily round the head. No jacket or coat ; a *dhotee* or cloth of a light brick or dirty white colour festooned over the legs, giving the appearance of loose trousers. Their brown backs glisten in the light, and their muscles and sinews, hardened by toil, show through the skin. They are strong, well-fed men for the most part, but slight of limb compared with European peasants.

There is a stir at the door of the headman's house. A tall, handsome man about fifty years of age comes out, Thakur Pertáb Singh, the landlord of the village. He is dressed much as the others, except that he wears a coat or tunic, and his clothes are cleaner and of better texture. He has a fine face, a well-formed nose, almost aquiline, the features regular, so far as they can be seen, for he wears a heavy moustache and a long beard divided in the middle of the chin and trained up on either side so as

to mingle with the whiskers. A little behind him come two men of the same type, but much younger, in the full strength of youth. They are his sons. He has three others away from home who are native officers in the Bengal Cavalry. The eldest has attained the highest rank open to an Indian, and the whole family glory in the distinction, and are proud of their connection with the army. For are they not Rajputs, soldiers by right of blood?

The three men enter the *choupal*. Way is made for them, and they are treated with the greatest deference, partly no doubt because they are the landlords of the village, much more because they are high-caste men of an ancient stock, and most of the cultivators are of the same clan.

"You owe ten rupees, Ram Pershad," the accountant is saying, "and you must pay."

"Here is the master," replies the man addressed, "I will make my petition to him," and prostrating himself, he places his turban at the feet of the headman, who has just entered the *choupal*.

"What is it all about?" he asks.

"It is just this, sir," replies Ram Pershad, "I owe ten rupees, but I cannot pay; last crop, you know, sir, was a very poor one. This is the second bad year, and the village banker will not advance me another penny. If the rain would come I could sow my cotton, and my outlying sugar-cane would improve, and I might have some credit then and be able to raise the money. As it is, I have not wherewithal to buy bread for my children, who are crying with hunger, and for my wife, who is ill. You know I have been in the village, father and son, these hundred years and more, as long

as your family has owned it. But what can I do? It is the will of God; what will be, will be. I am helpless!"

The old Rajput to whom he appeals has sat down on the ground a little apart from the crowd and to one side of the accountant. The rest are in a semicircle, with their faces turned towards him. As he listens a set, hard look comes over his face. Can you interpret that look? No, it is not obstinacy or cruelty or greed. It is more like despair. It is resentment against the hard destiny that is forcing him to do that which he would not.

A number of others, defaulters likewise, join Ram Pershad in his appeal for mercy, until there is a babel of sounds. The accountant reads out from his books the sums due from each. What is passing through the old Rajput's mind? He would yield, and that gladly, to the pity that is moving him. But there is his own land to think of, his own family—above all, his own pride. Was he not the direct descendant of the ancient chief who brought the clan into this part of the country and was lord of the whole country-side? Eighty-four villages owned the sway of his ancestors for centuries—ay, for centuries—before the great Company took possession of the land. His great-grandfather was the head of the clan when the Company came, and for some years afterwards. It was at the first settlement of the land revenue that most of the villages were taken away from the lord and given to the villagers, his own clansmen and dependants. His grandfather was left with only twenty out of the eighty-four. It was tyranny and injustice; but the English sahibs were new and ignorant in those days, and destiny

was hard. Since then, one by one the twenty villages have gone. They have been sold for debt, and bought by traders and bankers. His grandfather and his father may have been extravagant. But what would you have? Can a Rahtore Rajput live like a pariah? Can his sons remain unmarried, or can wives be had for nothing by men of his blood? Now he was left with only one village, that in which his fathers had lived, and where their home farms were. Was this too to be lost, and by him? It is mortgaged to that cringing Marwari, whose house stands over there—ay, he is cringing now. But if the interest be not paid he will foreclose, and the Rajput will have to cringe then or to—— He dared not finish the thought.

So the set look came over his face, and he hardened his bowels of compassion against his brethren. "Pay," he said—"pay me what you owe or you leave the land," and not heeding the cries for time and mercy that rose around him, he went slowly back to his house, followed by his tall sons.

The Village Banker.

But come, let us be going. We will turn down that lane which is nearly opposite the one we came by. It will lead us out to the fields again, through the weavers' quarter and past the outlying huts of the low-castes. That house a little way down, built of small well-burnt bricks, with no window opening to the lane, and a strong studded gate made of black wood, that is where the Marwari banker lives. See, he is coming out, a stout portly man, of somewhat low stature, dressed in fine white calico scrupulously clean, with a huge pink turban on his head.

His chief agent and factotum, a man of his own race and caste, with a couple of stout Brahmin servants behind him. He is of a lighter complexion than the men of the village. A keen, clever-looking man—in intelligence far above the Rajputs round him. Not a bad face on the whole, although it bears the stamp of his hereditary trade. Not a bad man either, and most useful. What Rothschild is to Europe is Seth Bullub Dass to the good village of Gardanpur. It is easy to call him names; but can the land be farmed without capital, and who will find the money if Bullub Dass closes his chests? He has evidently been sent for to arrange the present difficulty, and he will do it. They are all in his debt, and he cannot afford to let them go to ruin.

The Weavers and Low-castes.

Turn down this lane to the right: we are coming to the poorer part of the village where the lower castes live. Here is a settlement of weavers. The huts are smaller, and boast no little enclosures or yards to them. The chamber doors open on the lane, and if you look in you will see the looms at work. The lane is very narrow, and half of it is taken up by the trestles on which the women, who are preparing the warp have stretched it. You see them hurrying up and down combing out and arranging the thread. It is a poor trade, especially since machine-made cloth flooded the markets; and this year they will tell you they have fallen on hard times. "What! don't you know the harvest was so bad? there was only eight annas in the rupee" (their way of saying it was only a half crop), "and now the rain is holding back. The cultivators are in great straits, and it is

the tillers of the earth, not the rich merchants and landlords, who buy from the poor weaver. The farmers have had to pawn their wives' ornaments to Bullub Dass—ay, and their land too in some cases—and the old *dhotee*, torn and thin though it be, must do for another year. No new gowns for the wives for last year's fair or this year's either."

Now we are out of the village, on the opposite side to that we entered by. Here the fields are not so close to the houses. There is a wide open space of waste ground, hard and firm beneath the thick carpet of grey dust. This is where the harvest is brought home, and where the oxen tread out the corn. It is busy enough then. Now it is left to a few evil-looking, mangy, half-starved dogs, who are prowling about to see what they can devour. The dog has a poor time in an Indian village. He is a scavenger to be tolerated; useful too sometimes for watch and ward, for he can snarl and bark more than enough, if he has not always the pluck to bite; but to the ordinary Hindu villager not a companion and friend, to the Mahomedan an unclean beast and a term of reproach. At the far side of this waste ground is a big banyan-tree, and, beyond, a few old and weather-beaten mangoes, the survivors of an ancient grove. In their shade a group of huts, smaller and poorer looking than even the worst in the village. The *chumars*, the workers in leather, live here, and beyond their hamlet are two or three neater and cleaner-looking hovels, where the *mehlers* or sweepers dwell. These pariahs must not pollute the main village. You need not waste pity on them, for all that. They are quite as full of caste pride and prejudice, and quite as exclusive in their own way,

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as their superiors. And then, for the *chumars* at any rate, there are compensations when the matter is looked into.

Do you see the vultures on the broken and withered stem of that old mango? A little farther off you will see a group of men busy around something on the ground. They are all squatting and shuffling like birds of prey around that something. Now you are nearer you see what it is. That is the carcass of Bullub Dass's best ox, one of the pair that drew his carriage—a fine trotting pair from Central India. It sickened and died yesterday in the yard, and the *chumars* came, as is their duty and their right too, and removed the carcass. They are skinning it now in this village Golgotha, and then they will divide the flesh. What! not to eat it? Yes, to eat it. You do not think that row of women sitting a few yards off, eagerly watching the men's work, is merely interested in the skinning? Each of them has brought her brass dish or pot, and they are waiting anxiously for the distribution of the flesh. It will be divided justly, and with due respect to position, according to the ancient custom of *chumars*. Plague? cholera? Oh no; you see they are healthy-looking and well nourished enough. How many thousand years have they fed on like carrion? Pasture and water are scarce, and cattle are dying, I hear, by scores. The *chumar* at least will thrive, and the vultures, and so will the cunning dealer in hides, who comes up country from Mirzapur and buys the dead skins cheap for ready cash. Perhaps he has even advanced money to his *chumar* clients, and then he will buy them very cheap indeed. The next pair of boots you get from

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London may be made of the hide of friend Bullub Dass's ox. So is the world tied together.

And now we are in the open fields again. It is the end of the day, and the low sun glows rayless through the thick dust like a live coal. The wind is as burning hot as it was three hours ago. Hot it will be and burning all the weary night. Just as we have to rise again to march, when there is a faint gleam of pale opal light in the east and a man can see his hand, one little short sob of cool breath will come, like a whisper from heaven to a sorrowing soul, and then straightway the great sun will leap up again in his wrath, and the slow misery of earth and beast and man will begin once more. Yet another day of burning fiery drought. O God of heaven, how long? When will Thy rain fall on the just and on the unjust? Is it to no purpose that we have fed Thy Brahmins, and made offerings day by day at Thy shrine, Mahadeo?

Famine threatens.

It is September now, and there is dole in Gardanpur. When we were there last it was the end of June, and they were waiting anxiously for rain. It was long and late in coming, but it came, and the thirsty soil drank it in greedily. The dust no longer rose in clouds, the wind ceased to howl, the crow shut its mouth or opened it only to give a cheerful and well-satisfied "caw." Like magic, after the first shower the grateful ground brought forth the herb after its kind. The dykes and tanks filled, and fish appearing suddenly swam about in the pools which were yesterday dry pits. The cattle began to look more like living things, and some

of the younger beasts actually capered and kicked about as they were driven forth to pasture in the early morning. Ploughs were got out, and the oxen began to think that even a drought has its good side. The men leave the village at dawn, driving their yokes with ploughs reversed, the tail trailing on the ground marking a small furrow in the mud. Hope lives again in their eyes. Oheerily at noon the wives set out to the fields where the ploughs are working, the last baby astride on the hip, a dish of food and a vessel of water balanced deftly on the head. The dusky little naked children are making their mud-pies in the village lanes, and marking out miniature fields and irrigation channels. Even the village dogs look more contented and less like the badly stuffed skins in a village museum.

The sugar-cane is a foot high or more. It has been watered constantly, but the rain has done it more good than all the irrigation. You can see it is full of juicy life. Farther afield great stretches of land are green with the broad leaves of the millets. Here and there in the better soil are darker patches where the cotton-plants are coming up strong. Through July and August the heavens are kindly. Cool continuous rain for five or six days, and then a break of bright sun, obscured now and again by a big, fleecy cloud, just long enough to get the crops weeded and the surface hoed, and then more rain before the young plants begin to droop. The ploughs are going all the time in the fields whose turn it is to be sown with wheat and barley after the rains have ceased. The farmers are in good heart, and plough follows plough, up the field and down again, in

straight furrows. Five or six ploughings will do no harm. Away there are some large even fields in which eight ploughs are working; the oxen are big, white, well-favoured beasts, the best you have seen. That is Pertáb Singh's own home farm, and there is the old man himself, standing leaning on his long staff. He has come out to see how the work is going on. He is quite cheerful now. There has been no trouble about the revenue. The timely rain opened Bullub Dass's purse, and the money was found for the rent, on the security of the sugar and the cotton crops. A remittance too came from the Risaldar Sahib, whose regiment is far away at Peshawur maybe. Pertáb Singh has not much idea of geography, but he knows Peshawur is a long way off, a journey of three days even by rail, and the rail-*ghari* goes swiftly, as you know. The Risaldar has got furlough and will be home shortly, and then there will be rejoicing. Are not the Risaldar's wife and his two sons in Pertáb Singh's house? Where else should they be? A Rajput does not take his wife with him on service, like those Madrasi sepoy Pertáb once saw on the march. Sepoys indeed! They are good enough fellows, but what business have the like of them in the wars?

This was in July. We are in September now—nearly the end of September—and a great dread overhangs the land. For three long weeks the heavens have been shut, and not a drop of rain has fallen. The wells, wherever there are wells—there are not many in Gardanpur—have been working hard to keep the sugar alive and the cotton-plants from withering. The great stretches of food crops—nothing could be done for them.

They should be well over a man's head now, and the fields as thick as thick can be. They are not up to my knee, would not give shelter to a boar, and the leaves are all turning yellow at the tips. Here and there a little starveling head of grain, like a famine baby, has come prematurely. The cotton on which we count for rent—the same fate is overtaking it. The plants should be fine bushy plants, shrubs almost, three feet high, bright with their yellow and brown flowers. They are dwarfed, stunted things, like suburban wallflowers in a backward spring, and some of them have formed bolls already. There is no hope of a good crop. How is Bullub Dass to be paid? The wind is beginning to blow hot again and the ground to harden. The ploughed fields, waiting for the wheat and barley seed, are drying up, and the dust rises where the cattle tread as if it were May again. There will be little use in scattering seed on that thirsty soil. "Still there is hope. If the rain comes soon," the people say, "we may get half a crop from the millets. It will be short commons, but we shall not starve, and we can sow for next harvest. The wheat and barley will be good security for Bullub Dass." So every man who has a well works it bravely, and the sugar-cane is kept alive, whether men or oxen die over it. The pulley creaks and the great leathern buckets go up and down, while the patient men toil, and the more patient beasts drag the rope down and follow it up the inclined run of the well. Were there ever such patient men and such patient beasts?

Thus it is in the fields. In the village, Pertáb Singh is sitting in the covered gateway of his house. He is somewhat sad and stern

again. The Risaldar and some of the other sons are round him. A fine, seasoned-looking soldier is the Risaldar. He is in his peasant's dress, and has nothing to distinguish him from the others but a necklace of big gold beads round his neck, and perhaps his turban is a little bigger and has a smarter set. But his gait and posture and the pride of his bearing mark his profession, and he has the air of a man having authority. For a Risaldar Sahib in the Bengal Cavalry of the great Queen is no mean person, especially if he has seen service and has three medals, and has been called out on parade and praised by the Commander-in-Chief himself—ay, in his own tongue too. He will love to talk to you if you have time, and to grip you by the hand. You are a civilian, it is true; but he knows you can walk and shoot and ride, and your brothers are in the army, and every English gentleman is a fighting man at heart, and welcomes and is welcomed by the Risaldar Sahib, who has fought so often beside and under Englishmen. Moreover, it is the civilians who have the power and can help a man out of trouble. So he welcomes you warmly.

But Pertab Singh is sad, and the Risaldar is trying to comfort him by assurances that he and his brothers in the service will be able to raise enough to pay the mortgage interest, come what may. For the fear of another bad harvest is on the old man's heart, and he knows that his people will not be able to pay their rent should this new misfortune come. He has spoken to Bullub Dass, and Bullub Dass says he can do no more. He cannot go on advancing money for ever. He too has his sons and daughters to think of, and the honour of his own house, which

has lent money and met its bills quite as long as the Rajput's people have owned the land.

No more Hope.

It is October, and still no rain. Still the pulleys of the wells creak and groan. The great patient oxen labour on as before, but their heads droop and their limbs drag wearily, and the bones show prominently through the loose skin. Their masters too look downcast, and their bodies, always spare, are nothing but tense muscle and skin. There is no actual want of food yet in Gardanpur, at least for such as have farms; for they have some little stores left still, and those who have any hope of a crop can borrow for a while yet. But it is a more than Lenten fast for them all, with never-ceasing toil super-added. A few weeks of such discipline might do good to many of us who choose to grumble because we have not more than enough.

There is no doubt now as to the fate of the village. The sugar has been saved to some extent. That means at the most one acre in twenty of the village area, for sugar needs to be irrigated, and there are few wells and no canal here. The cotton is dwarfed: it is not worth picking. The millets, which should have fed the village for the next five months, have hardly moved. The stalks, which should be so juicy, are almost dry. Here and there an abortive head of grain, which women and children have diligently searched out and garnered. For the rest, it will do for fodder; and as the last remnant of grass has been torn off the hard surface by the famishing cattle, most men have turned their hungry beasts into the standing fields of *jowar* and *bajra*, and let them eat them down. If rain comes in

three weeks or so, it may be possible to sow wheat and barley with some chance of a harvest, late in March or in April. If it comes not, then the last flicker of hope has died away. Until the next rainy season, full eight months hence, the fertile plain will be a barren waste unproductive as the sand of the seashore.

Day follows day. There is no sign of a cloud now. The sun is bright and hot. But the nights are chill, and there is a keenness in the morning air that heralds the Indian winter and gives a glow to the pale faces of the Englishmen; generally a cheerful and welcome time, when the country is bright with the fresh green of the springing corn, and the heart of man is gladdened by the knowledge of one harvest gathered and the promise of another to come. There is no brightness or gladness here now. No harvest has been garnered, and the harvest to come is a harvest of bones, and the reaper is Death.

The Risaldar Sahib's leave is drawing to an end. He must go to his regiment. He is anxious and full of care. How is the revenue to be paid, and the interest due to Bullub Dass? How is the household to be fed? For there are many mouths dependent on Pertáb Singh. There is the old man's wife, the mother of the stalwart sons; there are three of the sons' wives besides the Risaldar's, and seven grandchildren, most of them very young. Then there are five or six women and men born in the house, slaves some might call them—they cannot be left to starve, and they too have children. There are the farm-servants also, but they must shift for themselves if famine comes. Besides these, there are two or three widows, whose husbands, cousins of Pertáb Singh, died when they

were young, and left their child-wives to a dull life of drudgery; and two distant relatives, fat, lazy, loafing loons, with wives and children of course, who have quartered themselves on the old Rajput, having lost or dissipated their own means. God forbid that he should refuse them food and shelter, idle drones though they be! Altogether, as Pertáb Singh will tell you when you begin to know him, he has "to carry some thirty souls on his one shoulder." "Where is food for all these to come from?" asks the Risaldar. The granaries will not hold out till the next rain comes, not nearly. He has looked into them yesterday. "The women and children must leave," he says to his father; "you cannot feed them here, and if you have to go you will not be able to take them with you." So it is settled that the Risaldar's and his brothers' wives and their children should go off under the escort of his two brothers to their fathers' houses in Rajputana. There they will be safe from harm or hunger, for letters have come to say that all is well there and sufficient rain has fallen.

So the next day the family Brahmin is consulted. Pertáb Singh and his house are pious people, especially where the womenfolk are concerned, and a journey like this must not be lightly undertaken. The priest, therefore, is sent for, and fed and feed, and told to see which is the best day for setting out. Then the Brahmin looks very wise, and taking up his quarters in a raised verandah on one side of the gateway, consults his almanacs and the horoscopes of the family. A day or two go in this way, much to the vexation of the Risaldar, whose time is short, and who has lost his faith in these ceremonies. Does not the regiment march on whatever day it is told,

without all this fuss? When they last marched with Lockhart Sahib across the frontier, was any Brahmin or other *padre* Sahib called to find the lucky day? Not a bit of it; and as for bad luck, why, they won every fight they went into. True, they lost some men, and Jones Sahib—he was a fine lad and had just joined—was shot through the head. But what of that? It was their fate, and it is a soldier's right to die fighting. But his mother and Pertáb Singh would have none of these free-thinking notions.

Meanwhile the women are packing their possessions in leather-covered baskets. Not so big as you see at railway stations in London or on tops of cabs and carriages, but handy things, two of which can be slung and balanced at the ends of a springy slip of bamboo, and carried by one man. There are no great tall feathered hats, or bulky dresses of silk and lace that must not be crushed; no great stock of boots and shoes,—only a soft petticoat or two, a few bodices, a fine muslin sheet or veil, and on top or among them some

heavy gold necklaces and bangles for which there is no room on the round arms and necks of the owners. One basket will hold two of the women's things, and perhaps a child's thrown in. The men are seeing that the big bullock-carriages are made ready and ship-shape,—two-wheeled carriages with dome-like tops of bamboo framework and curtains of thick red stuff, so that no one may see in, while there are convenient peep-holes for the women to look out. The curtains will be thrown up in the daytime when they are on the country roads, and no heed will be taken of the peasants they meet or of the people working in the fields. Who cares for them? But as they wind through the lanes of a village, or pass down the bazaar of a town, the curtains quickly drop; or if a traveller of the better class is met ambling along on a neighing pink-eyed piebald and followed by servants on foot, still more if an Englishman should canter by, nothing but the bright eyes peering through the little window in the side will tell of the fair burden within.

THE EXODUS.

And now the Brahmin has done his work, and the propitious time has come. It is the cold still hour before dawn. The heavens are a deep clear blue. The moon has just gone down, yet there is no darkness, for every star is shining as stars can shine in the East, and the planet of the morning outshines them all. It is a good and convenient time for beginning the journey, as well as auspicious. Brahmins, after all, are human, and astrology not an unreasonable science. Half the day's journey will be performed easily before a halt need be called for the midday

meal, and before the afternoon heat, for the sun is still strong, raises the dust, and makes travelling toilsome for man and beast. The carriages are now ready before the gate of Pertáb Singh's house. The oxen stand yoked, thick felt coverings thrown over their backs to protect them from the cold. For they are costly white animals, with dewlaps hanging low between the clean forelegs, and small heads showing their blood. Well groomed are they too, and sleek. The Risaldar Sahib has come out snugly clad in thick padded jacket of dark green, with a big handker-

chief brought under his chin and over his ears and knotted on top of his head—partly because it is not a lucky thing to sleep with your ears exposed, but mainly to give the fashionable set to his black beard. He casts the eye of a smart cavalry officer over the turnout, to see that everything is in order. For the family honour must be maintained away there among the women's people in Rajputana, whatever stint there may be at home. The drivers, in thick jackets and heads tied up, are squatting on the ground warming their hands at a small fire which they have made in front of the gateway. It blazes up now and again as they feed it economically with a little straw and stalks of the millets from the refuse fodder, not casting it on recklessly as you or I would, but pushing each straw in endways as it is needed, so as to get the greatest service out of it. The yellow light flashes warmly on their dark faces, and lights up the front of the house and the overshadowing branches with a glow that contrasts with the cold starlight. The *kahárs* or bearers have made ready their loads and tried how they balance, and sit beside them, smoking their little gurgling and bubbling water-pipes, and shivering in their thin cotton jackets. They will soon be warm enough and to spare. A miserable cur or two, thinking that fire may betoken food, come prowling and sniffing about, soon to slink away envious and disappointed, while an early crow is perched watchfully on the nearest tree.

Soon there is a stir and a bustle inside the court, and the "chime of women's ankle-bells" is heard. The three ladies come shuffling out wrapped from head to foot in thick *rezais*, each carrying a baby. Behind them come women-servants with blankets and shawls, and little

toddling children clinging to their hands. Then Pertáb Singh carrying his pet grandson, a fine boy of five, who has his arm round his grandfather's neck, and his fat brown face, with its great bead-like black eyes intensified by the lines painted round the eyelids, turned to the old man. The young men follow, each with a child in his arms. They do not take farewell of the women—that has been done inside; but they fondle the children, loth to part. The women are weeping and wailing, as young wives mourn when they leave their father's house. For Pertáb Singh and his wife are very proud and fond of the handsome girls who have given them grandsons, and they are beloved, especially the old man, by their daughters-in-law. The women cry aloud, kneeling at Pertáb Singh's feet, and touching them with their hands; and the men weep openly, even the big soldier, for they have not been taught to suppress their feelings, and think it no shame to show their sorrow.

And now they are all packed in some wonderful way, which Maskelyne & Cooke could not rival, into the small space afforded by the carriages. The drivers are seated, reins and goad in hand. The bearers have taken up their load. The two brothers, who are to go as escort, have mounted their small wiry ponies, and the cavalcade departs, while the Brahmin, sitting beside the gate, tells his beads and mutters charms, and the two widows and the wives of the poor relations make a background of humble mourners. Pertáb Singh and the Risaldar turn and walk slowly back into the house, where they sit down to smoke and to ponder on the mystery of life.

In a day or two the Risaldar also takes leave of his father and mother and rides away, his body-

servant, and a groom who will lead back the horse, following on foot. Some twenty miles distant he will find the railway station where he can get the train which is to take him to his far-off cantonment. Before going he bids the old people to be of good cheer. He will send them money to pay the mortgage interest. No fear of that. His father is to lay in sufficient grain to keep the reduced household until the famine has passed. His youngest brother, who remains at home, will see to it. He is a good son is the Risaldar Sahib, and has a heart as true as his trusty sword. No wonder if the old people are sad when he has gone.

And now the strain is beginning to be felt severely in Gardanpur. The labourers and weavers are already thinking of moving from the village. They have little left, corn there is hardly a handful among them, their wives' ornaments have gone to the pawn-brokers. A few rupees, hoarded carefully for years in view of such a time as this, for the tradition and the teachings of past famines are strong in the land, most of them still possess. With the cultivators things are very little better. Their grain-stores are either empty or very low. Their cattle are famishing, and every day makes it more difficult to keep them alive. It is very hard to go away and leave their fields—the fields where they and their forebears before them have sown and gathered for generations past. To them those fields are everything in the world—home, country, and life itself. They know no larger form of patriotism, for India is not a country, and there is no Indian nation.

It is easy enough for the low-caste leather-workers and weavers to move. They have no ties to

bind them to the land, and no cattle to think of. But it is otherwise for the Rajput or Brahmin farmer, who has his ancestral acres, narrow though they be, and his milch and plough cattle, which cost much money, and the loss of which means ruin. "True," they say, "the Government is going to make a new road some ten miles off, and those who are in need will find work and wages there. But our women cannot carry earth while we dig, like the *chumars'* wives. Nor will the cattle be kept alive on the road-work. It is of no use to us."

There is a big gathering at the *choupal*, and all the village farmers are there. What is to be done to save the lives of their wives and children and the cattle? That is the question. Bullub Dass refuses any more advances of grain or cash, and unless they want to die where they are a decision must be taken, and that quickly. An old grey-beard, the oldest man in the village—some say eighty, others ninety, he himself a hundred years of age—is the first to speak. "He remembers being told by his uncle of the great famine which swept all living things off the face of the land. It was before the Company Bahadur came. There have been famines and famines since, but that remains the famine. Then the villagers had to leave their homes and their fields. It was go or die. And they went, his uncle said, across the Jumna and down towards Malwa. There they found pasture and water for the cattle, and enough corn selling for a rupee to keep a man for two months. That was the place to go to now." One or two others of the older men had heard the same story. It was evidently true. And so it is settled that they shall go to Malwa, down into the heart of

India, where the Nerbudda runs—Mother Nerbudda, the sacred stream, which some day, so prophecy says, is to rob Ganges herself of her purifying powers.

Some go to tell Pertáb Singh what the village elders have decided to do; others to their houses to warn their womenfolk and to make ready for the exodus. The Rajput has no hope to hold out and no better course to suggest. They must save themselves. He cannot support them. His father always kept in the granaries a year's supply at least for the whole village. They know that he has not been able to keep up the good old custom; debt and bad years have forced him to sell the grain as it came in. Bullub Dass is even more helpless. He cannot give them any more advances of any kind. He must keep seed-grain for the next year, otherwise the village, himself included, will be ruined. Yes, this must be done, come what may; no one gainsays that. It is clearer than ever that there is only one way of escaping a lingering death from hunger, and that is instant flight. A fever of fear and excitement seizes the hitherto patient and quiet people. "To Malwa! to Malwa!" is the cry in every mouth.

It is the fifth morning after the women started from Pertáb Singh's house for Rajputana that the exodus begins. It was about the same hour, the watch before the dawn, when the stillness of the night is broken by the barking of dogs, the voices of men, the wailing of women and children, and, above all, the strident creaking of the heavy wheels of many carts on their ungreased axles. It was a long procession, slow and sad. Men and cattle, both weakened now by days of hardly sufficient food, going most of them knew not where—

more on the chance than with any hope of finding wherewithal to support life. And, if there were sad hearts in the crowd, none was sadder than that of old Pertáb Singh as he stood with his youngest son on the road outside the village and saw the carts slowly pass out. They went household by household, with all that they possessed. Old people who had never been two miles from their homes, young ones just born into this parched inhospitable earth. Everything they had in the world packed into the carts—grindstones, tools, cooking-vessels, little household gods; baskets filled with clothes and trinkets, a few worn blankets, an old *rezai* or two; and the delicate women, the old people, and the young children who cannot walk piled on top of all. Behind come the able-bodied men and the older children and the strong women driving along the few spare oxen, a small weedy cow with a starveling calf, the milch buffalo; and here and there a woman, for whom there was no room in the carts, on a cow-hocked pony with a child on her knees.

They file past the old man, all the people he knows, all with whom is the daily business of his life: the men who till his land and pay him his rent, the village herd, the washerman, the carpenter, the blacksmith, they are all there, and they are all going away. They greet him as they pass, and salaam with as much deference as in the best times, and he returns the words of salutation, "Rám, Rám," with a sore heart. Why is he not going too? His house will soon be the only one in the whole of Gardanpur where the evening lamp will glow. No, there will be one more. The spare old man who holds the post of village watch, and is paid three rupees a-

month, will be faithful to his salt. He will stick to his post, and make his reports regularly twice a-week to the police station twenty miles off, so long as body and soul hold together, and his thin, black, indefatigable legs can carry him, with their small sinewy calves gathered up close to the knee into a tight ball seamed with swollen veins. As the last cart with its miscellaneous load and more miscellaneous following turns round the corner of the lane into the high road, Pertáb Singh the Rajput leans on his long staff and weeps silently. He has lived too long.

His son takes him by the hand and leads him gently home through the deserted village. No human voice breaks the stillness of the early morning. There is no sound telling of life and toil from the grindstone or the cotton-gin. Nothing is to be heard but an occasional yell from some ownerless curs who have stayed to quarrel over their scavengering trade, and the agonising creak, creak of the receding carts.

Bullub Dass is standing at the door of the Rajput's house as the old man and his son come up. His right-hand man and agent, Bansi Lal, is with him. Bansi Lal is a short round man of comfortable aspect, with the complexion described in Indian language as "wheaten," and trim black whiskers and moustache. He is dressed in white, with a neat pink turban on his head. He transacts the disagreeable parts of Bullub's business, goes round dunning defaulting clients, taking with a smile the hard words which he receives often when he asks for rupees. He attends the civil courts, files suits, gives the usual formal evidence in corroboration of his master's books and deeds, and takes

execution of decrees. All this and more also does Bansi, and what he is paid no one but himself and Bullub Dass knows. In his income-tax returns he enters his earnings at fifteen rupees a-month. If the statement is true, Bullub Dass has made a profitable bargain, and Bansi, like a good Arab horse, is able to live well where a worse beast would starve. Pertáb Singh is not in an amiable mood this morning; even at his best he does not much care to be greeted on his own threshold by the money-lender. He passes him by with a supercilious look of faint recognition, such as a smart woman bestows on an unfashionable acquaintance.

"Stay, Pertáb Singh Sahib," says Bullub. "What is all this! Whither are all the people gone? What fool's work is this? How are you and I to live if the people run away?"

"They have gone to get food and save their lives," retorts the Rajput. "If it is a fool's work, you are the fool. Why don't you open your pits and your money-boxes and keep the people in the village? You are the fool, I say, Bania Sahib."

The banker's eyes flash and his lips quiver, but he answers smoothly.

"Thakur Sahib," he says, using a title of respect which in the fallen fortunes of his house Pertáb Singh hears rarely from any but the men of his own clan—"Thakur Sahib, in my poor judgment it is the duty of the lord of the soil to keep grain enough to feed the people in a time like this. Your grandfather, ay, and your respected father, always did their duty in this matter."

The old man feels the thrust and turns fiercely, clutching his staff; but his son takes him by the arm,

saying, "Don't be angry, sir; what does it matter what this scoundrel of a *bania* says?" and leads him inside. Bullub Dass moves away homewards, followed by his man. Had he meant to suggest some way of bringing back and keeping the people? Who can tell? At any rate he will do nothing now. He will move neither hand nor foot to help Pertáb Singh or his tenants, not even if their ruin is to involve his own. Malice is in his eye and desire for revenge in his heart.

Nevertheless, it is not a pleasant business for Bullab Dass. He has a great deal of money out on loan in Gardanpur, not only to the Rajput landowner but to nearly every farmer in the village. Off they have gone with carts and cattle, and everything they possess that might be seized in execution of a decree. There is nothing left but the baked dusty soil and the empty mud huts. What if they do not come back? Where is his capital gone, and where the comfortable profit of twenty-five per cent which one way or another, bad years with good, he has managed to gather in? Where too is Pertáb Singh to find the money to pay the mortgage interest if there are no rents? Then again he does not care to be left like this in a deserted village. His grain-pits have much more in them than is wanted for the next season's seed, and although his women and their valuables and most of his ready money have gone to his native place in Marwara long ago, yet he has a good deal in his house, not to speak of all his account-books and securities. The people of Gardanpur he can trust. He has lived on terms of give-and-take with them for years, and they are a respectable law-abiding set. But there are wild and evil-living men

in neighbouring villages who might like to make him their prey. He begins to wish he had not been so summary in refusing advances. It would have been better to risk more than to lose all, perhaps life as well. He is daring and brave enough in his own line, but violence and personal danger he cannot face; for he is the product of many generations of men whose weapons have been thrift and carefulness, and perhaps trickery—the sword never.

The deserted Village.

Gardanpur is now like a city of the dead. Pertáb Singh and his son seldom leave the house. What is to take them abroad? Bullub Dass keeps within doors also. He and Bansi are strengthening their defences as well as they can, and hiding away everything that can be hidden. The old watchman is the only active inhabitant. He goes his rounds regularly, and makes his reports to Pertáb Singh and to the police station. He has unearthed some wretched sick and old people who were left behind by the weavers and the low-castes when they fled. One poor creature he found dead in one of the out-lying huts, a mere skeleton of a man. Life had been extinct some time before he was discovered, and the starving dogs had been gnawing at the dry mummy of a corpse and had been disappointed. The watchman reported the matter to the police, who came, held an inquest, recorded a finding, and had the body burnt. Other poor creatures whom he found starving but still alive he brought to the Rajput, who put them into one of the deserted houses and gave them a daily dole of food—a work of charity in which, I am bound to say, Bullub Dass took his full share. From many of the villages

round about the same story of starvation and death is heard, the watchman says, when he comes back from the police station.

Things went on in this way for some weeks. The Rajput's store of grain had been replenished from the nearest market. One of the widows had been sent off to her own people, who lived within a week's journey; and most of the poor relations, finding their quarters not so pleasant and their fare less abundant, had transferred their affections and their company to others of their kindred who lived in a more prosperous country, where they hoped to have a better time. There was enough to keep the diminished household for six or seven months. Pertáb Singh and his son made one or two journeys to the revenue headquarters of their district to press their claim to remission and to find out what was doing or going to be done. And so the cold season passed away and no rain fell.

It is the hot weather again now. The wind howls and scorches as we have known it before. The earth longs vainly, like the tongue of Dives, for a cool drop of water to assuage its agony. The burning rays of the sun are thrown back fiercely from the hardened surface of the ground, which never cools down now by night or day, and the dust rises in clouds which would obscure an army. It matters little to Gardanpur. The watchman is the only human being who goes much abroad. He tells Pertáb Singh that in all his life, and he is over sixty, he has not known the *loo* (hot wind) to rage as it rages this year. He seldom meets a soul on his long walk from the village to the police station—that is, between dawn and noon. Once or twice he has found the

bodies of travellers lying as they fell in their tracks, killed by the hot wind. They were like dry leaves; not even a jackal or a vulture had cared to touch them. One, by the way, was the old Brahmin priest Tulsi from Prág, who was making his rounds as usual, in spite of drought and famine, to gather in his dues. He had his big register of the names of his clients under his arm, and gripped it even in death.

The Banker is robbed.

The nights are if possible hotter than the days. The earth, which has suffered all day from the smiting heat of the sun, tries to revenge itself by returning the heat with interest at night. Sleep indoors is impossible, or if possible, it would mean death. Pertáb Singh and his son and the two servants that are left pull their beds out into the courtyard and sleep there. They lie coiled up on their short cots, and even in this heat they are wrapped up heads and all in coarse cotton sheets to keep the evil spirits from their ears and mouth. That is the old man's bed with the lacquered legs in the middle of the yard, and the son's is nearest to him. The two servants lie between them and the entrance, on rude wooden cots with bottoms of coarsestring. Hark! what is that? The old man, who is lightest in his sleep, is sitting up. Surely he heard a gun. Yes, that is another, and not far off too. And now he sees the top branches of the great tree that stands in the yard and overshadows the house, lit up by the glare of fire. Hark! there is another shot, and it is answered by defiant shouts. They are all awake now and up. There is no need to dress. Except that they have taken off their jackets, they

are ready for work. Their shoes, if they need them, lie beside their cots, and can be shuffled on in a second without stooping even. "It is Bullub Dass," said Pertáb Singh briefly. "They have come to loot him. Go, Ram Pershad, and see what it is," he said to one of the men, and sat himself down calmly on the bed again with a yawn. "It is not our business anyhow." It was plain he had not much intention of helping Bullub Dass. Experienced in village life, and wary as a fox, was Pertáb Sing. He knew it was not a safe thing to be too zealous or ready to interfere when work of this kind was going on. You go to help the victim and you are accused of the crime. The evil look in Bullub Dass's eye when they last spoke together came to his mind, and he thought the cunning banker was not likely to neglect a good chance of ruining him. A robbery or a murder is to the wise man an opportunity of paying off old scores. So he shows no haste to move, although he can now recognise Bullub Dass's voice calling for help, and the assailants are evidently trying to batter in the strong door of the banker's house.

Here is Ram Pershad back again. He crept round in the shadow of the wall until he got a good view of what was going on. There were a score of men attacking Bullub Dass's house. He only saw five or six, but he was sure there must be twenty at least. Two held big flaring torches while the others were hammering at the door. A small urchin carried an oil-jar and fed the torches. No, they have no guns. Bullub or Bansi must have fired from the upper window whence the cries for help came. But they are too frightened to look out to take aim. They all grow merry over this

picture. The baiting of a banker in his own house was as good sport to them as an otter-hunt to a Devonshire farmer. "Off with you again," said Pertáb, "and bring us word how the business goes on." Ram Pershad slips out again, closing the door behind him. Before he has time to return there is a knocking at the gate, and a voice, which they recognise as the old watchman's, calls to the Rajput. "Come out, sir," he says, "with your men and help me to save Bullub Dass; they are looting him, and will set fire to his house."

"Why should we go?" the Rajput answers. "We are not the police. He will say I did it. Why should we save him? The bloodsucker, he wouldn't help us though his pits are full of grain and his boxes of money."

"Very well, sir, I will go alone, old man that I am."

Pertáb Singh relents. He and his son seize their swords and follow the watchman as fast as they can. After all, a fight is a fight whatever the cause, and the blood runs hot in a Rajput's veins. The watchman has a twenty yards' start of them. Just as they sight the banker's house they see him rush at the men who are battering the door, whirling with both hands his long iron-bound and brass-tipped bamboo. Down goes the nearest ruffian with a blow that will prevent him from giving trouble for some time to come at least. Taken unawares, the assailants falter, the Rajputs rush on with a cry, brandishing their swords. The younger receives a thrust from a torch in the face that singes his beard and blinds him with smoke. In a second the lights are thrown down, and the rest of the band are in swift retreat down the lane. Hitherto Bullub Dass has not dared to look

out from his upper window. But, hearing the watchman's cry of victory as the robbers bolt, he plucks up courage and fires down into the lane, scattering the slugs all about Pertáb Singh, narrowly missing him, and causing him to use very violent language reflecting on the virtue of the banker's female relations. Now, Bullub Dass and his factotum descend slowly by the narrow winding stair, and after many assurances that the enemy has fled and that there is no sort of danger have been exacted, the bolts are slowly removed and the big door is opened. "You're a better shot with a writ than a musket, Seth Sahib," says the young Rajput, who cannot lose a chance of annoying the banker. "You will no doubt give the watchman a handsome reward for saving you." Bullub Dass did not reply. He was eager to make certain that everything was safe, and snatching up a rude lamp, a stick with a small wooden cup at the end, holding oil and a wick, he called Bansi Lall, and went off to the back part of his house where he kept his valuables.

He had hardly disappeared before a cry of rage and despair startled the men at the door. They hurried after him, and found the banker and Bansi standing aghast before a couple of chests that had been broken open and rifled. The place is a small inner chamber without windows, but communicating with a room the wall of which is the outside wall of the house. Running into this room, the watchman finds that a hole has been made into it from the outside; and looking out, he sees a man just setting a light to a heap of something in the open space behind the house. Before he can move, a fierce flame bursts out, and shows him three or four

men making their escape down the lane at the back of Bullub Dass's house. He calls for help, and getting through the opening as quickly as he can, gives chase. But he is old and stiff, and the thieves are nimble. He has no chance, and after a hundred yards he is dead-beat and turns back. There is a regular bonfire blazing now behind the house, and he hurries back to see what can be done. They have all gathered in the open space round the fire, all except Bullub Dass, who has collapsed before his empty boxes, and is crying like a child over a broken toy. Bansi makes a rush at the fire and tries to pull out some of the flaming papers, but with little result except burns to himself. Everything is as dry as tinder. There is a lot of litter in the yard, and the fire takes it as if it were gunpowder, and flies along the ground into an empty bullock-shed, a lean-to against the house. The shed is in a blaze almost instantaneously, and the neighbouring house, which is low and has a good deal of wood in it, is certain to burn too.

It is evident now that the attack on the door was only a feint, and meant to draw off attention from the real business which was going on behind. The robbers had secured all Bullub Dass's loose cash, and his account-books and securities fed the fire. It was certainly a heavy blow, but the granaries were safe. They had not time to rifle them—a fortunate matter for the village as well as for the owner. For who else would advance the seed for the next harvest? The only thing to do now was to prevent the fire spreading, and to this the watchman and Pertáb's party bent all their energies. Bullub Dass and Bansi do not make even a show of helping, and nobody

seems to expect it of them. You do not go to a *bania* for work of this kind.

The Wandering of the Exiles.

And now let us leave Pertáb Singh and the village and go after the people in their exodus. It was a weary march in the dust and heat; the bullocks and cattle could not travel more than two miles an hour, but they plodded on steadfastly and patiently. The wanderers speak little to each other; occasionally the voice of a driver is heard calling to his beast, the wail of a cross or ailing child, and the mother's voice chiding or soothing it. Creak, creak, creak go the wheels. At noon they have covered ten or twelve miles, and they have reached a mango-grove with a big well in it. A halt is called, the oxen unyoked and turned to graze, the people get out of the carts, and each little group clears a cooking-place and prepares the midday meal. The bigger children scatter through the grove to collect sticks for the fire, while the old people and the unoccupied lie down on the ground and sleep. The Indian peasant can always sleep. Some of them perchance dream of happier encampments on the way to the shrines of Hurdwar or Prág, when the women wore their holiday garb, and the children were fat and merry, and the cattle well fed and sleek, and the groups of pilgrims under the shade of the mango-trees were full of contented and cheerful life.

But the march begins again after an hour or two's rest, and the weary progress continues until the sun has set and the stars shine out. Then, when a convenient place is found, they halt again and arrange themselves for

the night. It is getting cold now, and towards morning those who are short of clothing find it hard to sleep, and huddle around such a half-hearted fire as a little straw and a few sticks can afford. Several days pass in this fashion. The country is as monotonous as the dry dust and the hot sun. They have crossed the Jumna, over a bridge of boats and through the miles of soft sand on either bank. The exhausted beasts can hardly drag the heavy carts through it. They are now in Bundelcund, where the famine is more severe. The heavy black clay soil is hard and lumpy, villages are far apart, and even with money in their hands the exiles can hardly get corn to buy. They have left the metalled road now, and are making eastwards by an ordinary country track. Some of the cattle are beginning to give in, and some of the women also are worn out and ill. They hasten on, death goading them, frantic and eager to get to the promised land of plenty. Surely it cannot be so far off. Now rain falls, useless to provide food, but fraught with fresh misery to those poor wanderers. The road, bad enough before, becomes wellnigh impassable. Hitherto they have kept together well, and have done their best to help each other. But misery unspeakable and the fear of death are making them selfish, and the one thought in each mind is to press on—on—on.

Two carts have fallen out. Their teams cannot go a step farther. There is nothing for it but to stop and halt till they recover their strength a little. As soon as they are unyoked, one of the poor beasts lays him down quietly to die. He has worked honestly, and done his duty to the last. The others hobble off the road

stiffly and feebly, and strive to find some remnant of scant pasturage in the barren fields. There are two families. One a man of about five-and-twenty, a Brahmin, Sri Kishun by name, with his wife, somewhat younger, and two children, a girl and a boy. The boy is the younger, and must be two years old, yet the woman is nursing him. She looks half starved herself; the child is fairly nourished still. It is a boy, and she will save him if she can, that her husband may not perish in hell for dying sonless. The little girl, a pretty bright-eyed thing, but showing evident signs of want—well, she is only a girl, a thing of not much account. She is trying to stay the pangs of hunger with a little parched rice which her father shares with her. It is one of their oxen that has died. What is to be done? The remaining beast is good enough, but he cannot pull the cart by himself. There is a big village away there in the distance, over a mile off. The woman suggests that the bullock should be taken there and sold to relieve their immediate wants, and the cart too, if any one will buy it, and that they should try to struggle on after the rest. The man was for finding their way back to their own village. Better to die there, he said, than in the jungle. But his wife thought their best chance was to go on. "Was not the land of promise near at hand? In their own home they knew there was no hope." So reluctantly he drives off the bullock to the village, while the woman and the children, having eaten what there was to eat, lie down where they are, and sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

About an hour had passed before he returns. The girl has awakened, and is crying with

hunger; the woman and the baby are still asleep. He has a little of the parched rice still left, which he gives to his daughter, and he has brought some water from the village, a drink of which refreshes her. Then he awakens his wife and tells her they must be up and moving while yet they have strength left. He has obtained three rupees for the bullock—about a tenth of its value—but he could get no food. There was no shop in the village, and the people said they had nothing left for themselves. They were a rough set of Bundélas, and looked on him as a foreigner. Anyhow, they either would not or could not help him. He has sat down to rest while he is telling her this. There is nothing for it but to go on. The other cart which fell out has yoked up and gone about half an hour ago. They may be able to overtake it, at any rate, when it halts for the night. It will be better to be with friends, who, although they have no food to spare, may be able to give the child or the woman a lift occasionally. So they rise slowly and painfully. The man makes a bundle of a few spare clothes, a brass drinking-vessel and a cooking-pan, and a few lighter articles, and balances it on his head. The cart and the heavier things in it they must abandon. The woman puts the boy astride on her hip, and they walk away in single file—the man leading and the girl last. The worn, attenuated forms do not look as if they could go far. But there is in them a wonderful hereditary patience and endurance which will carry them a long way.

The aspect of the country has been changing of late. It is much wilder. Here and there patches of stunted forest; and low rugged ridges of black rock cropping up

from the earth in a mysterious way block the road and force it to take a winding course. Villages seem very few and far between; and travellers, there is hardly one. It seems a mournful and haunted country to these poor wanderers. Oftentimes they felt as if they must lie down and give up the struggle for life. The little girl was wailing in a low tone as she shuffled rather than walked along. The man carried her a little now and then, but even her feather-weight was too much for him. The woman showed more strength. Was it the thought of the man-child that she bore and was trying to save that gave it to her? It was night now, and the wind came cold and chill from the patches of jungle they passed through. Occasionally some wild thing with a rustle and a rush crossed the path with a bound, and once or twice the woman quickened her steps as she thought she heard the stealthy foot of a beast of prey in the brush-wood alongside the path. At last there is a light to be seen that inspires them with hope. Yes, it is the flicker of a fire under some trees on ahead. The revivingspirit gives new life to the failing pulse and wearied sinews. They will at least reach that light. If there is no succour there, they must die. On they plod in the same melancholy single file. The boy's head nods to his mother's step as if the slender neck would break. The man tramps on with the tramp of despair, and the little girl, her lower jaw falling already with the awful look of famine, which once seen is never forgotten, stumbles on behind. Will she be able to go much farther?

At length—ah me, what an infinite distance seems that last mile!—they reach the trees under which is the light. Thank God! it is

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their friends with the cart. They have been there some time. The cooking-place has been cleared and the fire lighted, and they have a scanty supply of flour which has been made into cakes.

The new-comers are too far gone to speak. They collapse rather than sit down near the group by the fire. The little girl can only point to her mouth and gasp for food. It is a party something like their own; the children are older, and there are an old man and woman, the grandpeople. They too are very hungry, they too have hardly anything to eat, but of that little they give. The girl seizes eagerly the piece of bread offered to her. She puts a bit in her mouth and tries to eat it, but nature is too weak and the power of restoration has gone. She lies down with a sigh and a low moan, still chewing the tough leathery cake. Even the feel of food between her teeth is a comfort, and so she goes to sleep.

The Flight from Death.

In the morning they are up at dawn and begin once more the flight from death. But the girl-child's troubles are ended, and they leave her there as she fell asleep. Let us also leave her to the care of Him who said that of such was the kingdom of heaven. Bitter grief will come perhaps to the father and mother afterwards, if they live. At the present time, want, fatigue, misery, and the consuming desire to save the life of the male child, stifle sorrow. It is a large grove of mahwa-trees, that in which they spent the night. There are big groves of mangoes in their own country, but nothing like this mahwa-grove, which is almost a small forest, covering several miles. Ah! if it were the season for the mahwa flower

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there would be no want of sweet nourishing food for them all. There has been rain here evidently not long ago, for the grass is fresh and green, and the bullocks have been able to pick up a meal. The good beasts show more life than they have shown for days.

The fugitives believe they are on the road taken by their own people. The little Bundelcund carts do not make such broad ruts, and certainly these tracks were not made by the hoofs of the undersized cattle of these parts. But there may be other wanderers from the famine land. They have heard, in truth, that many people from their own country have been seen making for Malwa. Far on in the day they find a dead ox lying by the roadside. He is worn to skin and bone, but they recognise it as belonging to a farmer of their village. Even if they had no other sign to know it by, there was its peculiar twisted horn. Towards evening, as they are going very slowly through a patch of sâl-jungle, they come across another, and a sadder, proof that they are on the trail of their own people. A woman is lying by the roadside, her head resting on her poor thin arm. She is dead. She is the widowed sister of Kali Churn, the washerman of Gardanpur. They cannot touch her to see if she has been dead long, for they are men of high caste. The shadow of misery and death has come very near to them now. When will they reach this promised land of plenty?

It is the second day. The small store of grain is wellnigh gone, and their friends can no longer afford to give to Sri Kishun and his wife. Sri Kishun has the money he got for his ox, but hitherto he has not been able to find any food to buy. The country they have traversed has been wild and uninhabited, and

they have had to cross some ghats or passes, low enough, but very stony and rough, and trying to men and cattle in so weak a state. The mother and her baby are in the cart, and she has killed herself in her loving attempts to nourish the child, which now wails unceasingly with the low moan of suffering infancy. What is to be done? When they halt at mid-day, Sri Kishun, weak as he is, makes a last effort to obtain food. She urges him to get a goat for the child if he can—a milch goat might still save their boy. As for herself, she is too weak now to nurse him even if she could get food. So off he goes with tottering, stumbling steps to the village, a small wild-looking collection of tiled huts a mile from their resting-place. Fortune befriends him. It is a village of shepherds, and they are willing to sell him a goat for something less than the sum he can give. But the flock is away in the jungle, very far off, and will not return till evening. His head reels with the weakness of hunger and the misery of despair. He entreats and beseeches and kneels to them, Brahmin as he is, but to no purpose. The men are not cruel, but they are as emotionless and as stupid as the flocks they tend. No, they will not bring the goat to the halting-place. How do they know where it is or whether he will remain there? He must wait for it if he wants it. His poor confused brain thinks for a moment of the child and his wife, but only for a moment. The only thought it can retain is of his own weakness and inability to move. He asks for a little food and water, and they give him some parched grain and point him to a well. He has his brass vessel with him. The food and drink give him at least the strength to rest and sleep.

The sun is low when they rouse him to take the goat. They have dealt with him honestly enough, and she is a good goat in full milk. He is stronger now, and not so long in getting back, even though he has to lead and pull the animal on sometimes by the cloth which he has twisted round her neck. There is a movement going on in the camp, and he hears the death-wail raised by the women. He hurries on as fast as he can; maybe he is too late. The women are gathered round some one on the ground. They make way for him as he comes, and he sees his wife lying—there is no need for him to ask. She is dead. She has just fallen back where she was sitting with the child in her arms, and her black eyes, not yet glazed by death, looking so large in the thin famine-stricken face, seem to implore his help. Was he able to save his child? With the help of the women and the goat he does what a man can. Let us hope that the boy lived, and that the mother did not give her life in vain. As for Sri Kishun, this new loss struck him even through the depth of his misery. After all, you will say, he is only one among hundreds who are suffering from the same cruel fate. But he was not educated enough to think of this, or philosopher enough to enjoy the consolation that such a thought brings to our curiously selfish natures.

A better Country.

Meanwhile the main body of wanderers in whose tracks Sri Kishun and his friends are toiling have reached a better country—not indeed the Malwa of promise, but a land where there have been more plentiful rains and a more abundant harvest. There is food to buy, although it is dear. Large

tracts of forest are frequent, even near to the high road, and the cattle can find sufficient fodder. They have lost several stragglers, like Sri Kishun and his friends, during the march, but still the great body of them has held together, and there is a long procession of carts and cattle when they move. It is evening, and they have made a march of many miles to-day. The road has led down through some thick teak forest to the bed of a river. It is not a wide-spreading sheet of turbid water, such as they know in their own country, with broad stretches of sand on either side, but a clear sparkling stream on a rocky bed, with high wood-clad banks that do not shift with each year's floods. It is a grateful sight to men and cattle after a hot and dusty day. The stream is low, and they see some men walking across with the water not much above the knee. So they cross to the far side, letting the oxen and the other cattle drink their fill as they go. The ground slopes gently on the other side and opens out into a green glade between the water and the forest. Here they unyoke and make preparations to spend the night. There is a temple on the high bank where the road enters the forest, and the thick stone battlemented walls and great flanking towers of some old-world fortress stand out here and there amongst the trees. It is a beautiful place, but a famishing man has no eye for the picturesque. Nevertheless, a more cheerful feeling prevails in the camp, and it seems to them as if the bitterness of death has passed.

Some of the more energetic men in whom a little remnant of life and spirit is left make their way up to the temple and talk to the old Hindu ascetic who dwells there. He tells them that the

next march will take them into a country where grain is fairly plentiful and pasturage good. They are disappointed to find that it is not the place of plenty and low prices of which they had heard. "No," he says, "that was so a long time ago, no doubt. He has heard old men speak regretfully of the time when wheat sold eighty pounds for the rupee, and every little landowner could keep his elephant. Things have changed since then. The merchants come round and buy up the wheat to send it to the railroad, which they say is fifty miles off. The farmers are much richer than they used to be. Why, thirty years ago you hardly saw a bit of silver in these parts. They are good people too," he adds, "and there is no want of food for the old Brahmin priest." This news, which they carry down to the camp, and a refreshing wash in the river, where all except the sick and very old have bathed, give new life to the exiles, and they start in the morning with fresh vigour. The old priest spake truly. Every mile they made now brought them into a better country. The millet-stalks stood high and thick in the fields. The bunches of grain had been gathered long since, but there had been no time or need yet to cut and stack the stalks. They might take what they liked for the cattle, even without the ceremony of asking. The rice-stubble showed that there had been a good crop, and the young wheat and grain were coming up green and strong in the rich red soil. In the villages they found purchasers for such beasts as they could spare, at low prices certainly, but that was to be expected. Food was easily to be had and fairly cheap, and now and again rich men in the villages gave them a measure or two of grain.

They began now to break up

into smaller parties and disperse among the villages within three or four miles of the road. Some of the village artisans found work to do in their own calling; of the rest, some had a little money, others had cattle which they could sell, and they calculated that they had enough to keep them from starvation until in two or three months the wheat and barley harvests should be ready and their labour should be in demand. Meanwhile in some places there was money to be earned by cotton-picking, as the cotton-pods were now bursting. Some, however, were absolutely destitute, and these wandered from village to village, begging their bread, for all pride of caste or position had now gone, sometimes abandoning their starving children, more often lying down by the roadside to die with them. The villagers were very good to these poor famished strangers, who now suffered from cold as well as hunger. The nights are cold and frosty at this season, especially in the low ground, and their clothes are mere rags hardly covering their nakedness. Some of the richer men are giving daily doles of food, and in the bigger villages huts have been set aside where the wanderers can be sheltered and fed.

In one village lives an old woman whom the people, in the quaint way in which they transmute the syllables of our English names, call Lony Ochter Mém Sahib. She was the daughter of a high-caste Hindoo, and is the owner of the land, and a great person among her simple neighbours. A very old woman, a relic of the old time, she had been the wife of an English officer when such connections brought no shame. She remembers how in the great famine, while she was still a girl, her "Sahib," Captain Ochterlony,

had sheltered many of the orphan children, and she had helped him to care for and feed them. Partly in memory of him, and partly of her own goodness, she opens her doors to the starving people who come to the village, and offers to keep their babies and children while they look for work; and many little things who would have perished by the roadside owe their lives to the kind charity of the Thakur lady, Lony Ochter Mém Sahib. Some are taken away by their parents when better times return, and others remain with her as long as she lives.

The Exiles return.

It is the hot weather again, the seasons have run their course, and it is nearly the same time of the year as that in which we first made acquaintance with Gardanpur. But the rains have come early this year. The plain is green and moist, and the ploughs are at work. It is strange how quickly after the first fall of rain the survivors of the exiles have found their way back. Not as they went, with carts and cattle in one long procession, but straggling back by families or by twos and threes, or sometimes a man or a woman all alone, the only one left out of a family that fled last year — back again to their old homes in their old village, glad to see their old chief and to begin afresh at the old toil. Oxen had to be bought and carts and ploughs, and grain for seed had to be obtained until the earth should yield her increase once more. The money for cattle and implements was lent without interest to Pertáb Singh by the Government, while Bullub Dass the much-abused advanced the seed. His books and his papers had all been burnt, and he was

afraid sometimes that the people would repudiate their debts. As each farmer comes for his seed, a little preliminary business is transacted between him and the banker. There is no attempt on the part of the debtor, who knows pretty well how much money he has had, to deny his obligation. But as to the interest account, there is much dispute and sometimes warm words. The village accountant and four or five of the more substantial men are called in to arbitrate, and a settlement fair enough for both sides is made and recorded and signed. An Indian peasant is very honest among men. He regards the seed as a first charge on his crop; and the rent or revenue, in principle they are the same, as the second. No doubt it is his interest to be honest in such matters. When we are honest is it not our best policy, and do we regard ourselves as the less virtuous and praiseworthy on that account?

And so the village is once more full of active life, and the Rajput Pertáb Singh is happy again. His womenfolk and grandchildren have come back to him. The mortgage interest has been regularly paid. The Government has been kind to him in the matter of revenue. All arrears have been remitted, and a reduction has been made for some time to come, until the level of prosperity shall be restored, and the many empty huts, which are now, in Eastern phrase, "without a lamp," shall be occupied once more.

In due time the old man is gathered to his fathers. The Risaldar Sahib, who has retired from the army and taken his pension, sits in his place. He has seen hard fighting in these latter days, and has come through the war with a great name, and with rewards which enable him to pay

off the hateful mortgage and to walk the earth the proudest of men, a Rajput soldier on his own soil and free of debt. When you go to Gardanpur he will come out in his neat white *mufti*, his broad breast covered with medals and orders. He will invite you to his house and offer you fresh milk and sweetmeats. He knows your English tastes too well to think that you care much for such things.

But such as he has, he sets before you. As you sit with him in a verandah on one side of the courtyard, he will tell you, if you ask him, of the wars he has been in and of the Sahibs he has known, and of the many deeds of prowess he has seen. If you leave him to himself, he will prefer to talk of the great famine of 18—, and of the way in which his old father came through it.

THE SEQUEL.

An old woman is sitting on one of the highest of the sand-hillocks in the east of Gardanpur. From her looks she may be sixty, but women age quickly in the East, and perhaps she is only fifty years old. Her hair is white and scanty, and hangs limp, in thin uneven locks, to her shrivelled shoulders. There is a regularity and refinement in the features which tell of high blood and pride of caste. Years and sorrows have scored her face with deep lines. The large black eyes have grown dull and dim with time. Her coarse sheet or veil has fallen back from her head, showing an old worn bodice of blue stuff and a petticoat of similar material, of which the colour is no longer distinguishable. Her bare withered arms are outstretched, the elbows resting on her knees and the hands hanging listlessly from the wrists. A net of coarse string and a small hoe for scraping up grass lie at her feet, and show the purpose that has called her afield. The light of dawn is in the east, and the moon is just sinking below the opposite horizon. She is gazing with wistful eyes into the far-off western distance, as one sitting on a rock by the shore gazes over the sea searching for the cause of all things; and

as she looks she weeps passionately, and the tears make furrows on her poor uncared-for cheeks.

There is a man, a village servant of low caste, standing not far off. He notices her distress, and draws near to speak to her. "Yes, she is weeping. How can she help weeping since she is alone, altogether alone, in the world? She lost her son and her husband in the great famine, and one, only one, remained to her, her grandson, whose mother also died in the famine when they all fled from Gardanpur westward. And yesterday, only yesterday, when he was just eighteen, the lad fell ill and died. She is alone now, and without hope for this world or the world after death." What more is there for such a one to lose, or what deeper draught of misery to drain? She throws herself moaning on the ground. Moved by pity, or thinking that she has fallen from faintness, the man steps forward and stoops to raise her up. "Away!" she cries; "do not touch me, come not near me. I am a Brahmin, a Brahmin woman, a Brahmin!"

Poor, old, miserable, and deserted as she is, she has still a precious jewel to keep or to lose. It is her caste.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹CHAPTER XXXIX.—*FRANGI, NON FLECTI.*

"JACK is getting on like a house on fire," Signor Nicolo wrote in an envelope enclosing a rather grimy letter which I received on the following morning; "he has not had a classical education, and so you can always make out what he means. Specimens to hand confirm his opinion. Perhaps I shall go out in the Spring. Could not stand the cold there now. Come and see me whenever you think fit."

When this was put into my hand, I was ready to start for London, having promised to meet Stoneman outside the Exchange, at one o'clock. This had been my own proposal, for one can never be certain how a man may take great ups and downs of fortune; and although I had not much apprehension as to Stoneman's fortitude, it seemed to me that a good friend should be at hand and do his best for him. So I read the letter of young Jack Nickols, on my way to London Bridge, and found it very straightforward, and simple; and who cares for spelling after that? The rising generation gets on very well without it, and a thousand school-boards do their utmost to destroy its memory.

"Never did see a place so mountainous"—this young fellow said, where I first began to read, for the Signor had kept the first page in his pocket, or leather bag, or steel safe, so far as I could tell—"you never get up to the jag of one knife-grinder, before you have got to fetch your wind, and grind your bones for another. The Alps is nothing

to it; they goes up gradual, and is ever so much smaller to my mind. And you don't get big chaps here to shove you up and keep you straight. These fellows cackle at you with a horrid voice, and they squat in a ring and stare at you, if you want to go up any clumsy sort of peak, and they tell one another that all Englishmen are mad. But they are as sharp about the rhino as Petticoat Lane crossed with a New Cut costermonger; and you can't bring them to book, as you can a thief at home. You have to do it all through a chap who knows their lingo; and you can't make out what he is saying to them, and you can't be sure, without your revolver ready, that they won't stick their skewers, which they call jingles, into your spine, without letting you look round. I had a poor time of it at first; but they seem to be getting now to make me out.

"When you come to know them, you might find worse fellows; for I cannot call them treacherous exactly. They would skin you to your spare-rib, if you let them have the chance; but they won't stick a knife into you, until you aggravate them. I am getting rather thick with some of them, by making out a little of their crack-jaw words, though there seems to be no end of them. But talk about jaws, I need not tell you, as you have seen too much of them; there was a man in Yorkshire, about fifty years ago, who could get through a lamb, and then three-quarters of her mother. But one of these fellows would eat the whole sheep first, and then take

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her little ones for desert. But you must remember that their sheep weigh less than ours, and I like to see a man make a hearty dinner. But it is hard lines to pay him for the sheep; and then let him come to dine with you, as he must do, so that you never get a taste of it.

"However I am not complaining. The country must be beautiful, when the snow lets a fellow look at it, and you think the more about it, because it is out of sight. Tell Rosa that the girls are not a patch upon her, and she would laugh to see how they put their hair up. The men are not refined enough to think much of the women; but make them wear swabs upon their faces, and the insects are tremenjious in the summer-time. We have got more than we can do now to keep any road clear to get at the pocket where the stones are, just a soft place between two tremenjious rocks; down comes the snow again, and you could scarcely find it out, unless you leave a black tar-pole sticking up, and then you must fix it wonderfully firm, or you won't find it in the morning, for the wind does blow, I can tell you. We shall have to knock off for three months, I am afraid, and where am I to go to all the time? The Russians are not half bad fellows, only some of them too pious when you come to know them. Only you may be glad of that sometimes, because when they go to say their prayers, you get the best place by the fire. I don't care for quite so much tea myself, and I have not tasted a good bit of tobacco for a month. But everybody says that when some great man, who has been living for several years in England, and I do believe I have heard you speak of him, when he comes back they say he will change everything, all the thieves of the mountains will begin to say their

prayers, and nobody will stick his best friend for nothing. If this can be managed, it will be a true excelsior.

"But you remember what the people said, the year we went to Yarmouth; and it is out of the question for me to say what I would give to be there now. They said, and you could not deny it when you wanted a bloater before they came in—'Sir, we lay ourselves out to oblige all the gents that come from London, but we cannot make a red herring swim.' I could not see exactly how they meant it, but it is just the same thing in the Caucasus.

"For a long time I could not see my way to be sure of not being stuck at any moment. But I got over that idea, as we must, if we mean to get on anywhere. I will not say that my life is sacred now, as people express it in London; but ever since the popular opinion began to identify me with the Devil, through their ignorance of English manners, I have had a much better time of it. Tell Rosa, that in spite of uncommonly rough victuals, I weigh seven pounds more than I could pull, when she came to see me off at Wood-Green station. Nobody ever weighs anybody here, for after all they are not cannibals; though I told her so, to make her kiss me. But the steelyard I brought goes to half an ounce, and has saved me a lot of money. And tell her, if you think that it won't be too encroaching, under the peculiar circumstances, that I am not quite turned into the Devil yet, though she might say so if she could see me; and even if the climate had done it, an Angel like her need not be afraid of him.—Hoping to come home with a sackful of emeralds, believe me, dear Uncle James, your most affectionate nephew,

"JOHN NICKOLS."

At the bottom of this very vague and disjointed, but as it proved afterwards too true description, Signor Nicolo had written in pencil—"Rosa is my eldest daughter; but I shall have to put a stop to it."

"My noble Countrymen!" as Sûr Imar used to call them—it would take a long time to fetch them up to that mark, according to this English boy's account, and the enthusiastic Chief could not begin too soon. It appeared to me that as many generations as he could trace from Karthlos would scarcely be enough to restore them to the level of Antediluvian "culture." No wonder that he was in a hurry to begin; and if I am doomed to wait for the completion of his task, *erit altera quæ vehat Argo*, there will be another Ark on the top of Ararat. And sure enough, here is another Babel to begin with!

For in the absorption of the thoughts above recounted, I found myself caught in the whirl and crush and uproar of a crowd as wild as any savage land could show. A crowd not of paupers but well-dressed people roaring and raging and besieging the portals of the Stock Exchange. Battered hats, and coats in tatters, fists thrown up, but unable through crunched elbow to come down again, faces black with choking wrath, wherever the brown mud peeled from them, grinding teeth and cursing lips, and chests that groaned with the digs they took without any chance of returning them—I thought of Lord Melladew's father and the bullock compressed into his clover-hay. Only let me keep outside the pack of the central squeeze if possible; for once in there, no strength of man could get me out or let me out. So I put up my knee, which was a dangerous thing to do, for if I lost my feet good-bye to me;

when a gentleman, with whom it would have been a joy to dine—so comely, and well-liking, and well-to-do was he—being unable to get at me with his fists, let out at me with language I had never heard the like of. I attempted no retort, for he had already got the worst of it, and without any knowledge how it came to pass, except that there must be more luck than wit in shoving, here I was with my clothes still pretty sound, outside the drum of squashed figs and squealing pigs.

But another poor fellow was not so lucky. "Let him go, slide him on, he'll be dead in half a minute. Serve him right. No, no. How'd you like it? Don't tread on him, more than you can help." It was a solid man upon the ground, but likely to be hollow, before ever he could be an upright man. I had got a short knob-stick in my hand (which I always carried, since my faith in human nature had waned through that dastardly bullet), and in the most blundering and selfish manner I set the knob against my breast and the stub-end foremost, and charged into the lump of figures across me. Considerable yielding, and heads running into heads, and yellow waistcoats sloping like sheaves of wheat in shock, and big boots toeing up at me, and a hail of blows in flank—it is impossible to say how I got on. But there must have been a hollow place somewhere in the mass, for they fought into a lane, and allowed me to lay hold of a pair of yellow shoes, or at least they had been yellow, and tow out the prostrate body on its back, and feel it for the signs of life or death. "Ain't dead yet," said a hoarse and husky voice; "never fainted in my life, and don't mean to do it now."

I admired the pluck of this poor fellow; for indeed he was in a

frightful mess, and another half-minute must have silenced him for ever. With the help of a bystander, who only cost a shilling, I was able to get my trodden friend across the street, and into a double doorway, where a score of people came and stared at him. "Well, if he ain't a tough 'un. Cut the poor bloke's collar. Stand him on his pins, and blow to him. Give him a drop of brandy." Advice poured in on every side, more freely than assistance.

"Don't you know who I am, you fools?" The injured man sat up with the aid of one hand on the stones, and gazed defiantly. "All over the world I've been, but never saw such cursed idiots. Captain Strogue, sir, of the British Pioneers."

He glanced at me with hazy eyes, which told of many strong waters, and would tell of many more, if Heaven permitted; and then he tried to bow, but a pang in his chest took the grace from that salutation. "All right! Down the alley, three doors to the left."

He shoved away all who pressed forward to lift him, but allowed me to help him with his knees still hanging, to the place he had indicated. And sure enough everybody knew him there.

"The Captain, the Captain, the bold British Captain! He have been in the wars, and no mistake!" Out came the landlady, and the barmaid, with tears in their eyes—for he had promised to marry both—and an ancient potboy with all his wits about him brought a rummer and a teaspoon, and stirred up something hot. "That's the physic, ma'am," he said; and the lady smiled and offered it, and met with no refusal.

In a word, Captain Strogue was in the right place now, and after helping to bestow him snugly upon a horse-hair sofa in a small back-

room, I was at the point of leaving, when he put up one hand and stopped me.

"Owe you my life," he said; "not worth much now, but has done a deal of service to civilization. Near St Paul's, ain't we? That's where they'll put me. Know your face very well, but can't remember."

He seemed to be dropping off into a doze, having finished his strong potation; but I told him my name and where I had met him, for I was eager to be off to keep my time with Stoneman.

"Don't be in a hurry, sir; you have helped me, and I can help you. Strogue pays his debts. Somebody else will find that out." His eyes shone fiercely, and he pressed his knuckles to his side. "Widow Lazenby knows what I am—don't you, ducky?"

"Oh, Captain! And at such a crisis!" the landlady murmured, after looking round to be certain where the barmaid was. "But, sir, he have described himself. Wonders he have done, without wondering at himself."

It is a righteous thing that men of such achievements should have their reward, where it is sweetest. Fame they may never get, for that is all a fluke; gold they scarcely ever gain, because they are no grubbers; love they cannot stop to grasp, and see but savage frames of it; rank they laugh at, having found it the chief delight of black boys; but to get his grog for glory, and his victuals for victory, is the utmost any English pioneer can hope of England.

"Cranleigh, you can go," said Strogue, for his manners were not perfect; "you are involved in this little shindy, and you want to know all about it. These thieves shut shop at one o'clock on a Saturday, some one told me. But if you will

they had a little cast towards it. Certainty also in the strongest point of all—that whoever you might be, or wherever you had been, never till now had you come into contact—or collision, if you liked that sort of thing—with a member of your race so far above all little weakness, and yet so ready to participate in it, if you would pay the bill for him, as your new but true friend, Bartholomew Strogue.

"Imar is an exceedingly fine chap," he said, as he lit a long clay pipe, after a dinner which impressed me with the truth that the more a man sees the more he feeds; "you are too young, friend Cranleigh, to have any powers of reflection. But you may take it from me, that there are only two ways now of being fit to consider yourself a fine chap. Of course I don't talk of nincompoops, who think themselves wonderful always. What I mean is in common-sense; and there you can only be above the ruck, by despising the human race, as I do; or loving it, as Imar does. I have found nothing in them to admire, though I have seen the inner side of many celebrated men; and as for loving them—well, I suppose the Lord puts that into you, and bungs up your eyes. The man who can do it is the happiest of his race, and a great deal too good to be left among them. No fool can do it; for a fool always goes by facts."

"Sûr Imar is the largest-minded man I ever knew," I broke in upon Strogue with some indignation. "He looks at the best side, as all good people do. He likes human nature, because he judges by himself."

"Contempt is at the bottom of it. Amiable contempt, if you like to call it so. The contempt of an equitable mind, that knows the faults of its owner, and loving

them, makes allowance for the like in others. Bless your heart, Cranleigh, I like people well enough; but I despise them, because I despise myself. Come now, that is fair play. I am not argumentative; no man of action ever is. But that view of the case is a puzzle to you."

"Not a bit," I answered, with a smile of modest triumph; "you despise mankind, because you think they are like you. Sûr Imar loves them, because he thinks they are like him!"

"Bravo! I like a man who tries an honest rap at me. Bat Strogue never takes offence at truth, because he very seldom gets the chance. But I did not fetch you here to argue with you. I believe that I can be of service to you, very good service, such as you have rendered me; though perhaps you would not have pulled me out, if you had known who it was you got hold of!"

"Yes, I would; and with all the greater pleasure. I thought that you were a decent Englishman; though I saw you in very bad company, that day!"

"A decent Englishman! One of the most celebrated travellers of the age! Such is fame. Wait until my book comes out. I might have been the lion of the season, if I liked. What are S. and G. and L.? What have they done in comparison with me? However, let them have it for the moment. Bad company, Cranleigh! You are quite right there. Many scurvy tricks have I been played; but none to come near what that blackguard has done. The fool, the besotted fool he must be. I was told you were far away in Yorkshire, and engaged to be married to a lady there. Nothing of the sort? If I had known that, I would have come down to see you. He thinks he

has got everything his own way; and he has thrown me over on the strength of it. Much more than that—much worse than that. Oh, what a pretty mistake he has made! Nobody ever fooled Bat Strogue yet, without paying out for it. Things are gone far, very far, my friend; but we may be even with them yet. I see things now that I never dreamed of. But tell me first of your own share in them.”

I told him briefly what had happened to myself. How after winning a pledge for life from Dariel, and the approval of her father, I had been suddenly called away to the wedding of my oldest friend, and had been kept there for several days by the sudden distress of the family. Then as soon as I could get away without inhumanity I had hastened home, and been utterly astonished to find the valley empty, and no message left for me, except that cold letter from the man who had been so kind. And then I told him also what I knew from Signor Nicolo, and his black suspicions as to Hafer's object.

“It is impossible for them to be too black,” Strogue replied with an ominous smile. “Sûr Imar's life is not worth the lump of sugar melting under this glass pestle. Hafer's heart is vile enough, but a viler heart, and a brain ten times as resolute and as deep as his, are set upon poor Sûr Imar's death. I see it all now with the help of what you tell me. I took it in quite another light before. There is one thing still that I cannot understand. I fell out with that miscreant first, because I found that he wanted me to lend a hand to get you put out of the way, as if I were one of his tribesmen. What puzzles me beyond everything is that he never tried it.”

“He did try it, and a very narrow shave I had. It was the

very night after I saw you with him.” Then I told Strogue the particulars of that cowardly and cold-blooded attempt, and Stepan's conclusion about it.

“It is impossible to doubt it. The murderous sneak! One thing I can tell you, young man; that marriage of your friend has saved your family the expenses of your funeral. Two days more in that part of the world would have sent you to your last account. He would never have shot at you again; such is their superstition, that he believes you invulnerable by bullet; but he would have put a long dagger into you, springing from a corner in the dark. At that game you would have no chance with him, even if you were on the outlook. You are stronger than he is, I daresay; but he is the most lissome fellow I have ever met, and I have handled a good many twisters and skippers in the way of savages. And to think that I should be almost trodden into dust, like the emmets in a hymn I used to learn, by a trumpery lot of common Cockneys. It was contempt of the enemy that did it, a thing that generally ensures defeat. None of that now, that won't do now. Cranleigh, we shall have to do all we know; and the chances are that it will never be enough. It is not for Hafer, so much as that fiend of a woman, who stands behind him. One of the worst that ever walked this earth, and that is no small order, I can tell you. A bad woman is blacker than a man, as many shades as gas-tar is than Stockholm pitch.”

“But who is it? Who is it? You have hinted that before. What woman in the world would hurt Sûr Imar, who looks upon them all as angels, in the reaction from his great mistake.”

“I will tell you who it is, by-

and-by; and you will be surprised a little. But first a few questions; and very important. The luck has been terribly adverse. Most of all in this, that I should not have known, until it was too late to stop him, the scoundrelly schemes of this Hafer, and his abrupt cut-and-run. But if I have made a mistake, so has he. Bat Strogue is hard to best, young man; though he thinks so little of himself. But now, first of all, is there any chance of catching Stepan? He is a thick, of course; as all faithful servants are. You could not make head or tail of him; but I know their scabby lingo. Do you know what ship he goes by?"

"Not I. The fact is that I was quite upset, and felt that being so thrown over I had no right to pry into their arrangements. All the heavy goods were going by some cargo-steamer. Blackwall was on the canvas-wrappings. That is all I know about it."

"Then we are too late for that. Those heavy boats sail on a Thursday. But the one point in our favour is that Sûr Imar goes first to Petersburg. He has good friends there; but in spite of that, if I know anything of Russian ways, it will take at least three months for him to get a stroke of business done. And he will not want to take his daughter to her new surroundings, when the furious winter rages there. His enemies thought to settle him, this side of Christmas, and have three months to gorge him and hide the spoil, while all the passes are blocked with snow. But they have overplayed their game, and they never dreamed of that stroke of his, which may give us time to save him. He has no idea of their plot, of course, but has acted with his usual simplicity. One more question—can we obtain any idea of what goes on there,

through Nickols, or any of his jolly miners? I am sorry for them. What a dance they will have on Kazbek, with frost-bitten toes! But they can't get away now, that's one comfort."

"How can I tell? I know nothing about communication with those deserts. That is more in your line, and you know the country."

"There are not many countries beyond my knowledge," the British Pioneer replied, with a gaze as if the whole world lay before it; "but even I cannot always quote all the breaks and jerks of wire and post. However, I can easily find out. They were laying a line to Kutais, I know; but I don't know whether it is working, and if it is, it won't help us much, when all the tracks are impassable. One more question; young man excuse it, but are you still nuts upon that lovely girl, who is too good for any but an Englishman? I don't hold with matrimony, mind. So you need not mind saying if you have slipped off."

"I wish she were equally nuts upon me," I replied with a glance of contempt, which should have pricked him. "But she has vanished without even a good word. I shall never hear anything more of her."

"Stuff! Remember — 'faint heart,' &c. She has been humbugged with lies about you. And I know the pride of all that race. You shall have her yet, if you show pluck; and you won't be like yourself, if you fail there. But you want to know who the dark enemy is, the one who is resolved to have Sûr Imar's life, as well as everything else that belongs to him. Very well, it is his own twin sister, Marva."

"What! Marva, the widow of Rakhan, that rascally Prince of the Ossets, whom Imar very justly

slaw! So justly, that even he felt no compunction. Marva, who knew of her husband's falseness!"

"That's the woman, and a nice specimen she is. I know one or two fine things about her, from what Hafer, her own son, let out. Ah, she is a deep one. It is a lucky thing for Imar that she sent Hafer, instead of coming to manage the whole affair herself."

"You forget one thing, Captain Strogue," I interrupted, for this view of the Princess did not tally well with Sûr Imar's own account. "She pitied him, there can be no doubt about that, after his terrible calamity, though as yet she did not know the worst. She pitied him, and proved it by her distress at the death of his little boy Origen. And when a woman once lets pity in, there is no room for malice in her breast. I read that the other day, in a very great writer."

"I don't know anything about that. I only know that she hates him. All the wreck of her life she ascribes to him, because he would not pay her portion. She has been brought up very differently from him, you must remember. And when she was so kind about that poor little devil, she had not the least idea that her husband that very day had fallen by the hand of Imar. Very likely she loved her husband all the more, without knowing it herself, for his behaviour to her. Some women do, there is no question about that; and there is queer morality in the Caucasus. She hates Imar, with all the power of her heart, which is anything but a weak one; and even if she loved him, she would be bound to kill him; for the blood-feud is between them."

"You talk of it as if you were counting coppers; whereas it makes my blood run cold, cold and then hot, as if it boiled with a shudder."

"Ah, but I have seen the world," said Strogue.

"Very well, then tell me this. In the name of common-sense—if such a faculty is known among such brutes—why did not Hafer put a bullet or a dagger into Imar, as he has had fifty chances and more of doing, instead of taking a steady but unlucky pop at me? Explain that, Captain, if you can."

"Nothing is easier, friend Cranleigh. In the first place, he is not the one to do it, without ruin to their scheme; for though he might marry Dariel, after that there would always be something between them. And what would make it useless for him to do it, is that the blood must be shed, as you might say, for the sprinkling of the doorstep. To kill him in England would not count, because nobody would be sure of it. Hafer might have made a hit, but he could not have scored it, and the revenues would not have fallen in for years."

"It makes me sick to hear you talk." I had no intention of being rude; but to see this man making balance of lives, as a grocer puts chocolates into the scale, was beyond my gifts at present. "Strogue, you make me hate you."

"My dear boy, you should not do that. I admire fine British indignation; and I had a lot of it at your age. I am not free from it now, by any means. But it must be governed and guided, when we deal with inferior races. A Frenchman never discovers this, and therefore he cannot colonise. He lets out his natural ardour at brutality, while we accommodate ours, and fetch it into better purpose. You must not suppose that I sympathise with a savage, because I do not shoot him."

I begged his pardon; for I knew nothing of such things. And he made allowance for my outburst;

while I thought that I would rather play the French than the English part, in such a case—which was far from my usual sentiment.

"You need not make a fuss," he said, "all these things are an allegory. The wisest of men has been young and green at some time. Bat Strogue is not the boy to sing for starch in bibs and tuckers. Cranleigh, you may look at me, and some day you will tell your grandson—'Ah, you should have seen Bat Strogue! An Englishman of the old sort he was. Forty-six inches round the chest, and not a lie to be found in him.' Give me your hand, young man, I like you."

It occurred to me—so mean our nature is—that the brandy-and-water, which he quaffed like milk, was beginning to perturb a spirit even so ubiquitous. But his gaze was clear and bright as it had not been in the morning, and his voice impressive.

"You have only to go home, and wait. I have a friend who is on his way at this moment to St Petersburg. I shall telegraph to him to-morrow, to keep his eye on Sûr Imar. He will have no trouble about that, the man being so conspicuous. I shall know when Imar thinks of leaving, and then we must look sharp indeed. You want to save him; so do I. And more than that, to blow to pieces the plans of this vile Hafer. He has treated me infamously; I will not bother you with that now. He little knows what Bat Strogue is. I might have starved, but for Jemmy Nickols. Just for the present I am in cash; but money never sticks to me. If the sinews of war fail, I shall not scruple to ask your help, though I know that you are not a millionaire, George Cranleigh. But I am a man of honour, sir. Though not a swell, I am no sponge. And I have some

chance of a good windfall which is keeping me in London now. 'Never say die,' is my motto, sir; and if I get what I ought, I will lend you a hundred pounds as soon as look at you. Strogue is of Yorkshire family, sir, and a Yorkshireman always does what he says. But that Hafer is a cur, as mean a cur, and as fierce a cur, as was ever begotten by Cerberus. He made a scoundrel rob me of five hundred pounds, by false cards; as I found out just too late, and they split the swag between them. A burglar is a trump in comparison with them; and he has taken out young Petheril instead of me. Cranleigh, do you ask me why? Then I'll tell you in two words; because he can get him cheaper, sir, and because he has got no principle. Strogue must travel like a gentleman, as he is by birth and behaviour, and all that; Strogue maintains his rank, sir. You try to shove him into any skunky corner to save a few copeks in passage-money, and he lets you know—ay, you soon find that out, and you won't forget it in a hurry. But this fellow Petheril, that's his name, he would make any skunk's hole skunkier; and you wouldn't care to touch him with a pair of tongs. And another reason I can tell you too, Petheril doesn't know the little things about that beauty of a Marva, which have come to my ears, though I never saw her. Shows what my reputation is—'Bartholomew Strogue, The World,' would find me from any Post-office in it. Though when you send me a hundred-pound note, it would be as well to be more precise. But I am not proud of that; it is a nuisance to me. I open a hundred letters, when I find myself in the humour, and there is not a penny in one of them; but they all want me to do something."

Fearing that he was becoming

inclined to go 'off on the rove, as great travellers must, and being in a hurry about Stoneman and Grace, I asked him to say in a few words how Prince Hafer came under his charge in London.

"Simply because of my taking a little turn into the Caucasus," Captain Strogue replied, as if he had gone off into a side-walk in some Hampstead villa garden. "I was tired of the monotony on the Northern side of the Caspian, where the people are too much alike, with plenty of barbarous customs; but when you have seen one, you know them all. There is not the variety which can be found in the mountain regions only. In a very rugged land, the human race cannot get so confoundedly chummy as to take the variety out of them, like peas in a pod perhaps a thousand miles long. The Caucasus is quite a small affair, compared to the Andes, or Himalaya, or half-a-dozen other mountain-chains. But it beats them all in this, that it was peopled earlier, or at any rate more thickly. And there the fellows are; no two lots at all alike; and if it was the cradle of the human race, as the ethnologists used to tell us, it was lucky that we tumbled out of it. Mind, I don't run them down; there are some of the noblest samples, so far as the body is concerned, that you could find on the face of the earth. And many of noble intelligence too, but with little chance of increasing it. As a rule, they hate work, both of body and of mind; and without proper work, we all relapse into monkeys, or advance into devils. You say, 'Strogue, then which are you?' You were longing to ask it, but too polite. Very well, Cranleigh, I am neither. I have done as much hard work as any man living. And I hope to do more, if my life holds out, although my joints are

getting rickety. But my rule is—either work, or play. And I never mix the two together."

"But," I inquired, to bring him back to the point, for he seemed to be rather fond of talking about himself, "what was the reason that Hafer, if he was sent to fetch his Uncle back, was not despatched to the camp at once, the old place in the valley I mean, where his countrymen had taken up their abode? That would have saved all the London expenses, and the need for a guide and interpreter, and a lot of other trouble, as well as kept him out of mischief."

"True, my son; but it would have ruined the whole scheme. Hafer's nature would soon have shown itself, for his temper is simply horrible; kinjals would have flashed in the Surrey sun, and no Dariel would there have been for him. Even as it was, he contrived sometimes to make himself unpleasant to her. You remember our catching your little friend Allai, and putting some strain upon his loyalty? That was to learn a few useful facts from him, especially one about the lady and her father, and some points as to your proceedings. If you had not interfered, we should very soon have succeeded, for there is no great power of endurance in them. No, no. His mother knows too well what Hafer is, to quarter him on a quiet gentleman. And he never would have stood it. He came here to have his fling, quite as much as to carry out her plot—and a jolly wild time he has had of it. There is no steady love in a man like that, any more than there was in his father Rakhan."

"Foul scum of the earth, low blackguard! How dare he come near Dariel?" For the moment I lost my self-command. "How can I wait, Strogue? Am I to sit and count the time, while Imar and his

daughter are going to their doom! Why not set off for Petersburg and try to keep them there? Or at any rate warn them, and go back with them, if they must go, and face that wicked woman and her despicable son. That seems to me to be the better plan by far. It would cost a lot of money; but I would beg, borrow, steal——"

"Won't do. You must follow my directions. In the first place, you forget what a cloud you are under. Probably Sûr Imar and his daughter would refuse to see you if you followed them. Or if you got over that difficulty, would they listen to your story? You know nothing about Marva's scheme, except through me, and I have no proofs. It is all suspicion, or inference from little slips of Hafer's and so on, and what I have heard since

he departed. Mind you, I know it, as well as if I saw it; but there is nothing I could lay before Imar, to convince him that his sister intends to have him murdered, and to make her son the Master of Karthlos, and Chief of that branch of the Lesghians. Be in no hurry, my good young friend. I shall prick you up quite soon enough. It is the jerking that spoils everything. We were a nobler race five hundred years ago than we are now; because we took our time to think, and mind kept time with body. These fellows also take their time. They learn it from the way the snow falls; and they know that the snow tells a deeper tale than fifty thousand thunderstorms. In the Caucasus a tragedy—and they have no such thing as comedy—goes into ten acts at least, and lasts for generations."

CHAPTER XLII.—A CROOKED BILLET.

Once I saw the solid keeper of a well-known elephant (a grand mass of sagacious substance, gentle, good, and amiable) try his hand among the monkeys, creatures in their way as worthy, but of different fibre. These too knew what kindness is, and had their sense of gratitude, but could not stop to dwell upon it, and let it ripen in their hearts. The keeper, accustomed to slow ways, and leisurely though deep emotion, exerted all his charm of eye and benevolence of whistle, and offered baits to cupboard-love, and even deigned to winsome ticklings of places not too hairy to be touched by human tenderness. He gazed with zoologic pride at the manager of the monkeys, who was putting a new lash on his whip; then his glory flew into a shriek, for his thumb was bitten in twain, and a jabber of general joy endorsed it.

So it is too sure to be with any man, who drawing reason from her higher sources, applies the product of his skill, even in homœopathic doses, to that irrational creature—love. Strogue had no idea of the meaning of that word. A traveller gets too far abroad, too loose, and large, and vague, and shifty, shallow with glancing instead of gazing, skimming the world instead of letting it cream. Therefore to me there was scarcely a crumb of comfort in all his assurances; and the only thing to stroke the long anxiety the right way of the grain, and smooth its tissue, was to keep on steadily with the labours of the day. And when these can be carried on out of doors, under the sky, and (if so I may say) with the eyes of the Lord smiling down on them, it is not to the credit of any young man, if he kicks about under his blanket and groans, when the

night makes all things equal. Unless he has bodily pain, I mean—which is another pair of shoes, that can never be unlaced by any effort of our own.

Moreover, to see one's dearest friends escaping from some black distress, and coming back to their usual cheer, and jokes, and pleasure in the world around, takes or ought to take a lot of lead out of our own handicap. Although my sister had never been by any means painfully sympathetic with my misfortunes in the way of love, I was candid enough to feel that this might be because I had never asked her. Such an affection as mine was far beyond her understanding, a thing too holy to be discussed by any girl with yellow hair in love with a Member of the Stock Exchange. But I quite forgave her all shortcomings, the moment she fell into real trouble, and I wiped her eyes almost as softly as if they had been Daniel's. And this renewed our deep attachment, which had lost perhaps some little of its warmth; when she took to finding virtues in that marvellous Jackson Stoneman, which she had pronounced a hundred times to be sadly deficient in her brother. However they revived and flourished now; and I was not so mean as to ask how they came back, but was proud of their possession. Let us take all the credit we can get, from people who are fond of us; there will scarcely be enough to plug the holes our other brethren pick in us.

Stoneman too, having turned the corner by the narrowest of shaves, with the paint shorn from his shaft and felly, but his box and axle as sound as ever, was much improved for the present by the increase of humility. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say, by the birth of that quality within him; for if it had existed heretofore, it had been

so true to itself as to recoil from all recognition. Except of course in his first love-time; for if a man cannot be humble then, Lucifer is no match for him. It is needless to say that the losses of the firm were spread from mouth to mouth at any figure that occurred to the imagination, long before the senior partner himself could lay a loose measure along them. But he managed to stick to the Hall, and the Park; though he gave up his yacht, and the hounds, and other enjoyments now too costly, and at Grace's urgent order clave to money-making all the week, and left the love for Sundays.

There was even some little talk about my throwing up the plough, and harrow, pitchfork, flail, and stable-bucket, and quitting in despair the land that had now become too honest to maintain mankind. To wit, I was to join our Jackson, not as a partner (for the solid reason that I had no capital), but as an Agent, an Assessor, or I forget what they called it. My father wished it, and so did my mother, and every one except myself; and I was doubting whether the sense of duty to my relatives ought not to outweigh my own tastes and wishes, when all my thoughts were upset again, and all my mind unsettled, by a letter just as follows:—

“DEAR SIR,—I must seek pardon for neglect or carelessness about something. But it did not enter my thoughts at first, that the letter enclosed belongs to you, or perhaps to the lady to whom it was written. And we have been on the railway, or at sea so much, and in strange hotels, that I could not procure it from my boxes. I hope that it is of no importance; but I now perceive that I have been guilty of a sad want of attention, which may have caused blame to fall on others.

If so I beg to be pardoned by them, for I had no intention of retaining what could never belong to me.

—Your obedient servant,

“DARIEL, daughter of IMAR.”

The letter enclosed, or rather the note, was one of several little billets, in which I had answered questions from Tom Erricker's sister, Argyrophylla, during that most melancholy time, when there was no one else to support her. She behaved, all through that terrible period, in a faultless manner; such as even Dariel herself would have found it hard to equal. Argyrophylla was just as mournful, just as trustful in the Lord and the depth of heartfelt sympathy, just as determined to overcome her own feelings for the sake of others, as the nicest girl that was ever born, and therefore has to deal with death, could be. Any man who could be cold to her (with her father just dead, and her mother scarcely more than alive enough to moan) deserved to be screwed down, I say, and find no one at his funeral. But I never care to defend myself. It is clear enough what any one must think of this, being told that it was all about some crayfish soup, which was more for the lawyer's delectation than for mine:—

“MY MOST KIND AND THOUGHTFUL PILLA,—What matter for such trifles now? Remember that all I care about is to be of service to you. It would have been a weary day but for that consideration. Do exactly as you feel inclined; but how happy I should be if you would come down to dinner. [This I only wrote that I might try to make her eat a bit, because she would not even take her gruel.] For the sake of the many who love you, think a little of yourself, if a heart

so unselfish has the power. You must never speak as if I wished to be elsewhere, unless your desire is to grieve me. You shall hear what the lawyer has done for us by-and-by; but his chief wish is to please us. You know quite well what mine is.—Ever yours,

GEORGE CRANLEIGH.

“P.S.—The Canon most readily promised to officiate.”

Now that such a simple letter, written when the cloth was laying, and the room grown shadowy, yet full of thoughts of dinner-time—for Pilla through her tears took care to keep the kitchen-jack alive—that a few kind words like these of mine should start up as wilful enemies, is a proof of that which men like Strogue might take into some dry coil of brain, having filled it more with the study of mankind than with converse of their Maker. To wit, that whenever any human being yields to the goodwill towards his fellows which has been implanted in him, he is making a fool of himself, without doing a bit of good to his brethren. Let Strogue think so, if he likes, and prove it by a thousand instances; he will not get me to believe it, or at any rate to act as if I did.

And here you will find, if you go on, that it was not so even in my own case. At first it looked very bad indeed, and I made a grievance of it, as any but a perfect man must do; and him I have still to meet with. How on earth could that hasty note, written only for comfort in profound distress, and with the warmth one feels for affliction, have fallen into the hands of some vile enemy, who had used it to destroy my Dariel's faith in me? Over and over again I read the words I had scrawled in a hurry;

and the more I pored over them the more distinctly I saw what they might mean to Dariel. One most unlucky reference too would quench any doubt she might try to cherish. In my brief account of that sad affair at Sheffield, I mentioned, or should have done so, that Mr Erricker's old and trusted Solicitor was gone from home at the time of the sudden calamity, and his place had been supplied by a junior partner, a peaceful young man, who would never take the lead. His only anxiety was to keep within the possibility of mistake; and this (as the widow was so ill, and entreated me to act for her) compelled me to be content with legal sanction rather than counsel. But Dariel knowing nought of that, or of the affliction in the house, would naturally conclude that the lawyer was come to arrange for my marriage with poor Pilla. "Well, this is a kettle of fish, and a kettle of Devil-fish," I thought; "but one great joy there is—my darling has not thrown me over through a toss-up."

All my love (which had never been away, longer than I could live without my heart) came back with a rush of double power, and a wild condition prevailed with me. That cold letter of dismissal bore no date of time or place, and afforded not a trace of the writer's whereabouts or intentions, except that it bore the postmark of Dresden, and a date now four days old. Sûr Imar had told me more than once of his love for art, and deep regret that his stormy life had allowed him no acquaintance with it. Also he had shown me a very ancient—daub I should have called it, but for the subject—supposed to be a portrait of our Lord on panel, which according to legend had been brought by St Peter when he came to preach in the Caucasus. Although he was

not sure of that tradition, the Leaghian Chief attached no small importance to this heirloom, and was anxious to compare the face, or as much of it as could be described, with some of the first presentments, or conceptions, to be found in Europe. He was gifted very richly, as all great men are, with the power of moving slowly, not only abstaining from all attempt to rob Time of his forelock; but also offering that old robber plenty of leisure to tug his own. Thus the father of Dariel might stray through many a gallery, museum, and cathedral, before he reached the Russian capital; and wherever he was, there beyond a doubt would be his beloved daughter.

With this belief, I lost no time in going to see Strogue again, at least to hear what he had to say, though I expected little comfort. The place to which he now belonged, though it seemed more truly to belong to him, was that ancient tavern "The London Rock," so called perhaps in transcendence of the London Stone, which was not far off. An old-fashioned, overhanging house, with windows like the stern-galleries of a veteran three-decker, and a double door with big brass fittings, and glass panels glancing; the whole withdrawn as with an inner meaning, and prim sense of private rights, even from the organ-grinder, who dictates to the alley, and the babies who tri-pudiate, with tongues that can keep time, whenever dirty feet are weary. Strogue had seen all the world almost, and was come back to the beginning of it, smiling at the glee of childhood through the majesty of a placid smoke.

You never could take that man aback; perhaps because that sort of thing had been done to him once too often. He sat in a hooded chair of state, with a long pipe

casting garlands of the true Nicotine forget-me-not, like a floral crown for his emerit head; but his legs were in front of him as they ought to be, and the day being still in its youth, no car of Bacchus had begun to jingle through the calm realms of baccy. Or at least, there was only one cool tankard, and the crown of froth was gone from that.

"How is the rib?" I asked in my usual stupid way, for all enquiry was out of place in a Paradise so tranquil. And then I proceeded still more ineptly by begging him not to be disturbed.

"What rib?" enquired Strogue, with as much surprise as he could reconcile with his dignity.

"Why, the rib that was broken the other day," I answered, with some sense of trespass on his constitution.

"I remember now; and I call it very kind of you to think of it. But I understand my own inside, and can very soon put it right again. How are you getting on with your love-affair, my boy?"

I did not see my way (as people always put it now, when they don't want to do what you want of them) I did not see the fitness of discussing Dariel in this draught of echo, and with the bar in the background clinking pots and mumbling chaff.

"Hold my pipe, while I get up," the Captain said magnanimously, for his feet were on a leg-rest, and it was very good of him to move; "I never take anything so early in the day; but I don't judge the juniors. Come along, and bring my pewter."

When he had led me to an inner room, which appeared to be his sanctum, I told him what had happened, but could not by any means bring myself to show him Dariel's letter. And he did not

ask for it; with all his bluntness, at heart he was a gentleman.

"Cut up rough, of course," he said; "would not have been worth her salt, if she hadn't. Only two things are added to our knowledge. One that they have been at Dresden, and the other that Hafer has been at work with that musk-rat of a Petheril. He sent him to Sheffield after you; that is plainer than a pikestaff. He could not have gone on his own hook; for he knows nothing of English ways, and very little of the language. He found that I would not do his dirty work, and so he took up with that blackguard. And cleaned me out, sir, cleaned me out! That is where I shall never forgive myself, until I cry evens with him. Would you look for any green lines in Bat Strogue, a tyke who has been round the world?"

He stared at me so fiercely that I could scarce help laughing. Then he laughed at himself, and said, "All right, by-and-by. You go and see if Jemmy Nickols has heard anything. I can tell you one piece of good news. I told you what I was in London about. It has turned out ever so much better than I thought. Those confounded lawyers would not let me have a copper. But I put the enemy's lawyer at them; and by Jove, sir, I expect to get five thousand pounds. Not in a lump, mind; that would be too good for an unlucky son of a gun like me; but a thousand by the end of January, and the rest when some business in Yorkshire is wound up. So I need not come down upon you for a penny; and more than that, my boy, I will pay the piper, and you can pay your share, when your ship comes in. We will have a grand time among the niggers. Don't thank me, or I'll never forgive you. You have done me a

good turn, and I'll repay it. Bat Strogue is a Christian, because he backs his friends up. But he doesn't hold with forgiving his enemies. He will have Hafer by the hip, and you shall see it. Stop a moment; you know some great swells, don't you?"

"One or two people of title I know. But none of them are in London yet. I could write to them of course, if that would do as well."

"That never does as well. But they will soon come back. Parliament meets rather early this year. And we must not expect to stir a stump till March. My friend at Petersburg is not a great gun; of about my own mark, but not of my distinction. Bless you, I can go to Court anywhere, and plenty of bowing and scraping; but a tankard of malt is worth all of it. If you could get a line under cover from a friend to our Ambassador at Petersburg, he would pass it on to Sûr Imar when he gets there, and you might make it right with your lady-love. I suppose that never occurred to you. Strogue knows the way to go to work. What do you think of that, my friend?"

"I think it is a very good suggestion, and very kind of you to think of it. If I had not been in such a hurry, I daresay it would have occurred to me."

"Not likely; but Nickols might have thought of it. And I daresay he knows great guns too. All those diamond-mongers do. You will manage it easily one way or another, and the sooner you do it the better. It will put a spoke in Hafer's wheel, but not the one I mean to put. Ask Nickols what sort of a winter they are having out that way. It might make a great difference to us. They very seldom have it as ours is, generally the very opposite. We

are having it mild, so the chances are that they have got a stinger. All Azof was frozen up, and a good bit of the Black Sea, the last time I came that way, and in London and Paris there had not been one day's skating. However, you keep ready."

This was the very thing I meant to do, as soon as ever I could get the chance, and pick a little money up, for it was not likely that I would let the Captain bear the charges. With many thanks to him, I took an omnibus, and had a short conversation with Nickols. As soon as he had heard my story, he approved of Strogue's suggestion, and quite agreed with him that we should both be ready to start as soon as we could do any good. At the same time he said that there was not much chance of any mischief for the present, and he doubted whether Hafer had even returned to his native country yet. It was much more likely that after his taste of the sins of high civilization, which must have gone far to destroy the zest for dull Caucasian villainies, he would hanker for another sparkling draught, before going home to be frozen up. And now he had Petheril with him, to guide and interpret all sweet baseness.

"Petheril! where have I heard that name? Not only from Strogue, but somewhere else," I exclaimed, but could not remember.

For the rest, Signor Nicolo knew little, except that his nephew Jack was getting the rough side of British enterprise. His last note was short without any sweetness, unless it were a waft for Rosa, to whom he was all the more faithful, while frozen.

"All been snowed up ever so long," he was tersely graphic with his middle finger blue; "nothing to do, and less to eat. How I wish I had only stopped away! Saved

our lives with a goat that was frozen to death, but had to eat him stiff, for the fire was frozen too. Tried to think of mutton at Simpson's in the Strand; but imagination not warm enough. Snow is white, and emeralds green. Shall never see anything green again, unless it is gangrene in my toes. But you know that I never do complain."

"True enough," said the Signor, as he warmed the letter that he might not take a chill from it, "my nephew never does complain. But sometimes he exaggerates, and that made my daughter like him. I shall not let her know a word of this, or she might put some of the blame on me. I know that it is sure to be cold out there, when you go too far up the hillside. However, let us poke the fire up. You look rather chilly, Mr Cranleigh. Rosa knitted him two pairs of mittens; but perhaps he put them by for keepsakes. Boys are so confoundedly romantic. But the wind has changed since yesterday. Strogue is the only man I know who understands the weather. He would warm poor Jack in no time."

"You had better send him out with another pair of mittens," I

said, with some natural indignation. But the Signor had a pleasant gift of deafness to anything that twined against his twist.

"I shall see Strogue from time to time," he continued very comfortably, "there is a great deal of good in that man, when you get over his little oddities. And I am heartily glad to hear of his coming into property. Probably he will not drink now so freely; because it would be his place to pay for it. I know a fine fellow who was saved like that, when you would not have given twopence for his life. However your course is clear, Mr Cranleigh. Patience—what is it about the mulberry leaf? You should certainly write to St Petersburg at once. Your brother-in-law, the Earl of Fitzragon, is sure to know some one who will do the needful for you. Or if not, I think I could manage it. You have been very lucky in failing in with Strogue, a man of great natural powers in his way, and very wide observation. Allow me; your coat is a little on the twist. You shall hear from me, if anything turns up. Ah, we want a little frost to kill the slugs, though we don't want to live upon frozen goat."

CHAPTER XLII.—FAREWELL SMILER.

In proof of the critical, exacting, and thankless nature of the noble Briton, my father used to tell a little story, savouring perhaps of the fable. Three excellent gardeners and botanists, representative of our "three islands"—as a learned Frenchman calls them—weresearching some torrid mountain slope, as travellers for a great London nursery. When ready to drop with heat and thirst, for they had missed their supply of water, they chanced upon a vine in a sheltered spot,

bearing three fine bunches of ripe grapes. Like good men and just, they tossed for choice; Paddy coming last, as his destiny decrees. His bunch was gone in no time, skin, stones, and stalk, while John Bull proceeded with a calm and steady munch. Sandy however stood contemplating his,—the finest cluster of the three,—holding it against the burning sky, with its dewy purple glistening like amethysts of ice. "Arrah then, why don't ye ate it?" cried Pat; "if ye can't,

it's meself that knows the bhoy as can." "Hoot, toots, mon, a' was joost conseederin'," the Scotchman replied, as he held it out of reach, "what a bonny boonch she wud a' been, gin I had only had the loock to come along aboot twal' weeks bock wi' my theening scissors."

Perhaps I was not quite so hard to please as that. But instead of being grateful for the many strokes of luck vouchsafed in my present strait, I did nothing but grumble at all that went amiss, and growl at the heavy roll and everlasting lurch of time. However, let every man act according to his nature, or his own perversion of it; but I was not going to be beaten thus. It would never do to leave the chance of obtaining some news from St Petersburg to a casual traveller, like Strogue's friend. I must try to learn a little more about that. Therefore, as I would not go to Lord Fitzragon, it came into my mind that really I owed some amends to Lord Melladew; not for the peppering of his spats (for I had not even used a gun that day), but for my tolerance of such a stupid business, and the absence of wrath in my sorrow for it. The Earl had employed his lame time in writing a fine poem upon Russia, which had received a little private circulation; and a cultivated Russian, who had seen the poem, pronounced it the finest thing in the English language. Without going to that extent, I knew that his lordship was now a "*Persona grata*" (which means properly a welcome mask) at the Court of the Northern Universe.

When I met him at his club by appointment, for he was still in some terror of his mother, he showed himself as cordial as any young man who operates mainly with his intellect can be. "We never have mutton-chops here," he said, glancing along

me, as if I were a hedgerow, with the side-look that comes from living always in a street; "but the view from the window is pleasing, George; and I can show you spots quite historical."

"Much obliged. But history is no good without age; and our own affairs are no good, when they get it."

He saw that I was going to be a plague, and he sank into a gim-crack velvet chair, which was handicapped too heavily, even with such weight as his, and he waved his hand for me to do the like; but I found a thing like a music-stool having more satisfactory understanding.

"How I have longed to be down your way!" Conversation with him reminded me always of holding a skein of tissue silk for a lady to wind while you bob your thumbs. "Any sign of spring, George? Willow catkins? Elder-leaves?"

"No, nor yet younger leaves," I answered gently. "Lots of frost to come yet, I daresay. Lovely time for fruit-growers—cut their noses off in May."

"I hope not. That bugbear must have been exploded. If I come down to see the budding year, dear George, could you—I mean, could you tell me where to go? I want to write a paper for the R.H.S. I began one on the Kentish pear and apple bloom last year, with a County Council lecturer who came down that he might be certain which was which. But the wind chopped round suddenly, and we got snowed up, and naturally all the fruit failed that season. But the year before that, there would have been a splendid crop, except for that gale on the 1st of September; I daresay you remember it. When I went to make an estimate of the saving to the country by growing its own fruit, with my usual luck I could find no proper speci-

mens. The walks were so strewn with green fruit that my feet were too tender to get along among the heaps, without two men with brooms in front of me; and even so I could scarcely get up-stairs that night. But how is our good friend Bandilow?"

"Becoming rather nervous, I am afraid. His family did their best to keep it from him about that other poor grower towards Godalming, who made that frightful application of his gooseberry-knife. But poor Bandilow had a sharpish tiff with his mother-in-law, as he could not see his way to keep her; and the cruel woman sent him full account of the inquest, with the lunatic doctor's evidence, and the balance-sheet of several years' jam-boiling, underlined in crimson ink. He told all the parish at the Bell-tap on Friday, that the only plantation he should ever make now must be in a box, and grow up into a stone."

"I hope not, I trust not most heartily," said the Earl, brushing his eyes, for he was very tender-hearted. "But let us turn to more cheerful subjects. I feel sadly upset about it. Let us have a glass of Port."

After that he appeared a little stronger, and gladly undertook to forward any letter of mine to a friend of his who was attached to our embassy in Russia, and he felt no doubt that as soon as Sûr Imar appeared in that Capital, it would be placed in his hands. Without losing an hour I wrote my letter, and left it in his charge, for there could be no harm in being too early, whereas it would be fatal to all my hopes, if I were even an hour too late.

My letter was short, and not too cordial; for really when one came to reflect upon all the circumstances, my Lesghian friends had scarcely allowed me fair play, or so much as

a chance to right myself. No man can be sure what he would have done, in a case which has not hit him in the breast, although we are very fond of talking so. Nevertheless, when I put a bit of spirit into my own consideration of myself, I could not help thinking that I would have given any one who fell into a sudden cloud of dust with me, more opportunity to clear the dirt away, and a fairer chance of asking from whose chimney it had come.

For weeks and weeks I kept on waiting, looking out for anything that might throw light on the whereabouts of my wandering friends, but obtaining disappointment only. The mildness of the winter continued here; but a bitter frost prevailed in Eastern Europe, and the Danube was frozen over at the Iron Gates. Strogue heard from his friend at St Petersburg that the ice on the Neva was six feet thick, and they could scarcely keep the railways open. And Signor Nicolo was compelled to hope all he could about his nephew Jack, and comfort his daughter Rosa with tales of a cat who lived three months in a snow-drift, and the horse who got into a hay-rick near Durham, and ate his way out again when the thatch began to drip. But he told me in confidence that he never was more pleased to have a bad leg than when Jack's mother came to see him. For sweethearts, being young, may shortly take up with another; but a widow with one child has locked up all her reason in him.

However, there was this advantage in the long suspense and waiting, that it gave me time to make all preparations leisurely, and get the money ready for a costly expedition. The cash I could have had from several quarters; Nickols, Strogue, Tom Erricker, and Stone-

man, now beginning to recover from his troubles, all in the kindest manner offered to advance me a good round sum. But wonders, when they once set in, are like boys playing leap-frog. Over each other's back they vault, and then down they drop with hand on knee for a taller one to top them. And surely now came the tallest one that ever rolled in at a tithe-barn door, or struck the lintel of a giraffe-house.

Hitherto I have felt throughout that every word must be believed exactly as I tell it, not on the faith of my character only, but from internal evidence. This has made me careless perhaps; but now I mean to be very strict, confining every vocable to its first intention, and every numeral to its precise notation. For if any other person had related as follows, my interjections probably would have made him knock me down!

The days were beginning to pull out a little, and the wind was gone round to the East—as it always does, when too late to be of service for skates, or wild ducks, or golden plovers, but in good time to kill all bloom and foliage—and having had my bit of bacon in my Privy Council Office (as Grace now called the Harness-room), I was dwelling on my bad luck; than which there is no message more insanitary for any man to inhabit. When in came my brother Harold, with his hands in his pockets, and his usual slouch, and soft melodious whistle. I had wanted him many times, when I could not find him, especially to show him to Sûr Imar; but now I could see little chance of turning him into any value.

"Not fool enough to want a fiver, I suppose," he said without offering to shake hands, for if ever there was a careless fellow about forms, here you had him.

"To have one to spare is what you mean to say. If a man is a fool who wants a fiver, I know a very clever fellow, who is a great fool always. But he can't get it out of me. *Nulla bona.*"

"George," said my brother in that slurring tone, which means that any care of pronunciation would be wasted on the muff before you; "you can have some, if you like. But don't let me force it upon you, George. There are several other fellows after me."

"In that case," I answered, simply for his benefit not my own—for I did not expect to see anything worth counting; "that old tobacco-jar is empty; out with it, and let me put the top on. Is it from the sneezers, and the Local Board?"

"Who ever got a penny from a Local Board? If I could invent a machine to do that, I should beat the great man in America. My sneezers, as you call them, will be Household words, when reason has a voice in sanitation. But this new discovery is of a million times the value, because it is for the destruction of mankind. It will kill a thousand men, before they can call upon the Lord; and there will be no pieces left for the Devil. I had scruples at first, because of the wholesale carnage, and some of the victims might deserve to live; but the kindest-hearted man alive, and the Chairman of five or six humane societies, ridicules that objection, and has taken shares. At the first blush it may seem too strong a measure; but when you know that it puts an end to war, you are reconciled to a few harsh moments."

There is a certain sound, enjoyed more often by bankers and brewers than by delvers of the earth, a silken harmony of thoughtful notes, silvery and sensitive, suggestive also of golden tones yet mellow.

Seldom, alas ! do we find it thrilling through the music of our spheres. Once heard, it is never forgotten ; and now I heard it murmuring in my tobacco-jar, as it flowed from the lyre of my brother's fingers.

"Hold hard !" I shouted. "What the deuce are you about ? You villain, you have been forging ! I was sure you'd come to that. But I doubt whether even Free-Trade makes it honest."

"Nice gratitude," he answered, "when it is all for you. One would think that you alone had the gift of making money. But it would take you a long time to make that, my boy. Now help yourself. Don't be shy."

"Harold, you have worked hard for this." As I spoke, I regarded my elder brother with respectful sympathy, such as he never had inspired until now ; "and I cannot perceive that I have any right to make a hole in your hard earnings. Do you think that I would do anything so mean ? But how much do you suppose you have dropped into that jar ? If you heartily desire to make me a little present——"

"Perhaps there may be about two-fifty there. They got up a Company, you see, to work my patent Slaughter-ball. That makes everything straightforward. The investors throw in, to get other people's money, and it is their own look-out about keeping their own. But peg away, George ; peg away."

"You are indeed a noble fellow." I spoke heartily and generously ; when the facts come to this, between two brothers, how can there be either grudge or greed ? "But you would only run through every penny, my dear brother. The wisest thing probably would be for me to secure for you some five-and-twenty."

"You had better take larger views. But I leave you altogether to your own devices." He jerked a

chair over, and put his heels upon the hob, and whistled to the modest fire, with his back toward me.

"Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five," I said, "thank you heartily, my dear fellow, I call it very kind of you." He gave me a nod, without stopping his whistle, and that made me look into the jar again.

"Well, there does seem to be a jolly lot. I have a great mind to go a little further down. In all probability, you would only waste it, Harold." He gave me two nods this time, as if to say—"I will not deny it, if you take that view."

"Fifty would be quite as well, while one is about it. Forty, forty-five, fifty. Ah ! you may not see me again for months, my dear fellow ; even if I ever come back alive. I am going to the most dangerous part of the world, where they stick a thing into you they call a kinjal. Harold, we have always been fond of one another, although we are so different. Well, fifty then ; but only as a loan, mind."

"I tell you what," he said, turning round, and looking at me with resolute authority, "I am your elder brother, George, and know more of the world than you do. In fact, you are nothing but a farmer ; and even the Government, stupid as it is, can make game of a farmer. Now if you don't take a hundred pounds, as a gentleman and a brother should, you may go to the Devil, and how shall I ever see you again, while you are there ? So take your choice, and have done with it."

How could I part with him on such terms ? And it struck me suddenly, that if he were going to knock over all the human race, or at least the non-British branches of it, nothing could stand him in better stead than to be able to say that the first-fruits of his discovery had been used to set a true Briton upon his

legs. With a grateful heart I left him at least a hundred and fifty pounds of his money, reminding him at the same time of that duty towards our parents, which he alone now would have the privilege of fulfilling. He promised to leave at least fifty pounds for that; and then he went into particulars about his "astrapebolia," as he called his discovery for visiting mankind with a human touch from heaven. This I could not understand, and therefore make no pretence to remember it; for my brain is not mathematical. Only I know that he pleased me by a promise that he would always keep behind the guns, when he sent them into action.

He went away suddenly as he came, being always of the Comet order; but as lovable as the evening-star, whenever you could get hold of him. And when I had clapped a patent padlock on the first product of his genius, a dark terror seized me that my only brother, so endeared to small people like me, by his largeness, might be tempting Providence too far, and meddle too freely with fulminates, just as they began to pay. I longed to write to him upon the subject; but no Post ever knew where to find him.

Then I was suddenly called away from vague apprehensions to perils at arm's-length, and even closer than that—blows eye to eye, and cheek by jowl, and tooth to tooth, such as a peaceful Englishmen would never face, if he could help it; but must take as the will of the Lord, when they come. Sith it will no better be; he is sorry for himself, and does his best to make his enemies share his dejection.

In token I need only say that when I was going on peacefully,

sore at heart with outraged love, but too proud to allow it to be mentioned, and girding myself for the work of the Spring and that duty to the earth which a farmer must discharge even in despair of recompense—a dirty yellow envelope was put into my hand, as I came home with two faithful horses as tired with dragging as I was with guiding, but all of us ready for the manger. I leaned against *Smiler's* sweaty chest, which looked as if lathered for shaving, and read the words which took me away from all smiling operations, almost for ever.

"Sudden news. Fear to be too late. All gone crooked. Tidal train to-morrow. Meet me at Charing, 12.30, all packed.

"BAT STROGUE."

Short notice indeed for so long a journey, and not a word said about passports. But I concluded that the old traveller would see to that matter for both of us; and having long since prepared my friends, and arranged home-affairs for a sudden departure, I was almost glad to exchange suspense for even headlong action. My father was kind enough to say that he would do the best he could without me; and Stoneman would even have come with me, if his business could have done without him. My mother was just what a mother should be, faithful, tearful, hopeful, and my sister Grace implored me to forgive sayings and doings on her part, which I had long ago forgotten. Everybody went on as if I had no chance of being seen alive again, and yet expressed a world of confidence in the care which Heaven would take of me.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "FISHER'S GHOST."

EVERYBODY has heard about "Fisher's Ghost." It is one of the stock "yarns" of the world, and reappears now and again in magazines, books like 'The Night Side of Nature,' newspapers, and general conversation. As usually told, the story runs thus: One Fisher, an Australian settler of unknown date, dwelling not far from Sydney, disappeared. His overseer, like himself an ex-convict, gave out that Fisher had returned to England, leaving him as plenipotentiary. One evening a neighbour, returning from market, saw Fisher sitting on the fence of his paddock, walked up to speak to him, and marked him leave the fence and retreat into the field, where he was lost to sight. The neighbour reported Fisher's return; but, as Fisher could nowhere be found, made a deposition before magistrates. A native tracker was taken to the fence where the pseudo-Fisher sat, discovered "white man's blood" on it, detected "white man's fat" on the scum of a pool hard by, and, finally, found "white man's body" buried in a brake. The overseer was tried, condemned, and hanged after confession.

Such is the yarn: occasionally the ghost of Fisher is said to have been viewed several times on the fence.

Now, if the yarn were true, it would be no proof of a ghost. The person sitting on the fence might be mistaken for Fisher by a confusion of identity, or might be a mere subjective hallucination of a sort recognised even by official science as not uncommon. On the other hand, that such an illusion

should perch exactly on the rail where "white man's blood" was later found, would be a very remarkable coincidence. Finally, the story of the appearance might be explained as an excuse for laying information against the overseer, already suspected on other grounds. But while this motive might act among a Celtic population, naturally credulous of ghosts, and honourably averse to assisting the law (as in Glenclunie in 1749), it is not a probable motive in an English Crown colony, as Sydney then was. Nor did the seer inform against anybody.

The tale is told in 'Tegg's Monthly Magazine' (Sydney, March 1836); in 'Household Words' for 1853; in Mr John Lang's book, 'Botany Bay' (about 1840), where the yarn is much dressed up; and in Mr Montgomery Martin's 'History of the British Colonies,' vol. iv. (1835). Nowhere is a date given, but Mr Martin says that the events occurred while he was in the colony. His most intimate surviving friend has often heard him tell the tale, and discuss it with a legal official, who is said to have been present at the trial of the overseer.¹ Other living witnesses have heard the story from a gentleman who attended the trial. Mr Martin's narrative given as a lowest date, the occurrences were before 1835. Moreover, the yarn of the ghost was in circulation before that year, and was accepted by a serious writer on a serious subject. But we have still no date for the murder.

That date shall now be given. Frederick Fisher was murdered by

¹ So the friend informs me in a letter of November 1896.

George Worrall, his overseer, at Campbelltown on June 16 (or 17), 1826. The trial of Worrall is reported in the 'Sydney Gazette' of February 5, 1827. Not one word is printed about Fisher's Ghost; but the reader will observe that there is a *lacuna* in the evidence exactly where the ghost, if ghost there were, should have come in. The search for Fisher's body starts, it will be seen, from a spot on Fisher's paddock-fence, and the witness gives no reason why that spot was inspected, or rather no account of how, or by whom, sprinkled blood was detected on the rail. Nobody saw the murder committed. Chief-Justice Forbes said, in summing up (on February 2, 1827), that the evidence was purely circumstantial. We are therefore left wholly in the dark as to why the police began their investigations at a rail in a fence.

At the trial Mr D. Cooper deposed to having been owed £80 by Fisher. After Fisher's disappearance Cooper frequently spoke to Worrall about this debt, which Worrall offered to pay if Cooper would give up to him certain papers (title-deeds) of Fisher's in his possession. Worrall even wrote, from Banbury Curran, certifying Cooper of Fisher's departure from the colony, which, he said, he was authorised to announce. Cooper said that he would wait for his £80 if Fisher were still in the country. Worrall exhibited uneasiness, but promised to show a written commission to act for Fisher. This document he never produced, but was most anxious to get back Fisher's papers and to pay the £80. This arrangement was refused by Cooper.

James Coddington deposed that on July 8, 1826, Worrall tried to sell him a colt, which Coddington believed to be Fisher's. Worrall averred that Fisher had left the

country. A few days later Worrall showed Coddington Fisher's receipt for the price paid to him by Worrall for the horse. "Witness, from having seen Fisher write, had considerable doubt as to the genuineness of the receipt."

James Hamilton in August 1826 bluntly told Worrall that foul play was suspected; he "turned pale, and endeavoured to force a smile." He merely said that Fisher "was on salt water," but could not or would not name his ship. A receipt to Worrall from Fisher was sworn to by Lewis Solomon as a forgery.

Samuel Hopkins, who lived under Fisher's roof, last saw Fisher on June 17 (June 16 may be meant), 1826, in the evening. Some other people, including one Lawrence, were in the house, left shortly after Fisher did that evening, and later remarked on the strangeness of his not returning. Nathaniel Cole gave evidence to the same effect. Fisher strolled out on June 17 (16?), 1826, and was seen no more in the body.

Robert Burke, of Campbelltown, constable, deposed to having apprehended Worrall. We may now give in full the evidence as to the search for Fisher's body on October 20, 1826.

Here let us first remark that Fisher's body was not easily found. A reward for its discovery was offered by Government on September 27, 1826, and this may have stimulated all that was immortal of Fisher to perch on his own paddock-rail, and so draw attention to the position of his body. But on this point we have no information, and we proceed to real evidence. From this it appears that though a reward was offered on September 27, the local magistrates (to whom the ghost-seer went, in the yarn) did not bid their constable make *special* re-

searches till October 20, apparently after the seer told his tale.

"George Leonard, a constable at Campbelltown, stated that by order of the bench of the magistrates he commenced a search for the body of the deceased on the 20th of October last: witness went to a place where some blood was said to have been discovered, and saw traces of it on several rails of a fence at the corner of the deceased's paddock adjoining the fence of Mr Bradbury, and about fifty rods from prisoner's house: witness proceeded to search with an iron rod over the ground, when two black natives came up and joined in the search till they came to a creek where one of them saw something on the water: a man named Gilbert, a black native, went into the water, and scumming some of the top with a leaf, which he afterwards tasted, called out that 'there was the fat of a white man' [of which he was clearly an amateur]: they then proceeded to another creek about forty or fifty yards farther up, still led by the natives, when one of them struck the rod into some marshy ground and called out that 'there was something there': a spade was immediately found, and the place dug, when the first thing that presented itself was the left hand of a man lying on his side, which witness, from a long acquaintance with him, immediately declared to be the hand of Frederick Fisher: the body was decayed a little, particularly the under-jaw: witness immediately informed Mr William Howe and the Rev. Mr Reddall, and obtained a warrant to apprehend the parties who were supposed to be concerned in the murder; the coroner was sent for, and the body being taken out of the earth the next morning, several fractures were found in the head: an inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned: witness particularly examined the fence: there appeared to have been a fire made under the lower rail, as if to burn out the mark: the blood seemed as if it were sprinkled over the rails. . . .

"The declaration of the prisoner was put in and read: it stated, on the evening of the 17th of June a

man named Lawrence got some money from the deceased, and together with four others went to a neighbouring public-house to drink: that after some time they returned, and the prisoner being then outside the house, and not seen by the others, saw two of them enter, whilst the other two, one of whom was Lawrence, remained at the door: the prisoner then went down to the bottom of the yard, and after a little time heard a scuffle, and saw Lawrence and the others drag something along the yard, which they struck several times. The prisoner then came forward, and called out to know who it was. One of them replied, 'It is a dog.' The prisoner coming up said, 'It is Fisher, and you have prevented him from crying out any more.' They said they had murdered him in order to possess themselves of what money he had, and bound the prisoner by a solemn pledge not to reveal it.

"For the prisoner Nathaniel Boom deposed: he knew deceased, and intended to institute a prosecution against him for forgery when he disappeared.

"Chief-justice summed up: observed it was a case entirely of circumstances. The jury were first to consider if identity of body with Fisher was satisfactorily established. If not: no case. If so: they would then consider testimony as affecting prisoner. Impossible, though wholly circumstantial, for evidence to be stronger. He offered no opinion, but left case to jury.

"The jury returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence of death passed."

"February 6, 1827. *Sydney Gazette.*

"George Worrall, convicted on Friday last of murder of F. Fisher, yesterday suffered the last penalty of the law. Till about 5 o'clock on the morning of his execution, he persisted in asserting his innocence, when he was induced to confess to a gentleman who had sat up with him during the night, that he alone had perpetrated the murder, but positively affirmed it was not his intention at the time to do so."

We need not follow Worrall's attempts to explain away the

crime as an accident. He admitted that "he had intended to hang Lawrence and Cole."

It is a curious case. *Why was nobody interrogated about the discovery, on the rail, of blood three months old, if not four months?* What was the apparent date of the fire under the rail? How did the ghost-story get into circulation, and reach Mr Montgomery Martin?

To suggest a solution of these problems, we have a precisely analogous case in England.

On October 25, 1828, one William Edden, a market-gardener, did not come home at night. His wife rushed into the neighbouring village, between Aylesbury and Thame, announcing that she had seen her husband's ghost; that he had a hammer, or some such instrument, in his hand; that she knew he had been hammered to death on the road by a man whose name she gave, one Tyler. Her husband was found on the road, killed by blows of a blunt instrument, and the wife in vain repeatedly invited the man, Joseph Tyler, to come and see the corpse. Probably she believed that it would bleed in his presence, in accordance with the old superstition. All this the poor woman stated on oath at an inquiry before the magistrates, reported in the Buckinghamshire county paper of August 22, 1849.

Here is her evidence, given at Aylesbury Petty Sessions, August 22, before Lord Nugent, Sir J. D. King, R. Browne, Esq., and others :

"After my husband's corpse was brought home, I sent to Tyler, for some reasons I had, to come and see the corpse. I sent for him five or six times. I had some particular reason for sending for him which I never did divulge. . . . I will tell my reasons if you gentlemen ask me, in the face of

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Tyler, even if my life should be in danger for it. When I was ironing a shirt, on the Saturday night my husband was murdered, something came over me—something rushed over me—and I thought my husband came by me. I looked up, and I thought I heard the voice of my husband come from near my mahogany table, as I turned from my ironing. I ran out and said, "Oh, dear God! my husband is murdered, and his ribs are broken." I told this to several of my neighbours. Mrs Chester was the first to whom I told it. I mentioned it also at the Saracen's Head.'

"Sir J. D. King.—'Have you any objection to say why you thought your husband had been murdered?'

"No! I thought I saw my husband's apparition and the man that had done it, and that man was Tyler, and that was the reason I sent for him. . . . When my neighbours asked me what was the matter when I ran out, I told them that I had seen my husband's apparition. . . . When I mentioned it to Mrs Chester, I said: "My husband is murdered, and his ribs are broken; I have seen him by the mahogany table." I did not tell her who did it. . . . I was always frightened, since my husband had been stopped on the road. (The deceased Edden had once before been waylaid, but was then too powerful for his assailants.) In consequence of what I saw, I went in search of my husband, until I was taken so ill I could go no further.'

"Lord Nugent.—'What made you think your husband's ribs were broken?'

"He held up his hand like this' (holds up her arm), 'and I saw a hammer, or something like a hammer, and it came into my mind that his ribs were broken.'

"Sewell stated that the murder was accomplished by means of a hammer. The examination was continued on August 31 and September 13; and finally both prisoners were discharged for want of sufficient evidence. Sewell declared that he had only been a looker-on, and his accusations against Tyler were so full of prevarications that they were not held sufficient to incriminate him. The inquiry was

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again resumed on February 11, 1830, and Sewell, Tyler, and a man named Gardner were committed for trial.

"The trial (see 'Buckingham Gazette,' March 13, 1830) took place before Mr Baron Vaughan and a grand jury at the Buckingham Lent Assizes, March 5, 1830; *but in the report of Mrs Edden's evidence no mention is made of the vision.*

"Sewell and Tyler were found guilty, and were executed, protesting their innocence, on March 8, 1830.

"Miss Browne, writing to us [Mr Gurney] from Farnham Castle, in January 1884, gives an account of the vision which substantially accords with that here recorded, adding:—

"The wife persisted in her account of the vision; consequently the accused was taken up, and, with some circumstantial evidence in addition to the woman's story, committed for trial by two magistrates—my father, Colonel Robert Browne, and the Rev. Charles Ackfield.

"The murderer was convicted at the assizes, and hanged at Aylesbury.

"It may be added that Colonel Browne was remarkably free from superstition, and was a thorough disbeliever in "ghost stories.""¹

Now, in the report of the trial at assizes in 1830 there is not one word about the "ghost," though he is conspicuous in the hearing before magistrates. The parallel to Fisher's case is thus complete. And the reason for omitting the ghost in a trial is obvious. The murderers of Sergeant Davies of Guise's, slain in the autumn of 1749 in Glencunie, were acquitted by an Edinburgh jury in 1753 in face of overpowering evidence of their guilt, simply and solely because two Highland witnesses deposed to having seen the ghost of the sergeant. The prisoners' counsel, as one of them told Sir Walter Scott, knew that their clients were guilty. A witness had seen them in the act. But the advocate made such fun out

of the ghost that an Edinburgh jury, disbelieving in the spectre, very logically disregarded also the crushing evidence for a crime which was actually described in court by an eyewitness.

Thus, to secure a view of the original form of the yarn of Fisher's Ghost, what we need is what we are not likely to get—namely, a copy of the depositions made before the bench of magistrates at Campbelltown in October 1826.

For my own part, I think it highly probable that the story of Fisher's Ghost was told before the magistrates, as in the Buckinghamshire case, and was suppressed in the trial at Sydney.

Worrall's condemnation is said to have excited popular discontent, as condemnations on purely circumstantial evidence usually do. That dissatisfaction would be increased if a ghost were publicly implicated in the matter, just as in the case of Davies's murder. We see how discreetly the wraith or ghost was kept out of the Buckinghamshire case, and we see why, in Worrall's affair, no questions were asked as to the discovery of sprinkled blood, not proved by analysis to be human, on the rail where Fisher's Ghost was said to perch.

I had concluded my inquiry here, when I received a letter in which Mr Rusden kindly referred me to his 'History of Australia' (vol. ii. pp. 44, 45). Mr Rusden there gives a summary of the story, in agreement with that taken from the Sydney newspaper. He has

"corrected current rumours by comparison with the words of a trustworthy informant, a medical man, who lived long in the neighbourhood, and attended Farley on his death-bed. He often conversed with Farley on

¹ From 'Phantasms of the Living,' vol. ii. p. 586.

the subject of the vision which scared him. . . . These facts are compiled from the notes of Chief-Justice Forbes, who presided at the trial, with the exception of the references to the apparition, which, although it led to the discovery of Fisher's body, could not be alluded to in a court of justice, or be adduced as evidence."¹

There is no justice for ghosts.

An Australian correspondent adds another example. Long after Fisher's case, this gentleman was himself present at a trial in Maitland, New South Wales. A servant-girl had dreamed that a missing man told her who had killed him, and where his body was concealed. She, being terrified, wanted to leave the house, but her mistress made her impart the story to the chief constable, a man known to my informant, who also knew, and names, the judge who tried the case. The constable excavated at the spot pointed out in the dream, found the body, and arrested the criminal, who was found guilty, confessed, and was hanged. "Not a word was allowed to be said in court about the dream. All the chief constable was permitted to say was, that "from information received" he went to Hayes's farm, and so forth.

Here, then, are two parallels to Fisher's ghost, and very hard on psychical science it is that ghostly evidence should be deliberately burked, through the prejudices of lawyers. Mr Suttar, in his 'Australian Stories Retold' (Bathurst, 1887), remarks that the ghost is not a late mythical accretion, in Fisher's story. "I have the authority of a gentleman who was intimately connected with the gentleman who had the charge of the police when the murder was

done, that Farley's story did suggest the search for the body in the creek." But Mr Suttar thinks that Farley invented the tale as an excuse for laying information. That might apply to Highland witnesses in 1754, but hardly to an Englishman in Australia. Besides, if Farley knew the facts, and had the ghost to cover the guilt of peaching, *why did he not peach?* He only pointed to a fence, and, but for the ingenious black Sherlock Holmes, the body would never have been found. What Farley did was not what a man would do who, knowing the facts of the crime, and lured by a reward of £20, wished to play the informer under cover of a ghost-story.

The case for the ghost, then, stands thus, in my opinion. Despite the silence preserved at the trial, Farley's story was really told before the discovery of Fisher's body, and led to the finding of the body. Despite Mr Suttar's theory (of information laid under shelter of a ghost-story), Farley really had experienced a hallucination. Mr Rusden, who knew his doctor, speaks of his fright, and, according to the version of 1836, he was terrified into an illness. Now the hallucination indicated the exact spot where Fisher was stricken down, and left traces of his blood, which no evidence shows to have been previously noticed. Was it, then, a fortuitous coincidence that Farley should be casually hallucinated exactly at the one spot—the rail in the fence—where Fisher had been knocked on the head? That is the question, and the state of the odds may be reckoned by the mathematician.

A. LANG.

¹ Thanks to the kindness of the Countess of Jersey, and the obliging researches of the Chief-Justice of New South Wales, I have received a transcript of the judge's notes. They are correctly analysed by Mr Rusden.

THE PRISONS OF SIBERIA.

II.

ALEXANDROFFSKY CENTRÁL.

"Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
 The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
 Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
 The wide waste places, and the huge plain,
 The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
 The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan ;
 Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan."

—*The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

THESE lines from a poem by Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in which he describes his descent to Avernus, may be held to represent more or less the idea of Siberia still entertained by the average Briton. And if one were asked what causes had mainly conduced to the production of this state of opinion about that country and its peculiar association the exile system, one would reply, Three chiefly—descriptions of the country by travellers who have traversed it in winter, isolated paragraphs in the newspapers, and the work of Mr George Kennan combined with the literary and other efforts of political refugees. Of English-speaking men who have devoted attention to these matters on the spot, and are the popular accredited exponents more particularly of the exile system, three stand conspicuously in the foreground,—Dr Lansdell, Mr George Kennan, and Mr de Windt. Into the question of the respective merits of this distinguished trio it is not my intention to enter here: suffice it to say that at least in grasp and penetration the American exceeded his rivals. At the same time, Mr Kennan's account, dealing strictly with the state of affairs in a past decade, cannot in the nature of things be supposed to be an accurate picture of the conditions which

subsist to-day. In ten years much can be done; and while the leeway that Russia has to make up is still considerable, the land of the Tsar is probably progressing more rapidly than any other European State. Mr Kennan and Mr de Windt represent two extremes of opinion: the truth, as ever, lies between.

It is perhaps possible to trace two stages in the evolution of all that we connote by the word prison. The first stage is that in which the place of incarceration may be typically regarded as a dark hole into which the unfortunate misdoer is thrust, and where, if law has not yet attained to any sublime form of practice, the pursuer at whose instance the imprisonment has taken place, or even the executors of the law itself, may contrive to make the offender's existence more miserable by torture and maltreatment. While Russia was in this stage—and some pessimists hold that she is in it still—flogging, branding, amputation of limbs, and impaling were no uncommon inflictions. These, however, are coarse methods of procedure, but there was a certain exquisite refinement of cruelty in the law by which the harmless snuff-taker had the septum of his nostrils torn out before he was banished to Siberia. It was dur-

ing this time that the system of exile to Siberia arose, probably in the first intention as an easy method of getting rid of all such mutilated and therefore useless members of society, and herein lies the chief interest of the stage for us. So we read that men first set out on that terrible Siberian march after the proclamation of a ukaz in 1648 by Alexei Mikhailovitch. What we are apt to forget is that every country has passed through this stage.

The second definite point in the evolution of the prison is that in which it is represented externally by an edifice erected in accordance with known hygienic principles, and where the inmate is set to work at some useful task. The

prisoner's punishment is an education: the main end aimed at is that he shall have a chance given him to come out a better man than he entered. We are in this stage: Russia is passing into it, if indeed she is not well within it. And I sometimes wonder if there is not a third stage, in which the community will in some way suffer with the defaulting individual, for having let it be possible that he should descend to crime, because it had failed to secure a morally wholesome environment and education for all its members. But this is probably utopian.

According to official documents, the large army that yearly crosses the confines of Siberia comprises eight separate divisions¹:—

		Per cent.
I. Exile convicts	935	9.92
II. Exile settlers	2,300	24.40
III. Exile vagrants	1,111	11.79
IV. Exiled by court for life	178	1.89
V. Exiled to Siberia, having been refused readmission to Commune after sentence and punishment	1,979	20.99
VI. Banished to Siberia by order of the Commune	2,674	28.37
VII. Banished by Administrative order	249	2.64
	9,426	100.00
VIII. Voluntary companions	6,772	
Total	16,198	

Of these, I., II., and IV., being banished for life, are deprived of all civil rights. The others, who need not necessarily be criminals, retain some of their civil rights, and may hope to return to Russia in the end. To complete the above, it need only be added that women formed only 5 per cent of the

categories I.-VII., while in VIII. they formed 64 per cent. Again, while 52 per cent were exiled by Administrative process and the Commune—*i.e.*, without trial—48 per cent left for Siberia having been banished by court.

In order to explain the extraordinary size to which class VIII.

¹ The figures here quoted are drawn from the Prison Report for 1894. Figures (although only partially complete) for a later year are in my possession; but in view of the changes that are being introduced, it is better to take numbers that are not too recent, and yet of not too remote a date, so as to get a fair idea of this aspect of the question in an average year.

attains, it is necessary briefly to examine the system.

The convicts are divided into three great categories according to the length of their sentence:—

(A) Those condemned to penal servitude for life or a period from twelve to twenty years.

(B) Those condemned for periods varying from eight to twelve years.

(C) Those condemned for periods varying from four to eight years.

The penal life of each convict is again subdivided into three stages, the first of which is regarded as a period of trial or probation, during which he carries his chains, and is subjected to the full rigour of prison discipline. For those who are included under (A), this first stage is graduated in length, as follows:—

(a) Those sentenced for life remain in it eight years;

(b) Those sentenced from fifteen to twenty years remain in it four years;

(c) Those sentenced from twelve to fifteen years remain in it two years.

Again, for those under (B), this period of probation lasts one year and a half; while for those included under (C) it lasts one and a half or even but a single year, according as their sentence is from six to eight or from four to six years. And since twelve or even eighteen months may be—have been—occupied on the march, especially if the destination be remote, and delays owing to sickness and indefinite orders be incurred, it follows that, in the case of those with the lighter sentences, the convict may often appear at the gate of his penal home ready

to pass into the second stage, in which his chains are removed.

This may be described as the Reformatory stage,¹ and the length of it for (A) (B) and (C) is three years, two years, and one year respectively. But although the limits of this second stage are thus strictly defined, they are not always observed, and according to the man's behaviour during the first period and the good pleasure of the *natchalnik*, it may not exceed ten days in the case of a man in class (C), while it also may be extended to two years. Thereafter the individual passes into the third stage of a "free-command," when he lives outside the prison walls, either in certain barracks or in his own house, and is free to marry if opportunity arises, but must of course come to do his hard labour every day. At this stage also his private money, which is taken away from him at the first, is returned. And it is looking forward to that third stage that the large company of lovers, relatives, and friends lightens the steps of the banished by their sympathetic presence. The after-history is brief. The life-sentenced convict, if his conduct has been good, may after twenty years of hard labour pass into division II. Convicts who have been condemned to labour for a fixed period pass into freedom from labour as settlers, and become subject to the regulations established for exiles entering straight into settlement. Those who compose division II. may after ten years of settlement be registered as peasants: in this way they pass from the control of the Exile Administration, and receive a formal police sanction

¹ Strictly speaking, the second or Reformatory stage includes also what is here described as a third stage—i.e., the Russians recognise two stages only: three have been introduced in the text for the sake of clearness.

for free movement in Siberia. In this they may thus eventually differ from the simple exile, who must remain in his place of banishment throughout his allotted term. And there are a happy few whose sentence of exile has been comparatively short, and to whom there comes a day when they may begin to retrace their steps, and say good-bye for ever to the land of their sojourn. Again, one sees that the number of criminals in Siberia under sentence for life must be relatively small at the present moment, when one recollects the number of manifestoes that have been issued within recent years (the last being at the Coronation), by which all sentences are appreciably reduced in a corresponding ratio. This suggests that the lot even of a Siberian exile is not without its element of hope.

Seventy versts to the N.W. of Irkutsk lies the famous prison Alexandroffsky Centrál, which the traveller can easily reach in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours from that town. At first he will follow the road to Yakutsk, and its miserable condition, so long as it runs within the municipal bounds, will readily help him to believe what he may have heard the citizens say in jest—that Irkutsk is a penniless city, with not even money enough to pave its streets. At a certain point he will come to a clearly marked line, where the disgraceful track that is the shame of Irkutsk resigns its travelling commission in favour of the macadamised highway that is the glory of the neighbouring village interested to maintain it in good order. The road climbs slowly up a series of wood-clad ranges of no great height, winding

circuitously for about 15 versts, so that in time a point of vantage is attained whence we look out on the city away beneath us. Three post-stations break the journey into as many stages. One of the villages contains a factory. In another a shrewd *ataman*,¹ after exploiting his fellow-villagers to the extent of several thousand roubles, built at a cost of four hundred a little shrine to commemorate the preservation of Nicholas II. from the hands of the Japanese assassin, and the unsuspecting peasants worship the memory of the pious donor. After a time we begin to descend by the same sandy road among thick woods, in which spruce, birch, and larch predominate, and eventually Alexandroffsky appears in view.

The village is situated in a pretty valley: it is of considerable size, and at the far end, as you approach from Irkutsk, stands the prison. As we pass down between the double row of cosy cottages, we occasionally notice a rough pole erected over a courtyard gate, and supporting a wisp of straw as pennant. This marks the presence of contagious disease in the home. We meet a group of half-a-dozen convicts trudging along under the eye of a couple of warders armed merely with revolvers. Towards the end of the main road we see men in convict dress standing about outside their cabins: they are "free-commands." Next we come on a party of three or four, who with spades and brooms are cleaning up the road for the day, while others pass them dragging a water-barrel: no guard overlooks their labour. A few are standing about idle, and respectfully remove their caps. It is comparatively a scene

¹ Headman of the village.

of leisure and repose: the "free-commands" go about their business, and no one takes any notice of them.

We drive up to the neat little house that has been built to accommodate inspectors paid and unpaid. The outlook is broad and varied, and one sees the hospital and Peresilni barracks across the valley, while the magnificent church, the work of convict hands, is a short distance farther along the road. At the door of our abode we were greeted by the *natchalnik*, who was in many ways the most remarkable man that I met in Siberia. A magnificent forehead rested above a kindly face, while his iron-grey hair, although brushed back most carefully, refused to be restrained, and occasionally fell over his ears and streamed across his face, when he would shake it back with a smile. It was one of those tender yet eager expressions that you do not expect in such a place. His medium height still carried well the dark-blue uniform with gilt embroidery that is the *natchalnik's* pride: a sword and a single order completed his outfit. A large room on the left of the entrance passage was our dining-room, but at its far end a raised platform, on which a double-bass and 'cello were lying, hinted at a strange tale,—the prisoners sometimes have private theatricals!

The same evening we went to see one or two accessory institutions connected with the prison. Having left the church and the *natchalnik's* house behind us, we turned sharply to the right, into a lesser valley, at the foot of which the waters of a little stream had been dammed up to form an artificial pond of considerable breadth. A small pier, erected for bathers, projected out on to the unruffled

surface, and looked like some great centipede that feared to quit the land. A soldier was fishing off it, and beside him were seated three convicts, chatting with him as pleasantly as if they were the best of friends. We passed a smithy where half-a-dozen men were still at work,—simply the occupation of their better days. Continuing on our course we next saw barracks for the "free-commands." A little farther and we came to the Orphans' Home, the object of our quest. The name is a misnomer, for of the seven girls and thirteen boys whose home it is, the majority, though motherless, had come out with miscreant fathers who were now sojourning in the prison. A large school-room formed the principal feature, where not only the inmates but many of the village children receive instruction from the lips of a wise and pleasant woman. This institution was founded by the *natchalnik*, and is largely supported out of the surplus that accrues from his economical administration of the prison. Happy and bright were the criminals' children, of whom the eldest had not yet seen the darker side of thirteen, while the youngest was a baby.

After this we retraced our steps considerably, even to the outskirts of the village at its eastern boundary, and then ascended the opposing slope till we came to some exceedingly old prison buildings. In one were gathered to meet us about thirty families, in all 130 women and children. They were the wives and children of the poorest prisoners, and the *natchalnik* had utilised the buildings to give them a roof over their heads: in addition to this he provides them with fire and light, while each family is allowed to appropriate and to cultivate a certain

portion of the kitchen-garden which lies to the rear. Otherwise, these people would have had to live in the village and find work there: as a matter of fact some of them had gained employment in that way. Twice a-week the wives are allowed to go and visit their husbands in prison.

The next day was devoted to an inspection of the prison in all its different branches and activities. Alexandroffsky Centrál, originally built as a distillery, will hold 1000 men; but with the "free-commands" who live outside the prison walls, there is a larger number on the roll. It is unusual to find a convict there whose sentence extends over half-a-dozen years.

As you drive down towards the western end of the village, where are the prison buildings, you observe that they are largely hidden by the beautiful church which stands out boldly, lying, as usual, east and west. A pair of artistically painted ikons adorn the eastern outer wall. As already stated, the church is entirely the work of convict hands. The terra-cotta bricks, with their white pointing, harmonise delicately with the tasteful bluish-grey that clothes the roof and cupolas, while the outlines of the windows are also accentuated by being picked out in white. The outside effect, therefore, cheery and gay (as are all Russian outside effects), is essentially agreeable to the eye. Ten yards from its main entrance on the west, and immediately opposite to it, is a gate opening out of the prison-yard. Thus there is no difficulty in the transit of prisoners to the building, which acts also as the village church. As a rule, however, the prison sanctuary is within the grounds. In this case there was a gallery, which is un-

usual in Russian churches. It, of course, only furnished standing room, in the shape of three broad steps ascending towards the back, thus making it possible for all to see. The gallery extended continuously round the building, except on the east side. Access was given to it by staircases rising from the two sides of the nave close to the transept. The nave itself, which was unusually short, was railed off from the rest of the church by a high iron grating with a gate in it. I have thus minutely described the church, because in its arrangement it served to show how much a capable and thoughtful man may do to improve the station of which he is in charge. The customary method is to shut off the nave, and place the prisoners there behind iron bars—the menagerie idea once again. "All men are equal before God," said the *natchalnik*, and so he arranged the church with this serviceable gallery into which the convicts are conducted, so that in His house, at least, they may feel that they are as other men. The officials and villagers stand in the transepts and body of the church, with the prisoners above, and yet may rest secure, as an iron partition is interposed between them and the nave. The whole building is a monument to carefully directed convict labour, and even some of the finer ikons in the interior were painted by sentenced hands.

In the prison buildings, men of other creeds were put together for the sake of companionship. The Mohammedans were in one room; and in another a copy of the Law in Hebrew, hung over the front of a small altar, advertised the congregation of the men of Israel there as surely as other characteristics that are, after all, more easily recognised.

The prison, then, stands immediately behind the church. The surrounding wall, rectangular and of white pointed bricks, with a coping of green zinc, encloses a very liberal allowance of courtyard. Outside at each corner a wooden platform, almost equal in height to the wall, extends along two sides of it for about twenty feet. Mounted on this a soldier constantly paces up and down, being thus able to command the courtyard and the road at the same time. The prison itself is a large two-storeyed brick building, also with a green zinc roof, through which the brick chimneys seem to have broken their way: the eaves and cornice are coloured white.

The interior is a study. One can see the whole Siberian prison system of accommodation at a glance, in its evolution from the old-time *nari* to almost the latest form of folding-up camp-bed. The wellnigh spotless condition of the wooden flooring suggests that there has been some special cleaning for the visit of my companion, and when questioned the *natchalnik* does not deny the insinuation, although he very sensibly adds that if it were commonly in a filthy state, one washing, however thorough, would be entirely insufficient to produce the effect that has attracted our notice. Alexandroffsky is undoubtedly a very old building, and to this there was frequent testimony. At points on the corridor walls where the whitewash has disappeared and the plaster given way, one gets back again to the warm brick. Even the courtyard wall showed signs of great age in some parts, and, at the S.W. corner, where it borders on the little stream that flows through the main valley to join the Angara,

it had sunk with the soil, and in consequence displayed several wide fissures. Moreover, the wooden staircases inside were well worn, one of them having too close a resemblance to a yellow venetian blind.

We first visited one of the re-furnished *kameras*. Round three walls of the room was disposed the new type of bed, which takes the form of large grey panels, each perhaps six and a half feet by three in size, and numbered from 1 to 25: they are attached by hinges at one end to the wall, against which they can thus be folded up when not required. The outer end is supported in the horizontal by a wooden stool of moderate size which the prisoner uses in the daytime. The beds, however, when folded up, do not lie flush with the wall, but with a wooden framework, which, as its sides project outwards for some six inches and are connected by three shelves, presents the appearance of a cupboard. The bottom shelf, which is continuous with the camp-bed (indeed it is to it strictly that the beds are hinged), supports a block of wood, triangular in section, which, fitting so as to present a sloping surface to the exterior, serves as a pillow. On the shelf above will be found the prisoner's bedding, and on the highest one are stowed his private effects. The beds were usually grouped in threes, in order to save space. When a trio has been swung up, an iron bar, fixed at one side, is led across the top ends of the beds, and secured at the other side by means of a padlock during the day. When the conduct of the prisoners is beyond reproach, the beds are not locked up in the morning: or rather the kind old *natchalnik* began by trusting the men, and

granted them the opportunity of resting on them during the daytime, while letting them distinctly understand that this was conditional. Moreover, there was the additional benefit to be derived from the good man's bounty, that during the daytime their personal belongings were accessible to them. The middle of the ward was occupied by a long table; in one corner was the stove, and two large windows let in a flood of light. Strips of coarse matting were laid down on either side of the table, and you stepped on to a mat of woven birch branches in entering the room: there was even the refinement of four wooden spittoons. A feeling of comradeship assists the men in keeping their room tidy, for, as the *natchalnik* laughingly remarked, "If a man does not make use of a spittoon when he should, then the others cause him to feel pain." In short, it is not worth a man's while either to be unclean or untidy or to misconduct himself in any way, for when all know that the good behaviour of the company is the condition of such privileges, the others immediately fall on any one of their number who threatens to imperil their high prerogatives, and force him to be amenable to reason.

The great majority of the *kameras* were survivals from the old *régime*: in them the wooden sleeping-platforms were constructed on the usual model, but, being ancient, many of the boards composing them did not meet together, and so great quantities of dust and filth had congregated between them, and could not easily be removed. I stayed behind in one, asking the more intelligent looking of the men if they got sufficient food and clothing—in short, if they had anything of which to

complain. One clever-looking man replied that he could not say a word against the food and clothing, of which they got *dovolna* (enough). "Our complaints are all of one class, directed against our sentences: we think we have been too hardly dealt with, we think that we were in the right, we always feel sure there has been some mistake about us." Of course one can always say—and often with truth—that the men are frightened to complain. Still, I hope to be able to show that in this instance the answerer spoke in verity and without fear; further, it surely is possible to detect when a man says what he feels, and when his response is dictated by secret terror. But when he mentioned justice, he touched a point where there is something to be said on his behalf.

One of the ordinary *kameras* had been fitted out as reading-room and library. The librarian was a striking man, fettered by a painfully romantic past, and now imbued with a keen sense of the importance of his position. The prisoners are allowed to come and read when they wish out of labour hours, and every Sunday a lecture is given on some historical or geographical subject.

In spite of its antiquity, one could only say that the building was admirably managed in every respect. All matters sanitary were unimpeachable. The kitchen, which was located in one of the outhouses, presented some features of interest. The buildings themselves were in a somewhat dilapidated condition, in consequence of which they were to be reconstructed this year, but the internal arrangements were excellent. In one long hall there was an array of brightly burnished copper caldrons for making soup: lentil brose and *shitchi* predominated, according to

the bill of fare for each day of the week, which hung from a pillar. The men dine at 11 A.M. Here also, unlike most other prisons, they get tea served out to them gratis morning and evening : this is only possible where a definite attempt is made to conduct the establishment on strictly economical lines. To this cause may also be ascribed the possibility of supplying each man daily with 3 lb. of bread instead of the normal $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The fast days, Wednesdays and Fridays, in addition to the four great ones,¹ are of course observed. The allowance of meat on ordinary days is 40 *zlotniks*,² and during the fasts the men receive a proportionately larger amount of soup. The food allowance of each prison seems to depend not only on its income but on the efforts of the local committee ; still, there is a mean, about which they all fluctuate.

Again, one has often heard the remark made that in certain prisons the men do not receive their full allowance of food because the officials appropriate portions of the money grant,—this of course in support of the maxim by which some one has described Russia as the country where “the Emperor makes the laws, and the officials make the profits.” It is a charge which the average individual has little chance either to verify or to disprove. At Alex-androffsky Centrál no one could entertain the idea for a moment, although the precautions adopted forcibly suggest that the practice is not unknown elsewhere. One man is chosen by the prisoners from their number, and his sole duty is to see that each day every

person gets his share of nutriment. His position is permanent, and one guesses rightly that his allowance exceeds that of the others. But to safeguard the system, the prisoners elect daily two more of their number to act as his controllers, and it is their special function to see that he does not fail in the performance of his labour, and to report so in person to the *natchalnik*. Thus three men, of whom two are changed every day, are responsible for this department ; and it is on them that the wrath of their comrades would fall if anything went amiss. This scheme also was evolved by the *natchalnik*. We asked if it was a common occurrence for complaints to be made about the food, and one of the controllers remarked that with the occasional exception of men of a mathematical turn of mind, who surmised that they had received half a *zlotnik* less than their 3 lb. of bread, such a thing was unknown. Even against this contingency extraordinary precautions are taken. The great brown loaves, like ruddy curling-stones, are carefully divided up, and if the last slice falls short of the regulation amount, the balance is attached to it by means of a peg of wood. So watchful are they that there should be no waste, that one has often noticed a portion to consist of half-a-dozen pieces run together on a wooden skewer. What is left over by any individuals—for some find that 3 lb. exceed their requirement—is collected and made into *kvass*, which the prisoners receive in addition to their usual allowance of that beverage.

¹ These are (1) Lent ; (2) Fast of St Peter, from Whit Monday to June 29th ; (3) Fast of the Virgin Mary, from August 1st to August 15th ; (4) Fast of St Philip, from November 15th to December 26th.

² 96 *zlotniks* = 1 lb. Russ., which is slightly less than 1 lb. Eng.

After this we visited a long narrow building—the place of solitude and punishment. It consisted of a corridor skirted on one side by a wall, while a series of cells opened off the other. Each of these was lighted by a window well out of reach, and had its own little outfit of plain furniture. Two only were occupied. In one was an elderly man, with short grey hair, fidgety, and evidently put about by the presence of visitors: he was there at his own request. It seems that in some way he had offended his fellow-prisoners, perhaps had broken the rules of the *artel* to which he belonged, and feared lynch law in consequence. The other man in solitary confinement illustrated what cannot be said to be common in Russia—miscarriage of justice. Except in rare instances—such as regicide and cases that fall to be tried by court-martial—capital punishment is unknown in Russia. This distinction she shares with a few of the less important European States,¹ considering it to be a retrograde step. Russians are curiously unanimous upon the point, so that men who differ much on almost every other question under the sun, will be found to be equally strong in their denunciation of this practice. But the results of the practical working of the scheme in the Siberian system leave almost as much to be said against it as in favour of it. A serious murder was committed long ago in a certain district of Siberia, and the perpetrator was caught and sentenced. While being transported by himself in chains under charge of two guards, from one prison to another, he succeeded in murdering the two soldiers, and effected his escape. Some time after, a man was arrested on suspicion of being the now famous murderer. He was tried at Irkutsk by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to death for the murder of the two soldiers. The sentence was carried into execution; but thereafter doubts began to be entertained as to whether he really was the culprit. Latterly it was found that a mistake had been made, and now after about eight years the real perpetrator had been taken, and faced us in his cell. Heavily ironed, with low forehead and auburn hair and beard, he smiled as the old *natchalnik* stepped up to him in his peculiar little way, faced in the same direction, and then arched his head so as to bring his ear under the miscreant's lips. He wanted to know what was going to happen him. The *Procureur* who accompanied us was able to put his mind at rest: he would not suffer now—"Ça serait trop."

At Alexandroffsky it is still possible to see a *palatch*;² but to what a pithless condition his function has descended can be gathered from the fact that he was in one of the *kameras* along with other prisoners. "You will find him in room 15," said the chief warden. At Sakhalin, Nertchinsk, and Tobolsk, where employment is still found for professors of this art, they are kept apart from the prisoners, whose feelings towards them can readily be imagined: they do no other hard labour, and are well fed. When vacant, the position is thrown open to offers from the prisoners, but is filled with difficulty. It seems that if in a local prison in Siberia discipline or punishment for a crime has to be enforced with the *rozgi*

¹ *E.g.*, Belgium, Holland, and Roumania.

² Executioner, flogger.

—a species of birch-rod—then one of the prisoners is elected by lot to perform the service. The *plet* is not given in Russia, and if a man about to go into exile is in addition condemned in Russia to punishment with that instrument, he suffers at Tobolsk, shortly after he has entered Siberia. The *palatch* at Alexandroffsky had more than once asked to be relieved from his unenviable office, as it was a sinecure. The *rozgi* had not been given there for three years, far less the *plet*. The latter is a modification of the famous *knut*, which was abolished about 1864, and although people still often speak of the *plet* as the *knut*, the former term is alone used in law. The implement has a short stout handle, and the thick lash, after tapering for some distance, divides into three tails. It is never given for a first offence, but in such instances as that of a recovered *brodyaga* or of a murderer who repeats his crime as a “free-command,” it comes into requisition. The culprit is laid on a board, but the executioners commonly contrive to make the heavy tails fall beyond the man’s body; otherwise a few serious strokes would suffice to knock the vitality out of any one.

We next went to the extreme west end of the building, where the indoor labour is carried on. Here the prison stands very close to the courtyard wall, on the other side of which is a road that leads to the Peresilni prison and hospital upon the other side of the valley. Across the road is a cabbage-garden, where great quantities of the staple vegetable in *shtchi* are grown. The top storey of the building was laid out in a broad corridor, off which opened four *kameras*. In one of these several men were at work on ordinary prison boots and shoes,

while a few were executing private orders for articles of a superior make. The excellence of the work in each case contrasted favourably with what may be found elsewhere. In two of the other rooms was an army of tailors, who had overflowed to some extent into the corridor. Many had sewing-machines, while others sat tailorwise on the *nari*, where they sleep at night. In the fourth room was the cutter, who evidently took great pains with his general appearance, and was pleased to demonstrate the lightning-like rapidity with which he could cut two suits at a time from a pattern. Perhaps he had proved to be a little too sharp, as a warder is in constant attendance upon him to see that he does no mischief to the crowded shelves of linen that surround the room. Many of the tailors seemed to be in comparatively good circumstances, and the ornamental cushions that several of them owned for use at night looked strangely out of place.

Regarding the work done from the point of view of the prisoner, we find that he has a very definite interest in it. For ordinary labour — such as carrying wood and water, cleaning up the rooms, and even keeping the village roads in condition — he receives nothing. For other work which is pecuniarily remunerative to the prison, such as any of the trades already mentioned, each man receives one-tenth of the value of what he does: if he has reached the stage of a “free-command” he receives three-tenths; the rest goes to the prison revenue. Of the money that he actually earns, one-third is handed to him immediately, while two-thirds is laid to his credit till he has finished his term, so that he will have something to start with when he leaves

the prison to become an exile settler.

Several of the Alexandroffsky men were working on the railway, and so well were they cared for that last year sixty ordinary navvies came and begged to be allowed to work on convict terms. They said that in that way they would be sure of good food and housing, and of getting their smaller wage with regularity.

Till a quite recent period the aim of the governor of a Siberian prison was simply to keep the men under his charge in life, and some would have us believe that even this policy was not very vigorously pursued. Rational employment was not considered to be worth while.¹ Now all that is being rapidly changed, and the universal idea is that every man should work. At one place this has been already achieved—viz., at Tobolsk—under General Bogdanovitch. Of the prisoners at Alexandroffsky twenty-six per cent were doing no regular work—i.e., work for which they received a proportion of its value. This figure includes those in hospital, and those who, amongst the industries engaged in at Alexandroffsky, found nothing to which they could turn their hands, and consequently did housework only.

Clemency joined with official decision in the *natchalnik's* unique conduct of everything concerned with Alexandroffsky Centrál. Not a man's head was shaven; the only fettered creature was in the secret cell. It is natural, therefore, that the men admire their *natchalnik*, who is more of a stern though kindly father towards them than a governor of gaol-birds. A

curious case occurred, in which a man had been transported from Alexandroffsky to another prison. But at a distance, as is most usual, he relished the benevolent spirit of his former chief, and missed his gracious governance. And as he lay in his new quarters a great yearning came over him to see the old place, to live under the old conditions, and it grew upon him till it took the shape of a determination to return. One day the convict escaped, went straight back to Alexandroffsky Centrál, and presenting himself at the prison gate, demanded admittance. To the *natchalnik*, who interviewed him, he confided that he had had no intention of running away altogether—simply a desire to be once more at Alexandroffsky. Here was a difficulty, as the *brodyaga* who gives himself up or is recaptured becomes liable to punishment with the *plet*—and this man had run away. But the compassionate governor had not the heart to carry out the law—nay, rather took the side of the suppliant, and under the very original charge of “voluntary change of prison,” he arranged with the *Procureur* that the *brodyaga* should go unpunished.

On the southern side of the valley are two series of buildings that demand attention—the Peresilni Prison and the Alexandroffsky Prison Hospital. A Peresilni prison is simply a magnified *étape*, the main difference being that prisoners may often pass a considerable time there, owing to inadequate instructions in their papers, or sickness, or, in the case of *poselentzi* (exile settlers), until a sufficient number has been col-

¹ It might be possible to prove that it actually was not worth while, owing to “the expense of the carriage of raw materials, and the comparatively small demand for manufactured articles.”

lected to warrant the despatching of a party to the locality which is to be colonised by them. Crowds of vagrants are always to be found in the Pereslñi prisons. How they chafe against delays! We saw again in this instance the familiar long barracks, with the double *nari* in the centre: the prisoners stood with their backs to the wall, and looked very wretched and needy compared with those in the Central Prison. Eight of them were engaged drawing water out of the 16 *sajen*-deep¹ well in the courtyard, but the labour was light.

The hospital of the Central Prison stood close by in two separate oblong enclosures: in the first of these were four barracks, and a little house which they called the Cottage. Accommodation was provided for 160 patients in all, the doctor being assisted by two *feldshers*.² Siberian cottages have very commonly a double roof—i.e., a tall sloping roof may rise above the flat inner one that forms the lid of the box-like cottage. Sometimes the second storey thus formed is used as a garret for storage, and may even be rendered accessible by a wooden staircase outside the house. But one often notices that the outer roof is no longer the water-tight protection that it was intended to be, and sometimes it may be full of holes, and afford shelter to flocks of pigeons. This is considered no inconvenience so long as the inner roof is sound. The hospital barracks, which were overgrown cottages, had dispensed with the inner roof, and were excellently ventilated by roof-lights which could be opened at will. A few stout rafters spanned the place of the inner roof for strengthening purposes. The plan

of the barracks was uniform. They were square buildings, of which the door led into a corridor. Off this, at the far end, opened the two main wards: on the left was the operation-room, and on the right a smaller ward and baths. The buildings were all of wood, but the English grates, built up with ornamental plaster work, presented a very Western appearance. The usual iron bedstead was provided, and an extra sheet was characteristic of Alexandroffsky. The operation-room could hardly have been recognised as such, with its two beds and plain unvarnished floor. Another barrack was reserved for the military: they were treated, however, only to wooden bedsteads. One entire barrack was devoted to the purposes of kitchen. The arrangements here were not perfect, as the cooks have to sleep in the large kitchen, which thus presented a motley collection of coppers, beds, and private effects. The large caldrons shone in their brightness; but not even the pipes that connected their lids with the chimney, and so carried off the steam and vapours, prevented the atmosphere from being moist and oppressive. The food was excellent of its kind. In the other square were only two buildings, as remote from one another as was possible: one was the barrack for female patients, and the other that for all infectious cases. The former was, fortunately, at the moment tenantless.

In support of my impression that, while life at the large penal settlements of Siberia is quite passable, several of the bad features to which we have become accustomed from previous investigation still cling to the march and local prisons, I purpose to

¹ I.e., 112 feet.

² Unqualified assistants.

describe very shortly the prison at Irkutsk by way of contrast.

It lies on the outskirts of the town, separated from it by a little stream. There is the usual effect produced by the white-plastered building, and over the main entrance is built the church. On the left the hospital and laundry stand isolated within a wooden palisade. The first day on which we visited this prison happened to be a holiday, and as there was a special service in the church to which all prisoners who cared might go, we climbed up the wooden staircase that leads from the courtyard to the sanctuary, and hid behind a pillar to await developments. The transept into which the staircase led was railed off from the nave by a high iron grating, in which was a little gate. The wing thus shut off might hold one hundred and fifty people. The decorations in the church were of the simplest. The *psalomstchik*¹ was already in his place, and had begun his recitative in a low bass. The priest was meanwhile conducting his own private devotions, but soon disappeared into the sanctum behind the *ikonostasis*. At the same time a soldier appeared at the head of the stair, and unlocking the iron gate, took up a position by it. Soon heavy steps were heard thundering up the staircase. A thief stood at the top for a moment like an apparition in his unbleached shirt and trousers. Then he marched sullenly across the transept, passed through the wicket, and stepped briskly to the back of the nave, where he prostrated himself before an *ikon*, kissed the ground, made the sign of the cross, and then stood erect facing the altar with his hands folded in front. Before he had done all this, the

staircase again resounded to the tramp of feet, this time with the additional clanking of chains. But the repellent creature that emerged on this occasion merely sauntered up to the iron grating with a half-amused expression on his face, and, grasping a rail in either hand, supported himself as he stared dreamily through the partition at his more fortunate fellow-worshipper. Another and another succeeded: with firm determined tread the rebels against God and man stationed themselves either in the iron-bound transept or in the body of the church, according as they were chained or not. And now the recitative had closed, and in place there rose a prisoners' chorus, not indeed with the same *motif* as that which ends "Fidelio," but none the less a mighty unison, that followed one wellnigh all over the prison, bursting upon the ear at intervals.

The prison proper lies in a very large court, and is built round three sides of a square. The free ends of this single-storeyed structure meet the large front line of buildings which comprise the offices, guard-rooms, and church: the space enclosed is planted with birch-trees, and forms a sort of garden. The plan adopted is that of the single corridor with *kameras* opening off it. Beyond the prison stand numerous isolated sheds in which various trades are practised. On the day of our visit there were 402 prisoners inside the gates: of these 157 were waiting to be judged. Those persons whose process has not yet been concluded may work or not as they choose. If they prefer to remain idle, they can only vary the monotony of their existence with sleep. As the library here, which was in the hands

¹ Psalm-reader.

of the priest, hardly deserved the name, and the idea that one gathers from tales of the long periods that often pass before prisoners are put on trial and learn their sentences is in the main correct, one can well imagine the *ennui* of such a life: it is a bare existence. Of the rest of the inmates, 146 were detained for different numbers of months, sentenced for crimes of no great magnitude. The remainder—107 men and 8 women—were about to pass farther on.

The *kameras*, in which the men were grouped according to their crimes, were in a fairly presentable condition: they looked out on to the birch-planted square, and were lighted by four windows grated inside. They might measure thirty feet in length by twelve in height and fifteen in breadth. Into each of them not more than twenty-four men were put, and sometimes only eighteen. From between the double row of *nari* in the middle rose great beams to support the whitewashed roof, with the result that the rooms seemed choked with woodwork, and there was only a minimum of space in which to move about. Each man had a straw-stuffed mattress with pillow attached, and a blanket which is changed every fortnight. In a smaller room were five men of noble birth, who, while they wore the ordinary prison garb, had better bed-clothing of their own. In those rooms where women, either under detention or serving their time, were lodged, beds with clothing as in the hospitals replaced the wooden *nari*: their children were beside them. In the workshops employment was given to joiners, cabinet-makers, bootmakers, and blacksmiths. In many of the rooms men were making cigarettes as a pastime: for the serious work, they are

paid as at Alexandroffsky, while women who work in the laundry get two roubles a-week.

Off one special corridor opened a series of single cells. Indeed every prison is provided with such a secret suite, although solitary confinement is the exception in Siberia. They were of a uniform size—eighteen feet long, perhaps a dozen feet in height and half as many in breadth—and lighted by a strongly barred window near the roof. A mattress in a corner was the main item of furniture. In one of them was a murderer on his way to Sakhalin. He was heavily chained, and unless my eyes deceived me there is more than one size of chain, although this is contrary to what one was told in several places. In another was confined a gaunt old man, with long hair and in somewhat clerical garments, who rose hastily, removing his spectacles, from the perusal of some sacred literature. He had been arrested on the charge of having constituted himself a bishop of that interesting sect, the Old Creed. To do so is contrary to law, for while these Dissenters are allowed to have priests, who however must be consecrated by a bishop of the orthodox Church, they may not have bishops of their own.

The kitchen had evidently been hastily set in order: the bread and soup were poor, and the *kvass* was very sour. Each man receives $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of black bread daily. Twice in the week the prisoners were reputed to get $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of flesh in their soup, while the sick are served with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. daily, if they can take it.

If the above be compared with the Alexandroffsky diet, and it be further taken into consideration that the baths at Irkutsk are only at the disposal of the men once a fortnight, and that just so often is

clean linen given out, one will be able to perceive, from these three particulars alone, the enormous gap that separates the conduct of Alexandroffsky and that of Irkutsk Local. And Irkutsk Local is far better than many of its fellows.

The small amount of animal food supplied to prisoners all over Siberia may at first cause surprise; but after study of the peasant life in Russia one comes to a truer appreciation of the facts. In the South many of the peasants never eat flesh at all, being too poor to provide it for themselves. Again, in the case of those who are somewhat better off, the long fasts accustom them to the want of it. In the South, then, the peasants rarely eat meat; in the North the men eat it more, but the women do not follow them in this respect. A southern landed proprietor known to myself on one occasion killed three pigs and gave them to the peasants immediately in the vicinity. They refused the present respectfully, — "We are unaccustomed to it." With their ryebread, soups, and *kasha* (gruel) they feel quite content; but I have seen them sometimes put pieces of fat into their *borsch* (a soup). Russia is, however, essentially the country of contrast and contradiction. In the army the fasts, as they relate to abstinence from animal food, are not kept: in the prisons the authorities are only too glad to take advantage of them. Although, then, one impression may be corrected with regard to a part of the prisoners' fare, still it is the universal opinion of the prison officials themselves that the whole is barely sufficient. As one of them said, "If the men got more and better food, we would get more and better work out of them." Most of the governors see as the *natchalnik* of Alexandroffsky, although they may

not be able to achieve what he has done.

It was late in the evening. Outside the air was motionless, and in a clear sky the moon rose above the far side of the valley, and glinted down on the sombre old prison at Alexandroffsky, as it had done so often before. The village was at peace, and the single soldier, pacing up and down on the bare platform that embraced the courtyard wall at the corner, was cursing the monotony of his inglorious task. Suddenly he stopped short in his beat and listened: strains of prayerful music had reached him in their gentle though indefinite journey through space; but when he turned his head and quickly marked the spot whence they had emanated, he gave a significant nod and resumed his midnight watch.

The *natchalnik's* house stands across the road, almost facing the front entrance to Alexandroffsky Centrál. Each village home had long since been in darkness, but from the open windows of the good man's home streamed rays of light and waves of harmony, glad partners in their joyous mission. In contrast to all this, a desperate struggle was taking place in the heart of a "free-command," who had taken up residence in a deserted hut on the outskirts of the community. The man had somehow convinced himself that he had been seriously injured. His penal career calls for no comment, except to remark that he had been dealt with very leniently, and for a murder committed under provocation had been allowed to pass his sentence of a decade and a half at Alexandroffsky instead of at one of the severer convict settlements. He had conducted himself well during his weary term,

in the course of which he had known the prison under two *natchalniks*; but it was when the present governor came into office with his generous influence that the unexpected happened, and the "free-command"—still an inmate—was alone but resolute in maintaining that a change for the worse had set in. Sprung from one of the families of the lesser nobility, he was essentially proud, and considering that he was entitled to some consideration on the ground that he had been resident at Alexandroffsky for several years prior to the appearance of the new *natchalnik*, he had felt hurt when some trivial concession that he had requested had been gently though firmly refused by the latter. This was the beginning of a suspicion that he had been slighted, and the dignified and to him patronising manners of the governor gradually became objectionable. Dislike grew to contempt; this gave place to hatred, and in the end a feeling of revulsion against everything connected with his chief took complete possession of the man. Nor did it lessen when he became a "free-command." We have seen how men of this category do their daily round of work, but live outside the prison walls with whatever members of their family have followed them. But this man dwelt alone, and nursed his griefs; on the other hand, his sensitive nature was often tortured by mental representations of the scene that had caused his banishment.

That evening the fire of hatred burned brightly, and the old instincts reawakened in the soul of the man. "He has injured me; I must be revenged." Once he had got on to this line of thought the advance was rapid. "How will it affect me? They can do

little more to me,—a few strokes with the *plet*, and then resumption of the old life with a change of locality. But I shall have achieved my end, and his hideous smile will have lost itself in the kiss of death." He had surrendered. There are, after all, few things that a man can do once and remain satisfied therewith. The spirit that had ruled him one evening, now thirteen years ago, had returned: he went to the dresser, abstracted a long knife from a drawer, hid it beneath his coat, and slipped out into the night.

He hurried along the village street, and swore at the dogs beneath his breath as they bounded at him from courtyard gates. He hastened his steps—he ran. The prison church was now in sight, and he kept in the shadow of it; he saw the *natchalnik's* residence and the open windows, from which the road was partly illumined. He crossed it noiselessly, darted into the shade of the end wall of the house, and then crept round to the front. But the music had reached him ere this. He was conscious that he had slackened his pace, and his questioning mind demanded why. Nor was it content with the inward response that he must necessarily go more warily in approaching his prey. He knew there was another reason,—and he blasphemed the day of Jubal's birth.

Now he is crouching under the window: slowly he raises his head and peers cautiously over the sill. He sees a long room, neatly though frugally furnished, and lighted in part by a lamp set on a table in one corner. On a divan reclines the *Procureur*; the Martha-like wife of the *natchalnik* and a nobleman are wellnigh asleep on their hard chairs. Four music-

stands, resembling overgrown camp-stools with one edge of the seat considerably lower than the other, and a candle fixed thereto with wire, are planted in a semicircle round the pioneer piano, at which the doctor's wife presides. Next to her is the man of physic with his 'cello, the student son of the *natchalnik* in command of a viola, a stranger with the second violin score before him, and then erect, the princely *natchalnik* hugging his loved violin. And the fiend outside at the window cowered and cursed. But as the leader's face became transformed in the union of his soul with the spirit of the theme, and he constrained his instrument to tell out the well-known melody in the Overture to "Der Freischütz," and the other strings soothingly coaxed, comforted, and supported the timid wayward air, the evil spirit departed from the man and he dropped his knife, muttering, "I cannot." And ere he slunk off like a whipped dog he cast one more glance at the quondam prison governor; and that tender face gazing upward, hidden in part by the iron-grey hair that would slip down over the ample forehead, and the grey eyes peering into other realms from beneath it, betrayed the secret of the man. For at that moment there flashed into the mind of the "free-com-

mand" the remembrance of occasions in the routine of prison-life when the same other-world expression had lit up the face of the *natchalnik*—and he saw that he had misjudged his chief. And as he glided back into the darkness, remorse seized him more overpoweringly than on the night that followed the last day of his innocence: the genius of Weber recalled a thousand memories that crowded in upon his mind.

Slowly he reached his cottage, overcome by the rush of thoughts that reviewed the past: but evermore he seemed to hear that theme. He flung himself down on his trestle-bed, and dreamt back to the old days in St Petersburg when he had first heard that beauteous strain; but when he awakened with a start to find himself in his miserable surroundings, it seemed more than he could bear. Once again visions of the occasions on which he had been used unfairly, although in innocence, by the governor rose before his mind like hideous creatures, but with a final effort he repulsed them. And as the first rays of the rising sun stole in through the little window to the east, and lighted up the naked walls of the exile's home, a great peace entered his heart, for he knew that he had forgiven—and had been forgiven.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

GOLF: ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

THE development of every branch of sport, and the growth of a strong public taste for taking part in or looking on at games, have been not the least striking features in the social life of the latter half of the Victorian era. Racing has an immeasurably larger following than it ever had before; cricket and football may be said without exaggeration to have become highly organised industries; while a frank appreciation of the steadily increasing supply of wealth poured into country districts by the shooting interest has led to an almost total cessation of the old cant against the game laws. No pastime, however, has undergone so wonderful an expansion in area and popularity as golf. Down to a date little more than ten years distant it was unknown to the great mass of Englishmen, and many Scotsmen who knew no better affected to despise it as an "old woman's game." But, just about the Jubilee year, that "d—d Scotch croquet," as the racquet-marker called it, obtained a footing south of the Tweed, and watering-places and "health-resorts" throughout the country began to realise that a piece of ground adapted by nature, or capable of adaptation by art, to the service of the game was among the most valuable of their assets. It had been well, perhaps, if this truth had dawned upon some municipalities a little sooner than it did. Musselburgh—the finest nine-hole course in the world and a sterling test of golf—

might then have retained its old prestige, and even have kept the Clubs—no unimportant matter for the burgh. *Dis aliter visum*; and it avails not to bemoan lost opportunities. It is more to the purpose to note that the golf-infection has spared no class of the community. Without in the least assenting to Mr Norris's sweeping dictum¹ that golf is of all games the least interesting to look on at, we cannot think it comparable from the point of view of the spectator to cricket. Yet when a match of importance takes place on any accessible links in a tolerably populous neighbourhood, it is invariably followed by a crowd so large as to be almost unmanageable.

Many crazes come to-day and go to-morrow. Lawn-tennis, after enjoying a handsome share of favour, has sunk into comparative obscurity. But the rage for golf seems likely to be permanent, which is not, after all, surprising. That the game is fascinating will be denied by no one who, after vowing that he will never touch a club again, has turned up at the tee fresh and eager as ever on the following morning. It is suitable to all ages; the exercise it affords is sufficient without being violent; and, as games go, it makes but a moderate call upon the pocket. Yet we cannot but marvel sometimes at the misguided enthusiasm which makes men willing to play on courses eminently unsuited for the purpose. We call to mind an inland town in Scotland where, as

¹ In 'Clarissa Furiosa'; a novel remarkable, if for nothing else, for the author's solitary deviation from urbanity into vindictiveness in the highly pungent and effective sketch of Mr Alfred Loosemore.

the traveller approaches the railway-station, his vision is arrested by a gigantic notice-board, proclaiming in large letters that the field in which it stands is the **GOLF-COURSE**. The announcement seems not only considerate as regards strangers, but highly prudent in the interests of the undertaking, for otherwise not even Sherlock Holmes could have suspected the existence of a golf-course at all. But it is needless to labour an acknowledged fact. The triumph of golf is so well assured that the game has almost ceased to find employment for the inspiration of the poet or the smartness of the paragraph-writer. There is a much less rich crop than formerly of grotesque blunders on the part of journalists; and a ball lying dead on the green is no longer supposed to be in an analogous position to a dead ball at cricket. Even the caricaturist has grown weary; and nearly twelve months must have elapsed since we last clapped eyes in the comic prints on any fancy picture of Mr Arthur Balfour taking a full swing in an anatomically impossible attitude, or of his caddie teeing the ball on what would be large for a molehill. It is recognised by this time that the number of links which are severally alleged to have been pronounced by Tom Morris "the best inland course in Scotland" is only equalled by the number of the "oldest inhabited houses" in that fortunate country; while the votary of the "sport of kings," as he speeds back from Epsom to London, may relieve the tedium of the journey and forget his losses by observing frequent snatches of play, and admiring the external splendour of more than one club-house amid the typically English landscape of Surrey.

Considered from one point of view, the spread of golf has been an unmixed blessing. It has indefinitely prolonged the lives of many middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, and has furnished the cricketer with a pastime for the winter months in which he finds it at once congenial and honourable to excel. The most painful and laborious round, achieved in the most cramped, contorted, and wilfully depraved style, is more beneficial to health than many other modes of spending an afternoon. Yet it is only natural that those who played golf before the flood should sometimes think regretfully of bygone days. The development of the game has brought with it much to irritate the nerves—innovations in dress, for example. No man properly brought up can view without disgust the spectacle of a young man without a coat or hat, and with his shirt-sleeves well rolled up, playing as though golf involved intense physical exertion, like prize-fighting. More serious is the overcrowding of many greens at certain periods of the year. The overwhelming rush of players involves the use of a starting-board, the entry of one's name overnight, and the possibility of beginning one's morning round about a quarter of an hour before luncheon-time. St Andrews in August and September is not precisely the place to get one's self comfortably "golfed," if we may employ an expressive Scottish idiom. The beauties of the Eden estuary are exhausted in a good deal less than twenty minutes, and three hours and a quarter is too long a time to spend upon merely eighteen holes.

Even worse is the quality of much of the new play. It seems to occur to many persons ambitious of becoming expert in a popular game that the most con-

venient period of the year at which to master its rudiments is the summer, and the most suitable links that which is most crowded. They reck nothing—doubtless they realise nothing—of the discomfort and annoyance they inflict on their fellow-creatures. The links are open to them as to all; and their lesson they must have. English golfers, it has been remarked by a cynic, may be divided into two classes: those who rush after their ball the moment it leaves the club, without paying the least attention to their opponent; and those who keep back everybody behind them by performing on each successive putting-green the elaborate sum in addition which is the indispensable preliminary of recording their score. The classification is not perhaps exhaustive; but the two varieties are sufficiently familiar and provoking. It is a fact that, while a third-class player nurtured in the atmosphere of the game will get round the course almost as quickly as a first-class player, many novices of more than equal capacity will waste an unconscionable amount of time. Yet waste of time is as nothing compared with waste of turf; and the appearance of almost any public links after a long and steady series of play bears too eloquent testimony, not only to the incompetence of many of the players, but also to a callous and systematic disregard of one of the primary duties of every golfer.

The grumbler, however, must own that, if a large proportion of those who have taken to the game within the last ten years consists of incurable and even obstructive duffers, the remaining fraction is composed of players of whom many are good and not a few excellent. The innumerable courses laid out

by public or private enterprise, however poor some of them may be considered absolutely, were bound in the long-run to discover and cultivate latent genius. *A priori*, no doubt, the town of Aberdeen might as soon be expected to nourish in comfort and affluence a thriving Jewish community as the Braid Hills to turn out a really first-class golfer. Yet the Braids, and the Braids alone, are responsible for Mr Allan. We are not to open up the endless controversy whether the crack players of to-day are the equals or the superiors of the crack players of thirty or forty years ago. The question is necessarily incapable of a final and satisfactory answer in regard to golf, as indeed it is in regard to acting or to cricket. It has always been easy for old age or envy to detract from the merit of the moderns by unduly extolling the ancients; nor is any trick more characteristic of our own time—in letters as well as in sport—than the attempt to raise the moderns by pooh-poohing or patronising the ancients. For our own part, while believing that Mr Glennie's 88 over St Andrews in 1855 was a performance which has never since been equalled, we believe that England in Taylor, Vardon, Mr Ball, and Mr Hilton (who atoned at Hoylake for most nervous and disappointing play at Muirfield), and Scotland in Messrs Tait, Maxwell, Balfour-Melville, and Allan, possess a body of golfers capable of holding their own against those of any generation. It is always pleasant to hear a veteran praise the style of some hero of the past like old Willie Park. But we cannot wish for anything finer than Mr Tait's, so instinct with force and vigour, yet so eminently graceful and free from effort. He alone, so it seems

to us, has the true secret of blending strength with ease. Mr Maxwell, great player as he is, is too pressing; Mr Allan is too easy, and lacks distinction. Yet they are both admirable golfers; and we strongly dissent from the view of those who hold that over Sandwich or St Andrews Mr Allan would be out of the first flight. Such golf as he played at Muirfield would bring him into the front rank anywhere; and we are satisfied that, given the opportunity, he will not be found wanting on future occasions.

It would be uncivil in this connection to say nothing of the Ladies' Championship Meeting which took place at Gullane towards the close of May. Golf is an excellent game for girls and women; and we rejoice that so many of them are proficient in the pastime. But we confess to an old-fashioned and ineradicable distaste for any competition in which women publicly take part. This year, to be sure, no book-makers graced the scene and bawled the odds against the competitors, generally distinguishing them by their Christian names; and that is in itself an improvement. The play is said to have been excellent, and the short game of many of the players to have been marvellous. Yet we like not the "gallery," or the publicity and advertisement, or the reporters' custom of speaking of the ladies as Brown, Jones, or Robinson, without the Miss or Mrs.¹

It is not, unfortunately, a very violent transition from the Ladies' Championship to the most formidable evil which has grown up with

the growth of golf—the practice colloquially known as "pot-hunting." There were prizes at Gullane for the longest drive and the most accurate approach, and we daresay there will be one next year for the best-dressed lady golfer. In most places the mischief is rampant. Open the 'Scotsman' any Monday morning, and you will find columns of reports of competitions for prizes, ranging from the richly chased silver-plated claret-jug (presented by the captain) to a bottle of his own far-famed blend of whisky (presented by Mr M'Pushion, the energetic and popular secretary), or even to half-a-dozen made-up balls ("generously gifted" by Glue & Guttie, the celebrated local club-makers). We know of no more melancholy reading than the pages of those journals devoted exclusively to the game in which are diligently set forth the scores of every fifth-rate player who may have competed in the course of the previous week for the monthly or fortnightly medal of some pottering little club over some pottering little bit of meadow.

The complaint, it may be urged, is no new one; it has been uttered spasmodically before with practically no result. We sincerely trust it will often be heard again whenever there is need. For there happen to be two very cogent reasons why pot-hunting should be utterly discountenanced and discouraged. The first is, that it sets up a false ideal, by relegating to a "back seat" by far the most important part of the game—match-play. In any club where on every Saturday or holiday there are prizes to be played for, be sure

¹ Reporters, by the bye, seem to learn nothing and to forget nothing. Just as in racing the way is still regularly "paved" for the next race, and the favourite holds the "pride of place" in the market, so in golf people continue to "negotiate" hazards, to "give the long odds" (which sounds more like whist), and to "foozle" puts.

that matches will be disregarded ; and the supply of good and pleasant matches is one of the essential objects of a club's existence. If in every club, no matter how small or unpretending, a series of matches could be arranged under the auspices of the club during certain months of the year — matches in which no member should be debarred from taking part because he is a poor player — much would be done for promoting the best interests of golf, and for fostering the true spirit of the game.

The second reason why pot-hunting should be discouraged is, in plain English, that it exposes some persons to temptations which they appear totally unable to resist. Golf is a game in which it is at no time difficult for one so minded to take an unfair or illegitimate advantage of an opponent ; and to do so is particularly easy in playing by strokes. No one familiar with provincial clubs of the second or third order, which depend for their very existence upon a large and therefore miscellaneous membership, can help having had the experience of being told with a wink that So-and-so went round last medal-day in 72, and of being informed after luncheon that there was grave reason to doubt the accuracy of that reckoning. We draw no inference from the odious incident which robbed the final round in the Amateur Championship of all interest. Such an occurrence is practically unique, and none, happily, are so severe in denouncing the conduct of the caddie on that occasion as the caddies themselves. But those who have come most closely into contact with the state of matters which we have touched upon will be most readily disposed to join with us in welcoming any

change which would lessen the opportunities and temptations to transgress either written or unwritten laws. Now in match-play, to conclude a painful topic, the chances of detection are greater than in the stroke-game.

The problem to be faced by the lovers of golf at the present time may be stated thus : Here is a vast number of people who have eagerly taken up a game, with the history, traditions, and spirit of which they were previously not merely unfamiliar, but absolutely unacquainted ; how are they to be imbued with those traditions and with that spirit ?

In so presenting the difficulty, we have no desire to depreciate the revised rules adopted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1891. On the contrary, we believe that a more intimate knowledge of the letter of that code is highly desirable. But it does not pretend to completeness or perfection, and it does not require a mind of unusual subtlety to suggest *aporia* to which it provides no answer. It is designed not so much to instruct the ignorant as to refresh the flagging memory of the enlightened, and being susceptible of construction and interpretation, cannot be profitably digested without the assistance of tradition. Indeed, to devise a book of rules in which no holes could be picked is practically an impossibility.

It must be candidly acknowledged that the English clubs—preponderating in number and in membership—have hitherto shown a most proper and becoming docility in accepting the rules as they emanated from the fountainhead of authority. A few growls have been heard from time to time, chiefly, perhaps, on the part of Scots domiciled in England, and

more English than the English themselves, who have displayed an indecent eagerness to alter the game for the worse; and that has been all. Yet a vague feeling is in existence that some central body should be called into being, authorised (1) to decide disputes under the existing rules, and (2) to take the initiative in further legislation where that seems desirable or necessary.

The question was informally discussed by the delegates at the Amateur Championship Meeting in 1896, and after considerable negotiation and correspondence had taken place, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at their last autumn meeting unanimously appointed a special committee to formulate a detailed scheme on the following lines:—

1. A committee of fourteen to be appointed, seven members to be nominated by the Royal and Ancient, and the remaining seven by the following clubs, each nominating one member: Honourable Company, Prestwick, Royal Blackheath, Royal North Devon, Royal Liverpool, St George's (Sandwich), and Royal Portrush. The chairman to be one of the Royal and Ancient representatives, and to have a casting as well as a deliberative vote.

2. This committee to meet twice a-year—viz., at the spring and autumn meetings—at St Andrews.

3. No rule to be repealed or altered, and no new rule made, unless confirmed by a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient.

4. This committee to be the ultimate court of appeal on all questions relating to the interpretation of the rules and customs of the game as applied to particular cases.

The special committee so appointed drew up a scheme in obedience to the remit, giving effect to these suggestions; and the scheme submitted by them was rejected at the spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient by the narrow majority of three.

The opposition to the proposals implicitly sanctioned by the club last September consists of two parties. There are, in the first place, certain St Andrews veterans who are jealous for the supremacy of their club. Their favourite formula is that St Andrews is the Mecca—or the M.O.C.—of golf. Why, they ask, should English golf be treated with more consideration than Scottish cricket? To which the obvious answer is, that it will be a happy day for Scottish cricket when it enjoys one-tenth part of the prosperity enjoyed by English golf. In the second place, there is a certain number of highly respectable Scottish clubs, of which the Edinburgh Burgess may be taken as a type, which view with suspicion any attempt to infringe the prerogatives of St Andrews, which have no great liking for English golf or golfers, and which perhaps think that the list of clubs to be represented on the proposed committee might be altered or added to with advantage.

Upon these two classes of objectors the following considerations may be respectfully urged:—

Apart altogether from the practical certainty that many of the representatives of other clubs would also be members of the Royal and Ancient, the scheme effectually secures the continued hegemony of the latter by providing that the chairman shall be a St Andrews representative, that the meetings of the committee shall be held at St Andrews, and that the sanction of a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient shall

be an indispensable condition of the final repeal or alteration of an existing law, or the adoption of a new one. If the English clubs are prepared to consent to such conditions, what more can St Andrews desire? What more indeed does St Andrews at present enjoy? Why run a serious risk of forfeiting so substantial an advantage for the sake of maintaining a dignity which in a few years may be but nominal?

The ultimate rejection of the scheme seems to involve one or other of two consequences.

The first of these is anarchy. The English clubs will take the law into their own hands, and each links will have its own code. There will be no more Amateur or Open Championships; for there will be no statute-book common to the whole golfing world. As we have already pointed out, the crying need of the time is the gradual education of new-comers in the traditions and spirit of the game. St Andrews is the great repository of those traditions. But if St Andrews, abandoning the arts of persuasion and forsaking sweet reasonableness, insists upon prosecuting her mission at the point of the sword, her labours will be in vain, and thousands of promising golfers who would have welcomed her beneficent influence if properly diffused, will be driven against their inclination into heresy and error.

The alternative to anarchy is even more shocking: we mean the formation of a "Golfers' Union." The project has never been accepted seriously in the past, and is only likely to win support if the Royal and Ancient Club assume an uncompromising attitude, and decline to yield the shadow in order to retain the substance. If such a proposal as the "Union" ever becomes an accomplished fact, where will Scotland stand? Where the Burgess Club? Rich, prosperous, and deservedly respected as it is, these attributes will no more avail it in the evil day than the beautiful policies which it occupies as a golf-links. The Royal and Ancient itself will be but as one among many. One club one vote will be the watchword; and the decision of that illustrious society will weigh no more in the balance than the decision of Little Peddlington or Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

The issue at stake is momentous, and we earnestly trust that at next autumn meeting the Royal and Ancient will revert to the wise policy of last year. They will thus ensure, as far as human foresight can, the continuity and perpetuation of those traditions without which golf is robbed of all its charm, degenerates into an occasion for wrangling and hair-splitting, and emphatically ceases to be a game for gentlemen, or indeed for intelligent human beings.

AN UNNOTED CORNER OF SPAIN.

WITH the salient features of Andalusia and Castile the untravelled reader is sufficiently familiar. Without ever having left our library corner, we have no reason to be unacquainted with the old-world beauties of Seville, Granada, Cordova, Toledo, Burgos; with the newer attractions of Madrid, and even San Sebastian. These towns lie, happily, along the tourists' beaten track. We have read of them in the beautiful prose of Washington Irving, of Théophile Gautier, and of lesser writers. But of the lovely province of Galicia the untravelled reader knows comparatively nothing. He conceives Spain in landscape to be a mingling of desert and oriental paradise: interminable plains, bleak and tawny, bounded by majestic sierras, capped with snow, shadowed with rare blots of pine-woods, eternally empty and grand like the boundless plains; and luxuriant splendours of Eastern vegetation and colour, of ruby hills and palm and aloes, gardens of scarlet pomegranate and golden orange and citron, rills of running silver, bowers of cedar, magnolia, and myrtle. These are the features of ugly Castile and glowing Andalusia: the one stern and historic, the legendary land of hero; the other warm and romantic, the voluptuous dream of imagination, the land of guitar and castanet, of love, of rhythm, of dance and dagger.

But each province of Spain has its marked individuality, by which it is separated from the rest as almost a different nation. The natives rarely say "We are Spaniards." They express themselves:

"We are Catalonians, we are Aragonese, we are Galicians," with a proud and firm resolve not to be huddled in a promiscuous and ignoble general designation, which makes them part of a race composed of so many antipathetic elements. Nothing could be more opposed in characteristics, in feature, in dress, in language, and national habits than any province of the north of Spain and any of the south. Again you must divide the northern provinces, clearly distinguishing between the very distinguishable Basques, the Catalans, the Asturians, the Leonese, and the Galicians. All these are what they call themselves, "a different people." Basque meeting Basque upon the frontier of Castile, greet as two Englishmen meeting in New York. "*Ni paisano!*" they exclaim, and impart their impressions of the Castilians as if they represented the more or less sympathetic stranger in a foreign land. Amalgamation is impossible with such striking diversity of element, where the single attribute in common is a passionate conservatism. Hence the broken history of the country; hence that lamentable and nobly tragic tale of the war against Napoleon. Each province fought, with dogged determination to ignore the efforts of the others, its own desperate fight, sometimes with magnificent heroism, sometimes with inexplicable baseness, but always with the persistent design of separateness. Understanding so much, we read the significance of the splendid patriotism of Zaragoza, the Aragonese being a hardy, indomitable race, and the inconceivable cow-

ardice of Valencia, the Valencians being a traitorous, a facile, a pleasure-loving people: the one, rough and unchangeable like its mountains, sombre and sullen like its river, the dark wide Ebro; the other, flowery, evanescent, like the bloom and fruit of its smiling extent of orchard and garden, shallow like its pleasant Turia. So near by geographical lines; so afar by lines of character. One, besieged, revealing the noblest qualities of man, the other the meanest! Then talk of Spain as if the land were solely comprised of one or the other!

The province of Galicia has neither the vices nor virtues of Zaragoza and Valencia. The Galicians are less rough, less obstinate, though not less martial, than the Aragonese mountaineers, with their traditional pride and independence; less pleasing than the delightful, faithless, and money-loving Valencians. For mirth and enjoyment, along with beauty in women and luxuriance in landscape, go to mirthful and cultivated Valencia, the garden of Spain. But for grandeur, for the picturesque, for variety and the untrained loveliness of nature, go to Galicia, justly called the Switzerland of Spain. Here you have mountain passes, dusky ravines, gorgeous torrents flailing foam and spray adown their rocky channels, broad river effects, grand sierras, pine and oak and chestnut woods, and sweet familiar lanes breathing of fragrant honeysuckle, of yellow broom and white heather. You have bracken and bell-heather running inland under the slim pine columns, daisies, snapdragons, and gorse, and along the road the common garden rose of every hue. Farther down the splendid coast, from Pontevedra to Vigo, the vegetation has a yellower, more

southern luxuriance. Here the vine-fields are sheets of ambered green, yellow waving like the sparkle of light through the trellised foliage. The air is thrillingly pure, and Atlantic lets in its broad stroke of violet through every break of the landscape, adding to the enchantment of its indescribable gaiety. When you are tired of the sea you have the pleasures of the forest, and these abound on all sides. Nowhere have I seen pines growing in such abundance, darkening for miles the long wide slopes of the hills; nowhere chestnuts of such magnificent girth, of a green so deep and rich, spreading such shade as to give a tropical aspect to these woods. To this the maize, with its delicate tassels, its broad bright leaf, brings its airy graceful charm, and fields of young plantain add their vivid smile. The lips unconsciously broaden, the eyes kindle, under the captivation of nature's joyous revelation. It would be worse than incongruous, it would almost seem a desecration of such permanent mirth, to receive here sad news from home. One has fallen into the heart of quiescent pleasure, the still satiety of the senses warmly shut in from murmuring memories; and to remember grief and care and futile industry, to dwell upon the trials and troubles of the busy world outside this Eden of blue and gold and green, would be a folly and an impertinence beyond the efforts of grateful imagination. For gratitude must ever be the feeling prompted by these delightful pauses in the smiling byways of life's rough road.

There are several ways the traveller may start his tour in Galicia. He may take ship for Santander, for Coruña, or go direct to Vigo. Or he can choose the

journey thither by land should the sea not be to his taste. The Paris mail will take him as far as Venta de Baños, a dreary little junction close to Valladolid, and here he will catch from Madrid the slow Galician mail, which he can leave at Montforte, and begin his tour from the south of the province, wending at leisure up to Coruña and along the northern coast as far as Pasaje, should fancy prompt him beyond Rivadeo, the last little coasting-town of Galicia, on the edge of the Asturias. Thus the marine coward will be spared the sufferings of a sea-voyage, though he will miss the bold beauties of a matchless shore-line that only reveal themselves in all their splendid significance of sweeping curve, of craggy scar, of grand sierra and blue bay, to the gazer from ocean's way.

But this is the route I should suggest to the lovers of the wave. Take the Paris mail as far as San Sebastian, or boat to Vigo, according to the time of year, and whether you wish Paris to be the start or termination of your journey. When you have admired the famous *concha*, the lovely shell-shaped beach of San Sebastian, and feasted your eyes on the view from the top of the hill, made your first bow in Spanish, with a musical "Gracias," and smiled a gratified smile on hearing yourself for the first time addressed as "caballero" or "señora," drive back to Pasaje. You will already have seen it from the station and found it dull and ugly. But the drive from San Sebastian will begin the mending of your opinion. Not that it is a beautiful drive, but it is so much better than the railroad. If you are lucky enough to find a boat at Pasaje for Bilbao, take it, however bad it may be, and you will thank me. Should you start from Vigo however

wind up your sea-travels at Pasaje, as I did, by a summer dawn, you will have still more reason for thankfulness. Was it by dawn that Lafayette gazed upon these receding shores as he sailed from this picturesque little harbour with Spanish gold to aid him in America's war against England? The houses drop into the water as they do in Venice, and moored against each wet doorstep is a boat, while three sides of the old yellow church are stained with the damp line of the ebb and flow of the tide. No fairer dream could imagination evoke than this soft twilight picture. The water is green, clear as a gem of mystic enchantment. A haggard light gleams against the little shut casements, and the walls of the dwellings built round the bay are grey and yellow, their wet steps wandering under the waves, and the dark lines of boats pulsing against them above. So still, so silent, with the first beams of morning sending golden rays down the silver air, and the stars still faint in the brightening sky.

On sea you are never far from the mountainous coast, and Bilbao, with its activities, its factories and mines, its truly elegant and imposing commercial note, its long river-line covered with mighty vessels, and its handsome modern edifices, will be a surprise for the dreamer of dead romance, of cloaked and picturesque indolence, of silent, medieval streets and forsaken plazas. If only for this surprise, Bilbao is worth seeing. Here do not look for one of the larger steamers, but seek a small Spanish trading-vessel. For a song you may have a capital cabin, kindness, good-nature, and pleasant sailor companions, and you will pay a dollar a-day for good food and wine. Book for Coruña. All the trading-vessels stop at every

out-of-the-way port, run alongside the little wharfs, and offer you the occasion of seeing towns and villages not mentioned in the guide-book, with less trouble and fatigue—though certainly with less excitement—than the land route. Even Bilbao will not have prepared you for the stately quays of Santander; and here you will have time to drive down to the Sardinero, the summer rival of San Sebastian, a delightful bathing-place. At first glance it wears almost a tropical aspect, owing to the illimitable stretch of burning sands and the violent contrast of bare light-brown rocks with the fierce blue of the ocean under a heaven as intense, to the hard scant foliage and the white unshadowed roads. But there are softened nooks, bits where the rocks gleam grey against the crystal jade of the sea, and the hills throw purple shadows against the light; where green plays its freshening sparkle over the harshly-toned landscape, and terraced houses peep out of orchard bloom and blossom.

Gijon is the next halting-place. Except as an opportunity for visiting Oviedo, where a train takes you in an hour and a half at a snail's pace, I know no other reason for stopping at Gijon. It is ugly and uninteresting, but there is a quaint plaza shaped like a three-cornered hat, with an old palace-front worth examination, and the imposing statue of Childe Pelayo, the famous victor of Covadonga. Gijon was also the birthplace of Jovellanos, one of Spain's modern heroes and sages, and you may doff to an insignificant statue to him in a dusty insignificant public garden at the top of the long *corrida*, the principal street of Gijon.

The shores of Gijon are hardly out of sight when you behold the

beautiful coast of Galicia. You have come forth in search of the picturesque, and you will nowhere else experience better. Hours in these irregular voyages are never to be counted on, but I wish you the luck of dropping into the exquisite harbour of Rivadeo by sunset. Red flush and orange flame send their hues over the magnificent peaks, and drop red and glimmering gold into the heart of the purple waves. The town lies white against the mountains, and the glitter of water may be seen running down the steep ravines and broken precipices of the sloping shore. Black rocks, and green gorges with the rays filtering through their underwood, and the great firth and river meeting, and hollow sandy spaces travelling like white roads inward. Opposite, another little white town, banked snugly against the wooded hills. I have forgotten its name, but it has the prettiest imaginable effect in rivalry with larger Rivadeo; and as the flushed heavens pale, and colour steals out of sky and shore and sea, the empurpled peaks make heavy and massive shadows in the delicate gloom of twilight. Their darkness gives a finer radiance to the early stars, and the town lights below are yellow spots dropped tremulously among the dusky trees.

An evening may be cheerfully spent among the dark streets, the handsome squares, and thronged *alameda* of Rivadeo. When summer comes, supper is postponed till as late as half-past ten. Every one is abroad from dusk till midnight, tasting the starlit air, and conversing. These Spanish *alamedas* in old-fashioned Spanish towns, where hospitality is not practised, are the public drawing-rooms, while the plaza is the men's club. Men go to the plaza to con-

spire, to gamble, to curse their enemies and plot disturbance, to blacken the character of the faithless fair. They walk the *alameda* to ogle, to whisper, to ease their heart of its weight of sentimental woe, to lament, conjure, laugh, and gossip. Women go to meet their friends and foes, talk over the fashions in shrill animated tones, over the town's wrong-doings, and criticise their neighbours' clothes. Fashions and scandal are the topics of burning universal interest. The men are as deeply interested in the question of raiment as the women, and have as keen an eye for cut and texture and trimming. Give a Spanish child a lesson to learn, and however long it may have applied its mind to mastering it, nothing of it will be remembered twenty-four hours afterwards. But let that same child, so incredibly stupid in the matter of lessons, cast a single glance upon a stranger, and nothing in his or her external appearance will pass unnoticed or be forgotten years afterwards. If you wear a dress to-day in Spain, and put it by for five years, then wear it again, the smallest Spanish child will be able to remind you of the day and date of its last appearance—will be able to tell you if the trimming has been altered or the cut. The race lives by observation, not by thought. It sees everything and learns nothing.

More charming still is the indescribably quaint small town of Viveiro. I believe Borrow and myself are the only two who have visited it. The oldest inhabitant avers that I am the first foreign woman whose foot has trodden its street. The sensation my appearance created on the minute wharf and on the brilliant market-place induces me to credit this statement. When you travel in Spain

never omit to visit these delightful market-places at sunrise or thereabouts. They are entirely run by women, all smiling, gesticulating, chattering, and imperturbably good-humoured. They wear kerchiefs on head and over bosom of very pronounced hues of yellow or red, sometimes hideous ones of black. I do not give them for beauties in bewitching attire, and I cannot truthfully say that I admire the most unbecoming way they tie these ugly handkerchiefs under their chins. But their cleanliness, their vividness, their sparkle, the kindly attractiveness of their universal character, the visible delight they take in serving you, in talking to you, above all, the absence of squalor, of vulgarity, of any touch of repulsiveness, so common—nay, so inevitable—with the same class in England, make a visit to these markets a joy and a refreshment. Besides, the fruit is so plentiful, so cheap. For twopence you may carry away as much of whatever fruit is in season as your arms can hold; and then how are you to discharge your debt for the goodwill, the sweet service, the jokes and laughter and the dear broad smiles of the attractive Spanish peasant woman? She sends you away with a cherry between your lips and a cordial in your frame—a cordial that cannot be purchased anywhere, and is composed of the bright nothings of a morning greeting, of eyeshot charged with human loveliness, of charity and good-humour.

When the world was younger, Viveiro must have had its hour of importance. Else how explain the emblazoned and turreted arch under which you pass from the wharf to the plaza, the half-effaced escutcheons on the old forsaken dwellings along the river beyond

the bridge at its mouth? It has the look of a noble sunken to tatters, but not oblivious of birth and its insistent privileges. It still has its arms to show, its towered and battlemented front, and your handsome new towns have no such romantic casements, no such quaint old balconies, nor the appropriate matching of green lattices and dull brown stone. Then the gardens, the orchards—all mountains and valleys an unending orchard in blossom or in fruit—the broad foliated roads over the bridge running to an aisled perspective, the dear blue little bay begirt with sunny hills, and the wide river sweeping down the mountain-side with one splendid curve to the ocean,—who would not rest awhile at Viveiro, and muse with boat and horse, forgetting and forgotten of the busy world?

There are pretty coasting villages, too, where you stop: Silero, where the girls in long dark barns pack barrels of sardines that gleam like silver; and Santa Marta, beautifully bayed. These lead you by alluring interests to the first historic point of Galicia—Coruña, the place which records the noblest sacrifice hero ever made, and represents laurel-crowned defeat. You have had a glimpse of the opening of the bay of Ferrol, a remembrance *à vol d'oiseau* of an Italian lake, softly banked by green sunny slopes, and far out from land is pencilled clearly the famous Torre de Hercules. This is now a very commodious lighthouse, electrically illuminated, with a handsome terrace atop where the lighthousemen may promenade in haughty survey of sea and land. The mountain-peaks are their neighbours, the stars just a little above them, and such the altitude of their daily existence that ocean itself for them loses

something of its immensity, and land dwindles into insignificance. Not for lack of beauty, however, for the picture is fraught with endless charm; but everything from this great height appears engagingly small, whether you look across amethyst-tinted water, level fields, or the curves of a superb shore-line. The bay is less impressive than that of Rivedeo, because the mountains have diminished to low green hills with broad slips of plain between, and here and there a dusky valley or a bleak upland. There is little strange or picturesque for the English eye, except the island fortress, San Anton, of sombre castellated grey, with light splashes of green, and, as you look beyond the metal pier, a flashing line of glass galleries.

Each house in Coruña has its glass *mirador*, with a single pane here and there set, to open on a downward slant, through which the idle woman thrusts a well-dressed head, and leans over folded arms to gaze down into the street in placid contemplation. The *mirador* is the woman's kingdom. The man has the streets and the plazas. The light, above all toward sunset, striking on these glass galleries, sends back a prism of magical hues, and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the faces for the blinding splendours which radiate from their setting.

The town is a handsome, an effective one. It has little to offer as charm for the senses, less where-withal to arrest the antiquary, but the streets are white and clean, without a touch of dullness, San Andres and the Calle Real such as any provincial town might be proud of—broad, bright, with a notable air of elegance. History sends you to the old Battery, now a botanical garden, unroofed, with

antique windows let into the walls, blurred by wind and rain and wave beating everlastingly against the glass, where in the centre, a point of religious pilgrimage, stands the plain monument of Sir John Moore and the slab erected to the Serpent. The children play about here between school-hours, but you will often find it empty for a musing pause. Charles V. held the Cortes here once, and you may see the rough low arch through which he embarked for Germany, called the Emperor's Gate; and on the other side, below the prison, the still ruder arch through which his son of terrible memory—Felipe II., a guest at the Franciscan monastery hard by—set sail for England and an unloved bride. But if Coruña offers meagre shelter to the wandering imagination, and lends no assistance whatever to the evocation of momentous medieval pictures, it makes a pleasant starting-point of many a delightful tour by horse or diligence—the roads hospitably open to the millionaire's carriage and to the foot of the modest pedestrian. Before crossing the slip of open sea into the lovely bay of Ferrol, you may ride or drive to Oleiros, and dream yourself contentedly among the uplands of Surrey. Onward, as you round the last spur of the hills which hides the sea from you, the note of peasant costume grows more effective. Though the jacket is short, it has not the jaunty cut of Andalusia. The long black gaiters are of felt, closely buttoned to the knee. Between the knee and short black breeches, also closely buttoned along the thigh, are folds of spotless linen. Sometimes the breeches are of velvet or corduroy, sometimes of rough black cloth. Youth adorns itself with a red sash and such peacock plumes as a scarlet sleeveless jacket

open upon the full white shirt, an outer fawn coat adorned with rows of little brass buttons, and a fawn peaked cap with a red ribbon round it. The sedater, whose days of vanity are over, content themselves with a short black jacket to match the breeches, open to display the full white shirt, and a conical black felt hat. The limbs are generally slender, the extremities small, the faces tanned and sullen, full of a boorish, incommunicative pride. The dialect is rough and unattractive, with a twang of harsh Portuguese running through the whining broken Spanish. Good-nature here as elsewhere is the dominant feature of local character—good-nature and a haughty offhand antipathy to trade.

What strikes you most in all your rambles throughout Galicia is the obvious fact that all the outdoor labour is accomplished by the women. The men seem to be abroad chiefly to air their becoming attire and flick the hedges with big sticks, the cigarette ever between their lips. But the women are old and tanned and wrinkled at twenty-five, and wear nothing to catch the eye but a bright kerchief. If husband and wife move anywhere, you will see the man cheerfully smoking, with his hands in his pockets, or gallantly flourishing the stick of leisure, and the woman beside him carrying on the top of her head all the family belongings in a big trunk. The women work in the fields, are the porters, itinerant merchants, the water-carriers and fruit-growers of the land. By sunrise they throng the markets, carry your luggage to and from train or boat, and walk behind the squealing wooden-wheeled cars drawn by wild oxen. The sound of these barbaric bucolic vehicles is only less enervating and

plaintive than the *gaita*, the bagpipe of Galicia. There is much of the Celt in the race, as well as much that is familiar to Celtic eyes in the fresh green landscape. The male is proud, vain, martial, endures hardship without complaint, despises his womenfolk, to whom he makes over all ignoble labour, treats woman frankly as a creature of inferior order and his servant, and is apt, under the influence of the coarse wine of the country and the noxious *aguardiente* (Spanish eau-de-vie), to resort to physical chastisement should she thwart him. But he is faithful and patriotic. His wife is the pick of womanhood, and Galicia is the pick of God's earth. Meanwhile, did he but know it, the female is unquestionably his better-half. Her folly is shown in longsuffering; but she is a fund of good-nature, kindly manner, and energy. What activity there is is hers, and without her the rich natural resources of a land that yields two crops, two grape seasons, would be far more neglected than it is. While my lord the peasant is out upon the highways idly discoursing on politics or begging your admiration of his neat gaiters and scarlet jacket, she by dawn is out in the fields, or on her way to market with baskets of fruit and flowers and vegetables large enough to hold a family; or on her way to catch the first train and dispossess the traveller of his luggage, industriously knitting, crocheting, or embroidering as she waits.

The distractions of Coruña are few. The town is abroad, walking the Calle Real or the pretty public gardens along the harbour from the late afternoon to the late supper-hour, and after that it goes to sleep. I have ventured forth and found it empty at ten o'clock. This is a local loss, for Coruña by

moonlight is a town of enchantment. Its whiteness enhances the dream-like effect of moon and stars. But the Spaniards are the least sentimental or æsthetic of observers. Art, the beautiful, form no part of their lifelong reverie. They who have fashioned such exquisite things have no understanding, less reverence, of their value. And to walk, for the mere gratification of fancy, through lovely empty streets, seems to them the last note of lunacy. The theatre is very superior to anything in a town of the same rank at home. For two shillings you may enjoy a velvet arm-chair in the *parterre*. Here I saw Echegaray's last play, "*Mancha que Limpia*." It was, on the whole, not badly acted for an insignificant provincial town, and, in my opinion, the acting was on a level with the play. The Spaniards are not critical. In this they resemble the Irish. They are proud of Echegaray, who has done some good work, and some work inconceivably bad. But these dear sympathetic Spaniards can see no difference between the good and the bad. Because Echegaray wrote "*The Great Galeoto*," "*Mancha que Limpia*" must be applauded. While the first is almost great, I never held my soul in patience over more childish drivel, more twaddling gossip, than the latter.

Sometimes there is an inferior circus, where I saw an exquisitely graceful female jockey ride as I have never seen man or mortal ride before. The Rational Dress Society might be guided by her miraculous instinct in choice of raiment. Her dainty high-topped boots, her white leggings revealing without impropriety or abandoned charm a matchless perfection of slim form, and a beautifully fitting

yellow and brown satin and plush jacket, as long as a Louis Quinze coat, with cap to match, made a whole of bewitching effect. That she, too, was beautiful goes without saying. She remains on memory as the single instance of a delicately refined and feminine creature, flashing a queer inexplicable poetic grace, without any trace of boldness, of vulgarity, through the malodorous atmosphere of circus and music-hall. Or you may occasionally feast your eye on Andalucian dancing. Spurious or real Sevillans come up from blest regions, and dance the *Sevil-lana*, most popular of dances, to the thin, abrupt, hysterical drone of their oriental music. This dance, as indeed do all the songs of the people, ends like an unfinished phrase, upon the top of a sob, a gurgle of laughter with a sudden suggestive and dramatic gesture. Its fascination is eternal, matter of sensation, not of criticism or judgment. The Galicians seem to have added nothing to the national dances. They content themselves with the rude whining bagpipe, the *gaita*, a splendid-looking instrument, with polished pipes, shining brass, and red velvet bag, bedizened with fringe and bobbins. It is spoken of as a local treasure, borne in processions with reverential tenderness, eagerly looked out for and recognised, in its preposterous assault upon eye and ear, as the harp may have been in bardic days. However, the brightest and most affecting spectacle I saw at Coruña was the departure of the troops for Cuba on the big liner, the *Maria Cristina*. Never have I seen such pronounced, almost intoxicating gaiety of sea and shore. The magnificent bay was besprinkled with colours—red and yellow, of course, the prevailing hues. Flags

and banners waved, brilliant uniforms in a shock against brilliant dresses, the red and white military plumes mixing with every tint in parasol. From sunrise to sundown the music played, and people snatched odd moments for meals, for nobody seemed to be under roof all the day. A startling and pretty sight was the impetuous action of a portly well-looking and well-dressed lady who saw a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling grey, with knapsack strapped over his shoulder. All the rest had their friends, their *novias*, mothers, relatives, and made the usual gallant effort to look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and one divined he was carrying a desolate heart overseas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, "My son has already gone to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalucia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him, Pepe G——. Take this kiss to him." She leant and kissed his cheek. An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful Southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding her hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile, "And may I not take one for myself as well, señora?" The lady reddened duskily, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the frantic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced and happy.

Ferrol is, if smaller, a prettier town than Coruña. Nothing more captivating than its animated aspect. The sweet-smelling, tropical public gardens, as luxuriant as an oriental dream, where the most

attractive working girls of the entire world flaunt their provocative charms in the face of admiring naval officers; the lively Calle Real, where señoras and señoritas parade until midnight in the latest resplendent fashions exaggerated with provincial fervour; the stupendous dockyards—the largest, they say, in the world: all offer you varied and irresistible attractions. Add to the excitements of shore the varied beauties of a harbour locked in like an Italian lake, with a circle of soft green hills, of old grey fortresses, and valleys shadowed with dusky ravines and woods. Beyond the dear low hills are banked the wandering range of sierras cleaving the upper and under blue in all their naked, savage, and forked majesty.

At Ferrol the traveller should take coach for Betanzos. This is a road seemingly carved through all nature's most glorious effects for a god. It really seems impertinent that a mere mortal for a few shillings should have the right to enjoy so much. Your way is cut literally through points of exclamation. Could yonder effect of mountains be bettered? Yes; for here you have a waterfall, a white radiance of blinding beauty flailed into a broadly flowing river. There an old fortress starting out of a murmuring forest; here a change from exotic foliage to naked chasms; craggy torrents flashing in a ravenous roar into tranquil river-washed meads. North, south, east, and west combine like a kaleidoscopic dream, to show you how diverse, how consistently lovely, is the face of our earth.

At Betanzos you may take the train for Montforte, and thence branch off for Pontevedra. This is an interesting old Roman town. It lies in a divine setting of land-

scape, and the dominant nature of its marine beauties will be accepted when I assure the reader that the five surrounding bays are said to form the most exquisite line of coast of Europe. I know nothing, as a whole, to compare with the prolonged, magnificent effects of Carril, Villagarcia, Pontevedra, Marin, terminating at the famous bay of Vigo. The bay of Carril by sunset, of Marin by dawn, of Vigo at any hour! and the witching intermediate excursions by sea, by land, by rail and coach!

Pontevedra has the air of fallen majesty. True, I can find nothing in its history to justify this air, but there is whispered mention in the beautiful ruins of a Benedictine monastery, a small Oluny, of great constables and admirals, who filled the ranks of forgotten heroes. Its delightful historic pretentiousness is equalled by an old French town, whose history also hardly justifies so much insistent medieval splendour—Beaucaire. According to record, Beaucaire and Pontevedra claim a great deal too much. Both seem the cradles of mailed heroes, of great deeds, of imperishable hours in history. But the fragrant, sanative pine-woods outside Pontevedra have nothing to do with Gothic façades, with granite frowns, with Roman ruins and bridges, with exquisite column and pillar and forgotten legend. Here you are in the heart of Nature at her kindest. The pines of Pontevedra are famous—so tall, so strong, so plentiful, that, alas! the natives, urged by a need of lucre, thin these grand pine-forests to supply the shipyards of England and Scotland with timber. The number of trees cut down and embarked yearly for the North is colossal. I believe, until this trade was started, the whole country was dense with wood, while

now the forests lie in patches, and if the demand continues with its present ferocity, and corresponding increase of temptation, the pleasant woods of Pontevedra will rest among the glories that have been.

Along with the gratifying sights and sounds and smells of woodland, of river, and of ruin, you have the begirdling enchantment of blue surge and translucent foam. Take the steam-tram to Marin, and say then if you can better your surroundings in the most favoured spots of Italy, of Greece, of Switzerland. Watch the sunset hues over the clear scalloped hills along a sky flashing iridescent flames from its rich heart. Look at the sails of the boats, white or red or brown, shot out with a fascinating unreality of outline, cut so startlingly clear in the intensified atmosphere. Stare drowsily across the liquid field of bemusing indigo, surrounded as a dream, captivating as nothing else in nature, and then give your eyes to the exquisite lines of the warm wooded slope. Here may you nod in the opium-eater's open-eyed reverie, with softness of curve to temper brilliance of colour, with the dusk of the woods to tame the unabated majesty of Atlantic, with the peaceful flow of rivulet and rill through plumed and tufted crevices and crags tuning their sweet pastoral song for the indolent ears.

Or take boat for Vigo, or train through vine and plain fields, where the breath of the South steals over you like sun-spray, and you are too happy, too wrapped round with exterior love-

liness and mirth, even to find an apt quotation for the relief of surcharged feelings. Vigo itself, divinely situated and most eccentrically constructed, is not beautiful, but the bay and the coastline are of magical splendour. When you have made the turn of the harbour and racked your brain for an appropriate adjective, tired of the old ones, you may cheerfully take the train for Pontevedra, admire the other lovely harbours of Villagarcia and Carril, wander among the woods, and then face the imposing monuments of Santiago, of Compostella. It is not my design to write here of Santiago. Such majesty of architecture as that unique plaza alone calls for a corresponding gravity of treatment. The pen of learning, of research, of thrilled reverence, and several sheets of paper, are demanded for such a subject. I merely sketch the route, mentioning Santiago as the chief point of interest in Galicia. You have matter here for a week's observation, and this hardly allows of any interval for the needful periods of unwatchful ecstasy. Santiago I place among the most beautiful and distinctive towns of the world, beside Florence, Toledo, and Oxford.

From Santiago the coach-road, eight hours by diligence, takes you to Coruña, unless you have preferred at Betanzos to return to Coruña, and start thence for Santiago, Pontevedra, and Vigo, in which case you can catch the Galician mail at Montforte and travel home by land, or take the boat from Vigo.

HANNAH LYNCH.

TROUTING FROM A CORACLE.

IT was in the smoking-room of our Golf Club, not a hundred miles from London. There was a touch of spring in the air, and Easter was not remote, so a golfer present had the hardihood to so far forget the serious topic to which the spot was dedicated as to venture on some allusion to trout. The subject seemed to strike a chord in the memory of an ex-captain of the Club so forcibly that he threw away the match he had just struck instead of applying it, as intended, to the ignition of his pipe, and remarked with some animation, "Do any of you fellows happen ever to have fished in a coracle?" There was a want of response that suggested some vagueness as to the drift of the captain's meaning: some one at last ventured an irrelevant allusion to Mrs Markham's 'History of England.'

Circumstances, however, as this paper will demonstrate, had placed its writer in a different position in regard to this matter from the rest of the company, for I had not only travelled frequently in these prehistoric craft, but was able to make a pretty shrewd guess as to the particular locality our friend had in his mind. My surmise proved correct; nor was this remarkable, for, so far as I know, there are only one or two rivers in all Britain where these survivals of the days of King Arthur and Merlin are adapted to the use of the modern trout-fisher.

"Yes," said the ex-captain in a voice suggesting that the recollection was by no means an unmixed pleasure; "you are quite right, it was on the Welsh Dee."

"And where did you start from?" said I.

"From some bridge that began with a Llan."

"And where did you get out?"

"At a weir that began with a Llan."

"From Llansantfraid Bridge to Llantisiilio falls, no doubt," I remarked.

"Now you mention it," said he, "those were, I believe, the names of the places."

"The usual run, about eight miles."

"Possibly," said the ex-captain; "but it seemed to me like eighty."

"And who took you down?"

"A man with a red head—William Williams, or some such name."

"Evan Evans," I suggested.

Such indifference to a journey through one of the loveliest bits of river scenery in Britain seemed to require some explanation, and I ventured to recall the fact of its exquisite beauty to my friend.

"Very likely," he replied, "but I saw nothing of it."

"Yes," said I, innocently, "it is certainly one drawback to coracle-fishing that if the sport is good there is not much time to look about."

"Sport!" snapped out the ex-captain, "I never took the rod in my hand; the man fished a little, I believe."

"Well, what the deuce were you doing then?"

"Me! why, I was sitting tight and holding on, and I can tell you I was uncommonly glad to get to Llan what's-its-name safe and sound."

My friend, it should perhaps be mentioned, is six feet two, and a novice would find such distinguished proportions, beyond a

doubt, a great hindrance to the comfort of a trial trip in a canvas tub three feet by four on a wide and turbulent river.

Who has not heard of the famous vale of Llangollen? and who that has seen it would venture to suggest that it belied its fame? How marvellous is the transformation, almost one might say within a few minutes, as you leave the flat plains of England and enter that great historic gateway of the Princes of Powys through which the Dee, broad, clear, impetuous, comes leaping from the heart of Wales! What a sea of hills is here, of mountains rather, rising high to heaven, upon every side! Nor is it only their height and bold shapes that make this group of hills so notable. It is above all the exquisite colouring of their craggy heath-crowned summits, of the bracken and the greensward, the feathery birches and the blooming gorse that clothe their slopes, of the mantling woodlands, the emerald meadows that spread along their base, of the gleaming waters that kiss their feet, which makes the picture so unforgettable to those who have seen it, of such perennial fascination to those who haunt it.

What pageants, too, of warring hosts have these old hills looked down upon: what tales they could tell of long ages of strife! But a story that ended with the thirteenth century, to be renewed only for a brief period at the close of the fourteenth, has somehow or other had little charm for the average Saxon. It is not of the mighty dead who lie amid the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Valle Crucis; of Iolo Goch, the great Welsh poet of Glendower's time, or of the Princes of Powys there entombed, or of Madoc ap Gryffyth Maelor who founded this once noble

pile; nor is it even of the noble maiden Myfanwy Vaughan, who from the grim fortress-crowned summit of Dinas Brân inspired the hopeless passion of the humble bard in Llangollen eight hundred feet below, that fame is chiefly concerned with in this romantic spot. Alas! for the bathos of the thing. It is two old ladies from Ireland of this very nineteenth century who have appropriated the greater share of the romance that this poetic and historic vale suggests. Owen Glendower, perhaps, being the national hero of Wales, holds his own in tourist literature with these two queer exotics, whose chief title to fame consists in having lived together for fifty years without a rupture, distributing in the meantime blankets and coals with commendable liberality, and dressing themselves like guys. As their black-and-white house lay not only on a main route into Wales but on the coach-road from Holyhead to London, not a few celebrities visited the "Old Maids of Llangollen," partly because they were women of rank, but more often, no doubt, to see their funny clothes. Each visitor, it is said, was expected to leave behind him a piece of old oak, for which these elderly spinsters had a *penchant*. Wordsworth, however, like a wise man, saved his pocket and contributed instead a very indifferent poem which all may read. The incautious bard, however, designated Plâs-Newydd in poetic metaphor as a "lowly cot," whereat its owners took great umbrage. So one is inclined to think that, however meritorious as Lady Bountifuls or collectors of oak, they must have been singularly deficient in their national characteristic of humour. But here am I, as bad as any penny handbook, wasting time over these precious old maids,

while, even if we were not going a-fishing, space would be all too brief for the mention of one-half the great men and the great deeds that are associated with this enchanting vale. All of this latter we should see to the greatest perfection if we traversed it by Telford's famous coach-road, lifted high above the river. But as a matter of fact, with our coracle it is necessary to proceed at a much lower elevation and in prosaic fashion by train, and that for three stations and some nine miles, to the village of Llansantfraid. Yet even here from the carriage window, as most Welsh tourists know, we should catch passing gleams of landscape that seem veritable bits of fairyland. As yet, however, no leaves are out, no bud or blossom breaks the grey and brown of the still naked woodlands. Even the larch, so abundant everywhere, is but timidly awakening. For to catch trout upon the Welsh Dee, and to be sure of having water enough to float your coracle over its rocky channel, you must be early abroad. It is not well to wait for those typical days of later April or May which most anglers on rapid rivers both in North and South Britain are wont to rejoice in; those pleasant days when south-west winds are stirring and woods and fields have fairly donned the colouring of spring. Dee trout are in truth hopelessly unconventional, early to get upon the move and early to retire to those subaqueous luxuries from which the daintiest winged insects will rarely tempt them. The old adage, upon which anglers from the Tay to the Tamar have been nurtured, and which declares that "when the wind is in the east the fish bite least," is worse than rubbish on the Dee; for not only have its fish no prejudice

against an east wind, but, on the contrary, a decided preference for its biting blasts. I would not go so far as to say that the expert of Dee-side would select a day when the Merioneth mountains were capped with snow; but such a condition of things would not greatly disturb him, much less cause all thoughts of fishing to be postponed, as would be the case in most other regions with which one is familiar. If, however, the expected day broke with every condition that the properly educated angler regards as favourable, one versed in the mysteries of the Dee would be very apt to regard his prospects with the utmost suspicion.

There is no apprehension, on this account at any rate, this keen morning in early April as we alight at Carrog station, on the banks of the river, some nine miles above Llangollen. There are no tourists as yet upon this branch of the Great Western Railway, which carries its thousands during the summer to every part of Wales. As a matter of fact, nearly every one in the train is talking Welsh, except a commercial traveller from London of a sporting turn of mind, who remarks that it is poor weather for fishing, as indeed Izaak Walton himself would undoubtedly have done had he been present. This same Londoner, too, is probably the only person present who is the least surprised to see a man emerge from the luggage-van with an uncanny-looking craft, and hoisting it without ceremony on to his back, start off down the road in unconcerned fashion.

This is our old friend Evan Evans, whom for the occasion I must take leave to recall in fancy from the farther side of that dark river, over which he has been this some time steered by a more famous navigator even than himself.

Llansantffraid bridge is one of the many hoary and massive structures that at frequent intervals span the Dee, and whose grey arches and wave-beaten buttresses seem as much in harmony with the traditions of the sacred river as they are calculated to stem its impetuous streams. Higher up past Corwen to Bala spreads the green vale of Edeyrnion, through whose pleasant meadows the river strikes a softer note and urges its silver waters at a speed gentler by far than that at which it will now bear us down through the wooded gorges of Glyndyfrdwy¹ and Llantisilio. Every rivulet that feeds the Dee is born far up in some mountain hollow, and to-day, being in a wild and wintry season and the water high, there is a touch of amber in it as it riots through four of the arches of Llansantffraid bridge in a fashion that would make the salmon-fisher's mouth water were it only August and not April. Under the fifth arch even to-day the water only partly runs, and here, sheltered from the cutting east wind, Evan and I make our preparations. Here, too, we may take note for a moment of the coracle itself, which Evan has carried without effort from the station, nearly a quarter of a mile away. At the sight of it, and without any experience of its sea-going qualities, a stranger would be very apt to say, "No, thank you," very decisively to an invitation to go aboard. It is oblong in shape, with rounded corners, and a little more than four feet long by three broad. The frame is of wooden slats over which tarpaulin is tightly stretched. Across the centre is laid a plank, and on this there is just room for the paddler

and the fisherman to sit, side by side. It is not a craft adapted to travelling distances over still waters, but is pre-eminently so for gliding down over rapid rock-strewn streams where the lightest canoe, though it might be successfully navigated, would be quite unhandy for fishing from. The sensation experienced by the traveller in a coracle is very similar to that of being afloat in an average-sized bath-tub, and not much more reassuring till he gets used to it. But when with the aid of a skipper like Evan Evans this happy consummation is arrived at, a feeling of entire confidence supervenes. You recognise the handiness and seaworthiness of the frail-looking cockle-shell, and your respect for the ancient Britons rises proportionately.

Before embarking we have our usual discussion about the flies to be used—not that we differ as to the species, for who indeed would venture on the Dee at this season without a March brown, a February red, and a blue Dun, but somewhat as to the imitation of these famous insects. This to Evan Evans, as indeed to all professionals, and even amateurs, who fish a particular bit of one river all their lives, is a matter of most vital import. Heaven forbid that I should condemn local uses in fly-dressing; on the contrary, I make a point of using local flies only, partly for the encouragement of local industry, and partly because they are at least as good as any other, which frank admission will write me down, I fear, as somewhat of an unbeliever in the fastidious discrimination of trout. Callow boyhood found me possessed of books full of fur and feather

¹ Dyfrdwy is the old Welsh name for the river Dee, still used above Bala lake, meaning *sacred*, or as by some interpreted *black*, water.

and dubbing, and I started life full of admiration for the gentleman who caught the fly upon the water, and then sat down upon the bank and produced an exact imitation. You never hear of these models of artistic sportsmanship nowadays—or did they ever, I wonder, exist out of books? The late Mr Stewart of Edinburgh, who used to tread the banks of the Lammermuir and the Border streams, and renowned when I was young as about the best trout-fisherman in North Britain, was, if I remember right, an utter sceptic, using three or four familiar flies anywhere and everywhere, and with what success it is not necessary to remind middle-aged fishermen of the Scottish Border. This great performer's unanswerable demonstrations nipped in the very bud the entomological ardour of a good many of us youngsters, though I am bound to say I never had the courage to carry out his theory in all its simplicity of black, red, and dun hackle with, I fancy, one winged fly. Still, when the local flies have run out, it has generally seemed to me that those of a river two hundred miles off have been quite as efficient when put to the test! The size of flies more than their colours, so long as the latter are of reasonable and not extravagant hue, are probably of most importance. Nothing like such heresies as this, however, would be tolerated on the Dee. For even on the other side of the bridge where we are standing, which belongs to another association, and is under other fly-tying influences, the fish, we are bound to suppose, have a totally different taste in March browns and February reds from those below. It is not wholly, I fear, without malice that I hand Evan, who is straightening the cast, a specimen of the

latter from the higher fishery, where coracles, by the way, are not allowed, and where waders tramp about without let or hindrance.

"And what might the name of this fly be, sir, please?" says Evan.

"Why, a February red, of course."

"And is it indeed, sir?" replies Evan, with that deferential politeness habitual to the Welsh peasantry. "I was thinking it might be the fly the gentlemen use on Bala lake in the summer evenings, sir."

The satire of this remark will not be lost upon a fisherman. Indeed I should like John Jones, the prophet and the fly-tier of the water above the bridge, to have heard it.

At last we are ready; the light nine-foot rod is rigged up, the lunch and landing-net are deposited in the coracle, and Evan gently tilts the latter on to the edge of a back eddy beneath the bridge, holding her tight with one hand and grasping his trusty short-handled one-bladed paddle in the other. "Now, sir, please, one leg first, and kindly sit down, sir, before you take your other leg in." This formula of Evan's is suggestive of an acrobatic feat of no mean order, but is, in fact, more feasible than it sounds. Evan then performs the same ceremony under more difficult conditions, and, huddled close together side by side, we whirl out into the buoyant tumbling river. There is no time, as I have already hinted, to look about much when once you are embarked in a coracle—that is to say, if you would fain kill trout. But if there were, there is a glimpse, looking up the river through the centre arch of the bridge, of an ancient, insignificant

stone house, tottering to decay upon the verge of a high bank, called to this day Ceachardy Owain. It is only worthy of observation and remark because it was here Glyndwr held in durance vile and for many years some of the more notable prisoners that he captured early in his insurrection. Lord Grey of Ruthyn, who had ultimately to pay the enormous sum of ten thousand marks for his liberty, was one; and another was Davy Gam, who lived to fall in defence of the king's person at Agincourt, and to be the original of Shakespeare's Fluellen. Even Edmund Mortimer, quite possibly, before he married his captor's daughter and joined his cause, made acquaintance with the inside of this old stone house. Close upon the river-bank too, on the other side, is the old homestead that tradition cherishes as Owain's stables; and an adjoining meadow is to this day called "Parliament field." The whole of this vale of Glyndyfrdwy, indeed, was the great Welshman's property, and from it he took his name, Owain of Glyndourdy (Owen of the Glen of the Dee). We shall soon be floating past the site of his house, and by that time, though the tops of the Berwyn mountains above us are powdered with snow, we may hope to have laid the foundation at any rate of a good basket of trout. But we are now well out upon the tide; Evan, with the top of the paddle fitted like a crutch into his armpit and his hand vigorously working the blade under water, checks the strong drift of the coracle, and forces it into the gentler current, from which we can command the choice runs beneath the bank. We make our progress sideways of course, so as to enable the angler, whether fishing the banks or mid-water, to cast always across the

stream and sit facing his work. The breadth of such a river as this varies, I need not say, as much as the character of its surface. Sometimes it may be sixty yards wide, sometimes less than forty. At one time we are tearing down some foaming rapid when all thoughts of fishing are for the moment suspended; at another we are gliding along in smooth water and searching with eager and rapid casts the tempting spots that lie beneath the cover of overhanging trees and the shelter of bushy banks. Wading a broad river and fishing it downstream is perhaps the most monotonous and least scientific form of fly-fishing. It is not as bad as fishing a loch, nor quite so mechanical as working an average salmon-pool. But it is pre-eminently the "chuck-and-chance-it" business that the dry-fly fisherman in his somewhat indiscriminating arrogance is apt to designate every method not his own. There is no scope for originality or enterprise; your flies will fall upon the same spot and float round upon the same drift as those of the man who fishes the run before you, and of the one who will fish it after you, unless the latter is a mere tyro. There is nothing else, indeed, to be done by any one. But the very opposite of this surely is fishing up-stream in broken water when the latter is clear and low, and overhung with trees. A man may learn to cast a fly from a sound foothold in an open field at a spot marked for him by a rising fish with beautiful precision after youth is passed. I have never seen, however, a really effective up-stream performer amid timber in clear water who did not begin as a boy. But coracle-fishing—in the fashion, at any rate, in which it is followed upon rapid waters of the Dee—is a different

affair again from any of these. To begin with, you are moving all the time at a pace which varies with that of the current. We have to-day, for, instance, to cover eight miles in five hours, including stoppages; for our boat has to be landed near a railway station, and Bradshaw consequently to be taken into account. It will be readily understood then that you can very rarely drop your flies twice upon the same spot; on the contrary, almost every cast is of necessity several feet from the last one. This, though painful and tantalising to the novice as he finds himself drifting over tempting spots, every yard of which he would in the ordinary way search with eager care, soon shows itself to be no real disadvantage in the long-run, since in the course of five hours' fishing one's flies are cast, not merely as often as they would be if the angler were on the bank, or wading, but a great deal oftener. For the aim of the coracle-fisher is to put his lure upon the water as frequently as is compatible with skill and neatness. Every fisherman knows that it is in the first three or four seconds after the fly drops that the majority of trout are hooked; and as each of these quick casts falls on a totally fresh spot, the chances are really much greater than in ordinary bank-fishing—a fact emphasised beyond discussion by the infinitely heavier baskets thus made.

Most of the time the skilful Evan keeps us within convenient distance of the bank, sometimes upon one side, sometimes on the other, according to the likeliness of the water or the vagaries of the wind. These banks, too, for the most part, are overhung with bushy alders and willows, or still more deeply shaded by the drooping limbs of beeches, sycamore, or

ash. Here where the water glides smoothly and swiftly under these straggling branches of the bordering woodlands, the eye of the experienced fisherman will be mostly fixed; and if at all times it is skilful and pretty work casting three flies where dangers and difficulties threaten their safe descent, it is particularly so when you have to do this from a moving base, and from a distance that even Evan's skill cannot keep from varying. It is by no means necessary to fish at the edge of and under these wooded banks. In fact, I have good reason to believe that Evan used to keep a great many of his passengers as far away from them as he possibly could; for to catch your flies in a tree while speeding along in a coracle, is a much more serious affair than is the same familiar incident upon land. But the angler can please himself as to this; sometimes, indeed, for a short space in broken water the centre of the river will be the obvious point of attraction. But it would be superfluous to touch further on such details. Every trout-fisherman of experience knows that an instinct and a quick eye for where trout will be lying is half the battle. A man may cast a perfect fly on lochs or chalk streams where the instinct for the lay of trout is not greatly needed, and yet find himself comparatively out of it where he has to hunt for his fish in broken water and put his fly into awkward places. A coracle gives special scope to such readiness of eye and hand, as you have fresh water almost every throw from which to pick your spot; and moreover, though it is usual and natural to cast on the side facing you, it is perfectly easy to put your fly anywhere else that catches your fancy as you glide along. No wrist can stand such

ceaseless and continual casting with anything but the lightest rod; so when the strong half-pounders of these strong streams fasten, it is by no means the matter of a moment to bring them safely across into the jaws of Evan's net. Moreover, you will be often lucky if the latter can save you from drifting over some yards of good water before you have unhooked and killed your fish, got your flies out of the landing-net in which they so invariably fasten, and shoot them out again over the whirling stream. Perhaps it will be understood why the term breathless is applicable to the constant activity of brain, eye, and hand that a day in a coracle involves if the trout are moving at all, and how far removed this busy, striving, palpitating sort of work is from being "a contemplative man's recreation."

"Mind yerself, sir." This from Evan, for I am so busy making the most of a series of little back-eddies that follow one another along a craggy shore that I have not noticed we are all but in the shoot at the head of the first big rapid. Evan with a push of his paddle turns the coracle from its sidelong gait, and with our faces looking down-stream, we rush at a somewhat giddy rate into the boil below. A few seconds of violent rocking and we glide on to the face of a wide palpitating pool. The flies are on one part of it as soon as we are on the other, and hardly touch the water before a game half-pounder fastens on the March brown and is leaping all over its heaving surface, now glittering in a gleam of sunlight that for a moment has pierced the surly east wind haze. "Keep him in the watter, sir, or he'll be off indeed, sir." From this it may be gathered that Evan, though a past-

master of his own department, has somewhat exaggerated ideas of what can be done with a lusty trout thirty feet away. But this one, at any rate, is safely deposited on the floor of the coracle, and is somewhat the largest of seven or eight already there; but we are not yet in the best water, though this is indeed a beautiful pool, and much beloved in autumn by the ascending salmon. How black it seems in its centre, and yet what an exquisite amber is the same water as it sweeps over a wide bed of fine gravel at its tail! What a place too for trout, where beyond the gravelly shallows the current, still holding its golden colour, follows in gentle ripples along the foot of a mossy overhanging wall! Evan holds the coracle almost still, a sure sign with him of the highest pitch of expectation, and we fish down the run yard by yard, with the precision of a wader. And here come down the first flies of the day, clouds of light duns, puffed this way and that, like thistle-down, by the chilly east wind which blows up-stream in fitful gusts. If you look close, too, you can see the small insects floating by scores on the surface of the water. Not a fish stirs, and yet on the way down we had taken half our captives on the miserable imitations of this dainty morsel. Oh! inscrutable denizens of the Dee, well may poets have sung for all ages of its "wizard streams." Perhaps it is the shadow of the great magician, the great warrior, Owen Glyndwr, that rests upon this pool. For if there is in all Wales a spot sacred to that national hero, it should be this wooded corner on the Dee, where to-day we must beach our coracle, for here is old Rhys Williams the watcher waiting to inspect our licence and our

ticket. "Good morning to you, sir; and Evan, how arr' you?" And while Evan is emptying a little water our craft has shipped, and gathering the trout into the creel, and talking Welsh to Rhys, we can turn our attention for a moment to yonder lofty tumulus that stands high above this bend of the river.

On its top sighs a clump of aged fir-trees. At its foot stood once upon a time the mansion of Glyndwr, which Henry V. while but a valorous princelet burnt with his own hand. It seems strange that in this sequestered nook, where, but for a passing train, the note of the wood-pigeon, or the call of some rambling cock pheasant, are the only sounds to be heard above the rush of the river, the pulse of Welsh patriotism should have once beaten so strenuously. There, upon yonder prehistoric tumulus, beyond a doubt, once flew the dragon standard of Wales that Owen here unfurled after nearly a hundred years of peace. Hither¹ we know flocked warriors and bards to a hospitality for which the lord of Glyndyfrdwy, as long as a roof was over his head, was so famous. Good cheer flowed, music and song resounded; and here Owen, as all Wales and most of England believed, held commune with the powers of darkness and "called spirits from the vasty deep." Hence, at any rate, from this quiet corner the war-note was sounded that desolated Wales for fifteen years and scarred her for a century; that brought fleets from France, harrying the coasts of England; that stirred up Scotland to disastrous strife; that made Henry V. a statesman and soldier from infancy; that rendered his

father's life a burden to him, and helped greatly, beyond a doubt, to break his iron constitution, to sap his nervous energy, and bring him to a premature grave. This is story enough for a clump of weather-beaten fir-trees to tell; and a pair of ravens, bred in the craggy sides of the Berwyns above, sweeping through the grey sky, are not inapt emblems of the unconquerable rebel at whose very birth, as we all know—

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes."

Such reflections, however, must be the consolation of the bank-fisherman—and he sometimes needs some on the Dee—not of the coracelist. For we are off again, rocking down rapids, spinning round eddies, gliding over strong runs, stealing along quiet reaches. Walls of woodland, still bare but for the faint efforts of the larch, would in summer shut out from us the glimpses we now get of picturesque farmhouses sprinkling the slopes of the high hills, whose summits are dedicated to sheep and grouse, and tower on both sides of us far above all else. Fish have shown no signs as yet of rising freely: we pick up, however, by diligent casting, one here and one there as we drift along. Some come short, while now and again a trout, whom Evan has already counted in the basket, kicks off before it has reached his expectant net. But there has been no sign of a rise at natural fly, and we are nearly half-way down our course, when suddenly the trout seem to awaken to the fact that duns, and even March browns, have been skimming over the surface at intervals for the last hour or so. Or

¹ Also to Sycherth, twelve miles to the southwards, Glyndwr's other residence, destroyed by Prince Henry at same time. (See latter's letter in British Museum.)

is it perhaps that the latter fly has just appeared in perfect shoals upon the water? At any rate, one of those brief periods of activity such as sometimes agitate the surface of the Dee to an extent I have never seen quite equalled upon any other river, set in among the fish. We are not fifty yards from the head of a rapid; the current from bank to bank is running with swift but even smoothness, shallow and of green-black hue from the dark weed-covered rocks that strew the bottom. We both know well enough that during this mad flopping and splashing the artificial fly has rarely much chance till the meal is nearly over. But the excitement of such moments is irresistible and contagious. Evan works his paddle vehemently and arrests our drift; the whole dark surface of the river seems alive with the brown backs or yellow sides or vigorous splashes of feeding fish. A dozen at least are breaking the water within easy reach of our side of the coracle, and after many offers in various directions, one fat fellow of a half a pound prefers a March brown with a hook in it to the real thing. After more summary treatment than is perhaps quite fair upon the thin cast, he is safely netted; but in the process we have been swept down nearer the edge of the rapids, and the spot we are in is altogether too good at such a moment to leave. As the line is clear once more I catch sight of a real monster roll over, far away towards the opposite bank. Fish are still tumbling about all round; for in these mad orgies Dee trout, usually shy enough, seem to care little for your proximity, even if they won't often take your fly. With little hope of catching such a veteran at such a time, the temp-

tation, nevertheless, is irresistible, and in the hasty fashion demanded by the exigencies of the occasion, pulling out as much line from the reel as the little rod will carry, with a special effort and some luck I haply drop the fly on the exact spot. A much more wonderful thing happens, however, when it is instantly seized, and my distant and experienced friend leaps into the air and shows a noble proportion of some fourteen or fifteen inches at least. "Keep him in the watter, sir, or you will lose him indeed, sir," cries out my Welshman in excitement. "Keep your paddle in the water, Evan, and hold us off those rapids till this fellow is on board." It is really a most exciting tussle. "As good as any salmon indeed, sure," said Evan afterwards. The falls are within thirty yards, and what with the attempts of the fish in the strong current to get over them and Evan's desperate efforts to keep us out, the tension becomes something far above the average trouting adventure; for if either the fish or we, or the lot of us, get down into the turmoil of seething foam and sunken rocks, the game is up. The little greenheart, turned out by a cunning old artificer in Llangollen at a price which would surprise a crack London maker, bends nearly double, the slender gut is strained to its utmost powers, as the strong fish again and again has to be checked at all hazard in the strong stream and turned from his fatal course. Twice he is close to the net, which Evan, amid his other efforts, cannot readily handle, and which for me is impossible owing to the current, and each time he bores under the coracle to be again carried off by the swift water towards the rapid. If the gut doesn't break, it would surely

seem with such unavoidably rough handling that the hold of the hook must give, and that would be lamentable, for a really noble fellow is this one, as fish go here. The difficulties are not perhaps quite possible, even for an angler who is not a coraclist, to fully sympathise with, so it will be sufficient to say that Evan at length succeeds, after two or three vain attempts, in netting the prize. "A pound and a-half sure; but mind yourself indeed, sir." There is only just time to drop net and fish together into the bottom of the coracle, for we are on the verge of one of those rapids that require navigation of a high order. These, indeed, to the passenger in a coracle, who has not yet learnt to put his faith in Evan Evans, are brief periods of excitement quite as great, though of a different order, to that of playing a pound trout against rapid water. It was these incidents of the voyage, no doubt, that so paralysed my golfing friend alluded to in the beginning of this paper, that he could not fish. It is not the waves of the rapids over which you buoyantly rock that are calculated to alarm, but the submerged boulders that strew your path and indicate the nearness of their heads to the surface by angry spouts of foam. The coracle, following some particular narrow channel well known to Evan, will seem indeed for the moment to be rushing headlong to destruction on one or other of these formidable obstacles, when with a timely and powerful twist of the paddle we are swung to the one side of it. Half-a-dozen times utter disaster, as it would appear, is avoided by a hair's-breadth, and all too in not much longer time than it takes to tell it.

"A pound-and-a-half fish, sir, indeed sure," says Evan again, puff-

ing somewhat from his exertions as we float out into the smooth water below, and are able to attend to our latest captive, still kicking in the net on the floor of the coracle. Evan proves eventually to be three ounces above the mark; but the rise is by no means over, and as it slackens, the fish begin to fancy not only the March brown, but the February red above it, with almost equal favour, and we have a busy and exciting quarter of an hour. No more pounders, but sturdy, fighting little fellows, such as the bracing water of the Dee breeds, from a quarter to three-quarters of a pound, come one after the other on board. These are moments when it ill behoves the coracle-fisher to allow the wind to kink his flies in the air, or to get them involved in the meshes of his landing-net when unhooking a fish. Time never seems quite so precious as then, or patience so sorely tried in the event of accidents, or nimble fingers so invaluable. But we shall tire the reader's patience with more details of our sport. Half our journey, and more than half, is over. The rocky bluffs and hanging woodlands of Glyndyfrdwy are left behind, and amid more woodlands and wondrous sweeps of mountain we enter the vale of Llangollen proper. Moely-Gamelin and Moel-Morfydd fill the sky upon our left. Clinging to the slope of the larch-clad heights on our right runs Telford's famous road, along which Irish mail-coaches raced in days of yore, and woke these deep valleys with the cheery echo of their horns. Even in this dull wintry weather, with grey skies and almost naked woodlands whistling in an east wind, the prospect from the river-bed is beautiful enough. But when, a few weeks later, it is

all illuminated with the glow of awakening spring, or even yet more, perhaps, when the golden glory of autumn is mantling between sunny skies and broad gleaming river, there is surely, as I have already ventured to remark, in all Britain no spot more absolutely perfect. Enough of our day, perhaps too much, has been dwelt upon in detail, and we must push forward the hand of the clock and bring within sound of our ears the splash of the horse-shoe falls at Llantisilio, where our voyage ends. Though it is two hours from sunset, all sign of life has ceased upon the river for this last half-hour, as is only to be expected, even though it may be April by the calendar, on the wane of so wintry a day. Our allotted course has to be finished, our journey to be completed, whatever the moods of the trout; and as Evan says there are nine-and-twenty in the basket, there is some motive for endeavouring to get one more as we glide slowly down over the wind-ruffled Llantisilio deeps towards our goal. It is no use, however; for here all too quickly is our landing-place, and here, too, a few hundred yards away, is the railway again, and the little station of Berwyn, famous above all railway stations in Wales for the exquisite outlook from its quiet rustic platform. There is tonight, however, no westering sun above the shoulders of Moel-y-Gamelin to illumine this bit of fairyland that so enchanted Ruskin, as he tells us in his 'Fors Clavigera.' Nine pounds of fish, however, though in no way a remarkable catch for a run over this water in a coracle, will at least

suffice to compensate one for the saddest moods that nature chooses to wear. As you get out and stretch your limbs after a five hours' confinement, coupled with a certain amount of shaking in a tub three feet by four, your physical sensations will be singularly opposite from those usual to the close of a day's trouting; your legs, instead of being weary from hobbling over rocks, will be almost numb from an inaction that no ordinary boat would compel. Your wrist will probably ache from having done about three times the usual amount of work; your cheeks will burn from having been in a state of unceasing tension and almost breathless hurry from start to finish. The immense amount of water and the varied scenes that in a comparatively short space you have been through will leave an impression almost bewildering, and which even an intimate knowledge of the river does not wholly disentangle. Floating over the bosom of tideless lochs, wading up to the middle in broad strong streams, sauntering along Hampshire meadows, watching for a trout to dimple the still surface of a chalk stream, clambering up bushy brooks or moorland burns,—all have their special charms and their ardent patrons. But a day in a coracle in the vale of Llangollen is a thing entirely by itself in the matter of trout-fishing: whether or not I have given my readers the impression that it is a thing to be desired is another question. At any rate, to myself the occasional voyages I have made with Evan Evans, and with his successor, have been periods of unqualified delight.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE DESERTED INN.

I CAME to a deserted inn,
Standing apart, alone;
A place where human joy had been,
And only winds made moan.

I entered by the spacious hall,
With not a soul to see;
The echo of my own footfall
Was ghostly there to me.

I came upon a sudden door,
Which gave me no reply;
The more I questioned it, the more
A questioner was I.

I lingered by the mouldy stair,
And by the dusty sill;
And when my faint heart said, "Beware!"
The silence said, "Be still!"

From room to room I caught the stir
Of garments vanishing,—
The stillness trying to demur,
When one has ceased to sing.

Like shadows of the clouds which make
The loneliness of noon,
The thing I could not overtake
Was but an instant gone.

'Twas summer when I reached the inn ;
The apples were in bloom ;
Before I went, the snow drove in,
The frost was like a doom.

At last I came upon the book
Where visitors of yore
Had writ their names, ere joy forsook
The House of Rest-no-more.

Poor fellow-travellers, beset
With hungers not of earth !
Did you, too, tarry here in debt
For things of perished worth ?

Did something lure you like a strain
Of music wild and vast,
Only to freeze your blood again
With jeers when you had passed ?

Did visions of a fairer thing
Than God has ever made
Fleet through your doorways in the spring,
And would not be delayed ? •

Did beauty in a half-made song,
A smile of mystery,
Departing, leave you here to long
For what could never be,—

And thenceforth you were friends of peace,
Acquainted with unrest,
Whom no perfection could release
From the unworldly quest ?

I heard a sound of women's tears,
More desolate than the sea,
Sigh through the chambers of the years
Unto eternity.

And then beyond the fathom of sense
I knew, as the dead know,
My lost ideal had journeyed thence
Unnumbered years ago.

And from that dwelling of the night,
With the grey dusk astir,
I waited for the first gold light
To let me forth to Her.

BLISS CARMAN.

ST BRENDAN OF CLONFERT AND CLONFERT-BRENDAN.

CONNAUGHT, the western province of Ireland, faces the billows of the Atlantic, and is bounded on the south and east for nearly its whole extent, including Clare, now reckoned part of Munster, by the Shannon. It is thus nearly encircled by the Ancient Sea, an old Irish name for the Atlantic, and by the Ancient River—for Shannon is a contraction of *shan*, the old, and *avon*, a river, a name reminding us of that "ancient river, the river Kishon,"—not a solitary example of a certain likeness between the Hebrew and the Celtic imagination. This noble river, rising in the mountain springs of Glangavelin, of which the chief is Leigmonshena, or the Shannon Pot, in County Sligo, and gathering waters from Lough Allen and other lakes of Leitrim, increases its volume by draining the great central bog of Allen, and after resting in Lough Ree and Lough Derg, pours its huge flood, the largest contribution of any river of the United Kingdom to the ocean, into the Atlantic through its long mouth, stretching from Limerick to Loop Head in Clare, and Kerry Head, the northern point of Munster. To the natives of Connaught, which has been for long the poorest, wildest, and least known part of Ireland, the great ocean and the great river have from time immemorial possessed a mysterious charm. In the age of the saints Connaught was one of the holiest parts of the sacred isle. It gave birth to some of the most romantic legends and pathetic songs. It contained some of the best architecture, of which fragments still remain; and it included, as it still does, some of the

rarest and most beautiful natural scenery. One of those legends which early acquired European fame is the Legend of the Voyage of St Brendan the Navigator, called Brendan of Clonfert to distinguish him from his contemporary and neighbour on the other side of the Shannon, Brendan the prophet of Birr. The little town on the Brosna in King's County is now better known by its being the site of Lord Rosse's telescope than as the deserted Clonfert where Brendan's College was frequented in the sixth century, if we accept the figures of the Irish writers, by 3000 pupils.

If Brendan of Clonfert does not rank in the hierarchy of Irish saints quite so high as St Patrick the Apostle of Ireland, or St Columba the Apostle of Northern Scotland, or St Bridget the Mary of Ireland, his place is not much below them. He shines in the galaxy of saints, who seem at first view innumerable as the stars, as one of the first magnitude. There is a fascination in the story of his life which has incited the adventurers and inspired the poets of distant ages and many lands. In this combination he stands alone. He was not only a great scholar and missionary, but a bold mariner and traveller, so that he attracts our secular as well as our religious instincts and interests. Although Clonfert—now a small hamlet and police station in the marsh and calow lands on the Connaught side of the Shannon, about sixteen miles above Lough Derg and a mile from its usual course, which it often overflows—was the principal monastery of St Brendan, and was called after him Clonfert-Brendan,

Brendan was by birth a Kerry man. He was born in 484 at Fenit, a promontory on the north of the Bay of Tralee, where there is still the ruin of an old church. He was about ninety years younger than St Patrick and thirty-seven older than St Columba. His father, Finnloga, was the grandson of Alta, of the race of Kiar, from whom Kerry is named. Hence he was frequently called Brendan Mac Hy Alta—Brendan, the son of the grandson of Alta. Kiar was the eldest son of Fergus, king of Ulster, and Meave, the famous Queen of Connaught, so that, like Columba and other Irish saints, Brendan had royal blood in his veins. He was fostered by Airde Mac Fidach, a wealthy stockowner or *boaire*, who gave thirty cows with their calves as his foster-gift. But from his earliest years his education was undertaken by Bishop Erc, a convert of St Patrick, called the Brehon or Judge of St Patrick's household. Erc had baptised him in Tobber-na-Molt, the Wedders' Well, where the sheep were washed, and placed him when yet a child in charge of Ita, the Bridget of Munster, in her convent near Limerick, where he remained five years. He then came back to Erc, in whose house he began the study of the Old and the New Testament, and necessarily also of Latin, the language in which alone the Scripture was then known to the Irish Church. Already destined for the priesthood, and desiring to study the Rules of the saints of Ireland, he was sent to St Jarlath of Tuam, at his college of Cluanfors in Roscommon. There he continued to read the Scriptures, and wrote out not only the Rules of the older saints, but a Rule of his own, said to have been revealed by an angelic vision as he travelled over the plain

of Enna, in Upper Kerry, in Galway. This Rule was long extant and followed by his monastic disciples, but is now lost. From the many isolated cells and oratories associated with the name of Brendan, it appears, like the Rule of St Columba, also lost, to have been of an eremitical character, but, unlike that of other hermits, to have combined active work with religious meditation. Brendan himself was called by St Gildas, Pater Laboriosus, and is represented holding an oar in early miniatures. He was ordained by Bishop Erc, and so before 512, the date of that Bishop's death, and probably when he had reached his twenty-fourth year. He is said to have also studied in the school of Finian of Clonard, "the tutor of the Irish saints," to whose school about the same time came the other Brendan of Birr, the two Columbas of Iona and of Tir-da-glass on Lough Derg, Rodan, the founder of Lorrha, and Enda of Aran. Probably soon after the conclusion of his studies, and when in the prime of life, Brendan undertook the voyage or voyages which have given the chief lustre to his name. He had refused the offer of land for a monastery from the king of Connaught, and lived with his disciples in wooden huts which have long since disappeared, or it may be in the stone bee-hive cells in the neighbourhood of Kilmakedar, near Dingle, not far from the place of his birth, and under the shadow of the mountain now called Brandon, after his name. The verses of St Luke read at his ordination, as we find them in the Life in the 'Book of Lismore,' curiously varied from the Vulgate and best known earlier versions,—“Every one that forsaketh father, or mother, or *sister*, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold in the present, and

shall possess everlasting life," continued to echo in his ears. They seemed specially addressed to him; for he had a dearly loved sister, Briga, the companion of his youthful studies, afterwards Abbess of Annadown, in Connemara. He had received the call which St Patrick heard when the voices of the men of the West from the wood of Foclut summoned him to their aid, and which often since has moved the pious and fervent heart. His vocation was to be a missionary of the Gospel. Near but not quite on the summit of Mount Brandon, which towers upwards of 3000 feet directly above the Western Sea, he had built himself a little oratory, now connected by a road with the coast still often trod by pilgrims. The view from it stretches over the boundless Atlantic, then bare of sails. No land is seen save the last promontories and a few small storm-swept islands of Erin. There in the silence of night he heard, or dreamed he heard, the voice of an angel from heaven—

"Arise, O Brendan, for God hath given thee what thou soughtest, even the Land of Promise.' Then Brendan arose, and his mind was glad at that answer, and he goes alone to Sliabh Daidche,"—a ridge or perhaps an older name of Mount Brandon,—"and he saw the mighty intolerable ocean on every side, and then he saw the beautiful noble island with trains of angels rising from it. And after that he remains for three days, and again he fell asleep. So then the angel of the Lord came to commune with him, and said, 'I will be along with thee for ever and ever, and I will teach thee how to find the beautiful island which thou hast seen and which thou desirest to obtain.' Brendan then wept exceedingly because of his delight at the angel's answer, and he rendered thanks to God."

What was the noble island of the vision? Was it the angelic land, heaven itself, or the great

continent of the West, which at a far-off date seemed to fulfil the prophecy to so many of the Celtic race? Or was it the Isles of the Faroes and Iceland, where we know for certain the Papas or Fathers of the early Irish Church preceded the heathen Norsemen? Or was it only Barra or another of the Scottish Hebrides where the name of Brendan has been long venerated? We cannot tell. The text of the legend has been corrupted and added to, and is variously interpreted; but the substance of the legend and of the reality which probably underlies it would have been spoilt if the promised land had been known before it was reached, and the mists of earth had not veiled Paradise from human sight. It would profit little to inquire how far fancy coloured even the earliest forms of Brendan's story:—

"The *three* vessels the sage sailed
Over the Wave Voice of the flowing sea.
Thirty men in each vessel he had
Over the storm of the crested sea.
Three ranks of oars had they
For every vessel fair the decision;
A sail of hides with powerful knowledge
In the *three* vessels which sailed";

and his *seven* years' absence belongs to a well-known form of early Teutonic as well as Celtic numerical inventions to aid the memory which already were, or by their frequent use became, sacred. The triad and the septet were the favourites with the Celts. The facts of the vision or dream, and of a long voyage taken by Brendan and his comrades, appear the most, perhaps the only, certain points. What more natural than that one bred on the texts of the Holy Scriptures, which so often, both in the Old and the New Testament, speak of a Promised Land, a new, unknown, beautiful country, and living in constant view of the mys-

terious ocean, which must lead somewhere, but no one knew whither, should, fired by imagination, the desire for adventure, and love of the new-found Gospel, dream such dreams and undertake such voyages? What is most remarkable and difficult to explain in the voyage of Brendan, as it has come down to us, is that the missionary object, though stated as its cause, vanishes as the story proceeds, and the legend is filled with the wonders of new lands and the marvels of nature. Before leaving Ireland, Brendan, who had been incited to the voyage by an older monk, Berinthus, visited Enda in Aran Mor and was encouraged to proceed on his voyage. Brendan, it must be remembered, was not the only navigator amongst the early Irish monks who, living many of them on islands and subsisting largely on fish, must have known more about the sea than their successors. Enda and Breacan of Aran, Molaise of Innismurray, and the other patrons of the western isles of Ireland, and a little later Columba and other missionaries of the Scottish Hebrides, constantly travelled by water at least along the coast. Others pushed their frail coracles of hide or canoes of hollowed trees farther, trusting to favourable winds and daring tempestuous seas. The voyage of Cormac "to find a desert in the ocean" is commemorated both in the poems and the life of St Columba:—

"Thou art welcome, O comely Cormac,
From o'er the all-teeming sea;
What sent thee forth; *where hast thou
been*
Since the time we were on the same path?
Two years and a month to this night
Is the time that thou hast been wander-
ing from port to port,
From wave to wave: resolute the
energy,
To traverse the wide ocean!"

"The Dialogue of Columcille and Cormac in Hy, after escaping from the Coire Breacain [Corryvreckan], and after searching the boundless ocean till he reached the cold region," is the characteristic title of the poem of which the above lines form the first stanza. There is a distinct class of Irish tales called *Imramas*, or "Rowings About," whose contents date from before the dawn of certain history, or, what is almost the same thing, the advent of Christianity. If we accept these tales as a reflex of what actually happened, it is not possible to date the time when such voyages commenced; for they had been made not merely by Christian but by heathen Celts, whose mythological tales, indeed, always bring the founders of their race from distant Eastern lands by sea to Ireland. But of all the voyagers of the early Christian age, Brendan was deemed the greatest. The account of his preparation, and the western direction in which he is said to have sailed, point at least to the hope of reaching a more distant shore than either Britain or Brittany, to which some writers suppose his voyage to have been limited.

The discovery of America by the Norsemen in the tenth century, though often doubted, is now well established. Following in the track of Eric the Red, who had found Greenland and settled there about 985, Biarni Herjulfson, whose father had been one of the Greenland settlers, came by chance upon the North American coast. He was followed by Leif Ericson in a boat with only thirty-five men, who made their way across the northern ocean to a country they called *Helluland*, the flat stony coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland; *Markland*, the wooded shores of Nova Scotia; and *Vin-*

land, the fruit- and vine-growing district of New England. In 1002 Thorwald, the brother of Leif Ericson, again crossed from Greenland to America, but lost his ship and was killed by the Skraelings, probably the Esquimaux. Other adventurers at long intervals continued the same northern route till the middle of the fourteenth century, when Greenland began to be overrun by Esquimaux, and the small settlements of Norsemen on the north and east were practically destroyed. A more southern part of America, whose exact position it is impossible precisely to fix, had been discovered by another Norse adventurer, Ari Marson, to which the name was given of

"Whiteman's Land, which some call Great Ireland [*Ireland hit mikla*]. It lies to the west in the sea near to Vinland the Good, and six days' sailing west from Ireland. From thence could Ari not get away and was there baptised. This story first told Rafn the Limerick merchant, who had long lived at Limerick in Ireland. Thus said also Thorkell Gellerson that Icelanders had stated who had heard Thorfin, Jarl of the Orkneys, relate that Ari was recognised in Whiteman's Land, and could not get away from thence, but was there much respected."

The six days' sail must be an error, but there seems no reason to doubt this passage in the Icelandic *Lauduama Bok*, which is corroborated by other passages in the Sagas. A very ingenious theory has been founded on these by Charles Christian Rafn, the well-known Danish scholar, and Mr Beamish and Mr Dominic Daly, the Irish antiquaries, namely, that the earlier white men who had reached this more southern part of the American coast were Irish, and that Brendan and his missionary monks may have been amongst them, and planted the seeds of Christianity

in the country where Ari Marson the heathen Norseman was baptised. This would be in accordance with the analogy of the case of Iceland, which had been discovered by the Irish monks before it was settled by Norse adventurers. All this, however, is conjecture, and though the name of Great Ireland must be deemed to favour it, the fact of an early discovery and colonisation of any part of America by the Irish cannot be deemed proved. The Irish Icelandic connection certainly did not commence till several centuries after the time of Brendan. It is more probable that the supposed discovery of Brendan, like the Welsh claim of a similar discovery by Madoc, is legendary, though it cannot be pronounced beyond the bounds of possibility. It was admitted as a subject worthy of further research by the illustrious Humboldt, whether the Celt did not precede the Scandinavian in the northern shores of the Atlantic.

The tale of Brendan's voyage in its earliest form tells nothing of a discovery of America or of anything like that great continent. Its chief incidents are the landing of Brendan and his crew on the Isle of Sheep, the Isle of Birds, and the Isle of Vines; the celebration of Easter on the whale's back, which they took for another island; the meeting with Judas on an iceberg or rock, where he was allowed respite from hell in reward for his charity to a poor leper of Joppa to whom he gave his cloak; visits to the island of the monk St Ailba and his silent company, and to St Paul the first hermit, and their final arrival at the Paradise of delights, which was free from all the ills of earth, and which had been the object of their search. We are here in the region of fantastic

romance. Much of the colouring closely resembles the early and in part heathen tale of "The Voyage of Bran, Son of Febal," the poem of Lucian called "The True Story of a Traveller," and the "Phoenix" of Venusius Fortunatus, which was translated into Anglo-Saxon by the writer of the poem of Maeldun. But the facts of St Brendan's life, substantially the same in many Irish versions, and always including a long western voyage as an integral part, preclude the success of the attempt of Mr Nutt to dissolve the whole story into a folk-myth. That it grew into one in the middle ages is equally beyond doubt. Like all good stories, if well told it could not be told too often, or fail to be bettered in the telling. It spread through Europe, and is said to have been a special favourite in Holland. The French *trouvères* and their early English compeers put the story into metre; and a prose life of Brendan is one of the earliest pieces of English prose. It was known in Spain and Italy, and is supposed to have been one of the sources which fed the imagination of Dante. One of its marvels, the landing on the whale, was borrowed in the tale of Sinbad in the 'Arabian Nights.'

A different form of the same legend may be traced in the Enchanted Island called Hy Brasil, supposed to have been lost or sunk beneath the waves, perhaps only an atmospheric illusion like the shadow of the Brocken. The last mariner who claimed to have landed on Brasil was Captain John Nisbet of Killybegs, Co. Donegal, on the 2nd of March 1674, after a most terrible thick mist of fog had cleared away. In like manner expeditions had sailed from the Antilles and the Canaries so late as 1526 and 1570 in search of Brendan's Paradise Island. Of

Brendan's own life there is a Latin and several Irish versions, the earliest possibly that in the 'Book of Lismore' recently translated by Mr Whitley Stokes. The story has a special attraction for poets. It is told in one of the best modern Irish poems by Denis Florence MacCarthy, and in a shorter ballad on Hy Brasil, the Isle of the Blessed, by Gerald Griffin. Kingsley has introduced Brendan in his tales of the Hermits, and Matthew Arnold in a striking representation of the Judas episode. More marvellous than the fiction, if it be a fiction, is the fact that Brendan's voyage and the supposed existence of the western island of Brasil must be numbered amongst the causes which conspired to the real discovery of America.

"On 15th July 1480," says an English chronicler, William of Worcester, or his continuator, "the ship of John Jay the younger, of 800 tons, and another began their voyage from King's Road (in the Bristol Channel) to the island of Brasil, to the west of Ireland. Thlyde [Th. Lyd ?] was the pilot, the most scientific mariner of all England, and news came to Bristol on Monday, September 18th, 1481, that the said ships sailed about the sea during nine months [weeks ?] and did not find the island, but being driven by tempests, returned to a port on the coast of Ireland for the repose of themselves and their mariners."

There are some causes which, though baffled oft, are ever won. Defeat begets new endeavour, and new endeavour at last produces victory. It was from the port of Bristol that the Cabots, the precursors of Columbus, sailed. And it was visited by Columbus himself, who had also gone to Iceland in 1477, and probably to Ireland, in search of information at a time when these legends of St Brendan and the island of Brasil were in the air. One Irish writer tells us

that Daniel Macguire, an Irishman, one of the crew of Columbus,¹ was the first to jump ashore on the American coast; but this, like the statement of an earlier date that the Norsemen found in America a race who spoke a language like Irish, we would not like to vouch for. Yet while we prefer history and its truth, let us not ignore the legendary in history, or despise the power it exercises not only on the imagination but on the lives of men.

It has been maintained by other writers that Brendan not only never reached America nor found an earthly Paradise, but that his wanderings were directed to the coasts of Ireland and Britain. Certainly it is with these, and especially the west coast of Scotland, that he is most closely associated in the names of places, churches, and festivals; and it can scarcely be doubted that he visited some of these places, even if he went farther. The natives of Bute were long known as *Brandani* or St Brendan's men, probably the serfs or retainers of a monastery dedicated to St Brendan; and that island derives its own name, according to Fordun, from the bothy or cell he erected on it. He was the patron of ancient churches on the island of Seil near Oban, Mull, and St Kilda. A tale of the wrath of St Brendan on a money-grubber who broke his day by working was taken down from oral recitation in Barra by Mr Carmichael, to whom we owe the preservation of so many traditions of the Hebrides. The passage between Arran and Kintyre is still called Kilbrennan Sound. There were fairs on his

day, 16th May, at Kilbirnie in Ayrshire, and Inveraray, and in the east of Scotland at Banff and Kirkcaldy. Kirk Braddon on the Isle of Man was dedicated to him; and there was a chapel in Bristol named in his honour. Bristol was in the middle ages the great port of England for the northern voyage to Iceland, and both before and after the discovery of America for the western voyage across the Atlantic. All these are places on or near the coast. It is difficult, of course, to be certain whether they all refer to the same saint, for there was another, as we have seen, of the same name; or if they do, whether the dedications were made during his life or are rather reflections of his later medieval fame. His visit to Columba in Himba, perhaps Tiree, vouched by Adamnan, and to Madoc in Llan-cavan in South Wales, as well as the connection of the legend with that of St Maclou in Brittany, certainly point to coasting voyages round Britain. But as it is impossible to accept the view that his wonderful voyage is a mere myth, neither can the opposite hypothesis be safely held, that it was merely such voyages that were expanded into the great Atlantic enterprise in search of the Land of Promise or earthly Paradise. If later mariners sailed, as we know they did, for long on the ocean to rediscover the legendary land Brendan had found, or Brasil, the Island of the Blest, why may not Brendan himself have sought to gain the Promised Land of the prophetic vision? The whole legend vanishes into mist if he did not brave the greater waves of the Western Ocean in search of some

¹ There was in one of Columbus's vessels on his first voyage, amongst the sailors who died in Hispaniola, one *Guillermo, Irie of Galway*, which has been guessed to mean *William, Irie of Galway*.

less known and more splendid prize than the shores of Britain.

The facts of his life in Ireland, after he had ceased to travel the ocean and begun in his mature age to found monasteries and churches, are better authenticated. They rest not only on the traditionary tales, but on the real evidence of ruins of churches and other buildings. Some of these may still be seen, though none date so far back as his life, and they can only have succeeded those which he had himself built.

It was probably after his return from voyaging that Brendan founded his first great monastery at Ardfert in Kerry, about five miles from Tralee, which afterwards became the see of that county. At a later date he crossed the Shannon and received as gifts from Aedh, king of Connaught, the site of the nunnery of Annadown for his sister, St Briga, on the shores of Lough Corrib, and for himself the long low island of Innisquin in the same lake, where he planted a monastery. It was in this island that his nephew, the far-famed St Fursa, whose story Miss Stokes has told so well, was born and baptised by Brendan. He was the son of his brother Fintan and Gelges, daughter of a king or prince of Leinster, and emulated his uncle in his wanderings as a missionary, though his travels were on the continent of Europe and not on the ocean. Another retreat of Brendan was Inishglora, off the coast of Mayo, where an oaken statue of him may still be seen in the ruins of his oratory.

The most important of his foundations was made towards the end of his life, when about 560 (the dates vary from 558 to 563) he erected the great church and monastery of Clonfert. There is no special beauty in the site, as

there is in the case of so many monasteries. An isolated spot of meadowland about a mile from the Shannon, surrounded by marshes or callows, and probably then, as now, with fine beeches and elms, was chosen for its comparative seclusion from the highway of the great river. The Shannon cannot be seen, yet is near enough to allow its use as a means of communication with the other monasteries on the islands of Lough Derg and Lough Re and the seven churches of Clonmacnois, and as an abundant source of a supply of fish, so necessary for a community which fasted long and often.

The fame of St Brendan attracted a crowd of students, though the number of 3000 is conventional, and has been explained as the total of all his monasteries—an explanation purely conjectural which explains nothing. We must remember there were then no other schools. The love of learning, the fervour of Christian piety, the zeal of missionary enterprise, were powerful magnets to draw the eager Irish youth to a master who had done and seen so much. The Jesuit Campion describes an Irish school in 1570, which was probably superior in its accommodation to that of Brendan in the sixth century: "I have seen them where they kept school, ten in some one chamber, grovelling upon couches of straw, their bookes at their noses, themselves lying flatte prostrate, and so to chaunt out their lessons by piece-meale, being the most part lustie fellows of 25 yeares and upwards." Nor did the early Irish student demand the luxuries of our modern colleges. His allowance was more likely three hundred pence than three hundred pounds a year, which, we hear, is deemed insufficient for the colleges on the banks of the

Isis and the Oam. It is singular that no vestige of the rude cells inhabited by St Brendan, his monks and pupils, have survived at Clonfert as they have at other places of his sojourn. Perhaps they dwelt in wooden booths. The earliest part of the existing church was built at least four centuries after his death. He lived to extreme old age, and died at his sister's convent of Annadown in 577, from which his body was brought and buried at Clonfert. No trace of his tomb has yet been found. Nor, with the exception of a single broken slab, with the name *Brecan* in Irish characters, are there any early inscriptions on crosses. Possibly the graveyard within the ramparts of Clonmacnois was used as the general cemetery; but the same desire to lie near the dust of a saint which still leads many to make pilgrimages and seek burial near the grave of St Kieran, might have been expected to make others resort to the last resting-place of St Brendan. His well is shown at the root of a tree in an adjoining field, and is still occasionally visited, but there is no other form of pilgrimage. We have been there three or four times and never met another pilgrim. On our last visit it was pleasant to find that the preservation of the ancient church is being carefully attended to by the zealous rector Canon Maclarney, so far as the means at his disposal admit. No one who contributes need fear that the restoration, which is being carried out by Mr Fuller, one of the most skilful and experienced Irish church architects, will be only another form of demolition. It is surprising that anything ancient has remained, so repeatedly has Clonfert been burnt, plundered, and destroyed. What may have been the original buildings of St Brendan were burnt in 744 and

again in 748. In the following century it was thrice spoilt and burnt by Turgesius, the great Danish Viking, whom some identify with Ragnar Lodbrog, in 839 and in 845, the year of his death. His successor, Earl Tomar, "a fierce, cruel, rough man of the Lochlans," again burnt it in 868, and was said to have died mad three days after by the vengeance of St Brendan. After the expulsion of the Danes in the next century, the work of spoliation and destruction was carried on by the Irish and Anglo-Irish chiefs of Connaught and of Munster, of which there are entries in the annals of 1015, 1031, 1045, 1065, and 1179. In 1204 William de Burgo, the ancestor of the Clanricarde Burkes, spoiled all the churches of Connaught, including Clonfert. From that time till the middle of the sixteenth century it appears to have enjoyed comparative peace. But in 1541 Felim O'Melaghlin, the chief of the Clan Colman, from the other side of the Shannon, according to the Four Masters, went to "Clonfert and demolished and plundered the great church and the monastery," in revenge for the plunder of St Saran's church in King's County by the three sons of O'Madden, the chief of the district in which Clonfert lies. These destructions must have been partial, or the accounts of them were exaggerated.

No part of the church proper now standing is deemed by the best authorities later than the fifteenth century. But the most interesting portions are much older, though opinions vary as to their exact date. These are the chancel with the east window, whose style is similar to that in St Kieran's church at Clonmacnois; the sacristy with its barrel-shaped roof; and the decorated west porch, which

recalls, but excels in the exuberance of its carving, the greater arches of Tuam and Cashel. It is difficult to avoid exaggeration in its description. Almost every square inch has some variety of ornament. It resembles the intricate and delicate minutiae of the Irish masterpieces in illumination and metal-work, rather than any other fabric of stone. If it sins, it is in over-elaboration; yet the whole is harmonious, and has a good effect at a little distance as well as on closer inspection. Still it is one of the works of architecture, like the Alhambra or the Chapel of Roslin, which we feel it was well to have done once but would not bear repetition. Fortunately such buildings are not likely to be imitated. Mr Brash, the historian of Irish architecture, modestly declined to draw it, and said it could be reproduced accurately only by photography. This doorway is built of sandstone, and consists of six orders of arches resting upon a similar number of jambs, shafts, and piers. A seventh limestone arch was added within the six at a later date, which reduces the entrance from 5 feet 3 inches to 3 feet 3 inches. The whole is surmounted by an acute-pitched gable, which has three human heads above its finial, and is divided by diagonal lines of flat mouldings, the panels thereby made being alternately filled with human heads and foliage in bold relief. There are fifteen heads with distinct faces, though now much worn, which, with two at the lower corners of the gable and the three at the top, make twenty in all. These are evidently heads of monks or saints, and were intended for likenesses of persons, some with and others without beards. We have seen no conjecture who are represented by

them, and are tempted to guess that the three at the top may be St Brendan, St Cainnech or Canice of Kilkenny, and St Barr of Oork, with whom Brendan is said in an old Irish verse to have had a special alliance:—

“The unity of Cainnech and Barr
And of Brendan, both one and the
other;
Whoever outrages any one of them,
The miracles of the others will be
avenging him.”

This would be a specially appropriate trio to guard the door of Clonfert, for the word translated miracles (*ferta*) is the same as occurs in the latter half of Clonfert. Its original meaning was a trench dug for burial, and the secondary meaning of miracle originated from the miracle-working power of the graves of the saints. The other heads may be those of the *coarbs* or successors of St Brendan. The date of the porch is placed by Mr Brash before 1180, during the abbotship of Peter O'Mordha, a Cistercian; but by Ware a century later, between 1266 and 1296, during that of the Italian Bishop John, who in 1296 was promoted to the see of Benevento.

Not less beautiful in its simplicity than the decorated porch is the chancel window, which is composed of a couplet of semicircular opes 8 feet high from sill to soffit, and splaying inwardly from 12½ inches external measurement to 7½ feet internally. This window resembles that of Temple Righ at Clonmacnois, but has two semicircular-headed panels in each splay which add greatly to its effect. Its date has been conjectured by Mr Brash as the latter part of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century.

The sacristy on the north wall

of the chancel is a barrel-roofed chamber with the marks of the wattles which formed the frame for its construction still visible in the mortar. It may be the oldest part of the building. The chancel arch has several curious devices on the piers, amongst them a mermaid, with looking-glass and comb—a symbol, no doubt, of St Brendan's distant voyages.

The recent work has been chiefly confined to necessary repairs; but at a short distance to the north a fragment of what was probably a part of the monastery has been found, and an arch of a lower level, discovered in the sacristy, gives indication of an underground passage, which well deserves exploration and may lead to further discoveries. The bishop's palace, erected by Bishop Dawson in 1643, immediately adjoins the graveyard. In its grounds there is an avenue of fine yews which does not lead to the palace, and may probably have been a recreation walk of the monks, though the trees now standing are not so ancient as to date back to pre-Reformation times. The Roman bishop Roland de Burgo submitted to Henry VIII., retaining his see and obtaining a gift of the temporalities of the Abbey; but the two last abbots, Henry and William O'Gormacan, supported by the O'Maddens, and making prudent compromises with the bishop, held the revenues till 1571, when on the death of William O'Gormacan the whole lands and rents were united to the bishopric. Like several other Irish dioceses, Clonfert had a Scottish bishop in the reign of Charles I. in the person of William Baillie of the Uni-

versity of Glasgow, who held the see from 1644 to 1664, when he died at Clonfert and was buried in the cathedral.

Clonfert was united to Kilmacduagh in 1602, and to Killaloe and Kilfenora in 1834, and since that date has been part of the united diocese of Killaloe, Kilfenora, Clonfert, and Kilmacduagh, in the Protestant Church of Ireland. Its cathedral is still used. In the Roman Church it continues a separate diocese, whose present bishop is Dr John Healy, the learned and eloquent author of 'Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars,' the best representative of Irish Roman Catholic historical scholarship in recent times.

To the visitor who now seeks its remote site and scanty remains of old Irish architecture, the question would be put by many, "What went you out to see? A few old carved stones and a brackish well?" But we may answer, "Nay, rather the hallowed ground where more than 1300 years ago was laid the corpse of St Brendan, the saint who taught the Gospel to a Connaught wilder than the Connaught of Cromwell, introduced it to several isolated places on our Scottish coasts and adjacent isles, and who, if he did not discover America by his daring voyages, set the example to those who did; whose story, if we may for a moment allegorise the legend or interpret its spirit, teaches still that beyond America or any part of man's earthly dwelling-place there is a Land of Promise, which can as yet only be seen in visions of the imagination. 'For now we see through a glass darkly.'"

ÆNEAS J. G. MACKAY.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THESSALY.

"ARE there many Bashi-Bazouks here?" tremulously asked an English nurse at Volo when the Turks occupied the town. "Only myself and half-a-dozen others," replied the correspondent. An upstanding, clear-eyed, clear-skinned young Englishman—in a fez, to be sure, but also in a Norfolk jacket and cord breeches—was not the lady's conception of a Bashi-Bazouk at all. She had never seen a Bashi-Bazouk; probably none of the Europeans who had been making history in panic-stricken Volo had ever seen a Bashi-Bazouk. But they were all quite sure that the Turkish army was full of them, that they were terrible fellows when roused, and that they generally were roused. It was something of a revelation when they learned that the only Bashi-Bazouks with the army were English and American, French and German correspondents—most of them innocent creatures enough. For Bashi-Bazouk means a civilian who carries arms, and the only people answering to that description were the correspondents. The mind of the Turkish private does not comprehend the nature and functions of a journalist. Therefore, "Have you seen the English Bashi-Bazouks with long whips?" "Yes; they have gone to eat with the German Bashi-Bazouk with the black horse." So spoke the more highly educated: the simpler souls from remote Asia lumped us all together as "Bashi-Bazouk Allamanni," under the impression that all men out of uniform who wore boots must be Germans.

We were strange beasts to them. They used to stare at us, if they came on us suddenly, with the

fixed, expanding eyes of a horse that is about to shy. Yet, after all, the Turk's ignorance of Europe is a small thing by the side of Europe's ignorance of the Turk. The Turk's mind is at least a blank; the European's is usually crammed with the grotesque errors. The late war, which otherwise has done no good to anybody, has focussed a good many of these queer delusions, and given an opportunity to certain Europeans of bringing the eye of experience to bear on them. Perhaps the experience is neither very wide nor very deep. But considering the prodigies of credulity and irrelevance which stand to the credit of some correspondents who saw bits of the Turkish army through field-glasses, and many leader-writers who saw nothing at all, there is value even in a pair of not over-sharp eyes and rather less than the ordinary endowment of common-sense. I doubt if any of us who were with the Turkish army knows enough to write a trustworthy history of the war; I doubt if there ever was a war about which it was so heart-breakingly impossible to be sure of a name or a number or a date. But there never was a war of which it was so easy either to be quite sure that the popular impressions were ludicrously wrong, or to be so confident in trying to correct them.

Because the Turks wore sloppy canvas slippers tied on with string, instead of the ammunition boot, it was predicted with the calmness of inevitable certainty that they were a disorderly rabble who could never stand a day before the civilised, disciplined, well-equipped forces of Greece. Because the

Turks afterwards drove these disciplined forces like sheep before them, it was immediately inferred that the Turkish army was a magnificently organised machine, like the German, of which civilised Europe must take account henceforward. From that it was an easy step to the conviction that it was mainly officered by Germans. In spite of this civilising influence, it appeared that the Turks committed horrible atrocities wherever they went. And because it was indisputable that the Turks had burned the rafters of a few mud huts, and looted a chicken or so for the pot, they were once more a gang of disorganised ruffians, who were carrying on war with a devilish cruelty that war had never seen before. In April we were to admire the Greeks for the victories they were just going to win; in May we were to weep for the awful sufferings they had undergone. Why we were not, contrariwise, to pity the impending sufferings of the Turks in April and acclaim their triumphs in May, nobody ever seems to have explained.

The easiest to contradict of these nonsensical stories is that which refers to the German officers. Being the easiest dispelled, it is also the most instructive. Grumbkow Pasha—a colonel, I think, in the Kaiser's artillery—arrived at headquarters on the third day of the war. He was called Inspector-General of Artillery; he held no executive command; he was never in a position to give an order. For four days he sat on the top of the Meluna Pass and gave advice, which, as a rule, was not followed. After that he went down into the Plain and accompanied the force which occupied Larissa—some four-and-twenty hours after the last Greek soldier had left it. He stayed in Larissa some two or

three days, during which time the Turkish army consistently did nothing, and then he went back to Constantinople. "It is better so," explained a Turkish officer, with the charming simplicity of his race; "otherwise it might be said in Europe that our successes were due to him." I smiled. For if there was one man who had a right to be angry at any connection of his name with Edhem Pasha's operations, it was Grumbkow. To make him responsible for the dilatory incapacity which first failed to rout the Greeks at Mati, and then to crush them utterly when they kindly routed themselves—it would be blasting Grumbkow's reputation as a soldier for ever and ever.

So the Inspector-General of Artillery went away to receive an order set in brilliants. And excepting him there was no single German officer, other than the military attaché and two correspondents, with the Turkish army at any single moment of the campaign, from the first action to the last. Then why does Mr Stephen Grant talk about "the Turco-German artillery"? And why does Captain Pirie—a member of Parliament, it appears, so that a few years ago he would have been a responsible person—say that "actually he was told by the Greek artillery officers that they could easily recognise whether German or Turkish officers were training the guns, by the correctness or incorrectness of their aim"? How can intelligent men, who after all were at the seat of war, bring themselves to propagate such absurdities? To be sure, "Turco-German" is a conveniently indefinite suggestion, and may mean no more than that the guns were made at Essen, or that the commander of the battery studied at Berlin; only in that

case it would be neither more nor less misleading to call the Greek infantry "Greco-Austrian," since their rifles were made at Steyr. But Captain Pirie commits himself to a definite statement which is utterly and ridiculously false. Why? Nobody will accuse him of bad faith. His folly consists simply in believing what "the Greek artillery officers" told him. And, indeed, believing what Greeks said is probably the main cause of half the misapprehensions about the war. It is difficult at first to disbelieve what you are told by a whole army, especially when the army believes it itself. But until you train yourself to do this—until you train your mind into such a habit of scepticism that it instinctively disbelieves everything it hears—you are quite unfitted to form a judgment upon anything that happens in the Levant.

Lying is not confined to the Greeks. It is worst with the Greeks and the Armenians, because they are cleverest; but it flourishes exceedingly among Turks and Jews, and all Levantines. There are two kinds of it. One is the ordinary lie, with intent to deceive, such as we know it in the West. Of such lies as this the regal seats are Athens and Constantinople. Athens during the present war was by much the worst, perhaps only because there was most need of lying on the Greek side. Also the liars in the War Office at Athens and at the Crown Prince's headquarters found for a short intoxicating season that the world was disposed to believe them. Consequently the first few days of the war were a carnival of fiction. During the week between the battle of Meluna and the bolt from Larissa, the censorship—for very good and sufficient reasons—was rather rigid on the Turkish

side: on the Greek side, it appears, it suppressed news steadily during the whole campaign. Consequently the War Office at Athens had a quite clear field, and naturally it covered it with Turkish corpses. Five thousand yesterday, seven thousand to-day—when all the time nothing was happening but reconnaissances and desultory artillery duels, and shooting from behind stone-walls across precipitous ravines. Since the war ended the Greeks, curiously enough, have begun the same game again. Seventeen thousand Turks, somebody has telegraphed to a Roman newspaper—you cannot help feeling that this was surely a case for the more economical postal service—fell at the battle of Domokos; whereas in fact there can hardly have been much more than that number under fire at all. But this is after the war; and Captain Pirie himself would hardly believe such stories now.

For this sort of lie is self-contradicted by events. The War Office at Athens got itself found out very early, and nobody gave it a moment's credence again. But there is a much subtler kind of lie, equally unworthy of belief, but far more difficult to disbelieve. This is the lie that is believed by the teller of it. Next only to the concoction of lies the Levantine excels in the swallowing of them. He would not believe a story about money which affected his own pocket unless he first had some reason to convince him that it was true. But short of that he knows no distinction between truth and falsehood in themselves, such as obtains in the colder North and West. With him imagination takes the place of reason. He will believe and spread the wildest fiction, if only it be effective and well devised. If it is what he wishes to believe or what he believes you

division under fire. But to expect the Turkish army to know how many men it lost is to ask grapes of thistles. You can make rough guesses: for instance, after Domokos some 900 men came into hospital; so that, with killed and with the wounded who never got into hospital, the loss was perhaps between 1200 and 1500. On the same sort of calculation, the Turkish losses in Thessaly for the whole war were perhaps 7000 or 8000. But no Turk would ever be likely to put it at anything so un-national. Most would probably answer with vagueness but perfect truth, "It is not known." Others, according as a small or large figure appealed to their momentary sense of the stress of things, might say a hundred or a hundred thousand. Really nobody knows. I suppose there is a sort of roll-call somewhere, but I never saw any sign of the use of it during the campaign. Even if there were, it would be impossible within a matter of weeks to know whether a man was dead, wounded, or only missing. Nobody outside the General Staff knew the country; nobody knew the disposition of the forces. Men lost their battalions by the score, and strolled over the Thessalian Plain by the day looking for them. "Have you seen my battalion?"—the question has been put to me a dozen times in an hour's ride. Of course my dragoon, or anybody else that might understand Turkish, directed the straggler to the last battalion he had met. Ten to one it was the wrong one, in which case the wanderer started off on his travels again, ten to one in the wrong direction. Therefore it was impossible to tell the strength of a corps from day to day; impossible to estimate the losses; impossible to estimate the strength of the army.

In counting Greek losses the question is further complicated by the intolerable national self-conceit, which seeks, now that danger is over, to minimise losses, and also by the frequency of desertions. A man disappeared. He may have been killed and he may have been captured; but it was at least as likely that he had stripped off his uniform and crept back to his home in the back streets of Larissa or a village off the main roads in the plain. His Jewish or Mohammedan neighbours helped him to disappear for the time: he was sent neither to Salonica as a prisoner nor to Pharsala as a deserter. So that the Greek losses are even less possible to arrive at than the Turkish. A Turkish gunner would come in and announce with modest certitude that his shrapnel had that day accounted for 2000 of the enemy. About the same moment a Greek staff officer was commenting to the correspondents on the curious phenomenon that so many hundred rounds of Turkish shrapnel had not grazed a single Greek finger. You can only be certain that the truth lies somewhere between the two—which yet leaves room for uncertainty enough.

It will be inferred from all this that those authorities who represented the Turkish army, on the strength of its easy victories, as a formidable engine of war and a menace to Christian Europe were as far out as they were when they predicted its early collapse on the strength of its beggarly appearance. At Ellassona it was a rabble, because the men lacked boots—which they would still have lacked had boots grown on every tree. At Larissa it was an organisation that might have shamed Moltke, because in the meantime the Greeks had run away from it. In truth the Turkish army was neither



the one nor the other. It was just good enough to do just what it did. It could drive the Greeks before it, but it could not destroy them. It drove the Greeks because it was an army of good men; it failed to destroy them because it was an army of bad officers. It would be hard to exaggerate either the goodness or the badness. The Turkish soldier is the raw material of the finest fighting in the world; his officer is the finished product of one of the worst Governments in the world. Nobody becomes a villain in a moment, but it must be owned that the career of the Turkish officer leaves him very little alternative in the long-run. He is not, of course, the monster of barbarian cruelty which British fancy often loves to paint him. In his demeanour he is a much nearer approach to the British idea of a gentleman than the Briton often encounters outside his own country. Courteous, dignified, often vain, but yet self-contained enough not to be a swaggerer, he has the root of gentlemanliness in him—a secure self-confidence and self-respect. You will not find in the Turk the jerky self-assertiveness which to our eyes mars the behaviour of officers even in the great European armies. He can maintain his dignity without any duello or court of honour. He is quite sure of himself.

You may divide the Turkish officer into two clearly marked types—each, I am afraid, with as clearly marked faults. There is the Constantinopolitan—the staff officer, the aide-de-camp, the officer of the crack regiments quartered about the Yildiz; there is also the regimental officer from the provinces. The first is usually a man of some means, occasionally of great wealth. He gets promotion early. He reflects something of

the cosmopolitanism of Constantinople; he is a man of refinement, talks French or German or both, is quite emancipated from fanatical Mohammedanism, drinks sweet champagne and neglects prayer-time, is a bit of a courtier. And it is just this bit of a courtier that is his ruin. He is insincere, an intriguer, not too scrupulous about money. In the study of their profession officers of this class, especially the younger, are theoretically very well equipped. I saw a good deal of a little lieutenant who spoke of “*les lois de la tactique*” with the same hushed awe as of “*sa Majesté Impériale*.” One of the laws, I remember, was that you must never on any account attack the enemy unless with at least double his force. But I am afraid this well-educated and most amiable officer had not the least beginning of the makings of a real soldier. He had never been out of Constantinople in his life before; he was a wobbly and tactless horseman; he puffed heavily up-hill; he had not the very vaguest idea of finding his way across a country. He could ride along a road twice daily for a week, and not recognise it when he struck it in the middle. To do him justice, he could live on next to nothing, though he was a glutton for sleep. He never did anything on his own responsibility. Although he had no duties to speak of, being merely a loosely attached aide-de-camp to nobody in particular, he preferred to sit about with his friends in Larissa rather than go out to see the battle of Pharsala. After the Turkish repulse at Velesino, when everybody expected another engagement for the morrow, he went off with a relative to a little picnic ten miles in rear. One day I was riding out with him to Meluna, the Commander-in-Chief being ahead, when there came down the pass

a pony with baggage which he thought he recognised. "The Marshal is in retreat; the Greeks are advancing," he said; and without another word whipped round and was well on his way down the pass before I could persuade him even to ask whether his fears were justified. He was a good-hearted boy, and so far as I know perfectly honest and independent. But he was quite helpless outside a town, had no initiative, no power of command. I should not like to say he was a coward, but he was certainly conspicuously lacking in daredevilry and adventure. And he was a very favourable specimen of his class.

The provincial officer is entirely different. He is often penniless, and he is often a subaltern at fifty. But he is generally a brave man; he is inured to a rough life; he knows his men, and they know him. So far he is better equipped for command. Yet, rough as he is, he is generally self-indulgent; he is sluggish and utterly uneducated. He is left a good deal to his own initiative in war-time; he has no field-glass; he does not know in the least what is going on; it is always odds that he will lead his men into the wrong place, and then not know how to get them out again. He is a straighter man than the town-bred officer, and if he says he is your friend he probably means that he would put himself to some little inconvenience to serve you; most of the other kind would not willingly give you a biscuit though you were starving. Neither kind of officer is exceedingly disciplined—the provincial hardly at all, but then he does not exact much discipline from those under him. His men do not salute him, and he does not care. He sees that his orders are obeyed when he gives them; but he usually finds it less

trouble to give no orders at all, and let the company or the battalion command itself.

It would be rather interesting to ask Captain Pirie and his likes what they suppose that officers of this kind have learned from the Germans. Of course we know for a fact that there have been German officers "reorganising" the Turkish army; but we also know—at least the less ignorant of us—that they have been almost heartbroken from first to last, because nobody ever took the least notice of their recommendations. They have left the Turkish army very much as they found it. The infantry, for example, has not the rudiments of fire discipline. You would have said the first step towards Germanising them would have been to teach them to fire volleys; but I doubt if they fired a single volley, otherwise than accidentally, during the whole war. I doubt if they ever formed a firing-line. Their favourite formation seemed to be a kind of mixture of a skirmishing line and columns of companies. Each company as it went under fire spread out behind the last; and the men either fired so high that their bullets went clear over the enemy or so low that they lodged in their comrades' backs. They would probably have been effective with the bayonet, though I doubt if they were ever taught its use. Only, though there were bayonet charges at Meluna, the Greeks never waited to see what they could do with cold steel.

Indeed, thinking it over, I wonder to myself how there came to be any Greeks killed at all. The artillery was good, no doubt, at the beginning of the war; but artillery practice may be very good and yet hit nobody. According to accounts from the Greek side, this was very much what

happened. The cavalry — that hobgoblin cavalry, sticking to the backs of the scuttling Greeks — seems to have done singularly little for the noise it made. The swarms of fierce troopers that everybody was taking about let the Greeks escape from Larissa, from Pharsala, and from Domokos. But why? For the very simple reason that there were no swarms of fierce troopers. On their own showing the Turks never had more than four regiments of 1000 sabres apiece, and even this was an enormous exaggeration. The average strength of a squadron was thirty to forty horses, and I never saw more than ten squadrons together. With deductions for patrols, escorts, and orderlies, I greatly doubt if the Turks ever had more than 500 effective cavalry. Such as it was, the cavalry went to Velestino. And there an aide-de-camp of the Sultan and son of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha found it somewhere about the field, and suggested a charge. He was not in command of the cavalry, nor of anything else, but as he had studied in Germany and ought to have known better, the cavalry obeyed him and charged. It charged in column up - hill, against earthworks in front and flank. It was as desperate a piece of heroism as Balaklava — and even more wickedly useless. The loss in men was not very heavy — there were not very many men to lose — but scores of horses were put out of action, and after Velestino the cavalry was even less terrible than before. As the Greeks, however, while asserting that they had annihilated it, continued to be as much afraid of it as ever, the loss had little effect on the war.

With the Turkish infantry almost untrained and the artillery not much better, the cavalry almost non-existent and the engineers

quite so, it seems a wonder indeed that they walked across Thessaly in triumph. But the Turkish soldier is such a marvel of strength and endurance that he could do sapper's work as well as his own and be none the worse for it. He also did the ordnance and transport and ambulance work — and did it wonderfully well, considering that it was none of his business. As far as I could find out, there was no member of the General Staff responsible for the transport. When ammunition or biscuit or fodder was wanted, a battalion of infantry was sent off with a train of pack-ponies and brought it in. Who found out that it was wanted, who decided who should fetch it, whence and whither, I could find no single officer who knew; yet it always came. Ellassona was distant seventy to eighty miles from its base on the Salonica-Monastir railway: at first everything had to be brought up on pack-saddles; yet it always came. Later, both in Macedonia and Thessaly, it was possible to replace ponies and infantry battalions by carts and Christians. But at first the transport, though wonderfully efficient in its wonderful way, was a serious drain on the fighting force of the army.

Why, then, were the Turks victorious? Were their defects of training and organisation redeemed by any brilliant strategical skill? That least of all. "I think Mushir Pasha nice chap," said my dragoman to me in an expansive moment, and so indeed he was — dignified, kindly, humorous, a complete and perfect gentleman. But that does not make a great general. It is, indeed, difficult to judge of Edhem Pasha's performance without the risk of injustice. We were told — by belated English newspapers — that the Sultan had

given him a free hand. Yet it is certain that he never went forward faster than the field-telegraph, of which the other end was in the Yildiz. It may be that in Turkey, where personal government is really personal, and you will do well not to forget it, that a free hand is not quite so free as it is elsewhere. As a general Edhem gave the impression of being sound and safe, but very, very slow. Perhaps it would be kindest to hold that his soundness was all his own, and that when he was slow the telegraph-line from the Yildiz was tugging at his coat-tails. But, after all, Edhem is a Turk, and the Turk has never been distinguished for celerity in the hour of victory. His pace in pursuit has usually been much the same as his pace in retreat, which is not hurried. Whether it be laid to Edhem's charge or the Sultan's, it is certain that a prodigious deal of time was wasted in the campaign, and that it was this waste of time which saved the Greek army again and again. After Meluna a whole day was lost before sending down the cavalry to reconnoitre, although they had taken no part in the battle and were perfectly fresh. After that, at the so-called battle of Mati, the attack was delayed until Hamdi Pasha's division could come up from Karya and outflank the Greek right. Hamdi delayed, and Edhem waited: a partial attack was delivered on April 23rd upon the Greek right in the afternoon, and they bolted unpursued in the night. Had the attack been made in the morning, the Crown Prince's army would have been smashed to pieces by dark. Even the next day there was no pursuit: Larissa was not occupied till the 25th, and even after that there was no pursuit. Torpor ensued. On May 1st Naim Pasha fought the unsuccessful ac-

tion of Velestino. He fought against orders, and with a force far too weak for his purpose; but for all that the stronger force should have been there—of course it arrived next morning—and with it orders to keep the Greeks on the run. By this time the panic of the Greeks had been checked, and they had talked themselves into self-confidence again. Yet it was not till May 5th that Edhem marched out and beat the Greeks at Pharsala. Here once more defeat should have been rout: that it was not so was due to the incompetence of Hairi Pasha, who should have cut the road to Domokos, and to the incompetence of Edhem Pasha, who did not get his orders obeyed. The Greeks were not even pursued. Upon Pharsala followed inevitably the occupation of Velestino and Volo. But after that—from the 8th to the 17th of May—Edhem did nothing. Bairam was the excuse; but masters of war take no account of religious festivals, and even Bairam was but four days out of nine. The Greeks were allowed to rest and entrench themselves comfortably, and measure off their ranges at Domokos as they had done at Pharsala. At Domokos the Turks paid with the heaviest day's loss of the war for this and for renewed incompetence on the part of their generals. Once more Edhem tried flanking and cutting the retreat; once more his generals were late, and lazy, and insubordinate; and once more he sat still and allowed himself to be disobeyed. There was only one energetic pursuing movement in the whole war, and that was on the last day of it, when Seyfoullah Pasha attacked the Greek rear-guard in the descent of the Furka Pass. But for the armistice the Turkish cavalry would that day at last have got at the Greeks retreating on the level, with

four hours of good daylight before them. And that action was fought without the knowledge and against the wishes of Edhem Pasha.

Why, then, once more, were the Turks victorious? If it was not training, nor organisation, nor generalship, what was it? Simply this: that the Turk is a brave man, while the Greek is otherwise. The Turkish soldier may be badly trained and badly organised and badly led; he remains a splendid soldier. He loves war, and he has a natural turn for it. He can bear without a murmur privations which would kill most Europeans—without even a suspicion that they are hardships at all. He has no more of the Continental smartness than his officers have of the Continental code of honour; but he can keep at his shambling three miles an hour, in heavy marching order, for ever. He can march all day and fight all night, and be ready for a turn at road-making in the morning. He can receive a bullet through the belly or ripping up his arm from wrist to elbow; he can lie so in the sun all day, ride twenty miles on a pack-saddle into hospital, and when he gets there the difficulty is not so much to cure him as to persuade him that it is worth while getting his clothes off. Life in rural Turkey is poor enough and insecure enough to prevent him from overvaluing it; therefore he will unflinchingly face fire which more civilised men would shrink from. And though the Turk—as opposed, for instance, to the Kurd and the Arab—is not fanatical, he still retains sufficient inborn faith in the Prophet and the Koran to believe that if he is shot by the infidel he will sleep that night in the arms of Houris in Paradise.

The very faults of the Turk work together to the advantage

of his soldierliness. If he is the lord of subject populations—which is curiously construed into a crime in him by the owners of India and South Africa—he draws therefrom the consciousness of superiority which makes it impossible for him to run from a Greek. He may retreat, as at Velesino; but he does it very unwillingly, very slowly and defiantly, only praying that the despised enemy may venture down into the plain and follow. If the Turk is uncivilised, he reaps the compensation of it in his untiring body and his unshaking nerves. If he is dull and unintelligent, he is just for that reason the best disciplined soldier in the world.

The best disciplined soldier in the world! It seems a startling eulogy to select for the Turk of all men—the unspeakable Turk! But it is absolutely true. He is not excitable nor argumentative; he is accustomed to the feeling of superiority, and therefore less liable than other men to become intoxicated with victory or insubordinate in defeat. Consequently he will always obey his officers when they tell him not to burn or plunder. If they do not tell him, he is but a man and a soldier in the enemy's country; he will take anything he may have need of, or indeed anything he thinks he can sell. Wanton damage, beyond this, the real Turk takes little pleasure in; his grave and self-contained nature does not break out in promiscuous smashing and bonfiring like that of the Albanian and of certain Europeans. In the late war it was to the interest of the Turks to behave with humanity, and they did it. It would be unjust to put their moderation and discipline on this ground alone. Most of the officers, so far as I could judge, are as humane, though

not as sensitive, as most Europeans; and the common soldier, though he despises the Greek, cherishes no active hostility against the race, as he has lately come to do against the Armenian. But leaving humanity aside, it was the plain and vital interest of the Turk to be on his best behaviour during the Thessalian campaign. He had correspondents with him who would tell the world if he behaved well, and he knew that he had enemies who would say he behaved badly whatever he did. There was an impression—mistaken as it turns out, at least so far as regards Britain—that he would reap the benefit of good conduct when Europe came to have its say in the terms of peace. There was every inducement to avoid pillage and cruelty; but without the discipline of the common Turk, these inducements would have appealed to the higher officers in vain.

But were pillage and cruelty avoided? We have been told that they were not. The press has been drenched with the usual stories of Turkish outrage. We have been told that the correspondents with the Turks were allowed to send no word but what was favourable to the Turks. Wait till they come home unmuzzled, said the friends of Greece, and then you will hear. For all this outcry, I have not yet heard that any European correspondent who went through the campaign with Edhem Pasha's army has felt it necessary to improve the occasion of his unmuzzling by any such stories of Turkish atrocity as seem to have been promised to an awaiting world. The iniquity of the censorship has not yet been laid bare. It is quite true that on the one occasion when I thought it necessary to allude to the want of discipline of certain Albanian irregulars, the despatch was returned, with that passage neatly

scored out in blue pencil. But after all, a censorship is only human, and that, among other things, is what it is for. No other military censorship in the world would have let the thing pass, and only with the Turkish censorship—the unorganised, happy-go-lucky, apologetic Turkish censorship—would it have been worth while to try it. Probably the censor—or, more accurately, the officer who to his distraction was pitched upon as censor for the day—would have crossed out any charges of wholesale incendiarism whenever they were made. But they were not made, because they were not called for.

The Turkish atrocities may be inquired into under three heads—burning, pillage, and worse. Burning there undoubtedly was; and though the sum-total of damage done amounted to wonderfully little, it was more irritating in proportion than any other kind of disorder, because there was no possible profit in it. But to allege, as I understand was done, that the Turks were wantonly burning every village they set foot in, is the grossest of slanders. Going carefully over the map, this is the list of the damage I saw. At Karadere (the Greek Ligaria), at the foot of the Meluna Pass, one or two houses were burned out on the day after the village was occupied. I thought at the time it was done for a military signal; but I doubt whether this was so. The village of Kazaklar, half-way between Meluna and Larissa, was pretty well burned out. When this was done I do not know, as I only saw it in returning. I do not think it was on fire at any time before the taking of Larissa. Neither in Tyrnavos on the day after its capture, nor in Larissa on the day of its capture, was a single

house on fire. I saw only one fire in Larissa during the whole war. This was said to be an accident, and I am inclined to believe it. On the other hand, the village of Deliler was almost wholly destroyed on the night of the fight there—whether set afire by shells, by the entering Turks or the retreating Greeks, I do not know: nobody knows on such occasions. After the taking of Larissa, following the course of the fighting, the village in front of Velestino—Rizomylos it appears to be called—was very badly knocked about: as the place was occupied by the Greeks, taken by the Turks, re-occupied by Greek outposts, and then once more occupied by the Turks, the damage was not unnatural. In Velestino itself about one house in four or five was damaged. About Pharsala there were fires after the battle in five villages—Tatari, Barakli, Sechi, Pasia Magula, and Vasili—but none of them suffered at all severely except the two last. In Pharsala itself there have been fires in, I should say, about one house in ten: when this was done I cannot say, as I cannot remember seeing any burning during the ten days I was within sight of the place. Southwards towards Domokos I saw a small fire in Hadji Amar as the troops passed through it to the attack of the Greek position. During the same fight huts were burned in Krol-Oba and Purnari. The Turks said that this had been done by the Greeks as they evacuated, and certainly they were both ablaze an hour or more before the first Turks entered them. In Domokos itself, which probably suffered more severely than any other place of any size, the example of incendiarism was unquestionably set by the Greeks. Flames were rising from the height before dawn, at three or four in the

morning. The evacuation, it seems, only began at midnight, and I have heard since that an English correspondent, who stayed some hours behind the army, saw with his own eyes Greek irregulars setting fire to houses. It must be admitted that when the Albanian irregulars arrived they followed the example with zeal. I believe the Greeks had begun the conflagration with an old mosque—at any rate there was a charred minaret beside it, and the Turks believed there had been sacrilege. About a third of Domokos was burned out.

The list looks a fairly long one, but the actual damage done was wonderfully small. The ordinary Thessalian village is mainly composed of mud huts, and mud does not burn; possibly the fire even does the sun-dried bricks good. When a village of this kind is burned, it simply means the loss of its lath rafters and the breaking of its tiles—not a ruinous loss even to a peasant. More pretentious buildings, as at Velestino and Domokos, usually only lost their floors and roofs: the light dry wood burned so quickly that in most cases the fire was out before the walls fell in. Of course the smallness of the loss makes no difference to the guilt—if we are to speak in ridiculous exaggerations—of the Turkish army. It is more pertinent to this point that, except apparently Kazaklar, no single village that I know of suffered by fire except during or immediately after a fight. Turkish troops passed through and halted at dozens of villages in Thessaly, and left everything standing. Without multiplying outlandish names, there are eight along the road from Larissa to Velestino which gave no sign of having been touched as late as May 9th. Even what fires there were were partly

accidental: a soldier cooked his coffee near a dry thorn-hedge, and when he went away the blazing hedge spread to the nearest roof. Perhaps all this is enough to show that the accusations of incendiarism have been grossly, as bad as wilfully, overstated. A German correspondent who had been through the Franco-German war told me that the Turks burned beyond comparison less than the Germans.

As for looting, there was next to none of it, for the very sufficient reason that there was next to nothing to loot. People talk vaguely of living on the enemy's country; but when there is nothing left in the enemy's country except green corn and young vines it is not easy, with the best will in the world, to see how it is to be done. A good deal of the corn was cut for fodder, a very few cattle and sheep were found and eaten, and likewise a few fowls. I presume the owners were not paid for this, as the owners had disappeared. But how such looting as this is to be prevented in war-time those who cry out against pillage have not explained. You might as well expect cavalry to "ware wheat" in a charge. Of loot, other than food, there was hardly any on the market at all. I looted a reel of cotton myself in Pharsala, but I saw nothing more valuable about the place. The only two towns where there was any possibility of plunder were Larissa and Volo, and both were practically untouched. "Practically untouched," of course, does not mean that no soldier took what was not his. Every soldier, I do not doubt, was as anxious to pick up something worth a few piastres as any other soldier of any other nation would have been in the like case. I do not say that nothing was stolen; on the contrary, at Larissa the number of

things that disappeared would probably mount up to a good deal. Rifles and bayonets, fuse-boxes, saddles, and camp-beds, of course, do not count: they were military stores; and if anybody has a right to complain that they sometimes came into the hands of European correspondents, it is the Sultan. I do not say there were not other things looted. But I do say, first, that the looting was relatively very little in Larissa, and in Volo, so far as I saw on the day of capture, none at all; and, second, that every possible effort was made to check what looting there was. For the first point, I suppose there were jewellers' shops, curiosity shops, and the like, in Larissa; there must have been jewels and other easily concealed, easily portable objects of some value in the possession of inhabitants of the town. And I am quite confident that if any such had been on the market my most efficient dragoman would have known it, and suggested a deal. But there was absolutely nothing of the sort for sale, with the one exception of a cheap reliquary, probably dropped by its owner. Very likely most of the inhabitants of Larissa took their valuables away with them; indeed I saw several families bringing them back again. But I also chanced to go into one or two houses which had been left almost untouched by the owners, and remained so. In any case, wherever the wealth of Larissa went, it was not into the pockets of the Turks.

When the Turks entered the town they placed sentinels at every corner, and at all the houses that looked likely to invite plunder. Many of the principal shops had already been ripped open and gutted by the Greek irregulars and liberated convicts, whose cart ridge-cases littered the streets. Two or three days afterwards a

swarm of Albanian irregulars arrived, and commenced operations by smashing in and clearing out some shops in the main streets. This ought to have been foreseen, no doubt, but at least the authorities guarded against a repetition of it: while the Arnauts were in the town there was a sentinel to every shop. It was not possible to place a sentinel at every house in the town, and I daresay a good many were broken into, if you can use the word of houses left wide open inviting entry. But I think any fair judge who saw the Turkish officers will admit that they did their best to stop such things. Offenders were never let go unpunished: several were imprisoned, some were flogged, more were informally slashed across the face with riding-whips after the Turkish manner. Seyfoullah Pasha, who was Governor, organised a civil police to help keep order, out of the Mussulman, Jewish, and Christian inhabitants. I regret to say that one of the first consequences was that a Christian was discovered by the Governor himself in the attempt to take up a fellow-Christian's bed and walk. It was not the best testimony to the prudence of the mixed gendarmery system, but I can bear personal witness to the energy with which Seyfoullah thrashed the mixed gendarme. Night and day this excellent officer was always about the streets, and there were others hardly less energetic. In a word, the will to loot—without violence—was present with the Turk, as with all soldiers: it was repressed by the officers, not entirely, but probably with as much success as has ever been seen with any conquering army in the world.

Beyond such military peccadilloes as a little burning and loot, the Turks committed no outrage worth mentioning at all. I saw

one dead peasant, and heard of one other. I cannot say that these were all that died: no one man could see everything that was done. But when a man goes through a campaign, wandering about pretty much as he likes, he can be sure that if there had been much killing of peasants he would have seen more of it. Moreover, it must be remembered that the Greek Government had armed large numbers of peasants, who followed their army as irregulars: it is possible that the dead men had been playing the *franc-tireur*. I saw several disarmed peasants among the prisoners; and they were not shot, when taken, as they would have been in the West, but of course they would have been killed if they were encountered under arms. I never saw a Turkish soldier strike or ill-use a Greek in town or country. As for the ravishings and tortures of which we hear so much when there are no Europeans to corroborate or deny them, I saw absolutely no trace of such. There were not many women left in the Greek villages, but there were some; there were also Jewish women in Larissa, and droves of gipsies hung round the army on its march. I heard of no incivility offered to any of these. Again, this does not prove that there was no incivility; but I think it does prove that there cannot have been much.

Taking it all together, I am inclined to doubt very much whether any army in an enemy's country ever came nearer to irreproachability of discipline than the Turks in Thessaly. Judged by the laws of war set up by the most civilised nations in time of peace, it is probable that a pretty long list of misdemeanours might be made out against them. But then those laws were never rigidly observed by any

army that I ever heard of. For the most part the breaches of them are tacitly and very properly condoned by those who inform the stay-at-home public as to the progress of wars. There is nothing to be gained by informing the public that men who are patterns of virtue and propriety in peace, tend towards raw savagery in war; the public accordingly is not informed. As long as war lasts men will be different in war from their other selves in peace. This may not be to war's credit; but there are quite enough excellent people working ineffectively for the abolition of war already to make it necessary to insist on this additional argument. Unless it had been Turks who were engaged in this late campaign, we should not have heard a word of excesses. Because they were Turks there seems to have grown up a new theory concerning this war—to wit, that a nation which engages in war and is beaten has a right to complain when it suffers any inconvenience that is not with it in time of peace. How universal still is the reign of cant in this country may be judged from some of the arguments of those who hold this new-fangled theory. One writer speaks of "looting" Greek cartridges and cannon. Others cry out because the Greeks are like to lose the harvest of Thessaly, as if war were a kind of hunt expected to bear in mind the interests of the farmer. We shall next hear of war as a football-match, with umpires to blow a whistle if anybody steals an egg, and award the other side a penalty cannon-shot. One authority has already gone so far as to find it merest justice that

the pecuniary losses of the Greeks should be put on the other side against the war indemnity. That the conquerors should be presented with the bill of the conquered—thereby almost inevitably finding a heavy balance against themselves—is indeed a new view of the ethics of war, and it is small wonder that the Greeks should loot their own towns and burn their own villages if it is to be the law of Europe.

To sum up this rambling commentary on what happened in Thessaly, it comes to little enough. It has not provided the world with any unexpected truths either about the art of war or about the Eastern question. A badly led army which will stand up to be shot at beats a badly led army which will not: that we could have predicted. The Turkish army is not a negligible quantity, which nobody not utterly ignorant and crack-brained ever thought it was; yet neither is it that prodigy of modern science and organisation which some people rashly took it for on the strength of its easy successes. The Turk is very much what he was before—a rude, strong, good-humoured, unrefined, half-barbarian man, who can endure, and fight, and obey orders. The Greek is what he was—a dishonest, intelligent, chicken-hearted talker, whom nothing apparently will deprive of Britain's sympathy as long as he quotes Byron and lives in the land of Alcibiades. And neither Turk nor Greek can speak the truth; which makes it the more deplorable that so few Europeans are found to speak the truth about them.

G. W. STEEVENS.

MRS OLIPHANT.

"It has been the fate of 'Blackwood's Magazine' to secure a genuine attachment from its contributors more than any other literary organ has ever had. The same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own personality, though they know very well what is their own share in them, and maintaining a generous pride in the vessel, which would be but a paltry feeling were it translated into a mere self-complacence as to their own achievements. I hope this is being kept up in the younger generation; it certainly was very strong in the past."

In any circumstances these words would have been significant and very touching in their loyalty, as coming from one who for the long period of forty-five years had lent to the Magazine the support of a powerful and brilliant pen, but they derive a new and pathetic significance in light of the fact that that cunning hand is now still for ever, and that the devoted historian of 'Maga,' from whose unpublished work we quote, has been—to use a touching phrase of Lockhart's—"released from all service."

It is no part of our task at this time to attempt to record the full extent of that service, or to enumerate the works that flowed from this facile and always graceful pen. Mrs Oliphant belonged to the race of literary giants to whom literature is an absorbing passion, and to whom its exercise brings a subtle and unfailing joy. To be versatile without being superficial is no common feat, and we cannot think of any more conspicuous instance of its attainment than the high and uniform excellence of Mrs Oliphant's multifarious works. Fiction, history, biography, and criticism poured from her pen in unbroken succession for half a century, and now after a long and strenuous and brilliant career, Death has come to carry her from the Seen to the Unseen—the Wonder of which she has so often striven to probe with skilful but reverent hand—and found her, even as she might have wished, amidst all the pressing engagements, the bustle, and the excitement of a busy literary life. Perhaps we must go back to Goldsmith for a similar versatility, and for a similar genius for adorning all she touched.

It was in 1849 that Mrs Oliphant first essayed fiction, and scarce a year has since elapsed which has not added its quota to the varied and wonderful list. During all that time she has made good her

position in the first rank of our domestic novelists — writing with profoundest insight and tenderest human sympathy with all the vicissitudes of life. It is not many weeks since her last novel was published—a book remarkable for its attainment of the author's highest and earliest standard, for its homely eloquence, but most of all for the singularly beautiful introductory pages from one who, to use her own simple words, was ever “a writer very little given to explanations, or to any personal appearance.” If ever the fair name of ‘Maga’ was assailed, Mrs Oliphant's sword was quick to leap from its scabbard in defence, and accordingly it may be allowed to ‘Maga’ to vindicate the fame of her aged servant against even her own misgivings. Never has the besetting fear of genius that its tide has ebbed been so powerfully described as in ‘The Ways of Life,’ but we refuse to admit of a personal application of the parable, and we rejoiced to observe that the press with generous enthusiasm defended Mrs Oliphant's reputation against the diffidence of her own weakness and age.

It is, however, less as a novelist than as an essayist and critic that we prefer to think of Mrs Oliphant here; and while we are proud that the great bulk of her work in this direction has adorned the pages of ‘Maga’ for so many years, it is from sincere conviction and in no spirit of boasting that we would claim for our charming “Looker-on” the proud title of the most accomplished periodical writer of her day. Mrs Oliphant's critical powers have happily more enduring monuments than the pages of any magazine, but it was nevertheless in periodical writing—the medium she loved best—that she attained perhaps her highest felicity of style. With a fine disregard of fame and in staunch adherence to the traditions of her youth, Mrs Oliphant firmly believed in the wisdom of anonymity in magazine writing, so that few can therefore have any conception of the variety and extent of her labours in this field. Fearless as a critic, she would brush aside what she deemed unworthy and decadent with mocking and stinging irony, while everything that made for the honour and purity of literature would meet with the most genial, sympathetic, and generous praise.

And if the loss sustained by English literature is great, how shall we estimate the more personal loss of a tried friend and brilliant contributor? More than half a century ago Mrs Oliphant, as a young girl of remarkable literary promise, was led by the gentle “Delta” tremblingly before the dread tribunal of Christopher North. “So long as she is young and happy, work will do her no harm,” said the sage,

who little knew that he was addressing one who more than any other was to maintain unimpaired the traditions of his beloved 'Maga,' and to find the crowning work of her life in recording its not uneventful annals. She was already an old contributor when she wrote her first "Christmas Tale" for the memorable number in which George Eliot began the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and that faithful, loyal, brilliant work was destined to long outlive the young and happy years of which the "Professor" spoke, and which, alas! were all too few, and literature, instead of being the joy of a happy leisure, became the unfailing solace of a life that knew many and bitter sorrows. But no grief could avail to quench Mrs Oliphant's sunny optimism and invariable youthfulness of spirit. Though strongly imbued with the literary traditions of the past, she was ever sympathetic with change and progress—so long as the progress seemed to her to betoken good; and her voice was but lately heard eloquent in recording the glorious progress of the reign.¹ And, indeed, among those who have made Victorian literature memorable, Mrs Oliphant must ever retain a very high place; and it is to her eternal honour that, amid remarkable changes in the popular conceptions of social and moral subjects, she ever championed in her writings all that was noble and worthy and pure. In this year of loyal rejoicing we would venture to repeat what was said in 'Maga' fourteen years ago, that in high and lofty example of perfect womanliness Mrs Oliphant has been to the England of letters what the Queen has been to our society as a whole.

She, too, was crowned with age and honour in her own empire; widow and mother, she had tasted the triumph of life as well as the bitterness, knew its joys and sorrows and wearing worries, the loneliness which is the heritage of those who outlive their contemporaries, the desolation that sits with one among empty chairs around the hearth. From the last and most cruel trouble of all she emerged wounded in spirit but not broken, saddened, dazed a little perhaps, but not embittered. In one of her earliest poems, published in these pages, she wrote:—

" My soul is prodigal of hope,
My life doth sit and watch intent
To see some special blessings drop
Whence all good things are sent.

¹ "'Tis Sixty Years Since" and "22nd June" in 'Maga'—May and June.

Yea, of such wishes, giant strong,
Some one or two lay hands on me ;
Hard would the combat be, and long,
My heart from their close grasp to free,
Even though God's voice, the strife among,
Sent its last call to me."

But at the end her soul was no longer prodigal of hope, save the hope that she should soon be set free from the grasp of earthly things. "I have no thought," she said to a friend of many years, who saw her during the last sad days, "not even of my boys, only of my Saviour waiting to receive me—and the Father." When she found that for her the ebb-tide had indeed come, it was with this beautiful courage, serenity, and faith that she resigned herself to go.

No sailor ever took more genuine pride in his vessel than did Mrs Oliphant in 'Maga,' and it was with poignant grief that we received from her a very pathetic message of farewell. There have been not a few instances in our literature of warm friendships between publisher and author: none of them could have been closer and more reciprocal than that which has now come to an end. There is always something affecting in the contemplation of a long life of loyal work—especially when that work is the product of undoubted genius; and if anything could lighten our very heartfelt sorrow for the loss of our lifelong friend, it would be the consideration that it is such friendships that go to preserve all that is best and most inspiring in the traditions of letters.

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A GLIMPSE OF THE LATE WAR.

BY MAJOR C. E. CALLWELL, R.A.

HAVING arrived in Athens on the 8th of May with the intention of seeing what was to be seen of the war in progress, it was disappointing to me to learn that Pharsala had been abandoned by the Greeks, and that, after keeping the Turks in check for several days, Colonel Smolenski had been compelled to abandon the line of Velestino. Still there seemed to be some chance of a fight at Domokos, where the main Hellenic army was assembled. A transport to take the Garibaldians to the port of Lamia was leaving the Piræus the same evening, and having managed to secure a passage, I sailed in this, and enjoyed an experience on board in itself a reward sufficient for journeying to Greece.

For the most part the Garibaldians were Italians of advanced opinions, who had come to fight for an idea. But the corps in-

cluded a British and a French detachment, and the individuals composing these were none the less interesting because they had come to fight for fighting's sake. Among the British were lads whose clean-cut features, clear eyes, and smooth faces spoke of recent sojourn at some public school. The sergeant was an old artillery-driver, a typical British soldier as we know him, grumbling from sheer force of habit often for no adequate reason, but smoothing over every real difficulty with some racy joke or forcible expletive—whichever appeared best to serve the purpose. There were some whose previous record would not, perhaps, have borne a searching scrutiny, yet men who could be trusted not to play the fool in a night-panic. And in spite of the discordant elements of which it was composed, the little band was homogeneous, plastic under the

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touch of an officer in whom all placed their trust. Of the French, many were cultured gentlemen. Here a Bohemian ne'er-do-weel from the Quartier Latin was discussing excitedly the merits of his Gras rifle with a tanned ascetic-looking youth, whose every gesture bore the stamp of aristocracy. There an artist, wearing the corporal's chevron on his sleeve, was with a few deft pencil-strokes sketching a group at cards in his pocket-book. Some were artisans from Lyons out of work; others seemed drawn from the dregs of Montmartre. And pervading the deck in full marching order with his *kepi* cocked jauntily on one side, chattering of outpost scrimmages in the Algerian marshes whenever he could find a listener, the trumpeter, a typical representative of military France, looked for all the world as if he had just stepped out of some great canvas by Detaille. Amid such surroundings the discomforts of the crowded dirty little transport seemed of small account.

Enthusiasm takes various forms in different countries according to the temperament of the populace. In Greece it takes the form of firing loaded rifles in the air. The departure of the picturesque red-frocked Garibaldians from the Piræus late at night offered a rare opportunity for grotesque displays of patriotism, and as our steamer stood out to sea there was a perfect fusillade from the throngs upon the quay. At Chalkis, where the Eubæan channel narrows to a mere canal, a similar compliment was paid on the following day. And every vessel which we passed fired a friendly shot or two in token of goodwill.

On the second day at dawn we anchored off Marina, the port of Lamia where there is a partially

completed pier. At this point one of those vexatious, mischievous delays occurred which betoken want of management. News, moreover, brought from the shore, spoke of a seven days' armistice, and this caused deep dejection. At this place, Marina, now the maritime base of the Crown Prince's army, as also at Lamia, it was obvious that no organisation of any kind existed, and the immediate result, as far as the Garibaldians were concerned, was that they made their first march under a burning sun instead of during the cool hours of the morning. There was, however, at Marina one institution where all was orderly and systematic. This was the German Red Cross hospital, a very miracle of tidiness, which gave the impression rather of some model corner in an exhibition of sanitary science than of an encampment planted down on the sea-shore where sorely wounded men were being tended.

Lamia was in a state of effervescence. No inquiries were necessary to ascertain that the story of the armistice was false. In the square a mob of military and civilians eagerly discussed the situation. Intelligence received from beyond the hills from Domokos spoke of Turks advancing to attack. During the afternoon a battalion and two field-batteries from Smolenski's army marched through the town to bivouac on the Furka Pass for the night, and to press on at dawn. Scarcely had the Garibaldians arrived from Marina when it became known that they were to go on as soon as possible, for there was work for them to do. Towards evening the excitement grew. From every wine-shop revolutionary Italian songs resounded. An evidently fiery address by Garibaldi before the chief

café was received with wild enthusiasm. Unshaved, unwashed, unpleasant-looking men, reeking of garlic, kissed each other in the streets. In the restaurant officers and men were on the tables shouting for Greece and Italy, and vowing vengeance on the invading Turks. This sort of thing is catching, and I retired early, intending to ride on at midnight. But when the trumpets sounded for the Garibaldians to fall in, it was raining as it only can in Greece, so that eventually I did not start till after dawn.

The weather was still dull and threatening in the early morning, but gradually improved. Lowering rain-clouds shrouded the hill-tops of the Othrys Mountains; but the ranges south of the vale of Lamia stood out clear and well defined in the chilly air. From the carriage-road winding gradually upwards towards the Furka Pass the panorama looking backwards, always striking, was now of exceptional beauty, owing to the conditions of the atmosphere. Parnassus and other lofty summits, still capped with winter snow, towered above the crags which overhang Thermopylæ, and above the pine-clad hills which rise as a wall south of the Lamian plain. To the left the numerous capes and islands gave the sea the appearance of a chain of inland lakes. To the right a tangled wilderness of rugged ridges merged into the main Pin-dus range in the blue distance. There is a warmth of colouring in these southern climes unknown to Switzerland and the Norwegian fiords, and not perhaps in all Europe is there greater wealth of scenery than in Greece before the heats of summer have parched up the land.

Along the entire route up to the mountain pass, where the road

abruptly crosses the crest, and where signs still remain of the old frontier-posts of twenty years ago, patches of bright red at intervals showed little groups of weary Garibaldians toiling up the muddy road. Descending on the Thes-salian side, and traversing the upland plain beyond, these groups became one long string of stragglers, which presented a depressing spectacle. Far ahead, however, even of the mounted leaders was the Anglo-French detachment, marching like a body of seasoned regular soldiers, and presenting a strange contrast to the rabble following in rear. There was such an appearance of unreality about it all that it was a relief to cross a final low range of hills and see some evidence beyond that there actually was an army at Domokos. The line of communication of a great military force in time of war should be a scene of bustle and activity. Traversing it, interminable trains of transport impede the progress. Often there will be a serious block where some cart has broken down, or where a load calls for rearrangement. There is a stir affording unmistakable testimony that the route is an artery on which the vitality of a mass of fighting men depends. But between Lamia and the Crown Prince's host there was this day no sign of animation of the expected kind. Except the red-coated volunteers and scarce a dozen waggons, with little except recumbent soldiers in them, there was literally nothing on the road. The sight of extensive bivouacs was a welcome indication that the story of 30,000 men concentrated for a final stand against the victorious Osmanli was not, like so many stories told in Athens, false. There was, however, no appearance whatever of excitement, and it was evident that the expected advance

of Edhem Pasha had not yet taken place.

Three months ago Domokos was a name practically unknown beyond the confines of modern Thessaly. Now that it has been pictured by pen and pencil in the leading European journals, not only its name but its history, its noble site, and the view from the crumbling citadel which dominates the town, are familiar to a whole continent. The first glimpse of Kashmir from the pass by Baramoola is not more striking than the panorama which unfolds itself where the road sharply rounds a rocky bluff, and the plain of Pharsala seems spread out like a carpet at one's very feet. It clings to the rugged declivities like a hill-station in the Himalayas, this quaint, irregular, white-faced little town, and well deserves its ancient name of Wonderful. I had come to look at *fin-de-siècle* war, and was not prepared for such a scene.

Whatever criticisms the Greek military system may give grounds for, there is one respect in which the army will bear comparison with most. Nothing can exceed the courtesy and kindness of officials towards strangers come to watch its operations. Lodgings and stable accommodation are at once provided by the police, as if the mere spectator had an equal right to them with the actual combatant. To find a billet in this petty village, which had suddenly become the headquarters of a horde of soldiers, was no easy task, but those responsible proved equal to it after a short delay. My room, shared the first night with a corporal of gendarmerie, a most pleasant civil-spoken fellow, commanded a fine view over the right half of the Greek position. Being, more-

over, not a stone's-throw from the so-called square, it was most conveniently situated; for this square formed the great meeting-place of military and civilians. Ill-drained, paved with irregular slippery boulders, at once a slaughter-yard and park for transport waggons, it was in itself a singularly unattractive spot. But in one corner was the squalid *café*, where at all hours the *élite* of the officers mixed with the representatives of the press of two continents. This was the place to hear what news there was and to discuss the latest shave. In spite of smells and sickening sights and teeming insect life, one used this *café* like a club, and to live close by was to be on the spot for anything that might occur.

Those who have never accompanied an army worsted in the field, and compelled to maintain a strict defensive, can have no idea of the feeling of uncertainty and doubt which pervades all ranks. This uncertainty was at Domokos aggravated by the fact that negotiations for an armistice were in progress, and that the news from Athens foreshadowed the speedy cessation of hostilities. The position and intentions of the enemy were quite unknown, and but for the occasional appearance of a few horsemen far away upon the plain, there was no sign of hostile movements. The inactivity of the Turkish forces was attributed to various causes. Some held that the festival of Bairam was the reason, others that Europe had intervened, others that Edhem Pasha feared to launch his men against so formidable a position. We hear much of the initiative in books on strategy and tactics, and what its loss means to an army as an abstract proposition. Here at Domokos the evils inseparable

arable from such a situation were illustrated practically and with convincing vividness.

Severe strictures have been passed upon the organisation and administration of the Hellenic army, by critics competent and otherwise, and many of these strictures no doubt are well deserved. The tendency in all countries of limited resources is to build up combatant military units in excess of the strength which can be maintained in a condition of efficiency in the field by the existing departmental services. Battalions and batteries and squadrons appeal to the popular imagination, but intendants staff and transport companies do not. Even allowing for the fact that the force at Domokos was a defeated force, the want of system as regards the supply of troops with food, and the unsatisfactory arrangements for their medical attendance which a visit to the bivouacs disclosed, would be inexplicable except for the fact that the army of the kingdom is not in peace-time provided with adequate commissariat and hospital cadres. The administrative collapse is also no doubt largely attributable to the want of a proper training-college for the staff. The want of supervision and control by higher authority was most noticeable. It is unfair, however, to judge the forces gathered under orders of the Crown Prince by the standard of the great military Powers of the Continent. Neither during the few days of expectation before the final fight nor during the fight itself did I see adequate justification for the unstinted ridicule which has been poured upon an army overmatched.

The weather, which had been wretched for some days, causing

much suffering to the troops in their exposed bivouacs, was fortunately now somewhat on the mend. The narrow tortuous alleys in the village, which had been ankle-deep in mud, dried up. The mule-tracks leading towards the plain of Thessaly, which had been slippery and dangerous, and on which the troops in the shelter-trenches largely depended for their food-supply, became passable for loaded beasts. And under the benign influence of bright sunshine and balmy atmosphere the soldiers plucked up heart, and the *morale* of the army perceptibly improved. The impression was spreading among the rank and file that their position was virtually unassailable. Scraps of conversation among staff-officers, overheard by orderlies and stragglers, informed the men that there was to be an armistice. The bivouacs began to wear a cheery aspect, a visitor being always greeted with respectful welcome. But so openly did the headquarters officers express their confidence in the early conclusion of an armistice, that I hardly made so close an inspection of the ground as otherwise I should have done. The rocky scrub-clad hills were unpleasant to traverse either on horseback or on foot, and one set of shelter-trenches was much like another. Still, in wandering here and there on several afternoons, one could not fail to get a good general idea of the position upon which the Greeks relied, and to note its strength and weaknesses.

Here was an army of 25,000 to 30,000 men occupying a line of hills with a front of six or seven miles. The ravines which ran up far into this rising ground were a most serious obstacle to lateral communication. The right flank, instead of dominating a wide stretch

of level country, lost itself in broken uplands, and an enemy could hardly fail to see that, as far as *terrain* was concerned, this was by far the most promising point to direct attack upon. The position was not, in fact, by any means so strong in reality as it appeared to be at first sight. Fresh troops were arriving every day, and this was undoubtedly a very satisfactory feature, inasmuch as the army was manifestly occupying too long a front; but no amount of reinforcements likely to come up from Lamia would obviate the inherent weakness of the tactical situation arising from the want of lateral communication. And there was an obvious risk of the Turks advancing round both flanks in irresistible force, and shutting up the Crown Prince's army in a trap.

Waiting for the enemy to come on proved somewhat tedious. Many correspondents, thinking that their services might be required at the capital, left Domokos. Each day the prospect of an armistice grew brighter. And after lingering on some time almost alone, I rode down to Lamia for a good night's rest, intending to return at once. However, a proposal to drive out and see Thermopylæ with two friends the following day was too tempting to resist. And it was by mere accident that we decided to take a carriage on the morrow and go back to Domokos, which brought us there towards noon, just as the first gun announced the opening of the greatest battle seen in Europe since the days of Plevna.

The scene on rounding the bend where the first view is obtained of the Thessalian plain, and while following the road terraced high up on the mountain-side to the point at which it reaches the head of

the great amphitheatre below Domokos which formed the centre of the Greek position, was one to be remembered. White puffs from various knolls on spurs below marked the position of our numerous batteries. Away on distant hill-slopes to the right patches of smoke and lurid flames were evidence of the presence of an enemy who respects not private property. Out on the plain Turkish artillery was coming into action here and there and opening a vigorous cannonade. And far away, discernible only with powerful field-glasses, near the road to Pharsala, black lines and patches betokened the approach of formidable hostile forces bent on battle. Whatever might be the ending of the struggle now commencing, one point was already clear. This was to be a fight rivalling, as regards scenic effect, any general action of recent years,—a fight where the commander on the defending side could watch the progress of the contending forces like the chief umpire at a *Kriegspiel*. From the heights of Domokos the crowd assembled on the slopes looked down upon the centre of the Greek position as the audience in the dress-circle of a theatre looks down upon the stalls; beyond the foothills the plain was spread out like a stage.

And what a crowd! Here, eagerly watching the opening of a drama involving the honour of their country and the very existence of the army of which they formed a part, were officers and soldiers of almost every grade and almost every service—troopers on foot and medical officers, gunners and infantry men, all intent upon a singularly stirring scene. From time to time, as a shell appeared to burst effectively in the distant

hostile ranks, this motley assemblage would raise a joyous cheer, and those who had seen it would describe the incident with apt gesticulation to less fortunate companions. There must have been one thousand souls collected, and nearly all of these were men in uniform, men borne on the strength of the military units scattered over the spurs and slopes below preparing to engage in deadly conflict. There was no lack of striking incidents upon this memorable day, of incidents startling and harrowing, dramatic and picturesque. But over the whole area of the battle-field no stranger sight can have been seen than this vast gathering on the hillsides close to Domokos, illustrating so vividly as it did the state of discipline of the Hellenic host. Still it represented only an insignificant fraction of an army which, taken as a whole, need feel no shame on looking back to the chief combat of its disastrous war.

A knoll above the Pharsala road, where it winds down towards the plain, afforded for a time an excellent view over the right half of the battle-field during the preliminary phases, and here several superior officers had taken up their stand in observation. A glance towards the right flank revealed that, even at this early hour, when musketry was only just commencing along the front, our position was already seriously compromised. Our right had fallen back a long way from the position originally intended to mark the extreme flank; and although no heavy fighting was going on at the moment, the masses of hostile infantry, advancing partially concealed by folds of ground, showed plainly that the Ottoman left wing meant business, and that the hostile leaders had

detected our weakest point. Reinforcements, numbering perhaps 2000 men, were marching from in rear of Domokos to act as a support, but the enemy was in great force, and assuredly would turn this flank. The masses of soldiers approaching the front across the plain were probably intended to play a passive part, to create a mere demonstration, aiding the great line of guns to keep attention from the true objective. Holding an antagonist with a containing force, and turning his flank with detached troops, is in accordance with the soundest tactical traditions, and everything appeared to suggest that this was Edhem Pasha's plan.

The artillery duel is a recognised and necessary phase of battle according to the text-books. The Turks, however, did not seem to see the need for this. By four o'clock they had fully a dozen batteries spread out in line facing our centre and right centre, and extending over a distance of perhaps two miles; the greater number of them, however, were firing at the shelter-trenches which fringed the plain, and not at the guns above them. In this part of the field we had four batteries in action, all posted on commanding spurs. There was also a gun of position on a knoll retired somewhat behind the rest. High up, crowning the battlements of the citadel of Domokos, there was another of these powerful pieces. A third—the boom of which had first informed us that the enemy was in sight—was perched on a lofty summit in rear of the right centre, and was firing overhead at a range of at least 7000 yards. The Ottoman gunners were ignoring our artillery, with the exception of two of our batteries which

were farthest to the front. They were devoting their attention almost entirely to our infantry in front line, regardless of the bursting shells which dropped down on them, and which were obviously causing serious annoyance, if not actually heavy loss. Their departure from the ordinary lines of conduct in this respect was very marked, and seemed to suggest that the heavy infantry columns coming up from Pharsala perhaps intended to do more than merely demonstrate.

These columns of foot, which had an hour before been invisible to the naked eye, now showed up plainly about abreast of the Turkish line of guns, and were still in steady forward movement. The formation was compact, and this gave rise to an incident which was welcomed with ringing cheers from the heights by Domokos. Almost simultaneously the scattered Greek batteries seemed to become aware that the mass of hostile infantry presented a fine target, and a number of fairly well-directed projectiles burst among the Ottoman ranks. The result was that some 5000 to 7000 troops deployed in haste, but with a precision which quaintly called to mind the mechanical manœuvres of a stereotyped review. This force now brought up into line of battle was merely a small portion of the host approaching from the direction of Pharsala, but the rest of the hostile centre was still miles away—so far, indeed, that there seemed to be no fear of its arrival within striking distance before night closed in upon the field. Our shelter-trenches were meanwhile a blaze of musketry; the fire was still confined to volleys under fair control, but meant a heavy expenditure of ammunition at long range.

To this the Turkish infantry long forbore to make reply, and it was not till the enemy's skirmishers were within 1000 yards of our fighting line that little puffs of smoke began to show that the dreaded Martini rifle was at work. Just at this moment, just when the signs all pointed to a prompt solution of the question whether there was to be a direct assault upon the centre of the Greek position, the scream of flying projectiles announced that our batteries had now become the targets of the Ottoman artillery. Evidently a prolongation of the obstinate bombardment of our shelter-trenches had become impossible owing to the intervention between the guns and their objective of the Turkish infantry.

The hostile projectiles were directed with fair accuracy, considering the difficulty of ranging correctly which the peculiarity of the *terrain* caused. Their effect, however, was very small. The Turks seemed only to use shrapnel for firing at the shelter-trenches. Possibly their fuses were unsuitable for flight-bursts at longer range. Certain, however, is it that the shells bursting on impact in and near our batteries caused very little damage. But one struck a limber, and created an explosion which attracted general attention; three or four men were placed *hors de combat*, and the battery ceased firing for several minutes. Immediately after this startling episode there came a crisis, and spectators were treated to a spectacle such as the soldier dreams of rather than expects to see.

The Turks were coming right at us across the plain in one great angry swarm. All semblance of formation in their ranks was dis-

appearing. Occasional shrapnel from our batteries, burst far too short for good effect, failed for one single instant to check their resolute advance. Their skirmishers kept rushing on ahead of the general line, and throwing themselves down to blaze off a few rapid rounds: except for this, there was little firing from their side. Our shelter-trenches were concealed by clouds of smoke so thick that it must have been most difficult to take proper aim, for every man who could find a place to kneel was busy with his rifle. The fight developed with a marvellous rapidity. So quick were the changes in the situation, and yet so imperceptible, that it was vain to try to follow or to connect together the ever-varying phases of an operation of war upon which modern arms of precision have practically placed their veto. The assailants, whose fezzes were now clearly to be distinguished, were no longer on foot; they were down on the ground on hands and knees, pressing on with dauntless courage, and looking as ants would upon a billiard-table. Where the plain was patched with standing crops the waving corn announced that these reckless Turks were worming their way forward, concealed from view if not secure from bullets. Nor was there lack of evidence that the incessant rain of lead upon the advancing troops was causing them tremendous loss. Motionless dots upon the sward and figures straggling slowly backwards from the fray told their own tale, and our little group upon the hill noted with grim satisfaction that their intrepid onslaught was costing the Osmanlis dear. Nearer they came and nearer, some in steady progress, others in spasmodic sudden

rushes. Garibaldians, conspicuous in their bright clothing, could be seen tearing down the hillsides into the powder-smoke of our fighting line, bent on swelling the volume of our musketry. A little band of Turks had crept up to a small depression hard by the Pharsala road, within a stone's-throw of our trenches. The moment which was to decide whether the Ottoman chiefs were justified in launching their men on such a venture was at hand. There was a sudden pause. A violent fire thundered from the hostile fighting-line, now not 300 yards from our front. And, well knowing that once halted the enemy would not get across the zone of bullet-swept ground which still kept the combatants apart, I turned to the staff-officer beside me and offered my congratulations.

Once they are involved in the hurly-burly of actual conflict, troops have no idea of what is going on, except in their own immediate vicinity. Their attention is fixed upon the foe in face of them, and rightly so. Still it was surprising to find officers posted on ground commanding almost a bird's-eye view of the scene of action quite unobservant of the broad tactical conditions of this battle. In their rejoicings at the repulse of the daring Ottoman attack upon the centre and right centre—an attack delivered with a mere fraction of the vast hostile host out on the plain—they did not seem to notice the ominous progress of the enemy round our eastern flank. On that side a deep ravine running diagonally away to our right rear marked what would have offered an excellent line for occupation had it been thought expedient to “refuse” that flank. Originally our extreme right had extended into

the hills beyond this great depression, but it had been rolled up early in the day and hustled back across the valley. Now, aided by reinforcements sent to its support, the defeated wing was clinging to the crests overlooking the ravine from our side. The masses of Turkish infantry which an hour or two before had been pressing up into these eastern hills were now mostly out of sight; they must either be down in the ravine, or else, farther afield, were working through the broken rugged *terrain* to strike at our right rear. Had the line now held been from the outset accepted as an eastern limit, and been prepared for resolute defence—even had some batteries which remained in bivouac throughout the day been sent to occupy excellent sites which existed for sweeping it laterally with their fire—it is possible that the great turning movement on which the enemy was obviously intent might have miscarried. But the task of holding the Turks in check upon this side rested with infantry alone,—with infantry already disheartened by failure and by loss sustained in falling back. There was only an hour or so of daylight left, and the Greek right would probably maintain itself till night closed in. But only some great transfer of forces from west to east, before the struggle recommenced at dawn, could save the army from disaster on the morrow.

Strolling forward to visit our batteries, I passed some bodies of infantry posted on reverse slopes under cover. Something in their faces prompted me to speak only of what had happened on the front; and when they learnt—poor fellows! little of pleasure had they tasted, or indeed of hope, since the flight from Tyrnavos—how the

enemy was beaten back with heavy loss, many broke down and could only mutter a few broken words of thanks. The gunners, on the other hand, were jubilant, convinced that they were doing terrific execution: it was a rare chance for artillery, and well-trained batteries with experienced chiefs would have carried havoc among the foe with well-regulated shrapnel fire; but the Greeks made little of the opportunity. Wounded from the shelter-trenches were coming up in little groups, the injuries mostly on the hands or head. Some astride on ammunition-mules passed up, supported by comrades on either side. Others were carried along in blankets. Several trudged stolidly along the road on foot, in many cases unassisted. Garibaldians, who cursed at those responsible for not supplying them with ammunition, spoke piteously of friends struck down beside them when the fight was at its hottest. Unfortunately Turkish projectiles directed at our batteries kept dropping in or near the Pharsala road, by which most of the injured were making their way back towards Domokos, and the confusion and delay ensuing gave rise to some distressing scenes. As the darkness deepened the ugly side of war more and more engrossed attention, and it required a certain effort to climb a knoll for one last look around the battlefield.

At least 20,000 infantry were actually in sight upon the plain immediately facing our centre and right-centre, and 10,000 more must be operating against our right, although not in view. Owing to the great distance, it was impossible to ascertain with any certainty what was going on on the left. Still the occasional flash of

rifles in the twilight along the entire front proved that our western wing was engaged; but there seemed no reason to suppose that any hostile attack would be more successful here than it had been over similar ground against our centre. The scene was singularly impressive as the day died out. Down where the slopes abruptly rose from the great plain there hung a pall of smoke, like the mist which rises from water-meadows on a summer evening. Occasional bright gleams of flame showed that the artillery was not yet wearied of the struggle. Already bivouac-fires were being lighted by both sides, and away to the right the sky was reddened by the glare of burning homesteads. After the incessant roar of conflict a weird silence seemed to reign, broken only by the occasional boom of guns or the neighing of some solitary charger. Nature had provided a grand arena for the final battle of the war, and nothing had been wanting in the action of the drama to mar spectacular effect.

The spot where we had left our carriage had been fixed on as a rendezvous and bivouac. Here, sheltered by a friendly hedge from the keen west wind, we ate our evening meal and prepared to spend the night beside a blazing fire. There was much to talk about, and each member of the party had some strange experience to relate; but a circumstance threw a gloom upon the little circle which the exciting recollections of the day could not dissipate or drive away. Close by a miserable one-storeyed house was serving as a hospital and dressing-station. Here in a wretched room the wounded were being prepared for their terrible night's journey in country carts back to

Lamia. Some Greek ladies wearing the Red Cross, who had driven over the Furka Pass that morning for a picnic, were flitting about scared and anxious, but doing their utmost to assist. Around the door, crouching wherever there was a little shelter from the cold, were scores of injured patients awaiting their turn to reach the surgeon's hands, and others were constantly coming up to swell the crowd. They bore their sufferings in silence most of them, and their faces, black with powder-smoke, looked very grim and ghastly when they were brought into the dimly lighted room for examination. Each man was dealt with very quickly, the treatment being rough and ready, as dictated by the circumstances. The patient was thereupon carried or supported out, and placed with two or three others in a cart, a few rugs were thrown over them, and then the vehicle jolted off along the stony road and was soon lost to view. Happily the casualties were not very serious relatively to the size of the army which had been engaged—the total number of wounded only reached 400. But it was a painful and impressive scene, and if some of those in England who helped with voice and pen to hound Greece on to war had stood in that doorway and looked in, they would have been sorry.

The left had held its ground, so a spectator who had watched the battle from the lofty citadel informed us. But the fires on the eastern hills were plainly visible from our bivouac, and forbade the hope that the Greeks could hold their position long when the Turks renewed their flank attack upon the right. The headquarters was half a mile off, and no one felt disposed to go and see the staff.

By half-past ten the last cartload of wounded had gone, and then we lay down to sleep, prepared for boot and saddle at the first gleam of dawn to view the battle of the morrow.

There was a sudden stir at midnight. A crowd of carts and men and horses moved by along the road towards Lamia. Somebody observed the Crown Prince passing in the throng, escorted by a force of cavalry. Those who had followed up the operations from the start knew what all this movement meant. The army was in full retreat. And in five minutes we were riding along in a great human stream, escorting our carriage towards the Furka Pass.

A very false impression has got about concerning this retreat. Some correspondents on both sides have pictured it as an unjustifiable flight, discreditable to all concerned. This is a mistake. It would be idle to pretend that no errors were committed by the Greeks on this fatal day, to deny that a better disposition and utilisation of available forces might possibly have saved the right wing from what amounted to a distinct defeat—for irresponsible criticism is an easy exercise. But no soldier of experience, acquainted with the ground and cognisant of the tactical conditions at the end of the eight hours' combat, would deny that the night withdrawal from in front of Domokos was a measure dictated by the situation. The army, moreover, was signally successful at the moment in extricating itself from a very awkward predicament. The moral effect of the retreat, however, on the troops was most unfortunate, and of this there was abundant evidence on all sides during the weary moonlight march, in the throng of

stragglers and refugees and baggage-waggon which encumbered the highroad.

Owing to the nature of the ground, at least four-fifths of the Greek troops must have been unaware that the right flank was turned and retreat imperilled. Officers and soldiers generally had good grounds for believing that they had gained a victory. A well-disciplined confident army, when ordered to retire after achieving a success, feels that this is some subtle move of its triumphant chief. But the Greek army was neither confident nor well disciplined. Symptoms of the setting in of demoralisation were now only too apparent. Officers of standing indulged in fierce invective against the staff. Angry complaints resounded, complaints of men who had borne themselves bravely in their trenches under heavy fire throughout the afternoon, who had repulsed the determined onslaught of foemen whose prowess they had learnt to dread, but who now found that their valour had been displayed in vain. From the time when the Crown Prince's forces abandoned Domokos all prospect of their offering creditable resistance to the invaders under any ordinary tactical conditions ceased. The game was up. The Greek troops had no fight left in them when they hastily occupied the Othrys crests,—they were no longer fit to do justice to the defensive capabilities of the mountain frontier granted to the Hellenic kingdom on its first creation into an independent State. The fortune of war had driven the commander-in-chief to choose between two evils—between risking capture in the toils of his formidable adversary and dealing with his own hand the

final blow to the shattered *morale* of his beaten army. He chose the wiser course, and reaped the reward when, three days later, 20,000 men were concentrated under his orders to hold Thermopylæ and the defiles of Asopos, a position almost without equal for defensive strength.

For several days the level land from Domokos to the foot of the Othrys range had been the home of scores of fugitive families from the north, turned nomads through no fault of theirs. The cannon's roar had come to mean to these a signal for a fresh migration. All were up and on the move before the army had evacuated its position. Great flocks of goats and sheep, strings of crazy country carts, women staggering under heavy bundles, small children carrying still smaller children on their backs, dogs snarling viciously at those who came too near their charge, beasts of burden of all kinds laden with the household wealth of abandoned villages—all were converging into the mouth of the funnel which leads up to the Furka Pass. Had there been a panic here, or farther on where the road is cut out for miles along the sides of steep declivities, there would have been a terrible catastrophe. Happily, the moon shone down upon the huge *cortège*, and all went well. By goading our tired ponies we reached the summit among the first, just as day was breaking. Then, as there seemed no prospect of immediate combat, we rode on down to Lamia.

All that day crowds of refugees and stragglers poured through the little town, and as the afternoon wore on vague rumours of fighting in the Furka Pass were bruited in the *cafés*. The remains of officers who had fallen on the

previous day were brought in in carriages, and greeted with the striking funeral observances of the Orthodox Church. An Italian Deputy was borne in on a litter by a group of exhausted Garibaldians. Some carts containing wounded came slowly down the road. A cavalry squadron appeared unexpectedly in the square, and rode off at a swinging trot towards the mountains. All was doubt and uncertainty, and the inhabitants began to close their shutters and to prepare for flight. It was too late to start back for the Furka Pass, but everything pointed to the advisability of a very early start the following day to see what could hardly fail to be the last stand of the Greeks beyond their ancient frontier. As night closed in, however, it became more and more apparent that the army had met with some very serious disaster, and a great portion of it was evidently in full flight. A continuous stream of soldiers, in no military formation, and for the most part without weapons, passed through the crowded streets. The townspeople were packing up their goods and chattels. Marauders broke out into open pillage. At times like this one appreciates the advantages of travelling in the very lightest marching order. Our baggage, and even our horses, came to be an inconvenience, for the best chance of saving them was flight. At midnight we decided to ride off through Thermopylæ, and when next morning we reached the little town of Molos on the other side, official news had reached the place that an armistice was agreed upon. It appears that a considerable portion of the Greek army retired fighting in the early morning

down the spurs towards Lamia, but by that time we were many miles away.

Hostilities having concluded, at least for a time, there was no object in remaining at the front. A drive of many hours brought a friend and myself to Atlantis late that night. Although fifty miles or more from Lamia, the inhabitants were terror-stricken, and prepared to quit their habitations at a moment's notice. We passed the night upon the beach waiting for an expected steamer, and slept as only those can sleep who have spent two nights in succession in the saddle. Then early next morning we embarked on a vessel bound for the Piræus, with a freight of human misery such as, happily, is rarely seen in modern Europe.

The upper deck and waist were crammed with refugees and their possessions to such an extent that there was scarcely standing-room. The lower deck was told off to wounded, whose litters were so close together that in the semi-darkness it was difficult to pass. In the saloon the cabins and the berths in circle round the stern were occupied by wounded officers. There was very little food on board, and a total want of the most ordinary medical comforts. There had been no lack of melancholy and shocking scenes since the afternoon of Domokos. The effect of modern arms of precision requires to be seen to be appreciated; and the spectacle of a whole nation fleeing before an invading horde, as before some awful natural convulsion, is dismal to the last degree. Still, this voyage proved the worst experience of all.

What little breeze there was was aft, and all day long the sun

shone down with pitiless intensity on the half-famished crowds on deck. Jails had been broken open, and notorious criminals had made their way on board. Thieves were caught red-handed stealing from the wretched people, but experienced somewhat different treatment from what a British mob would have meted out. Below, the convalescent and the dying and the dead lay mixed together, and the scent of pungent disinfectants strove vainly with the foulness of the atmosphere. Nor were the conditions much better even in the saloon. By dint of bribery my dragoman had secured a cabin for us. This we shared with an old Danish gentleman who had come out to fight for Greece, but had just arrived too late for Domokos—Phil-Hellenism, when it takes this form, is better than the variety which confines itself to platform talk and newspaper agitation. The approaches to this cabin were, however, constantly congested with patients come to have their wounds attended to, for the confines of the bar had been turned into a surgery. In every available corner there was a stretcher with some serious case. At the far end of the saloon, watched over by the passengers and by all whose injuries permitted them to move about, lay a young girl from a hamlet near the vale of Tempé, who, driven from her home, had joined some guerilla band and had been struck down by a Turkish bullet: happily, youth and the health which comes of life in upland fields were fighting on her side. The heat and closeness resulting from all avenues of ventilation being choked up by the crowds on deck, the smell of cigarette-smoke and iodoform, the throb of the engines and the con-

stant buzz of conversation—all combined to make the place a perfect pandemonium.

After some hours of this it was a welcome change to step on shore at Chalkia, where the steamer had to anchor for a change of tide, and to pay a visit to the 'Daily Chronicle' hospital. Here the cheery, energetic staff were coping successfully with tremendous pressure. Then a night spent partly on the bridge for sake of air, and next morning we arrived at the Piræus, and my short campaign was at an end.

It has been a sad experience for the Hellenic nation, this five weeks' war. The story of it, and of the events which led up to it, form a singular chapter in the history of our times. There is nothing novel in a people whose military institutions are in a state of chaos rushing headlong into conflict,—those who scoff at Greece in our magazines and journals should bear in mind that we did the same in 1854. But the parallel between the United Kingdom before the Crimean War and the Greek kingdom in the spring of 1897 is confined to the question of actual military preparedness. It is almost inexplicable that even the most ignorant of Morean peasants could have for an instant supposed that their country was a match for the Ottoman empire, had the army been ever so efficient. Memories of what sea-power had done for the cause of independence in the days of Canaris and Miaulis may have had something to say to this. Seventy years ago a navy, suddenly improvised on the outbreak of the war of liberation, had triumphed time after time over the Ottoman fleets, and had enabled the patriot bands for years to keep at bay the hosts of a sultan far more powerful than Ab-

dul Hamid. The Greeks did not recognise that the strategical conditions had undergone a transformation. They do not recognise even now that their maritime forces have played a prominent part in the campaign just ended. The idea, absurd as it is, seems really to have existed in many quarters, that their little squadron ought to have braved the batteries which sweep the approaches to the port of Salonika, or to have done something in the Dardanelles. In reality, the Hellenic navy performed the only duty which it could be called upon to do. It commanded the *Ægean* and *Ionian* seas. For descents upon the hostile shores on a sufficient scale to achieve any solid gain there were no men available. Maritime power could not be exerted otherwise than passively. In fact, only the most unpardonable mismanagement on the part of the Ottoman generals could have prevented their victory in a theatre of war like Thessaly, considering the numerical superiority which they had at their disposal. No perfection of military organisation on the part of Greece, no exercise of Greek sea-power, could under the conditions of the case have appreciably affected the result at the decisive point.

Much has been written of the military revival of the Ottoman empire within the last two months, and taking the campaign as a whole, the Turks have indeed done moderately well. But Domokos afforded little evidence of capacity among the leaders of the attacking side, and the course of the battle served as an extraordinary example of misapplication of fighting strength. To overcome an antagonist who holds a position like this, it is imperative to commence the

conflict early, or else the flanking columns have not time to execute their mission. To inflict a decisive defeat, pursuit is necessary, but no troops can at once follow up a beaten army if they have been many hours on the march before the commencement of the fight. Considering the long pause which had preceded the engagement, it is inexplicable that the Ottoman forces were not drawn up ready for battle on the previous day. Greece has good reason to be thankful to whoever was responsible for the disastrous assault upon the centre of the position, for it enabled her soldiers to claim a conspicuous victory in one portion of the field. A hilly, difficult, intersected *terrain* will sometimes prevent the

punctual concentration of an army in line of battle in spite of all precautions, but no such excuse existed for the signal failure of the Turkish commanders to get the whole of their troops to the appointed rendezvous in time. And if this, the greatest combat of the war, can be taken as a test, no trained and fairly well-equipped artillery need fear a duel with Osmanli guns on level terms. But—and this is a point of very great importance—there were more than 60,000 soldiers of the Sultan actually upon the ground. A country which can assemble a force of this numerical strength fifty miles beyond its frontiers upon hostile soil is one to be respected by an antagonist, however powerful.

EARLY VICTORIAN TRAVELLING.

FROM the time when Grimaldi sang "All the world's in Paris," at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, the continent of Europe was overrun annually by English tourists, in spite of the fact that during the first twenty years of her Majesty's reign travelling was in a somewhat chaotic condition, to a far larger extent than is ordinarily recognised by the present generation. On a few well-defined routes there were railways and steamers; on others the means of transport were still those of the eighteenth century. Nor were the new lamps invariably to be preferred to the old. Concerning French railways we learn the melancholy fact that not one of them succeeded in fulfilling the conditions of its charter without Government aid—a failure which not only induced parsimony in the management, but also deprived it of the stimulus of competition. The small river-steamers, called in France by the cheering name of *inexplosibles*, appear to have paid better, although in craft of this kind the tendency seems to have been to subordinate the accommodation for passengers to that of cargo. The discomfort of a passage down the Danube, such as Mrs Trollope describes in the year 1837, when bad weather compelled the whole party to herd together day after day in a small cabin half filled with luggage, and tenanted by several inveterate smokers, must have been excessive, and we can scarcely wonder that the old methods of travelling subsisted so long side by side with the new. For a time, indeed, a species of compromise, by which the traveller obtained both the speed of the railway and the serene privacy

characteristic of the earlier age, found high favour. The carriage of the intending traveller was placed on a truck and attached to a train, and the owner and his friends travelled in it. Mr Dombey and Major Bagstock chose this method of conveyance when they took their ill-starred trip to Leamington, and it will be remembered with what extreme difficulty the Major was hoisted into the carriage when it was "elevated in mid-air." Even leaving out of sight this preliminary difficulty, it would appear that dust and wind and weather must have rendered the journey sufficiently disagreeable, unless the carriage was closed, when a first-class compartment would seem to possess equal advantages. But the reign of compromise was only ended by a tragedy. An elderly lady was travelling in this way when her carriage, by some means or other, caught fire, and the occupant, unable to escape, was burnt to death.

To return to the original and more legitimate use of the travelling-carriage, a vehicle which was of many forms and sizes. Simplest and most ordinary was the post-chaise, the architecture of which may be studied by the curious in the illustrated editions of the 'Pickwick Papers.' To our ideas it seems to resemble most closely the kind of brougham vulgarly known nowadays as a pill-box, minus a box-seat, but provided with an appendage behind called a dickey, in which there was room for two people, and with a roof fitted for the reception of luggage. It was on this commanding elevation that Mr Bob Sawyer comport ed himself in such a reprehensible

manner during the journey from Bristol to Birmingham undertaken for the purpose of propitiating Mr Winkle's father. But far more imposing was the travelling-carriage proper, of which Dickens again gives us glimpses, and not only in his novels. In 'Pictures from Italy' we hear a good deal of the "English travelling-carriage of considerable proportions" which conveyed the Dickens family and their *impedimenta* across France. Its dimensions must indeed have been ample, since it carried the heads of the family, the lady's sister, five children, two nurses, and a courier, besides the driver. We are not surprised to read that when the living freight disembarked, "the idlers press about the carriage, and look into it, and walk round it, and touch it. For it is something to touch a carriage that has held so many people. It is a legacy to leave one's children."

There is something formidable in the idea of such a family migration as this. The carriage becomes for the time a microcosm, containing not merely the fortunes, but, so to speak, the entire home environment of the proprietor. What must have been the effect on France when the blessings and peculiarities of English family life were thus liberally presented to her view day after day during the tourist season? Alas! we can scarcely congratulate ourselves upon the effect produced, for the actual result remains to this day in French caricatures and misconceptions of things English.

In a far superior style did the Dorrit family conduct their triumphal progress through France and Italy. With them there was no question of making experiments as to the number of persons that a carriage could be induced to hold, since the mounted courier headed

quite a procession of vehicles. "Edward Dorrit, Esq.," will be remembered as the gentleman who "was dressed in the very fullest and completest travelling trim. The world seemed hardly large enough to yield him an amount of travel proportionate to his equipment." What this travelling trim was may be seen in Hablot Browne's illustration of the meeting of the young man in question with his friend Mr Sparkler. It appears to have been a compromise between the professional attire of a jockey and the full dress of a Chinese mandarin; and the ladies kept their male companions in countenance by wearing the appropriately named "ugly," a kind of pent-house of blue gauze on wire supports, which was affixed to the front of the close bonnet, and resembled nothing so much as the canvas porch which used to shelter the seaward entrance of a Broadstairs bathing-machine.

The Dorrit family, travelling in the true *milord anglais* style which has stirred for nearly three centuries the contempt and admiration of Europe, might have excited the envy even of crowned heads, if we are to judge from the report of Mrs Trollope, who on her Austrian tour met the King of Naples at Stuttgart, on his way to visit his relatives in Paris. True, his Majesty (who was not at that date an ex-king, but a reigning monarch, and one, moreover, whose rule was a serious reality to his subjects) journeyed like the Dorrits with three carriages, but in these his whole suite was accommodated, and there were "boxes, trunks, and packages of all sorts most uncereemoniously suspended about them all." Anything less regal in appearance, or less suggestive of the state-coaches and magnificently caparisoned steeds

which the mind conjures up when picturing a royal progress in pre-railway days, can scarcely be imagined; and royalty and commonalty alike when on their travels suffered from another cause, the badness—or let us say the uncertainty—of the inns on the line of route. We know that even the great Mr Dorrit was once subjected to the mortification of finding one of the rooms which he had engaged already occupied, but this inconvenience was a mere pin-prick as compared with the more serious trials to which the tourist was often a victim. A good inn was the exception, not the rule. Madame Galletti, writing in our own day of one of the excursions undertaken from her “Home on the Adriatic,” speaks of Macerata, “a favourite halting-place in the days of coaching,” and of the old inn,

“where in former days travellers changed horses, and frequently stayed the night. I do not suppose that anything about it has much changed during the last eighty years, and at that time it would appear to have been as satisfactory a lodging as its contemporaries in other parts of Italy, to judge by various written testimonials to its excellence, which, framed and glazed, constituted the only ornament of its walls. It gave one a sort of insight into the hardships of foreign travel in those days to see how this German prince and that English duchess had not been so comfortable since they left home. Everything perfectly satisfactory. I could not say the same, and yet I am neither a prince nor a duchess; yet we were treated of the best, and charged accordingly.”

One wonders whether these were in reality *bonâ fide* testimonials, called forth by an honest gush of gratitude at the sight of home comforts in a far land, or whether they were due simply to the self-

advertising genius of the proprietor, and penned by the noble writers under circumstances similar to those of an English traveller in Switzerland in the early days of Murray's Handbooks. The gentleman in question, who happened to bear the name of Murray, was surprised and delighted by the goodness and cheapness of the Swiss hotels. Wherever he went the same good fortune attended him, and it was not until his trip was almost at an end that he discovered to what he owed its chief attractions. It was at an inn at which the climax of inexpensive excellence appeared to have been reached that the landlord, bowing profoundly, asked his departing guest whether he had been satisfied with the accommodation provided. The only possible answer was that the traveller felt not merely satisfied but delighted.

“Then may I hope for a recommendation, sir, in the next edition of the Handbook?” As is usual in such cases, history does not record the subsequent conversation.

The mention of guide-books recalls to our mind a treasure in our own possession, although it is rather a souvenir than a guide-book—an Italian collection of views of Rome, published in the thirties. Historically speaking, the views are interesting as showing the extraordinary difference produced in the appearance of the Eternal City by the lapse of sixty years—a difference which tells both for good and evil. At the beginning of the Victorian era Rome might almost have been called a buried city in the same sense as Nineveh; but she was still medieval, and the modern jerry-builder had not succeeded in working his cruel will upon her. But for the purpose of our immediate subject, the chief interest of this old book

lies in the fact that there is scarcely one of the delicate etchings representing the monuments of antiquity or the glories of the Papacy which does not contain the counterfeit presentment of the British tourist of the period in his habit as he lived. The tourist himself, his wife, his young family, his guide, and his dog—we may see them all as the Italians saw them in the days before United Italy was thought of.

Those were not times in which responsible English citizens gloried in exhibiting themselves away from home in costumes such as nothing would induce them to wear in their native place. Edward Dorrit, Esquire, might deck himself in strange guise for his travels a few years later, but the staid tourist of the sketches adheres religiously to the swallow-tailed coat, with its enormous buttons, huge pocket-flaps, and high roll collar, the preposterously loose trousers, bunch of dangling seals, and broad-brimmed beaver hat, sloping outwards from the brim to the crown, in which he would have gone about his daily business at home. In one particular, however, he has allowed himself to depart from the English custom of his day, for he is smoking a clay pipe about a yard long as he sits at his ease contemplating the lake in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. Beside him sits his dog, an intelligent animal, which resembles a mastiff in size, but a bull-dog in its other characteristics. When the tourist is examining critically the stonework of the Oloaca Maxima, he has two of these animals with him; and in the view of the interior of the Coliseum we see that one of them has disturbed the circle of listeners around a preaching friar, and is being furiously expelled by a countryman with a stout cudgel. The

traveller's own walking-stick, by the way, resembles in its massive proportions a serviceable club. It is evident that the owner has received a warning never to go about unarmed, for his stick is his unfailing companion, except on one occasion, when he has exchanged it for his national weapon, the umbrella, enveloping himself at the same time in the folds of a Scotch plaid.

With regard to the tourist's mental equipment, he is not by any means a Philistine. On the contrary, he has a pretty taste in art and architecture, and delights to strike an attitude in front of remarkable objects, and explain them, with the aid of much gesticulation, to his travelling companions. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye. At one time we find him admiring through his eyeglass the details of the bases of the columns in Santa Maria Maggiore; at another approaching the Arch of Constantine with a mighty portfolio under his arm, and addressing an Italian lad, with a view, evidently, of bribing him to dispose himself picturesquely in the foreground of the sketch which he is about to make. But he is not always engaged actively in the service of art, nor even sitting on a stone and gazing entranced at a ruin. He hurries past the Porta Flaminia in a vehicle closely resembling a costermonger's cart, and drawn by a horse which is absolutely leaping over the ground. In the street near the church of Sant' Antonio he capers proudly on a prancing steed, to the disgust of two severe Italian gentlemen in classic mantles, and to the admiration of the lower orders, who are watching the passage of two of the heavy and cumbrous gilded coaches on which, as Lady Blessington informs us, the Roman nobility of the period

prided themselves. But these modes of progression are only adopted when the tourist is travelling *en garçon*. In one of the views of the Piazza del Popolo we see him with his wife, seated in the travelling-carriage of which we have already spoken, and which is like nothing so much as a huge cradle mounted on two very large wheels and two very small ones, and drawn by a pair of frisky dray-horses.

Of the tourist's wife—his "lady," if we are to adopt the phraseology of the time—we are vouchsafed several glimpses. We know her appearance well in this Diamond Jubilee year, for she wears the garments which a misguided loyalty seeks to cause us to admire, merely because they were the fashion sixty years ago. How frequently of late has her spreading bonnet, decorated at its extreme summit with a huge bunch of ostrich feathers, been forced upon our gaze! although we have seen less of attempts to revive the short-skirted, short-waisted dress, low in the neck, balloonlike in the sleeves, and adorned with a single band of trimming about a foot from the hem. Inadequate as this garb must have proved in the way of protection from the weather, the lady's shawl is never by any chance about her shoulders. It drapes her waist at the back, and is held on by her elbows in some extraordinary manner, which is almost as much of a mystery as the reason for wearing a shawl in such a position at all. In her hand she generally carries a reticule; but in one picture she retains forcible hold of a small boy, whose dress closely resembles his father's, and in another of a little girl, in a close bonnet and a frock that reaches to the ground. Nor is it only over her children that this virtu-

ous matron exercises a judicious control, for we see her prudently restraining her husband from bestowing a coin on a begging friar, whose expression suggests that he is not muttering a blessing as he passes on disappointed. But there are some members of the party who seem to elude her vigilance now and then, probably on some of the many occasions on which she feels bound to accompany her husband to places of interest which do not appeal to her, and to hear him, with right arm outstretched, discourse on architecture and history. We feel convinced that when he is hurrying her through the Piazza del Popolo to look at the Luxor obelisk, at such a pace that the dog can scarcely keep up with them, and she is looking round anxiously, she is wondering what has become of dear Arabella and that young Mr Smith. Nay, more, we know what has happened to the truants, for in the view of the approach to the Pincian we find portrayed a love-scene, which, from the unusual prominence given to the figures, must have impressed the Italian artist deeply. The two young people, who have in some way become separated from their respective parties, are seated upon a low wall, the lady, in diaphanous robes and a beribboned hat large enough for an umbrella, raising her fan coyly to shield her face, the gentleman laying one hand on his heart and extending the other in impassioned entreaty. We meet them again later. Once they are entering arm-in-arm the Piazza of St Peter, and once Mr Smith is buying Arabella a fan from the elegant person who presides over a stall of small wares under the shadow of the temple of Marcus Aurelius (was the original fan broken in the agitation of that moment on the Pincian, we won-

der?); and we come to the conclusion that matters have arranged themselves satisfactorily.

Personally-conducted tours were as well known, although perhaps not quite so frequent, as they are to-day. They did not, it is true, assume the semblance of a University Extension Summer Meeting, such as is now produced by the appearance at inopportune moments of learned professors who lecture, celebrated authors who read passages from their own works, and noted vocalists who provide the music necessary to soothe the savage breast of the traveller; but they answered the same important purpose of setting the tourist free from carking care respecting food and lodging, and leaving his mind at leisure to profit by the wisdom of the official guide of the expedition. Dickens met one of these travelling-parties during his sojourn at Rome, and they seem to have been a method of journeying much affected by Americans. A cheerful little work, the result of such a tour, gives a good deal of information in a readable way as to the Russia of 1848. Passing through Sweden on his way to Russia, the author quotes the general opinion of the time that the morality of the Swedes was at a very low ebb compared with that of the Norwegians. Thanks to Ibsen and his translators, we are not blinded nowadays by any illusion as to the superior morals of Norway. Of the disagreeables connected with the customs examination at Cronstadt we have a feeling account, which is corroborated by Miss Rigby, afterwards Lady Eastlake, in her 'Letters from the Baltic.' It must have been a truly harrowing experience to see two or three soldiers break

spill the ink, mix up wax, wafers, and water-colours, shake the letters out of your blotting-book for you to pick up, ransack the secret drawer, and finally cram everything back in the wrong place, break the lid in trying to shut it, and restore you your property. But this was not the worst. We have a thrilling tale of a beautiful Boston girl who had the temerity to come to visit relations in St Petersburg without a passport. She was detained at Cronstadt, and guarded by soldiers, without whom she was not allowed to stir abroad. In the true spirit of the American girl, she contrived to "have a good time" even under these circumstances, and made friends and paid calls, always escorted by her bodyguard, until the United States Minister procured her release. Curiously enough, Miss Rigby also was attended by a military guard during her stay in St Petersburg; but her soldier was detailed for the duty as a mark of special favour, and made himself useful in running her errands.

It was not every foreigner to whom the ruling powers were so propitious as in Miss Rigby's case.

"Smoking in the streets," says the same author, "is strictly prohibited. The Emperor, while walking one day, met a Frenchman smoking a cigar. He approached, and asked him if he was not aware that it was contrary to the law to smoke in the streets. The Gaul, not knowing by whom he was addressed, replied that he had been in the habit of smoking in the streets of Paris, and did not know why he should not do so in the streets of any other city. The Emperor, who detests a Frenchman, left him, and, proceeding to the *boutka* or station of a policeman near at hand, gave directions to the *boutouschnik* as to the disposition of the smoker. The latter was immediately placed

by force in a *kibitka*, which is a small waggon without springs of any kind, and bounced over a thousand miles of rough road to the Turkish frontier, where he was dismissed with permission to follow the Parisian fashions."

Travelling, even under more favourable circumstances than those of the injudicious Frenchman, was not an adventure to be entered upon lightly in the empire of the Czar. The carriage belonging to the party was thought to be too frail for the roads, and they therefore intrusted themselves to the tender mercies of the driver of a *telega*, which the author describes as a "long, cradle-shaped and clumsy waggon, with a cover over the hinder part and a leather apron in front." Seated upon the straw laid at the bottom of the vehicle, it was not long before the passengers had reason to perceive feelingly that Russian roads were not macadamised. The ordinary highway had been ploughed by innumerable wheels from time immemorial, and never repaired; but the *telega*, with its four horses harnessed abreast, bumped and thumped over all the inequalities, without regard to its own injuries or those of the tourists, who compared their misery with the tolerable comfort of more experienced travellers, who had been wise enough to fit up their *telegas* with spring mattresses and down pillows. Matters were somewhat better when the vehicle was replaced by a boat for the voyage down the Volga, although the craft was a primitive one. It had a high prow like a classic galley; but it was open from stem to stern, and a shed covered with matting was erected for the accommodation of the passengers. This journey was performed in summer; but Miss Rigby was bold

enough to undertake a sledge-ride from St Petersburg to Reval in mid-winter, and there seems to have been little to choose in the way of comfort between the sledge and the *telega*. One night was spent at a wretched post-house, the description of which recalls the Siberian experiences of an adventurous lady of our own day. For another night Miss Rigby had received an urgent invitation to a country-house, which she accepted, thinking, probably, that the accommodation could not be worse than that of the post-house—although she might have been warned by her recollection of a former sojourn in a Russian family, when she was invited to make her choice among the eight rooms, all more or less occupied, of the *appartement*, and found herself obliged to camp behind screens in a corner of the dining-room. Here, however, her troubles were of a different kind. Arriving at the house tired and ill, she was immediately seized upon by her entertainers, and subjected to a continuous fire of questions until late at night. This laudable desire for information was not unjustified, since the author we quoted last was scandalised to find that it was the general belief in Russia that all Americans were black; but Miss Rigby did not feel called upon to undertake the task of diffusing useful knowledge among the provincial nobility, and she was ungrateful enough to resent the attention when her hosts countermanded her sledge, with the intention of inducing her to remain another night with them.

We constantly find abundant evidence of the fact, so painful to the sensibilities of the true cosmopolitan, that the English abroad were prone even then to consider their own country and its inhab-

itants as examples to all other nations. "One of the great advantages which English people are sure to find in coming abroad," says the condescending Mrs Roberts in Mrs Trollope's novel, 'The Robertses on their Travels,' "arises from their being themselves in every way so superior." But Mrs Trollope herself rises above this patriotic weakness. She turns her book on Austria into a defence of the paternal tyranny of Francis I. and Metternich, with a readiness which may in part be accounted for by the kindness with which she was welcomed into Vienna society. True, she doubts whether the Government policy of encouraging gaiety among the people in order to leave them no time for discontent is altogether sound, and ventures a mild protest against the restrictions placed on intercourse with foreign countries; but on the subject of the disadvantages of a free press and of representative institutions she is as strong as the most stalwart reactionary could desire.

The first seventeen years of the Victorian era were times of great interest for the intelligent traveller. In almost every Continental country the underground forces of discontent were seething and bubbling under the crust of despotism which held them down. The long Peace was shortly to end in war, and the clock which had been set back at the Congress of Vienna would before long indicate the progress of time in spite of alliances holy and unholy. Paris was a hotbed of conspiracy, in which the foreign residents were almost as deeply involved as the French themselves. As the traveller turned his steps eastwards (and the East in those days began at Belgrade) the subterranean mutterings became more

and more distinct, until at Constantinople he might be said to stand on the slope of a volcano, at the brink of which one man was striving with might and main to avert the threatened eruption. The history of Eastern Europe for this period is the history of the duel between the "divine figure of the North" and the British ambassador at Constantinople, the one straining every nerve to hold the Turkish empire together, the other watching for any opportunity of dismembering it.

Of the travelling Briton's opinion of Sir Stratford Canning we find traces in almost every record of the time: he dominates the East to far more purpose than the Sultan. His imperial opponent is also drawn for us, and that by the hand of Thackeray, who uses language which would be considered nowadays as calculated to break up the European Concert. But "this butcher and tyrant, who sits on his throne only through the crime of those who held it before him, every step in whose pedigree is stained by some horrible mark of murder, parricide, adultery — this padded and whiskered pontiff, who rules in his jack-boots over a system of spies and soldiers, of deceit, ignorance, dissoluteness, and brute force, such as surely the history of the world never told of before" — had met his match in the Great Elchi, and one of their most dramatic combats terminated in an incident which has a direct bearing upon our subject. In 1849 Canning had instilled into the Turkish Government enough of his own undaunted spirit to induce the Sultan and his advisers to refuse the demand of Russia and Austria for the surrender of Kossuth and the other Hungarian exiles who had taken refuge upon Turkish soil. The

surrender was refused, the ambassador pledging his Government to sustain the Porte by force of arms if necessary; and then ensued a dreadful pause, while the two Emperors were waiting to see whether England would indorse the action of her representative. Even when we realise the absence of telegraphic communication, it seems extraordinary to find that nearly six weeks elapsed before an answer could be received from the British Cabinet. In those days the bearer of despatches to Constantinople was wont, as did the late Sir John Drummond Hay on one occasion, to cross to France, buy a carriage at Calais, travel in it to Marseilles, sell it there, and take ship for the East. But this time an additional messenger was sent overland by Vienna, for the sake of setting Canning's mind at rest the sooner, and Captain Townley was informed that he was "not to spare himself, nor others." "This royal messenger," says the biographer of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "left Belgrade on 20th October; rode unrelieved the whole 820 miles to Constantinople, accompanied by a gallant Tartar guide; spent three days and nights in the saddle without intermission, in spite of the reopening of an old musket-wound; and finally reached Constantinople 26th October, thirty-three hours before the Austrian despatches, which had passed him at Belgrade." The ambassador's action was vindicated, and Russia and Austria withdrew their demand, "in deference to the pronounced expression of public feeling in England."

It was an age of survivals. Prior to a visit paid to Constantinople, Lord Carlisle had touched at Athens, where he saw in her old age Byron's *Maid of Athens*, a

respectable matron with grown-up children. Mrs Trollope at Aix made use of the services of a guide who had performed the same office for the Empress Josephine; while at Salzburg she saw the fallen Marie Louise in person. Lord Stratford himself had played no unimportant part at the Congress of Vienna; and we learn from Dr Wolff's travels that the governor of Gibraltar, whom Thackeray has depicted for us as sleeping with the huge key of the fortress ("you may see the very identical one in Reynolds's portrait of Lord Heathfield") peeping out from under his bolster, was the Sir Robert Wilson who had assisted in bringing about the escape of Lavalette.

Is it only the glamour cast by the light of long ago that makes the early Victorian era appear so interesting to us—mingling, as it does, the charms of history and of personal reminiscence? or was it in truth a more romantic and less commonplace age than our own? It is true that its own writers did not think highly of it. Tennyson has left us a scathing indictment of the results of the Forty Years' Peace; Carlyle in his fiercest diatribes, no less than Kingsley in his poems and his earliest novel, paints for us a society devoted merely to money-getting, illuminated by scarcely a ray of self-sacrifice or aspiration; but there are people who can see nothing in the world of to-day but Liberator frauds and Kaffir circuses. Who knows but that the late Victorian era may appear to the observers of sixty years hence as teeming with the elements of romance? One difference, however, we cannot but notice between the world of 1837 and that of 1897—the difference in the fashionable spirit. As we remarked when discussing the fiction of the earlier date, the influence of Byron was

still supreme, and it is seen no less in contemporary books of travel. In those days a man betook himself to the East in the full intention of experiencing and recording Byronic states of mind; and as he did his best to look at all he saw from a Byronic point of view, it is not surprising that he generally succeeded—or that at least, as he went with an open mind, so he set down with a flowing pen the sensations which he knew that he ought to have felt. In our day these sensations would be roughly summarised under the two heads of “shop” and “gush,” and rigorously excluded from the printed page. This was the spirit in which the lordly Greville undertook his Eastern tour:—

“A cultivated education supplied him with the means of extracting double enjoyment from the scenes of classic story and oriental romance. The impulses of youth and health were fresh upon him.

‘His tent on the shore, his galley on the sea,’

enabled him to taste the raptures described by most travellers in the East. . . . He gloried in the idea of turning his back upon the West, with all its vulgar, puny, and pretentious littleness; and hailing those gorgeous climes, worthy to be the habitation of immortal beings, which have afforded a birthplace to all that is sacred to the minds or imaginations of mankind.”

The superior person of to-day would not consent to apply these epithets to any region more accessible than Tibet; but to the early Victorian traveller Egypt and Palestine, or in very serious cases the Caucasus, were the homes of religious certainty. Thither, when troubled, like Tancred or like Lancelot in ‘Yeast,’ by the assaults of philosophic doubt, he turned his steps for the purpose of solving

the Asian Mystery; but what the Asian Mystery was, or whether it was ever solved, and if so, what was the effect of the solution on the mind of the philosophic doubter, is in itself a mystery at this end of the century. We only know that as men went eastwards to look for poetry in “an age that boasted of being anti-poetical,” as Disraeli remarks, so they sought to find in the unchanging East some fixed religious principle, away from the flux and unrest of European creeds and institutions.

This lofty aim—call it religious, poetical, what you will—gives a peculiar effect of solemnity to many books of travel belonging to the period—a solemnity which seems to have been considered *de rigueur* in a work which aspired to the dignity of print. The Disraeli of the Eastern journeyings would not appear, from the passage quoted in ‘Maga’ some months back from the letters of Sir John Franklin, to have been either a very serious or a very awe-inspiring person; but there is no doubt about the impressiveness with which, in the preface to his ill-fated ‘Revolutionary Epic,’ he accepts himself on the plains of Troy as the destined poet of the nineteenth century. Time proved that he had mistaken his *métier*, and the epic poet was content to shine with a lesser light as a novelist unrivalled in his own style, but his earlier attitude of mind was characteristic of the time. Human nature and the spirit of the age revolted at last, however, against the tyranny of the dead-and-gone romanticists, and the new era found at once its herald and its best exponent in the author of ‘Eothen,’ that marvellous book which may be said to have effected a lasting revolution in the works and ways of the travelling public. To quote from

the apologetic preface addressed to one of the author's friends would show at once the reason and the methods of the revolt; but for fear of spoiling by selection one of the most delightful pieces of writing in the language, we must refer the reader to the book itself—merely observing that Kinglake found it necessary to excuse his plain unvarnished tale, in which he narrates his real impressions, and not those which “*ought to have been* produced upon any ‘well-constituted mind,’” by explaining that it was not written for the public eye. The public mind, however, responded so gratefully to the change of tone that other writers were inspired to follow in the same strain, and within a very few years of the publication of ‘*Eothen*’ we find Warburton in ‘*The Crescent and the Cross*,’ A. S. Kennard in ‘*Eastern Experiences*,’ and Thackeray in the book from which we have already quoted, walking in Kinglake’s footsteps. It is the last-named who adopts the style with the greatest success, for the other two are unable wholly to rid themselves of their preconceived notions of the attitude of mind proper to the literary traveller, and drop not infrequently, if not “into poetry,” at least into highly ornate prose.

But there was some excuse for the writers of the older school in the fact that they were breaking comparatively new ground—that the East was still mysterious and romantic. It is true that in spite of their raptures they did not realise their good fortune in living when they did. They complain that they found the East Europeanised—that everything was hackneyed—and this although Thackeray expresses his surprise that no painter had as yet chosen as his subject familiar views of

Eastern life. No pictures of Cairo bazaars or nooks in Constantinople, and yet the East was already hackneyed! The *fin-de-siècle* traveller feels that he would have appreciated better the dramatic possibilities of the time had he been in their place. Was not the niece of Pitt queening it on a Palestinian mountain-top, and holding dear the memory of the day when fifty thousand Arabs had hailed her at Palmyra as the successor of Zenobia? Was not the widow of an English peer the ruler of a Bedouin tribe, and their unquestioned leader in war and peace? Was not Mehemet Ali reigning in Egypt, and civilising it in a drastic fashion which was more barbarous than barbarism? Of the licence and the cruelties of his Arnaut soldiery we hear unending tales, while the grim jests of the master were more to be dreaded than even his fits of ill-temper. Scandal respecting the royal harem and its inmates appears to have been the favourite intellectual nutriment of the population of Egypt and of the strangers within their gates, and the stories which are told us on the subject carry us back to the ‘*Arabian Nights*.’ There is, for instance, the tale of Lulu, the beautiful Circassian, who succeeded in making her escape in male attire from the women’s prison on the citadel of Cairo, and, dressed as a Greek, passed through the very midst of the soldiers who were searching for her. Then there was the Princess Nazleh Khanum, who had a reputation, something like that of Mr Marion Crawford’s terrible old lady of Constantinople, for enticing romantic Europeans into her palace, where for a few short hours they imagined themselves to be in fairyland, or in the Moslem Paradise. A dagger-

thrust and the convenient Nile ended the dream, and consuls and relatives inquired in vain as to the fate of another traveller who had utterly and mysteriously disappeared.

The incidents of travelling were numerous and thrilling, whether on the voyage up the Nile or in the ride across the desert. Temples and tombs were much the same then as now, except for the wear and tear of two more generations of tourists; but there was a mania among the travellers of the day for gaining possession of a mummy to take home with them. The blameless Egyptians lent themselves with alacrity to pleasure this fancy of their guests, and by fair means or foul the desired mummy was generally forthcoming. Once, however, it was not, and we have a gruesome tale of a "nice fresh corpse," such as would have suited the taste of Mark Twain's travelling doctor, swathed in mummy-wrappings, and palmed off upon a deluded tourist as a genuine antique. The truth was discovered—unavoidably—before the purchaser left Cairo; but no redress was obtainable, since the unauthorised export of mummies was then, as now, illegal. Like their ruler, the Egyptians appear to have had a fondness for practical jokes. Men of all classes would express to the gratified Briton their conviction that Egypt would in process of time come under the rule of England, and their fervent longing that the day of annexation might soon dawn. It has dawned, but we are given to understand (principally, it must be owned, by Continental observers) that the Egyptians were taken by surprise, and are not satisfied with the event. There was an element of humour, also, in the traveller's intercourse with the various gov-

ernors of towns or provinces with whom he came in contact. In case of a dispute with a servant, he bought justice by means of silver dollars: when he lost his watch, he was invited to present the governor with the key, which could be of no further use to him; and the magistrate, in return, made inquiries by the aid of the *bastinado* for the lost property—with the object of keeping it for himself when regained. The intercourse was most friendly on both sides; the governor provided coffee and an occasional dinner for his visitor, while the guest presented the governor with bottles of precious "medicine," which his dragoman intimated to the recipient was made from roses—or anything but the juice of the grape.

Other extraneous excitements incidental to a Nile voyage were the crocodiles and the dancing-girls. The latter were to be found only in one spot, the town of Esneh, whither they had been banished by Mehemet Ali, in his paternal care for the morals of his subjects in Cairo; and every traveller appears to have considered it incumbent upon him to land and witness a special performance duly arranged for his benefit—of course with the view of deciding whether the Pasha was or was not justified in his repressive measures. The crocodiles, on the other hand, abounded everywhere on the river above Minieh, in "coveys," as the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' remarks poetically.

As for the desert, its perils were extremely realistic—unpleasantly so, indeed. To lose oneself, like the author of 'Eothen,' and find that one's sole hope of safety depended on the power of overawing by sheer force of personality any

Arabs one might meet, was exciting at the time, but had not such far-reaching consequences as the adventure which befell the luckless Mr Kennard. He and his friends (there were several ladies of the party) were taken prisoners by a party of Bedouins, and carried off into a remote part of the desert, there to be held to ransom. Happily the chief of the tribe, discovering that the travellers were English, was much alarmed at the possible consequences of what his followers had done, and released the prisoners with apologies; but the experience must have been a thrilling one while it lasted, to say nothing of the inconvenience of being taken so far out of the way. It is amusing to find that the dragoman of the party resorted to the same means of terrifying the Arabs as did the servants of Tancred on a like occasion, both declaring their employers to be the brothers of the young Queen of England, and threatening the captors with the vengeance of her Majesty.

In Mr Kennard's case the plea proved successful, although his circumstances were not so well calculated to support it as those

of Tancred. It will be remembered that the anxious parents of the unfortunate Marquis of Montacute provided him with a chaplain, a doctor, and a military officer as personal attendants, not to mention a dragoman and the two English servants whose views of Eastern life add so much to the humour of the pages of a book which is in our opinion the wittiest that the author ever wrote. We believe we are correct in saying that it was his own favourite among his novels, and the lapse of time tends only to confirm the soundness of his judgment in this respect. Considered on its own merits, the book stands alone. There were other novels of travel written at the time, notably Morier's spirited romance, '*Ayeeha, the Maid of Kars*'—which has the advantage of possessing in Lord Osmond a far more effective hero, if we may say so, than the somewhat too open-minded Tancred, who seems almost as ready as his friend Fakredeen to imbibe every religion in turn, or all at once—but the general reader has pronounced his verdict ruthlessly. '*Tancred*' lives; the rest are forgotten.

THE NATIVE ARMY OF INDIA.

THE Indian army has been brought so prominently under notice during the last two years—first by the considerable expedition to Chitral and the extensive experiment in mobilisation connected therewith, again by the employment of an Indian brigade at Suakin, and more recently by the discussion of the Royal Commission on Indian expenditure, as well as by the presence of representative Indian officers at the Queen's Jubilee—that the present seems an opportune moment for a brief review of the forces in question, and a consideration of their development during the last forty years. Moreover, the change in organisation produced by the abolition of the Presidency army system was so great as to form an epoch in Indian military history well deserving of remark. It is unnecessary to go back further than the year 1857, except to mention the strength of British and native troops at that period, and to draw attention briefly to the general composition of the latter. There were, then, in India at the close of the year 1856, 38,000 British and 348,000 native troops of all arms, the former having 276 field-guns, the latter 248. The present strength of the same forces is, roughly, 73,000 British, with 88 batteries of artillery of six guns each, and 148,000 natives, with 12 batteries of mountain artillery: to these should be added 17,000 Imperial Service troops, with 2 batteries of mountain artillery, making a total of 165,000 native troops and 14 batteries.

The relative proportion of British to native troops as shown by

these figures, will be seen to differ very widely at the present day from that of forty years ago. Whereas in 1856 the former were to the natives only as one to ten, while the artillery with the latter equalled that manned by British gunners, to-day there is one British soldier to every $2\frac{1}{2}$ natives, while the guns with the latter are only one-sixth of the numbers of the British artillery, and, with the exception of four field-batteries at Hyderabad, include none but light pieces for mountain warfare.

An equally noticeable difference is to be found in the composition of the native army of to-day from that of 1856. With some exceptions the troops of Madras and Bombay have indeed remained unchanged, but it is far otherwise as regards the army of Northern India, which has always been considered to supply the flower of our native troops. If we exclude four regiments of Gurkhas, the Corps of Guides, five regiments of Punjab cavalry, six of Punjab infantry, and four of Sikh infantry, almost the whole of the East India Company's great Bengal army—some ten regular and eighteen irregular regiments of cavalry, a large force of horse and field artillery, and seventy-four regiments of regular infantry, besides an immense number of "levies" and other irregular troops—was drawn from the North-West Provinces and Oudh. The classes which these forces comprised were limited to Mussulmans, Rajputs, and Brahmans, with a proportion of lower Hindu castes all acknowledging the Brahman as their superior.

On the other hand, the armies of to-day in Northern India,

drawn from the vast tracts of hill and plain, from the eastern confines of Oudh to the mountains of the Suliman range, include Brahmans, Mussulmans, and Rajputs of Hindustan, Gurkhas from Nepal, Jats of Bandalkhand, Dogras from the lower spurs of the Himalayas, Sikhs and Mussulmans from the plains of the Punjab, and Pathans from the border country on both banks of the Indus. The advantages gained by this wide range of field and class in recruiting are sufficiently obvious. Not only is it possible to select the best representatives of each, but the diversity of interests existing amongst an army so raised is the best of safeguards against general or combined disaffection.

Such, then, are the main points of contrast between the Indian armies of 1856 and 1897. In 1857 came that great convulsion which the constitution of the forces of the East India Company was calculated to foster only too well, and which combined the death-agony of the old Bengal army with the birth-throes of the new army of the Punjab.

The months which succeeded the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny saw the raising of a number of irregular regiments, both horse and foot, in the Punjab, many of which were largely composed of soldiers from the Sikh armies, which had fought so sturdily against us only eight years before. They were often commanded by the British officers whose regiments had joined the mutineers, and as quickly as they could be raised they were despatched southwards, either to take up the garrison work of empty cantonments, or to reinforce the hard-pressed British troops. Thus it was that the native regiments which fought for us in the taking of Lucknow, and

in the protracted guerilla warfare which followed, were for the most part either the corps of the Punjab Frontier Force, raised eight years previously, or half-disciplined and ill-equipped levies, such as those raised by Hodson and Oureton, whose military instincts alone enabled them to render such valuable service as they did in our aid. Such were the beginnings of the present Punjab army, but it is needless to say that its development since the years of the Mutiny has been great. A person whose experience of India terminated with the capture of Lucknow or the operations in Oudh would hardly recognise in the 9th, 10th, and 15th Bengal Lancers of to-day the wild "Indian Cossacks" of "Hodson's Horse" and "Oureton's Multanis."

The Indian Mutiny was followed by the transfer of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, coupled with the complete reorganisation of the Indian army, and in all main features the constitution of the latter has remained unchanged until two years ago. From time to time the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay have been reduced or increased in accordance with the policy of the moment, but into these details it is perhaps hardly necessary to enter. Under the system then inaugurated the whole of the Indian army was placed nominally under the executive control of the Commander-in-Chief in India; the special command of the Bengal army was also vested in the same official, while that of the Madras and Bombay armies was held in each case by a presidency or local Commander-in-Chief.

The administration of the army, on the other hand, was in the hands of the Military Department

of the Government of India, and of military departments in the local governments of Madras and Bombay. The Government of India dealt directly, only as regards questions of general importance or affecting Bengal alone, with the Commander-in-Chief in India; while all matters affecting only Madras or Bombay were disposed of by or in communication with the local governments without reference to the Chief of the army in India. The clumsiness of this system and the anomalies involved were for many years apparent, and again and again efforts were made to effect a change. It was not, however, until 1893 that the opposition to the contemplated modifications was overcome, and a bill authorising the abolition of the Presidency army system passed through the Imperial Parliament. Every effort was then made by the Government of India to perfect the scheme, and with well-advised caution every separate detail was carefully considered until, on the 1st April 1895, an order of Government finally inaugurated the new *régime*. The Commander-in-Chief now became the direct and only executive head of all the forces in India, while all matters of administration were dealt with, also directly, by the Military Department of the Government. At the same time the title and office of local Commander-in-Chief was abolished, and the commands of the armies of Bombay and Madras were vested in a lieutenant-general in each case; similarly the personal command of the Bengal army was removed from the Commander-in-Chief, and the forces hitherto included in that army were divided into the armies of Bengal and the Punjab, to each of which a lieutenant-general commanding was appointed. A number of

changes in the staff and departments of the army were necessitated by this change of system. The military departments of the Madras and Bombay governments were abolished; headquarters, with combatant and clerical staffs, were established for the armies of Bengal and the Punjab, and an infinite number of incidental points, of more or less importance, had to be considered. No such radical change in the administration and control of a great service could be introduced without some possible results being overlooked; but the smoothness with which the new system has worked is very remarkable, and is the highest testimony to the care and ability with which the scheme was thought out by the officials of the Military Department in consultation with the Commander-in-Chief.

The four armies into which the forces of India are now divided include the following native troops:—

Punjab.

Cavalry . .	15 regiments.
Infantry . .	40 battalions.
Artillery . .	{ 5 mountain batteries.
	{ 1 garrison battery.

Bengal.

Cavalry . .	10 regiments (including the Viceroy's body-guard).
Infantry . .	24 battalions.
Artillery . .	1 mountain battery.

Madras.

Cavalry . .	3 regiments.
Infantry . .	31 battalions.

Bombay.

Cavalry . .	7 regiments.
Infantry . .	26 battalions.
Artillery . .	2 mountain batteries.

There are also three corps of Sappers and Miners, forming part of the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay respectively.

Finally, there are under the Government of India—

Cavalry . . . 8 regiments.
 Infantry . . . 12 battalions.
 Artillery . . . 4 field-batteries.

But of more importance than the actual numbers is the quality of the troops of each army. That of the Punjab is composed of Sikhs, Dogras, and a few Hindus of other classes, Punjabi Mussulmans, Pathans, Jats, and Gurkhas. The names at least of some of these classes are well-known even to persons but little acquainted with Indian matters.

Ever since the 2nd Gurkhas fought shoulder to shoulder with the English Riflemen on the ridge before Delhi, the sturdy little soldiers from the fastnesses of Nepal have been famous all over the British empire; nor have the representatives of the race ever fallen short in their deeds of the name thus nobly earned. It is not desired to in any way reopen the very unprofitable and mischievous discussion which was unfortunately raised some months ago on the relative fighting qualities of Indian and European troops, but this much at least may be said, that no instance exists on record of Gurkha soldiers having been overtaken by panic, or, however trying the circumstances in which they have been placed, of their having failed in their duty against any enemy. The pugnacity and love of fighting for fighting's sake, which is inherent in a Gurkha, is coupled with a very remarkable coolness in sudden emergency, readiness to act, and complete disregard and indifference to personal danger. A sudden and unexpected attack will often cause the best of troops to seek cover until a counter-stroke can be organised; but the first impulse of a Gurkha

under such circumstances is to get at the aggressor, to come to close quarters for choice, or at least to reach his enemy with a bullet. This characteristic it is which makes the Gurkhas such invaluable troops in the jungle warfare of Burma. A sudden volley fired from out of thick bush on a column straggling in single file along a difficult path will not unnaturally disconcert most men for a moment, but Gurkha soldiers so attacked will without an instant's hesitation dash into the thickest jungle in their eagerness to close with the foe. It is noticeable too that the staunch qualities of Gurkhas have never been more conspicuous than in the hour of disaster. In the unfortunate Afghan war of 1839-42 the town of Ghazni, then occupied by a Gurkha regiment, was beset by a very superior force of Afghans, and the garrison being reduced to great straits, the officers determined to capitulate. One only of the latter (he was a boy named John Nicholson) protested against this disgraceful measure, until at last he was constrained with tears in his eyes to surrender his sword. But the Gurkha soldiery entirely refused to comply, and though deserted by their officers, preferred the forlorn-hope of cutting their way through the ranks of their enemies to the dishonour of surrender. A somewhat similar instance is to be found in the Manipur disaster of 1891, when the conduct of the Gurkha officers and soldiers was one of the few relieving features in a story of demoralisation and disgrace.

No less well known nor less fully tried on the battle-field are the splendid courage and endurance of the Jat Sikh of the Punjab; but the distinctive characteristic of this class is a dogged and de-

terminated firmness which makes him pre-eminent as a soldier for defensive fighting. In this respect he very closely resembles some of the most celebrated qualities of the British infantry—the “red wall,” whose moral effect on the *elan* of an advancing enemy is so well described by Bugeaud; and no better instance can be cited of the peculiar form of courage of the race than that which earned for the 15th Sikhs the very unusual honour of saving a whole force from disaster. The story will be fresh in the reader's memory of how, in March 1885, Sir John M'Neill's brigade was surprised by the Arabs while forming *zariba* in the bush at Tofrik, six miles outside Suakin. The British regiment with the column (the 49th Foot, or 1st battalion of the Berkshire Regiment) was scattered about cutting the jungle round the *zariba*; and although nothing could exceed the steadiness with which they formed ranks, or the gallantry with which they met the onset of the enemy, yet they were taken so completely at a disadvantage that they could have hardly escaped very serious loss had it not been for the unwavering support of the 15th Sikhs. This splendid regiment faced the brunt of the attack, which was directed against the west and south faces of the *zariba*; and although the Bengal regiment on their left was partly broken, and some of the Arabs thus succeeded in penetrating the square, the steadiness of the Sikhs was never in doubt. Not only did their resistance give time to the 49th to regain their arms, but it also played such havoc amongst the enemy as to effectually break the vigour of the attack. The piles of dead and wounded Arabs in front of the Sikh line when the fight termin-

ated showed sufficiently plainly how severely their steadiness had been tried. But while dwelling on the firmness which renders the Sikhs remarkable when fighting on the defensive, it is not intended to imply that they are wanting in dash or gallantry in the attack: the conduct of the 9th Bengal Cavalry at Hashin in the Suakin campaign just referred to, of the 23rd Sikh Pioneers in the attack on the Paiwar Kotal, of the 15th Sikhs in the storming of the Malakand in 1895, as well as many other instances, in which Sikh troops, both cavalry and infantry, have distinguished themselves, place this fine race in the forefront of our Indian soldiery, whatever the duties which may be imposed on them.

Next to the Sikhs the Punjabi Mussulmans are the most largely enlisted class from the plains of the Punjab. Descended for the most part from Jat or Rajput inhabitants of the country, who embraced the Muhammadan faith under the rule of the Delhi emperors, the best clans of Punjabi Mussulmans are inferior neither in physique nor in fighting qualities to their fellow-countrymen of other religions, and their value has again and again been proved in our small frontier wars, in the Afghan war of 1878-80, and in Africa. This was the class which so largely joined with their Sikh fellow-countrymen in flocking to our standard in the Punjab when the fate of the British in India was depending on the fall of Delhi, and when John Lawrence, Robert Montgomery, and Herbert Edwards, with such lieutenants as George Ricketts at Ludhiana and many others like him, were straining every nerve to furnish loyal swordsmen to the levies of Nicholson and Hodson. Of this class,

too, is that magnificent clan from the banks of the river Chenab, the so-called Multanis, who rode with Cureton to Delhi, and who, whether as "Cureton's Multanis" or as the 15th Bengal Lancers, have ever since been famous as the finest light cavalry in India, and probably in the world. The records of the Mutiny campaigns teem with descriptions of their gallantry, and perhaps no action in all that memorable time is more noticeable for the audacity displayed than the fight at Naghina on the 21st April 1858, when Cureton, with scarcely 200 Multanis, engaged a force of 10,000 rebel infantry, 2000 cavalry, and 15 guns, and charging the enemy again and again, as fresh reinforcements advanced against him, took three guns and six elephants, and put the whole of the rebels to ignominious flight, although not without the loss of one British and three native officers, three non-commissioned officers, and twenty-three troopers, from his little band.

Of the same class are the Tiwanas, of whom the present 18th Bengal Lancers are largely formed, and who do not yield to the Multanis either in bravery or in powers of horsemanship. Another noticeable clan is that of the Gakkars from the Rawal Pindi district, of whom a fine representative was amongst the native officers who visited England for her Majesty's Jubilee, Sardar Khan Bahadur Khan, Ressaldar Major of the 10th Bengal Lancers, and aide-de-camp to General Sir William Lockhart, commanding the Punjab army. In short, the best clans of Mussulmans of the Punjab furnish our ranks with soldiers who compare favourably with any produced from the recruiting-grounds of India. It is

only of late years that they have been collected into separate regiments (with the exception of the 15th and 18th Bengal Lancers), and they have therefore not had the same chance of earning a distinctive reputation for gallantry as has been enjoyed by Sikhs and Gurkhas; but there is little doubt but that, whether in individual companies and squadrons or in class regiments, the Punjabi Mussulmans are capable of achievements equal to those of any representatives of the Indian army.

The Dogras, who nowadays form a considerable item of the army of the Punjab, are a race inhabiting the hills of the Himalayan region, where it borders on the Punjab between the Sutlej and the Jhelum. They claim to be of Rajput descent, and although there is much uncertainty about their origin, it is at least undoubted that they are a peculiarly high-bred race. They are remarkable for docility and loyalty, and for a steady and quiet courage which placed them in the front rank amongst the soldiers of the Sikh armies, and which has often been displayed on behalf of the British rule. As in the case of the Punjabi Muhammadans, it is only of late years that Dogras have been collected into class regiments, which accounts for their name as a fighting race not being more widely known. But to those who are acquainted with the Indian army their value as soldiers has long been proved. To many individual instances of bravery may be added the conduct of the Dogra company of the 2nd Sikh Infantry at the battle of Ahmad Khel, fought by the division under Sir Donald Stewart on the 19th April 1880. At a moment when the position of the British force in this action was certainly most critical,

when both flanks had been forced back by the rush of Afghan swordsmen, and when the whole of the reserves had been brought into the fighting line, the unwavering steadiness of the 2nd Sikh Infantry, and especially of its Dogra company, was largely instrumental in deciding the fortune of the day, and in averting a defeat. More recently the part played by the Dogra regiments of the Kashmir Imperial Service troops in the Hunza-Nagar Expedition of 1891, as well as in the defence and relief of Chitral two years ago, gained the greatest credit for these corps; and it may be safely regarded as certain that regiments of the same class, belonging to the British army and led by British officers, will, if called on, undergo the test of severe active service with as much gallantry and distinction as did these newly raised Imperial Service regiments.

It remains to notice briefly the Pathan tribes, which furnish such large numbers to our modern Indian army. The name Pathan as commonly used is generic, and includes not only all the border tribes who are commonly so called, but also the Afghan and the Ghilzai, and in fact all the peoples who speak the Pashtu language. The wild mountain life of these races, the lack of control consequent on the rugged character of their country, and their familiarity with scenes of local strife and lawlessness resulting therefrom, have all combined to preserve their fighting qualities from deterioration, even when temporarily brought within the influence of the *Pax Britannica*. For many years the prejudice against enlisting these border warriors was strong; their trustworthiness was impugned, and their willingness to serve us was doubted. But this prejudice has of late given way to a more just

appreciation of the soldierly qualities of the Pathan, an appreciation which on the other hand shows signs of proceeding to an extreme of admiration not warranted by the records of history, nor by the carefully matured judgments of those most competent to speak on this subject. No one who serves with Pathans can fail to admire their manly, fearless bearing and the many superficial resemblances between them and Western peoples, which are so different from the characteristics of most Asiatics. Moreover, their bravery cannot be denied, their *elan* and enthusiasm in attack is infectious, and they are both hardy and cheerful in the endurance of hardship. But, on the other hand, the admirers of the Pathan should not blind themselves to the fact that tradition and surroundings make him treacherous. One who knew the race well (Colonel Mackeson) has placed this judgment on record in the following harsh terms: "Brought up from his earliest childhood amid scenes of appalling treachery and merciless revenge, nothing can ever change him: as he has lived—a shameless, cruel savage—so he dies." While holding that this opinion (even of the Afridi clansmen, of whom in particular Mackeson was writing) is too strong a condemnation, the hereditary tendency to treachery amongst all Pathans, especially where a sufficiently substantial reward is anticipated, is unfortunately notorious and cannot be gainsaid. The Pathans in our army, however, have done good service in the past, and doubtless will do so in the future: they are particularly valuable when opposed (as in Burma) to an enemy inferior to themselves, for they cannot stand a suspicion of a reverse, and if once beaten they are routed.

Very different in all their characteristics from the Pathans are the heavy, stupid, but sturdy Jats, who alone have not been described of all the classes which are included in the Punjab army. As a matter of fact, except in the cavalry, the Jats are not represented in the Punjab, and belong much more to the army of Bengal; nor are they a Punjabi class, although there is little, if any, doubt but that they belong to the same race as the Sikh and Mussulman cultivators of the Punjab. For not only do they bear the same name (the only difference being that the *a* in the appellation of Jāt Sikh is short, while that in Jāt of Bandalkhand is long and full), but the two classes resemble one another in physique and in many characteristics. The Jats for our army are drawn from the neighbourhood of Bhartpur and from some of the districts near Delhi, but they were never enlisted except in small numbers previous to the Mutiny. On the outbreak of the disturbances in 1857 several of the leading Jat landholders in the neighbourhood of Aligarh lost no time in offering loyal assistance to the British officials: a corps was formed of the followers of these men, and under the command of Captain J. J. Murray rapidly earned distinction as "Murray's Jat Horse." This regiment became afterwards the 14th Bengal Lancers, by which title it is still known. It formed part of General Roberts's force at Kabul in 1879-80, and behaved with particular gallantry, in conjunction with the 9th Royal Lancers, against the great hordes of Afghan tribesmen which threatened to overwhelm the small British brigade in the Chardeh Valley on the 11th December 1879. The Jats of the Bengal Infantry have recently been col-

lected into two regiments, the 6th and 10th, which are now formed entirely of this class; but these have not since their organisation as class corps had any opportunity of proving their efficiency.

The classes above described, of which the whole of the Punjab army is composed, as well as a very large proportion of the forces of other parts of India, include, with one exception, the flower of the fighting races of the country. The one exception, which is not represented in the Punjab army, and which has all too few representatives in the forces of the Crown, is the Rajputs of Rajputana.

This noble race it is which has come to be regarded as the *beau idéal* in India of dauntless courage and of stainless honour, the very essence of Eastern chivalry. Tracing their descent from origin so remote that the most ancient lineage of Western Europe seems upstart in comparison therewith, the nobles of Rajputana have ever sustained the traditions and the obligations which belong to high birth. The romantic history of the state of Mewar, with its rocky capital of Chitor, might well furnish material for epic or ballad. Again and again assailed by all the strength of the Muhammadan conquerors of Delhi, the race of Mewar never acknowledged itself subdued, nor ever sullied its escutcheon by intermarriage with the Mussulman rulers of India. So, too, the Rhator chieftains of the neighbouring state of Marwar were, in the palmy days of Rajput chivalry, second only in Rajputana to the house of Mewar, nor did they yield to the latter in prowess in the field. In more modern times Mewar sunk almost to insignificance beneath the repeated blows which her proud resistance drew down on her. Marwar, on the

other hand, with greater diplomacy, contrived to avoid the hostility of the Mogul, and as a consequence the royal house of the Rhaters survives to this day as the most powerful and the most important in all Rajputana. But unfortunately these warlike races have hitherto had but few worthy representatives in our army. In the earlier part of the century, when first the British rule supplanted the failing empire of Delhi and the hated supremacy of the Mahrattas, a certain number of true Rajputs were attracted to the forces of the East India Company. That remarkable example of the union of Scottish with Rajput blood, Colonel James Skinner, was especially successful in numbering a proportion of Rhaters horsemen among his celebrated "Yellow Boys" (the present 1st Bengal Lancers). But of late years the so-called Rajputs in our ranks have borne but little resemblance to the warriors of Mewar or Marwar. Efforts are now being made to obtain recruits of true Rajput stock, and these attempts have been attended with considerable success; but much remains to be done in the same direction. Every assistance has been rendered towards achieving the object in view by Maharajah Colonel Sir Partab Singh of Jodhpur, who has now on two occasions represented the princes of Rajputana at the Jubilee celebrations of her Majesty. Himself of the noblest Rhaters stock (being the brother of the late Maharajah and uncle to the present ruler of Jodhpur), Sir Partab Singh is a fine specimen of a Rajput noble. Possessing to a high degree the military instincts of the race, he threw himself with enthusiasm into the scheme for raising Imperial Service troops, and it is very largely due to his influence and exertions that the state of Marwar

now boasts of two of the finest regiments of cavalry of all the Imperial Service forces. Sir Partab has more lately taken a prominent part in obtaining good Rhaters horsemen to serve in one of the Bombay cavalry regiments, and there seems no reason why the movement so begun should not be continued: there is no doubt as to the value of the material, and there seems no insuperable difficulty in the way of obtaining recruits from it. Meantime, however, it is to be feared that the Rajputs of the Bengal army are for the most part not good specimens of the race whose name they bear.

The other classes whose *habitat* connects them distinctly with the army of Bengal are the Brahmans and Mussulmans of Hindustan, for whom the principal recruiting-grounds are, as in the days of the East India Company, in the North-West Provinces and Oudh. These, with the Rajputs, are the men who fought and conquered for us under Lake in Central India, under Ochterlony in Nepal, and under Gough in the Punjab; but it is generally believed that a century of peace has impaired much of the martial spirit and power of endurance which formerly distinguished them.

It will be noticed from what has been written that those classes have earned special celebrity for their fighting qualities of which distinct class regiments have been formed: such are the Gurkhas, the Sikhs, and recently the Dogras of the Kashmir army. It is obvious that a regiment must acquire greater pride of race, and consequently greater *esprit de corps*, when composed of one or at most two classes, than if formed of small contingents from various religions and races. This fact has always been recognised, but until recently it has been the general opinion

that a mixture of classes in each corps would alone ensure security against disloyal combinations on the part of any one creed or class. So strong was this feeling in the years immediately following the Mutiny, that it was often the custom to carefully choose as officers of a troop or company men who were of a different class from the soldiers under their command. A contrary view of the situation has, however, gained ground of late years, until the majority of those best able to form an opinion have arrived at a decision that class regiments do not entail such danger as was formerly feared, while the increase of efficiency to be looked for from their formation is unquestioned. Under the command of Lord Roberts, therefore, a very large proportion of the infantry of the Bengal and Punjab armies has gradually been reorganised, whole regiments being formed of one class, the best fighting races being selected to predominate, and those of least consideration being entirely eliminated. As time passes, and as each of the various classes so united in the several regiments gets an opportunity of showing its metal, it will be very interesting to note how each realises the hopes which its supporters entertain of it, and how far those which have hitherto had less individuality will approach or equal the prowess of the better known races.

Turning to the armies of Madras and Bombay, we find two principal local races represented in the former, the Tamils and the Telegus or Telingas; while in Bombay the most prominent local race is the Mahrattas: in both these armies the Muhammadans of the Dakkhan are very numerous. It is not necessary to renew the oft-repeated discussion regarding the value of these classes as fighting

men, their achievements in the past, or their probable efficiency in the future. It is universally admitted that the Northern races are those whose merit is most assured, and whose representatives would be in the first line of our forces if the army of British India were engaged in any important struggle, whether in Asia or elsewhere.

But in saying this it is not implied that the army of the Punjab alone can hope for such prominent service. It has been already noted that a great number of regiments outside that army draw a proportion of their recruits from Punjabi sources, and it will be of interest to show here to what extent the Northern races are represented in the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

In Bengal there are—

- 8 battalions of Gurkhas.
- 5½ squadrons of Sikhs.
- ½ squadron each of Dogras and Punjabi Muhammadans.

In the Madras army there are six battalions localised for service in Burma, and including—

- 1 battalion of Gurkhas.
- 22 companies of Sikhs.
- 16 companies of Punjabi Muhammadans.
- 3 companies of Pathans.
- 2 companies of Dogras.

The Bombay army includes three regiments of cavalry and five battalions of infantry, localised in Sindh, and composed entirely of Punjabi and frontier classes; and in addition there are, in the so-called "down-country" regiments of Bombay—

- 4 squadrons of Sikhs.
- 1 squadron and four companies of Pathans.
- 1 squadron and 17 companies of Punjabi Muhammadans.

In other words, there are close

on 24,000 men serving in the ranks of cavalry and infantry regiments of others than the Punjab army who are recruited from the Punjab or Nepal. In addition to these, the batteries of artillery and corps of sappers are largely composed of north-country men, as are also several of the best of the corps under the orders of the Government of India. Finally, it should be noted that the classes which have been mentioned in connection with the armies of Bengal and Bombay are supplemented by very large numbers of Jats and Rajputs.

From the above facts it may readily be understood that many units of the other three armies will bear comparison with the best of the regiments of the Punjab, and that the most valuable of the fighting material in India is by no means confined to the Punjab army alone.

The gradual elimination of less worthy material, and increased demand for troops both for the Indian army and for such services as the Burma military police, Hong-Kong, and Africa, has caused such a drain on the recruiting-grounds of Northern India that it has been lately feared that the supply was failing. Army service is still so popular in India that we have always been in the habit of counting on unlimited numbers of volunteers without any but the most primitive recruiting arrangements. A few years ago, however, it became evident that a more elaborate system was necessary in order to obtain the numbers required. The employment of British officers as recruiting agents was therefore tried as an experiment in Northern India, and has proved such an unqualified success that a similar plan has now been adopted also in the army of Bombay. But another

cause, besides the increased demand, has of late years reduced the number of volunteers for military service. The increased cost of living and the consequent rise in the wages obtainable in the labour market placed the cavalry *sowar* or the infantry sepoy at a disadvantage, when his position was compared with civilians of his own class. The remedy for this was easy to find, and, however unpalatable it might be to a Government embarrassed with the difficulties of a depreciated coinage, it was inevitable that it must be adopted if the standard of our native army was to be maintained. Thanks to the well-directed efforts of Lord Roberts, followed by the hearty support of the present Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, the pay of the whole of the native army has been increased to such an extent as to very materially improve the condition of the men. The result has been remarkable: the recruiting officers, whose efforts were previously hampered by the fact that they had so little to offer for a service by no means light, are now able to fill their rolls without difficulty, and to supply recruits up to the standards required by the most particular of regimental commandants.

One more step towards perfecting the efficiency of the Indian army remains to be noticed. The measure in question was the formation of a system of reserves, closely connected with, and indeed depending on, an arrangement by which the native infantry regiments were linked into groups of three battalions each, with a common regimental centre to each group, and with general enlistment for any one of the regiments of a group. This reform dates from 1886—that is to say, from the tenure of office of Lord Roberts

as Commander-in-Chief, a period which has just been alluded to as having been prolific in the introduction of measures for the improved efficiency and prosperity of Indian soldiers. The reserve system, briefly described, provides for the maintenance of an active reserve of 218 men by every infantry battalion except Gurkhas: the necessary service before transfer to the reserve is five years, and no soldiers can be so transferred with more than twelve years' service.

Writing in 1893, the compilers of the 'Army Book of the British Empire' remark, "These arrangements have not as yet produced much fruit"; but no verdict could be less in accord with the position of the Indian army reserves in 1897. As is always the case with innovations in India, the reserve system was regarded at first with some suspicion, but only for so long as was necessary for the sepoys to thoroughly master its details and advantages. For some years past the reserves (especially in Northern India and amongst our best fighting races) have been an unqualified success; service in them is eagerly sought for, and the reserve men turn up for training punctually and willingly. For it is to be specially noted that (unlike the British army reserves) the men of the native reserves remain efficient soldiers. They are called out for training for a month every year at the centre of their regimental group, and while there they receive the reserve pay of the last eleven months, together with full pay for their one month of service. The result is eminently satisfactory, and the fine corps of reservists—nearly equal to a battalion in strength, and composed of some of the best men from the

ranks—which annually assemble at the regimental centres are only one more proof of the adaptability of natives of India to military service, of the present efficiency of the Indian forces, and of the wisdom of recent measures towards this end.

But while the condition of the greater part of the Indian army is now excellent, it is useless, when considering the efficiency of the whole, to attempt concealment of the fact that a very large portion of the forces referred to is not of such value as to make it worthy of reliance in emergency. It is possible that these troops would in some instances be useful for garrison duties, but it is open to question whether they are worth their cost if that is the best which can be said of them. A large force of military police is maintained in Burma and does good work there; and while it is far less expensive than regiments of regular infantry, it is not saying too much to assert that it is of greater military value than the corps referred to above.

At every turn the Government of India is constrained to forego military reforms and improvements in order to avoid an increase of the army expenditure, and it cannot but be regretted that the army should be suffering from paucity of officers and constantly hampered for want of a sufficient transport and commissariat staff, while the money which would provide these vital necessities is being spent without result.

This allusion to the paucity of officers with native regiments introduces the question of the value of our best Indian corps for service against other forces than Afghans, Arabs, or Burmese dacoits.

Of the courage of the Rajput, the Gurkha, or the Punjabi there

can be no question, and examples of their prowess, even against the superior arms and discipline of British troops, are easily found. The history of the Sikh wars, with its stories of Aliwal, Firozshah, Chilianwala, and Gujrat, is all that is needed to show what the Punjab soldier could do fifty years ago; Ambela, Chaharasia, and Ahmad Khel may well be cited as instances of the desperate courage of the Pathan; while a past generation of Indian soldiers learnt from the terrible lessons of the Nepal campaign what was possible to the Gurkha soldiery. But, while ever ready to follow, the soldier of India cannot lead. Men such as Tantia Topi are the exceptions even amongst the finest fighting races of the country. The native of India, when placed in a commanding position, lacks the self-reliance, the ready assumption of responsibility, the capacity for organisation, the eagerness to assume the initiative, all of which are essential to a leader of men. This fact was the secret of our success against the Indian peoples while still unconquered; it was equally the secret of the failure of the Indian Mutiny; and it is the secret at once of the strength and of the weakness of our present military system. It is the secret of its strength, because, were it not for this the position of our native officers would constantly become intolerable to them; it would be absolutely necessary to open to them a wider field of action, and while improving their efficiency, we should be training leaders who might in the hour of need turn their knowledge against ourselves. But no such necessity for increased scope for native officers exists. The number amongst them of men who are superior to their position is so small that

opportunities can be found for them outside military employ without affecting the status of the whole class. It has been amply proved that any other course is inexpedient. The experiment has been tried both in the Civil Service of India and in the Army Medical Service of admitting natives to the superior grades: few will be found to say that the measure is a success in the former service; in the latter it is an unqualified failure, and a constant source of trouble and perplexity.

And this incapacity of the native to command is also the secret of our weakness in the Indian army, because, so long as our regiments are as under-officered as at present (one British officer to about one hundred men), even so long will they be unfit to face the losses inevitable in a war against well-led troops and modern firearms. Afghanistan, Suakin, Chitral, all are eloquent of what the Indian army can and will do when led by British officers: every officer of that army, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards, would gladly lead the troops of its first line against any forces in the world; but the leading is a necessity. Eight officers to a battalion would soon disappear in the destruction of a Woerth or a Gravelotte; and then when the leaders, on whom the men depend for guidance, for encouragement, and for example, were no longer before them, these troops, however brave and eager before, would be overtaken with the dismay of a shepherdless flock, and the saying of the old Ressaldar of the 4th Punjab Infantry at the taking of Lucknow, which Lord Roberts has recorded, would again be re-echoed, "Sahib, we can fight well, but we don't understand military arrangements."

ITALIAN JOURNALISM AS SEEN IN FICTION.

ON a former occasion¹ we endeavoured to show, through the medium of some Italian novels—in other words, through the vehicle of Italian eyes and mouths—the pernicious effects of contemporary Italian politics on Italian political and social life. We will here endeavour to show how that great organ for good and evil, the Press, is worked in the Peninsula, and of what nature are its influences on the nation. Unfortunately, although the Italians are great newspaper readers and every little place has its party organ, the Press is, on the whole, in a somewhat debased condition, and almost entirely in the hands of politicians, wire-pullers, and Government officials, and hence untrustworthy, unscrupulous, and unconscientious. We fear that the number of independent and honest newspapers that could be found would not have saved Sodom and Gomorrah from their doom. In part this is due to the poverty which makes it needful for them to be subsidised by some man or faction; for the art of advertising, which tides over so many of the financial difficulties of our organs, is very much in embryo, and its presumed advantages little understood. This being so, it is small wonder that the Fourth Estate is held in little honour, and that we fail to find Italian newspaper-men holding positions of little less importance than that of an ambassador, as we find, for example, in England and France. Still, venal

and insincere as this Press is, its influence is, nevertheless, far-reaching, and is constantly on the increase, and hence it is small wonder that the sociologists among novelists should have also fastened on this subject as a theme.

First to perceive the growing importance of this new faction was Matilda Serao, with her quick woman's instinct and perception of the drift of the hour. Her book, '*Vita e Avventure di Riccardo Joanna*,' is a novel entirely devoted to the manipulations, shifts, and expedients too prevalent in Italian newspaper life, of which the author, herself reared in a newspaper office, and afterwards editor of various journals that changed in colour like the chameleon, is competent to speak *ex cathedra*. The work is dedicated to the journalists of Italy. Does there, perchance, lie a hidden satire in this dedication? Certainly the book is a revelation of back-stair intrigues, of dirty transactions, of utter lack of elementary honesty that does them little credit, if it is to be accepted as a typical and faithful picture.²

We follow the hero throughout his entire life, beginning when, as a motherless child, he already accompanied his father to the newspaper office of a fifth-rate Neapolitan journal, of which Joanna the elder was head of the staff, reporter, leader-writer, and general man of all work. As a mere lad Riccardo is made familiar with all manner of mean expedients to ob-

¹ "Politics in Recent Italian Fiction," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Nov. 1896.

² We should like in fairness to state that the '*Corriere della Sera*,' one of the leading newspapers, if not the leading newspaper, in Italy, has formed throughout its whole career a noble exception to the censures here applied to the Italian Press, while all the organs of Signor Crispi were necessarily the most audacious and notorious offenders against journalistic honesty.

tain money for real and, worse still, for artificial needs—money which is never repaid, and which the borrower never for a moment intends to refund, though, of course, he swears to do so by all the gods of Olympus. Printer's ink was the perfume most familiar to the nostrils of the small Riccardo; he was even put to sleep under cover of fresh printed newspapers, to keep mosquitoes and flies from off his delicate face. Broken down by overwork and irregular living, the father dies when Riccardo is not yet out of his teens,—his last request to his son being that he will never, never become a journalist. And Riccardo swears and intends to keep his oath. Through friendly intervention and protection he secures a small post in a Government office, and there pegs away for a few years, so faithfully fulfilling his dying father's wishes that he does not even buy or read a newspaper. But hereditary instincts and early habits are too strong: one day he again reads a journal, and from that day he feels like the old war-horse who smells the scent of carnage. Seeing that a leading Roman newspaper has advertised for a press corrector, he applies for the position and obtains it. Behold him once more amid the familiar surroundings, squalid, brutally ugly though they be, yet dear to him for old associations' sake: the rotatory machine, the printer's ink, the compositors, the printer's devil, even the very all-pervading dust, excite his fantasy. But he soon tires of his mechanical task: he desires to write himself, and chance helping him, he is able to produce so excellent a first article as to reveal the practised journalistic hand. He receives an engagement on the staff as reporter. The paper to which he is attached is described as more flourishing

than is common to Italian journals—the fact being that the period of its birth and progress fall within that brief era of inflated prosperity that followed the Italian occupation of Rome. Here Riccardo gains his journalistic spurs, and becomes a noted figure not only among his colleagues but in the *salons* of ladies more or less influential, gives himself the airs of a grand seigneur, and spends like a duke, drawing in advance on his salary and involving himself hopelessly in debt, signing bills he cannot meet, and having recourse to any amount of low expedients, such as accepting money to write up, or write down, political men, and what not besides. Finally, he manages to get a newspaper of his own, also run on the same line of expedients; but even this at last gives out, and he runs away from the ultimate catastrophe, leaving in the lurch his colleagues and all who trusted him.

We meet him again—for the book is written in episodes—as the proprietor and editor of an apparently prosperous concern in Milan, to which he has, from a superstitious sense of filial devotion, given the name of the paper in whose service his father died. To outward appearances it all seems Eldorado, so much so that a leading statesman enters into negotiations with Joanna to buy the paper for his party. But Joanna asks too high a price; he has too much faith in his star, and refuses the really brilliant offer made him. From that day the fortunes of the paper decline,—whether by chance or because secretly undermined by the party whose protection he had refused, we are left to divine. The inevitable catastrophe, so long pending, at last arrives; the paper appears irregularly, printer, papermaker, and staff being unpaid, except on

the days when Riccardo manages to obtain money from green youths or credulous colleagues. Prematurely old, threatened with sudden death from heart-disease, cynical, weary, disgusted with life, yet too cowardly to seek death, we quit him, his last words a request to a younger man not to enter the fatal lists of journalism. The younger replies that he cannot keep from it—that journalism is a vocation, a destiny.

We will give but one extract from the book, which pretty well condenses its whole tenor. The younger man replies to all Joanna's invectives against the Press with—

"‘Still,’ said Antonio Amati, ‘one also finds friends in journalism.’"

"‘Well, yes, it may be so. But it is much easier to displease than to please; ten services that you render do not outweigh one evil you do; the greatest meed of praise does not equal the smallest measure of blame. The friendship of political men? You are their slave, not their friend, you must have no mouth except to praise, you should not ask but should give everything, you are hindered from judging, advising, warning. The friendship of business men? It lasts as long as their business with you lasts. The friendship of the party? They are not human beings, they are impersonal formulæ. The party is an entity, and an entity has no bowels, no heart; an entity can have no love or gratitude. You saw how the prince treated me to-day. He knew he was going to leave at 5.20, and he told my manager to return at 6. He did not say no to me, he has not refused me, he has not even put forward a pretext; he has simply mocked me.’"

"‘How shameful.’"

"‘Do not say shameful. He is right. We others impose on this presumed friendship—we wish to exploit it in every possible manner. To-day we ask money, to-morrow protection, the day after mediation, and we think it is all due to us, that we have a right to demand it. I have wearied out the prince; it is true he is the

head of his party, but I have bothered him not a little.’"

"‘But you have also done him good service.’"

"‘Yes, but I have not made him Minister. He will never forgive me this.’"

"‘What, a big man like that?’"

"‘He is a fool.’"

"‘You are joking.’"

"‘A fool, I tell you. Alas! none better than we know the measure of these great men—we know the secret of their reputation. It is built up on our adjectives, it is made out of our false news, it is constructed out of our articles. For fifteen years now I have called the prince “eminent,” and all have ended by believing him to be eminent; for fifteen years I have written, “His Excellency the prince has left for Vienna. It is believed that he is charged with a mission to that Court.” The notice is copied, and recopied, and amplified, and disguised, and commentated, and finally denied. To-day I shall say he has gone to Paris, perhaps they will name him ambassador there. It is not true. But for a fortnight the Press will be fully occupied concerning his Excellency. For fifteen years I have said at the Chamber, to the electors, to the public, that things will not go well until his Excellency is Minister, and many share my conviction only because they have read it in the ‘Tempo.’ It is thus that the reputation of the prince, who is a fool, has been made.’"

"‘And if they make him Minister? Then your troubles would be ended, it seems to me.’"

"‘No, he would believe they chose him because of his eminence, because I have persuaded even him to believe in his own ability, and he would just try to buy the ‘Fulmine’ which attacks him.’"

"‘You are a pessimist.’"

"‘I am nothing, dear Amati; I am old and weary.’"

With this flash-light on the falsity, the hollowness of Italian political and journalistic life, we quit this book, which leaves an ugly savour in the nostrils, just perhaps because of its truthfulness. Not more agreeable reading, however, is the next work with

which we propose to deal, 'La Baraonda,' by Girolamo Rovetta, a distinguished novelist and playwright, who understands thoroughly the mechanism of his art. Here we come in contact with the world, not only of journalism, but also of business. It is difficult to give an English rendering of this word Baraonda; the French word *débacle* is perhaps its nearest equivalent, but even this does not fully define it. It implies a general disorganisation, a going to pieces in an unworthy and undignified manner. The book is entertaining, lively reading, whose interest never flags. There is, perhaps, an exaggeration in the delineation of the principal character, a speculator. The cankers of Italian business-life are laid bare with a too merciless hand. The reverse of the medal is too constantly held up to view, and we are never permitted even to suppose that there is an obverse. In short, the attitude is frankly censorious and disparaging; still the very fact that the novel is deemed by Italians as one *à clef* proves that there must be a large foundation of truth in what it relates, and that there are phases in their life that correspond to this. With this *clef* we have no concern; the originals are local celebrities, but otherwise nonentities of no international interest. What they represent is of all ages and times—namely, human nature in a setting of degenerate circumstances. The book opens with a lively scene, introducing us to the household of the principal personage. This family consists of Matteo Cantasirena; two young ladies, whether nieces or daughters who pass as nieces is not made clear; Pietro Laner, a simple-minded youth who is lodging in the house and has engaged himself to Nora, the beauty; a handsome maid-of-all-

work, Gioconda; and a man with a wooden leg, who is a kind of general factotum. Nor must mention be omitted of the cat, who serves as a sort of family barometer: if the wind be fair he sits on the sofa; if a storm is blowing—and storms in that household are frequent—he hides under the stairs. The beauty, who teaches singing, returns home hungry to find that her sister has eaten all the luncheon, and that there is nothing in the house but coffee and *pannettone* (a kind of bun-loaf very popular in Milan); the cook, who lacks no comforts, a point carefully looked to by her master and herself, states that she could get nothing for credit in the market that day, the tradespeople wanted to be paid. Indeed while she thus speaks the house-bell is constantly ringing, pulled by a procession of duns, known in the family as *Tirolese*, a play on the Italian word *tirare*, to pull. The fact is that the 'Rinnovatore,' the paper of which the uncle was editor, has expired of inanition that morning. "Still there was nothing to fear for Cantasirena on that account. When one journal died he merely started another, and it was at such periods of his existence, when driven by pressing need, that he wrote in the journals of others his best articles." He laid claim to no end of titles: advocate, professor, *cavaliere* of course—what Italian is not a *cavaliere*!—and colonel to boot; for he had served under Garibaldi, and this military, self-bestowed title sounded well. Cantasirena was an eminently genial man. He hated no one. The secret of his great power lay in himself, in his personality, and in the gullibility of mankind; the mass, seeing him always on his feet, even after the most noisy tumbles, believed in him; men were always indulgent

and kind to Matteo Cantasirena, perhaps because there was always something about him that made them laugh, for we all love to be amused. He was handsome into the bargain, bald like Mr Micawber, with a fine figure and a beard like Moses, always well in view and audible. He would be pointed out to provincials as he walked through the streets as one of the lions of Milan. He always called the two girls, Nora and Evelina, his dear children; but this does not prove that they were his daughters, nor did their calling him uncle make them his nieces.

"In that house, in that life, so various, so agitated, so full of adventures, oscillating between luxury and want, theatres, festivals, inaugurations, commemorations, and days of desperate, hurried, breathless labour, there was never time to pause or to reflect, and the expansive form of speech served in place of the real tie of blood. Cantasirena's house was only one of the many places where he was to be heard of (*recapito*), his newspaper, banks, railways, racing about to find money, to expose or to defend a Ministry, support an *impresario*, to write out or to revise the speech of a deputy, a duel in which he was involved as second, an execution in his house, a bill not to be paid, not to mention his own small vices that had to be satisfied,—such was the life of Cantasirena day by day. He took his breakfast at the *café*, sent home a basket full of provisions for dinner, then did not come, giving no previous warning—in short, a shifty, restless life of many resources, multicoloured, and not lacking the elements of variety and the unexpected. The two girls had been brought to his house as children, and no one had remembered to come and fetch them back, so they remained. Had he ever had a wife? Perhaps not, but among the many women with whom he had been intimate there may have been the mother of Nora and Evelina. He scarcely knew where he himself had been born. In Turin, where he founded a magazine called the 'Dog-

aressa,' he appeared to be a Venetian; entering Venice with Victor Emmanuel, he founded the 'Bersaglieri,' and was believed to be a Piedmontese. Now at Milan, he raved against foreign journalists and passed for a Milanese, or a Lombard at the very least. As for his name, Cantasirena [Siren song], was it his real cognomen, or only the pseudonym placed at the foot of his first successful article? Who could say? His true life was public life, his past the historical past of new Italy. Instead of by years he counted the passage of time by the changes of Ministry. All the property that was really his own he could easily carry in a trunk, and he would probably have to borrow even that trunk of Gioconda. Nora, whom he pompously called Eleonora, accentuating every vowel, was his darling: she taught singing, had a pretty, light voice, could read tolerably, but had no real talent. Her uncle, thanks to one of his manœuvres, had somehow succeeded in getting her named teacher at the Conservatorio, and it was 'the thing' to have finishing lessons from her, at least for such as wished to become professionals; it was a species of tax levied on them all. And the poor girls, to conciliate Cantasirena, feigned unbounded affection and admiration for the beauty, and took her about with them everywhere. But these produced no diminution of cost, gave them no right to credit. Lessons had to be paid for cash down (to the uncle), even at the cost of running into debt, before they could appear at any theatre. To Evelina was confided the task of compiling a dictionary of living patriots. Cantasirena only troubled himself about dead heroes, when a subscription for a monument or memorial was on foot. The dictionary came out in instalments at irregular periods, when times were difficult, such as when there was no journal going or the Ministry would advance no more funds. Cantasirena had begun to be ministerial under Cavour, and always remained ministerial, because, as he said, the words Right and Left could mean nothing but the two hands of the same body, which was the country. When the dictionary was under way Cantasirena paid visits and asked the designated victims for information,

explanations, and notes. Whether they consented to be thus immortalised in order to excite ambition or alarm, whether they wished that Cantasirena should speak or be silent, the upshot of the whole transaction was that the living patriots had to disburse a certain sum for the privilege. 'Tutti salmi finiscono in gloria' is an Italian proverb, and that was Cantasirena's motto. There was no danger that patriots would run out; when the patriots who had made Italy were ended, Cantasirena began a new series with such as had served or were serving her, with those who had adorned her in art and science; further, he had started on a long and indefinite series, that of the benevolent. Evelina could sometimes turn out five or six patriots a day, assisted by an army of luckless youths whom Nora had encouraged and then dropped. In order that they might still continue to see her, perhaps in the hope of making her jealous, they paid court to Evelina, who also wore her sister's cast-off clothing. Though she was so plain, and slightly deformed into the bargain, she was not without a certain attractiveness, and no one could deny her shrewd ability. Like Nora, her one ambition was to leave that house and find her place in the world. Left to themselves as they had been, they cared only for themselves, and managed for themselves like street arabs."

The day on which the story opens, Nora sees some one passing under the window, a sight that makes her resolve to go out again, but not till she has tried to still her hunger with *pannettone* and dates, which she washes down with water drunk out of the kitchen-bucket, flinging at Evelina as she went the angry remark, "In this house Madame Gioconda comes first, then the cat, then you, and what is left must do for me!" "True," answered Evelina, with still sharper irony, "but when you get to Palazzo Laner the first place will be yours." This is meant as a cut both at Nora and at the uncle. The former had en-

gaged herself to Laner, but was visibly neglecting him; the latter, after having kept the young man as a boarder in the house, and having inveigled him out of the twenty thousand francs the ingenuous provincial had brought with him from his Trentino home in order to make his fortune in Milan, had suddenly discovered that for the sake of decorum, in view of the fact that he had two young girls in the house, Pietro must quit the establishment. "Let uncle Matteo do what seems to him best," laughed Nora; "he is prodigious, is our uncle!" And she left the house, for some one had again passed the window. Evelina watches her from the window, and sees two men, one, an old-young dandy, the other a dumpy, ugly, untidy object. They had evidently been waiting for Nora, who passed them by, however, without an apparent look or sign, her roll of music in her hand, daintily picking her steps and showing the neatest of ankles. As Evelina watches her, wondering what is her game, she is interrupted by the advent of Laner, who enters in visible anger, followed by a furious creditor, Brunetti, agent for the firm which had furnished the paper for the 'Rinnovatore.' They are followed in their turn by an upholsterer with a long bill. At last Matteo arrives on the scene in breathless excitement, affable always, but visibly moved and distraught. His hands and coat-pockets are full of small parcels; besides his silver-headed stick he even carries a large bouquet of flowers. All these he carefully gives over into Gioconda's keeping with much pomp and display, and then states that he has had a despatch from Rome, from the President of the Council. He hunts for it in vain in his pockets, and then tells his

auditors that it announces that a great, a terrible loss has befallen all Italy. Captain Fara-bon, the great Fara-bon, is dead! Laner, Brunetti, and the upholsterer look at each other in mute amazement. But who was Captain Fara-bon? They had never heard his name before. Cantasirena soon enlightens them. Fara-bon had been a patriot, one of the good old type, his best friend—would he lived still! but perhaps he could be made to survive through his, Cantasirena's, means. He knew that Fara-bon had left behind him a project for the utilisation of the north Italian water-ways, called by him the Cisalpine Navigation, an idea that contained in itself the potentiality of millions, an idea of gold, an idea that would coin cash, though he, poor dear patriot, had never known how to utilise it. But he, Matteo Cantasirena, his best friend, would make himself the heir of his project, he would ripen it into fruit, upraise it as a worthy monument to his memory. "Cisalpine Navigation, Brunetti, dear Brunetti, this is a great idea, rejoice with me." Though the agent with his still unpaid bill perceived no immediate cause for rejoicing, yet he was taken in by Cantasirena's assurance, by the sight of the parcels of costly victuals, *pate-de-fois gras*, and what not besides, by Cantasirena's mellifluous words, his statement that he received this news from the President of the Council himself; he lets himself be pacified, and promises to wait yet a while longer for his money. And there was some grain of truth in Cantasirena's words. A certain second-rate celebrity called Fara-bon was dead, but Cantasirena had had no despatch to announce the event, he had but read the news of the death in the papers,

and his quick brain had at once jumped at the notion he had exposed at such length to Brunetti. When Cantasirena finally inveigled Brunetti into his study, he told him that he was too desponding in temperament, too easily frightened, then, placing himself comfortably in his arm-chair, and leaning forward and looking his visitor full in the face, he suddenly asked him—

"Do you want to make a hundred thousand lire?"

"I?"

"Yes, you, and bring your name before the public and share in a colossal undertaking which will bring riches and glory to the country."

"You invent something new every day," growled Brunetti, angrily; but instead of going away he sat down on a stool which stood by the director's desk.

"Stretching himself in the big arm-chair, and bringing his large fat hands down on its arms, Cantasirena repeated, half closing his eyes, and with the unctuous intonation of a Rothschild, 'One hundred thousand lire.'

"A new one every day," muttered Brunetti again, stretching out his neck. He did not wish to believe, but he was curious to hear what was coming.

"Cantasirena turned, then turned again, lying down in the arm-chair as though it were a bed, and looking at Brunetti without speaking. Then he began to pour out his confidences.

"Newspapers in the present day have become simply vehicles for notices and strings of despatches. They are not dependent upon talent but upon money: they might have a large circulation, but have lost all influence. Interest oneself in politics? Struggle? Fight? For whom? For honest little men with no brains, knavish little men with no audacity. We are not a free people but a population of freedmen, always in search of a new master. And the representatives of the nation? No Desmoulins, barely a Mirabeau, without his eloquence. And what have we in art? Instantaneous photo-

graphy substituted for the flights and creations of genius. Dear Brunetti, I mean to retire from journalism, from politics. I am old, and have no time to lose. I want to better my condition, to leave a position to my dear children and a name to the gratitude of a people.' He paused a moment, then drawing himself up majestically, proceeded: 'Will you join me? From a great grief has arisen a great idea. My poor Fara-bon is dead; shall we not be his intellectual executors, the heirs of his great project?' Then he added under his breath, speaking slowly and pressing his hand upon the other's arm with ever increasing force, 'Shall we, *we two alone*, be masters of the field?' Brunetti was mute, but his hand moved nervously in his trousers-pocket. 'Well?'

"Well what?"

"Is it Yes or No?"

"But I don't even know what you are talking about," said Brunetti, shrugging his shoulders. He was afraid of Cantasirena, but was also afraid of losing a good chance. 'Before all,' he said, with emphasis, 'you must understand that I will not advance one soldo—absolutely not one soldo.'

"The director smiled, shaking his head with a compassionate mien; then, still sitting in his arm-chair, but drawing as near to Brunetti as possible, face to face, he began with a deep sigh: 'It is the common destiny of men of genius—Aristides, Alighieri, Camoens, Fulton, Fara-bon—that their great inventions should take shape and triumph only after they are dead!'

"Thus started, he went on in the same vein, talking, talking, always fixing his eyes upon Brunetti's, magnetising, hypnotising him with his bright sparkling glance, caressing, soothing him with his soft confidential smile, bewitching him with his silky voice, insinuating, tempting. Cantasirena had not read a word, had not put forward a single fact concerning the great, the '*colossal*' project of the lamented Fara-bon, but he talked, talked, kept on talking, with warmth, with persuasion, with conviction, with enthusiasm, of 'aqueous ways,' of 'new commercial currents,' of the Po connected with the Lago

Maggiore and the Lago di Garda, of the Port of Venice, which would become the first harbour in the world, because it would become of necessity the great point of junction between internal and maritime navigation, between the Orient, the Quarnero, the Bocche di Cattaro, and the great Alpine passes, the Brenner, the St Gotthard, and the Simplon.

"And—the millions?" stammered Brunetti, stunned and confused.

"The assistance of the Government, of the provinces and the communes, cannot be withheld. When this is secured we will form a joint-stock company, of which I shall be the soul and the mind, and you shall be the arm."

"And the project? Is it in your hands—do you possess it?"

"Matteo Cantasirena smiled softly and replied, tapping his finger on one of the drawers of his desk, 'Here. We need one thing only,' he continued, 'to start our operations,—a name, a great name, a name which will carry weight. Its bearer may be an ass if you like, but the ass must have a name that is the fashion to place at the head of the committee.'

"You are right, a great name," echoed the still bewildered Brunetti; 'but where are we to find it?'

"There will be one, I know one," replied Cantasirena, closing his eyes again and stretching himself out in his arm-chair like Jove in repose, secure in his own omnipotence.

"Who, who?"

"He could not say just then; it was his secret. To-morrow, perhaps, he might speak, but not to-day; only, without further preamble, he wanted five hundred lire. He had certain small annoying debts which he could not, would not, put off: he must provide in some way for the contributors to the defunct journal who had been cast upon the street—for Pietro Laner above all, 'the bard of the Trentino.' Nor did he himself, Matteo Cantasirena, wish to appear like a beggar.

"At first Brunetti protested, shouted, flew into a rage. Had he not declared that he would not advance a centime? No, no, absolutely no! More than that, he could not if he wished. It was the end of the month, he had his own claimants, had nearly

been driven mad to find the ten thousand lire he had just paid.

"It was Cantasirena who owed them, not he, but Brunetti had this time forgotten this trifling detail, bewildered, flattered, distracted as he was by Cantasirena's eloquence. Little by little poor Brunetti was coaxed into promising first three, then four, then the five hundred francs required. He promised to have them ready by to-morrow without fail. After all, he reflected, Matteo owed him so much that a further five hundred francs was a drop in the bucket.

"Take care," repeated Cantasirena, with a grave and serious, almost menacing air; "do not promise again and then leave me in the lurch as usual."

"The director, who seemed tired and rather bored, with his habitual air of benevolent condescension held out his hand as a hint to his visitor to take his leave. He, Matteo Cantasirena, had by his clever juggling become the debtor of Signor Brunetti."

We have given this conversation at some length, because this is a fair specimen of the method by which the protagonist manipulates his victims. Cantasirena is rather a type than a character, perhaps; but he is a lifelike type, and one, unfortunately, but too common in Italy at the present day.

Matteo, when he promised a great name at the head of his committee, had one ready in his mind's eye. Nora's admirers were all known to her uncle by means of his two spies, Gioconda and Evelina. The old-young man who had followed her in the street was no less a person than the Duke Giovanni di Casalbara, whose great piece of good fortune and single merit in the eyes of the world was that his elder brother, Eriprando, had died at Josephstadt, a victim to the Austrian tyranny.

"Giovanni was very young when, one night, his brother had been arrested, conducted to Mantua, and

buried alive in the Austrian fortress. The two brothers were orphans; Giovanni now remained alone. He was taken to Turin by an aunt, the Marchesa Casteletto-Rugarole; and at Turin the Court ladies, the *émigrés*, the patriots, politicians, and journalists, began to forget the martyr who was languishing so far away amid the hardships and privations of a dungeon in their compassion for the handsome blonde youth who walked alone under the arcades, always in mourning, always wrapt in quiet melancholy. And, on the day when the news arrived that Duke Eriprando had died of privation and a broken heart, there was a great demonstration under Giovanni's windows, and he was forced to come out and speak to the applauding mob. From that day forth he was the true, the only martyr, and he derived from his martyrdom at that period of national glorification all manner of satisfaction and advantage, including heavy compensation for his brother's property, confiscated by the Austrian Government, and the concession of a lottery depot, which, confided to skilful hands, brought him in a clear million without his having to raise a finger. If others forgot his brother, not so Giovanni. That memory was his religion, his idol, the brightest glory of his race, which counted back to the Crusades. He felt all the pride of being the last scion of that race, and all the responsibility which weighed upon him as his brother's brother. But his narrow mind, his tastes, his mode of life, did not permit of his being or doing anything distinguished or noble. He let himself degenerate little by little, that he might keep up the outward luxury and splendour of his house, the tabernacle, as it were, of the ancient tradition and the recent glory of the family. The Duke of Casalbara enveloped his own person in a dignified reserve which did not permit him to flaunt his small vices in the public eye."

Hence this dignified personage had need of a go-between, and consequently he was often seen accompanied by a short, common-looking fellow who scarcely reached to his elbow. This unattractive-

looking being was the banker Kloss, whose fortune had been, not his brother, but his father, "who knew how to fail well and in time, while his partner had hanged himself between the curtains of his bed." The duke had met Kloss in the house of Madame Dupont, a *Parisienne*, a useful personage, who lent her hands to all jobs, clean or unclean, but especially the latter, supposing always that her clients were sufficiently important and knew how to pay. Casalbara and Kloss were both the little woman's lovers; she cost the duke a small fortune, and was not above applying to the banker when a pressing IOU was due, or a document with the signature of the dressmaker or milliner came to hand. The two despised each other with the small amount of virtue they had left, though they were intimate and sympathised with each other's vices. This Kloss, who is drawn in somewhat coarse colours, and is certainly a little exaggerated, has, nevertheless, his prototype upon all the Stock Exchanges of the world. A snob *par excellence*, he wishes equally to oblige the duke and to get him into his toils. He sees that the nobleman has been struck with Nora, and his idea is to obtain her for him, on easier terms, however, than marriage. But here he reckons without Cantasirena, and also without Nora herself, who is quite clever enough to perceive the trap, and to know how to do the best for herself. Cantasirena has set his mind on having Casalbara's name at the head of the prospectus of his company. But the duke, though in love enough to marry Nora in secret, is not quite devoid of sense. He sees that this is a speculation and that he had better keep out of it, and is wise enough to refuse all co-operation with

Cantasirena. The company is formed, nevertheless, with a marchese at its head,—a man whose half-ruined palace is bought as an office for the engineers who have to draw up the plans and study the problem of the works required by the Aqueous Navigation. These works are to be carried out, above all things, regardless of economy; such are Cantasirena's orders. "Economy," he said, "in great enterprises is the tomb of capital; a staff of twenty engineers, of course people of the district, and we have conquered." The prefect of the sub-alpine town Primarola is talked over to the extent of promising the money to found a journal, to be called 'The Resources of Italy.' The marchese of the palace is induced to believe that the Duke Casalbara is honorary president,—"Giovanni, my nephew," as Cantasirena, the secretary to the company, is always calling him, making promises without end in his name. All objections raised to the scheme are overruled by the loquacious and eloquent Cantasirena. An editor is easily found for 'The Resources of Italy.' This is how he is described:—

"A small, dirty, insignificant-looking man with torn shoes and a threadbare black coat, and a face between a starving beggar and a criminal. . . . Perego might boast that he represented the whole staff of 'The Resources of Italy.' The journal 'of the young and for the young' certainly had its office and the pockets of its director full of young men and their work. But Matteo Cantasirena bade all these young men bring him money and subscribers. When they brought articles their goal was the waste-paper basket. Mariano Perego was wonderful in his character of *journaliste utilité*; he had read everything, known everybody, remembered everything, and was a portentous plagiarist and a first-class assimilator of other people's styles. On account of this ability, his

colleagues called him 'the forger.' But not for this only. There was an accusation underlying the epithet, a recondite allusion to his past, to the offence which had dishonoured and ruined him. At eighteen, when he was passing through his last Lyceum year, having lost his head about a woman, he had forged the name of a schoolfellow to a bill for a hundred lire; before it fell due he had flung himself at his comrade's feet and confessed his fault; the friend forgave him and took up the bill. But afterwards, after perhaps ten years, when Mariano Perego was far advanced in his career, in his fame, when he found himself involved in a furious controversy which convulsed a whole city, and which was to have been decided by a duel, a series of duels, behold, there arose a voice, a vague rumour referring to this fact. The report became more persistent, more precise. His adversary's seconds asked for a court of honour, the story of the bill was indisputably proved, and Mariano Perego, declared unworthy to fight, was obliged to leave the town and to abandon the paper he had started, and had rendered powerful at such pains and with so much cleverness. He was forced to quit the political party to which he had devoted his life, and for which he was ready to sacrifice it, and had to leave everything, to hide himself, to disappear. . . . And Mariano Perego, the fallen journalist, made use of the very mud which had been flung at him to give vent to his envy, his hatred, his bitterness: to this very same mud he had recourse even for his living, for bare daily food, and but little of that, and that little not good, because people who were honoured and respected availed themselves of his misery and his abject condition to make use of his talent, his power of work, even at times of his dishonesty. Matteo Cantasirena was not the worst by any means. In seasons of plenty he paid without stint and without being asked; in seasons of scarcity he paid nothing, but asked him to dinner and treated him to Bordeaux. Perego, fed and flattered, served him willingly in his turn, by way of gratitude."

With the aid of this personage Cantasirena concocts an attack,

which is to appear in the paper, on Kloss, who has made it his business to abuse the company on 'Change and to warn people from taking up its shares. Perego has made Cantasirena acquainted with the fact that Kloss has a confidential clerk, who may even sign cheques for the firm, and who has much weight with his master. He is a good sort of creature called Galli. To this person Perego goes with Cantasirena's article in proof, to give Galli an opportunity of buying off its appearance, Cantasirena being supposed to know nothing of the step. But Galli will not listen, whereupon Perego swears vengeance. Meantime Kloss is buying shares in the company all the same, but under the rose, and is depreciating them for his own purposes. About this time Cantasirena has announced a lecture at Primarola. It has been proposed, of course secretly at the instigation of Cantasirena, to erect a monument to Fara-bon, and the purpose of the lecture is to arouse enthusiasm for the idea. He finds general discontent among the workmen and engineers. The work does not progress from the stage of scheme to the stage of reality, the promised Eldorado is still awaited,—the angry crowd clamours for action, not empty phrases. Cantasirena, the unabashed, who is never taken unawares, is ready to meet the situation. By a *coup de théâtre* he puts them in a good humour. He announces that new life will be put into the concern—the Duke of Casalbara is about to become their president. At this announcement, entirely unauthorised and without foundation, the shares of the company go up, and many small proprietors mortgage their lands to become shareholders.

At this time Nora and her husband are at Nice, surrounded

with fine acquaintances—English, French, American, and Sicilian. Nora, who spends lavishly and dresses exquisitely, is greatly admired, and the fable, cleverly circulated, of her romantic passion for her elderly husband, transfigures both. But a *mauvais quart d'heure* awaits them also. Kloss, the wily, the long-suffering, who knows when to strike and when to bide his time, calls on the duke to refund money lent on the strength of his signature. Now Casalbara has always drawn on Kloss, and never kept any account of the transactions. When called on thus suddenly to pay up, thanks to his own, and still more to Nora's, reckless extravagance, he finds himself unable to meet his claims: thus he, too, is drawn into the Baraonda. He has to face a terrible scene with Nora when she learns that they must economise,—a scene in which the duke remains a gentleman but the duchess reveals herself to be a vulgar virago. Not long after this, the old, worried, humiliated duke, dimly but painfully conscious of the mistake he has made, falls seriously ill. The duchess is almost at her wits' end. The great Casalbara palace in Milan had been furnished magnificently for her habitation, and she is now told that she may not live there. Yet what had she married for but to play a great *rôle* in the world? She is determined to live there, and in style too, at all costs; but to do so she must induce Kloss to renew his bills, and to this end she employs all her wits, her allurements, her uncle's counsels, her own astuteness. Galli, whom she has fascinated by her beauty and amiability, and whom she employs as a cat's-paw and a tool, is sent by her to Kloss; she also persuades him to sell her jewels. She fascinates him to his ruin, which

leads him finally to commit suicide; for she even brings him to the point—he the scrupulous, the ultra-honest—of forging his master's signature to a large cheque in her favour. This Galli, and the relations of Pietro Laner, are the only characters in the book who are not utterly unscrupulous and good-for-nothing. While these events were proceeding, Evelina, who saw that things were once more going badly with her uncle, and who had no intention of being finally left high and dry, managed to induce Pietro Laner to marry her. But Nora recaptures him, the duke discovers the intrigue, and becomes paralysed and helpless from the shock. This occurs at a time when his country house is filled with guests; for after he had become honorary president of the Cisalpine Navigation Company, it had been decided by the wily Matteo that it was due to the company and to the duke that he should give a great banquet to all the promoters and chief shareholders, an occasion on which the Minister of Public Works has also consented to be present. At the banquet, being called upon to speak, Casalbara bursts into tears, which, misunderstood, draw down thunders of applause. He is really weeping for his own degeneration, of which a clear vision has come to him at that moment when he sees himself surrounded by greedy speculators and low-class upstarts. Still even all this display does not help to save the company from the ruin that threatens it. Kloss holds the key of the situation, has the money, and hence the power; and he, moved by rancour and spite, amused at watching the writhings of his victims, and hoping thus, too, to get Nora entirely in his trap, inspires a violent article in an influential journal against the company, against Cantisirena,

against the unfortunate Casalbara. The duke is watched that he may not see the papers, as they might excite him in his nervous state, and might cause him to act incautiously. It is at this point that Nora commits the fatal blunder that Kloss had foreseen. She telegraphs to Galli, and tricks him out of a very large sum of money. This telegram falls into the hands of Kloss after Galli's death. Hence Nora is lost, and she has to become Kloss's slave and puppet, while appearing to the world as the devoted nurse of her invalid husband, receiving as such the admiration and sympathy of society. Yet another meeting of the company is held at Primavera, but this time Cantasirena's eloquence is powerless to stem the fury of the unpaid workmen. The unhappy Taddeo, the factotum, accused of having called in the police, is torn to pieces, and his wooden leg, covered with blood, is flung out of the window of the committee-room. This is followed by the rising of the Casalbara *contadini*, though their rage is disarmed at finding the duke helpless through the effects of his stroke. Nothing could now withhold the inevitable crash, which falls with tremendous impetus. To Kloss, as the chief creditor, is assigned the task of liquidating the company, and in this he rehabilitates the memory of his luckless agent and of the still-living duke. He, and he alone, is the gainer by the Baraonda. 'The Resources of Italy' becomes his paper. "It was no longer good taste or patriotic to talk of the Cisalpine Navigation Company. Of the crowd that had been ruined nothing was heard." When the book ends Cantasirena is depicted as busy elaborating a new great scheme which is to lead all concerned to fame and fortune,

while Evelina and Laner are buried alive in his distant Tyrolese home, living with a priest uncle who has taken them in for charity. So ends the book, a true Baraonda in the full sense of the term.

Alas! that Baraonda should be the last word we have to write concerning these latter-day Italian novels, that reflect but too faithfully the Baraonda into which the nation has also fallen, though we devoutly hope and believe that this is but temporary, due in large part to unscrupulous statesmen, to evil governments, to a too rapid evolution, to the inevitable reaction that results from a great effort successfully accomplished, such as was the making of Italian unity. Even from our all too rapid sketch of these novelists, who have chosen for their subject the public life of the day in Italy, it is manifest that the writers have a pretty keen perception concerning the prime weaknesses of their race, which lie at the root of so many of the troubles which assail the new kingdom. These are, briefly, a pronounced personal and public vanity, a want of perseverance which urges men to attain too rapidly the goal of their ambition, a want of patience, and a fatal want of self-control. Still the mere fact that these rather depressing books are written, not by foreigners, but by Italians, is in itself a hopeful token; for when we begin to perceive our faults this is already a sign of grace and a proof that we are on the right road, that of regeneration. And of such regeneration there are happily indications, even though faint and far between, upon the political and social horizon of the fair Peninsula, loved alike by poets, scholars, artists, by all men of taste and culture, and which all desire to see once more great, happy, and prosperous.

THE WILD DOGS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF THE COMTE DE MUETTE.

I.

It was on a night of middle Vendémiaire in the year two (to affect the whimsical jargon of the *sansculottes*) that I issued from my burrow with an intrepidity that was nothing more nor less than a congestion of the sensibilities. Fear at that time having fed upon itself till all was devoured, was converted in very many to a humorous stoicism that only lacked to be great because it could not boast a splendid isolation. "Suspect of being suspect"—Citizen Chaumette's last slash at the hamstrings of hope—had converted all men of humane character to that religion of self-containment that can alone spiritually exalt above the caprices of the emotions. Thousands, in a moment, through extreme of fear became fearless; hence no man of them could claim a signal inspiration of courage, but only that subscription to the terms of it which unnatural conditions had rendered necessary to all believers in the ultimate ethical triumph of the human race.

I do not mean to say that I was tired of life, but simply that it came to me at once that I must not hold that test of moral independence at the mercy of any temporal tyranny whatsoever. Indeed I was still so far in love with existence physically, as to neglect no precaution that was calculated to contribute to the present prolonging of it. I wore my frieze night-cap, carmagnole, sabots, and black shag spencer with all the assumption I could muster of being to the shoddy born. I had long learned

the art of slurring a sigh into a cough or expectoration. I could curse the stolid spectres of the tumbrils so as to deceive all but the recording angel, and, possibly, Citizen Robespierre.

Nevertheless, with me, as with others, precaution seemed but a condition of the recklessness whose calculations never extended beyond the immediate day or hour. We lived posthumous lives, so to speak, and would hardly have resented it, should an arbitrary period have been put to our revisiting of the "glimpses of the moon."

On this night, then, of early September (as I will prefer calling it) I issued from my burrow, calm under the intolerable tyranny of circumstance. Desiring to reconstruct myself on the principle of an older independence, I was mentally discussing the illogic of a system of purgation that was seeking to solve the problem of existence by emptying the world, when I became aware that my preoccupied ramblings had brought me into the very presence of that sombre engine that was the concrete expression of so much and such detestable false reasoning. In effect, and to speak without circumbendibus, I found myself to have wandered into the Faubourg St Antoine—into the place of execution, and to have checked my steps only at the very foot of the guillotine.

It was close upon midnight, and, overhead, very wild and broken weather. But the deeps of atmosphere, with the city for

their ocean bed, as it were, lay profoundly undisturbed by the surface turmoil above; and in the tranquil *Place*, for all the upper flurry, one could hear oneself breathe and think.

I could have done this with the more composure, had not another sound, the import of which I was a little late in recognising, crept into my hearing with a full accompaniment of dismay. This sound was like licking or lapping, very bestial and unclean, and when I came to interpret it, it woke in me a horrible nausea. For all at once I knew that, hidden in that dreadful conduit that strong citizens of late had dug from the *Place St Antoine* to the river, to carry away the ponded blood of the executed, the wild dogs of Paris were slaking their wolfish thirst. I could hear their filthy gutturing and the scrape of their lazy tongues on the soil, and my heart went cold, for latterly, and since they had taken to hunting in packs, these ravenous brutes had assailed and devoured more than one belated citizen whom they had scented traversing the *Champs Elysées*, or other lonely space; and I was aware a plan for their extermination was even now under discussion by the Committee of Public Safety.

Now, to fling scorn to the axe in that city of terror was to boast only that one had adjusted oneself to a necessity that did not imply an affectation of indifference to the fangs of wild beasts—for such, indeed, they were. So, a suicide, who goes to cast himself headlong into the river, may run in a panic from a falling beam, and be consistent, too; for his compact is with death—not mutilation.

Be that as it may, I know that for the moment terror so snapped

at my heel that, under the very teeth of it, I leaped up the scaffold steps—with the wild idea of swarming to the beam above the knife and thence defying my pursuers, should they nose and bay me seated there at refuge—and stood with a white desperate face, scarcely daring to pant out the constriction of my lungs.

There followed no sound of concentrated movement; but only that stealthy licking went on, with the occasional splash of brute feet in a bloody mire; and gradually my turbulent pulses slowed, and I thought myself a fool for my pains in advertising my presence on a platform of such deadly prominence.

Still, not a soul seemed to be abroad. As I trod the fateful quarter ten minutes earlier, the last squalid roysterers had staggered from the wine-shops—the last gleams of light been shut upon the emptied streets. I was alone with the dogs and the guillotine.

Tiptoeing very gently, very softly, I was preparing to descend the steps once more, when I drew back with a muttered exclamation, and stood staring down upon an apparition that, speeding at that moment into the *Place*, paused within ten paces of the scaffold on which I stood.

Above the scudding clouds was a moon that pulsed a weak intermittent radiance through the worn places of the drift. Its light was always more suggested than revealed; but it was sufficient to denote that the apparition was that of a very pale young woman—a simple child she looked, whose eyes, nevertheless, wore that common expression of the dramatic intensity of her times.

She stood an instant, tense as Corday, her fingers bent to her lips; her background a frousy

wall with the legend *Propriété Nationale* scrawled on it in white chalk. Significant to the inference, the cap of scarlet wool was drawn down upon her young *blondes* curls—the gold of the coveted perukes.

Suddenly she made a little movement, and in the same instant gave out a whistle clear and soft.

Yes, it was she from whom it proceeded; and I shuddered. There below me in the ditch were the dogs; here before me was this fearless child.

For myself, even in the presence of this angel, I dared scarcely stir. It was unnatural; it was preposterous—came a scramble and a rush; and there, issued from the filthy sewer, was a huge boarhound, that fawned on the little *citoyenne*, and yelped (under her breath) like a thing of human understanding.

She cried softly, "Down, Radegonde!" and patted the monster's head with a pretty manner of endearment.

"Ah!" she murmured, "hast thou broken thy faith with thy hunger? Traitor!—but I will ask no questions. Here are thy comfits. My sweet, remember thy pedigree and thy mistress."

She thrust a handful of sugar-plums into the great jaws. I could hear the hound crunching them in her teeth.

What was I to do?—what warning to give? This child—this frail wind-flower of the night—the guillotine would have devoured her at a snap, and laughed over the tit-bit! But I, and the nameless gluttons of the ditch!

They were there—part at least of one of those packs (recruited by gradual degrees from the desolated homes of the proscribed—of

émigrés) that now were swollen to such formidable proportions as to have become a menace and a nightly terror. The dogs were there, and should they scent this tender quarry, what power was in a single faithful hound to defend her against a half hundred, perhaps, of her fellows.

Sweating with apprehension, I stole down the steps. She was even then preparing to retreat hurriedly as she had come. Her lips were pressed to the beast's wrinkled head. The sound of her footstep might have precipitated the catastrophe I dreaded.

"Citoyenne! citoyenne!" I whispered in an anguished voice.

She looked up, scared and white in a moment. The dog gave a rolling growl.

"Radegonde!" she murmured, in a faint warning tone.

The brute stood alert, her hair bristling.

"Bid her away!" I entreated.

"You are in danger."

She neither answered nor moved.

"See, I am in earnest!" I cried, loud as I durst. "The wild dogs are below there."

"Radegonde!" she murmured again.

"Ah, mademoiselle! What are two rows of teeth against a hundred? Send her away, I implore you, and accept my escort out of this danger."

"My faith!" she said at last, in a queer little moving voice, "it may be as the citizen says; but I think dogs are safer than men."

I urged my prayer. The beauty and courage of the child filled my heart with a sort of rapturous despair.

"The good God witness I am speaking for your safety alone! Will this prevail with you? I am the Oomte de Muette. I exchange

you that confidence for a little that you may place in me. I lay my life in your hands, and I beg the charge of yours in return."

I could hear her breathing deep where she stood. Suddenly she bent and spoke to her companion.

"To the secret place, Radegonde—and to-morrow again for thy *confiture*, thou bad glutton. Kiss thy Nanette, my baby; and, oh, Radegonde! not what falls from the table of Sainte Guillotine!"

She stood erect, and held up a solemn finger. The hound slunk away, like a human thing ashamed; showed her teeth at me as she passed, and disappeared in the shadows of the scaffold.

I took a hurried step forward. Near at hand the pure loveliness of this citizenne was, against its surroundings, like a flower floating on blood.

She smiled, and looked me earnestly in the face. We were but phantoms to one another in that moony twilight; but in those fearful times men had learned to adapt their eyesight to the second plague of darkness.

"Is it true?" she said, softly. "Monsieur le Comte, it must be long since you have received a curtsy."

She dropped me one there, bending to her own prettiness like a rose; and then she gave a little low laugh. Truly that city of Paris saw some strange meetings in the year of terror.

"I, too," she said, "was born of the *noblesse*. That is a secret, monsieur, to set against yours."

I could but answer, with some concern—

"Mademoiselle, these confessions, if meet for the holy saint yonder, are little for the ears of the devil's advocates. I entreat

let us be walking, or those in the ditch may anticipate upon us his benediction."

"*Ma foi!*" she said, "it is true. Come, then!"

We went off together, stealing from the square like thieves. Presently, when I could breathe with a half relief, "You will not go to-morrow!" I said.

"To feed Radegonde! Ah, monsieur! I would not for the whole world lose the little sweet-tooth her goodies. Each of us has only the other to love in all this cruel city."

"So, my child! And they have taken the rest?"

"Monsieur, my father was the rest. He went on the seventeenth Fructidor; and since, my veins do not run blood, I think, but only ice-water, that melts from my heart and returns to freeze again."

I sighed.

"Nay," she said, "for I can laugh, as you see."

"And the dog, my poor child?"

"She ran under the tumbril, and bit at the heels of the horses. She would not leave him, monsieur; and still—and still she haunts the place. I go to her,—when all the city is silent I go to her, if I can escape, and take her the sweet-meats that she loves. What of that? It is only a little while and my turn must come, and then Radegonde will be alone. My hair, monsieur will observe, is the right colour for the perukes."

She stayed me with a touch.

"I am arrived. A thousand thanks for your escort, Monsieur le Comte."

We were by a low casement with a ledge before it—an easy climb from the street. She pushed the lattice open, showing me it was unbolted from within.

"She thinks me fast and asleep,"

she said. "Some day soon, perhaps, but not yet."

I did not ask her who *she* was. I seemed all mazed in a silent dream of pity.

"It is quite simple," she said, "when no cavalier is by to look. Will the citizen turn his head?"

She was up in an instant, and stepping softly into the room beyond, leaned out towards me. On the moment an evil thing grew out of the shadow of a buttress close by, and a wicked insolent face looked into mine with a grin.

"A sweet good-night to Monsieur le Comte," it said, and vanished.

Shocked and astounded, I stood rooted to the spot. But there came a sudden low voice in my ear—

"Quick, quick! have you no knife? You must follow!"

I had taken but a single uncertain step, when, from a little way down the street we had traversed, there cut into the night a sharp attenuated howl; and, in a moment, on the passing of it, a chorus of hideous notes swept upon me standing there in indecision.

"My God!" I cried — "the dogs!"

She made a sound like a plover. I scrambled to the ledge and dropped into the room beyond. There in the dark she clutched and clung to me. For though the cry had been bestial, there had seemed to answer to it something mortal—an echo—a human scream of very dreadful fear,—there came a rush of feet like a wind, and, with ashy faces, we looked forth.

They had him—that evil thing. An instant we saw his sick white face thrown up like a stone in the

midst of a writhing sea; and the jangle was hellish. Then I closed the lattice, and pressed her face to my breast.

He had run from us to his doom, which meeting, he had fled back in his terror to make us the ghastly sport he had designed should be his.

How long we stood thus I know not. The noise outside was unnameable, and I closed her ears with her hair, with my hands—nay, I say it with a passionate shame, with my lips. She sobbed a little and moaned; but she clung to me, and I could feel the beating of her heart. We had heard windows thrown open down the street—one or two on the floors above us. I had no heed or care for any danger. I was wrapt in a fearful ecstasy.

By-and-by she lifted her face. Then the noise had ceased for some time, and a profound silence reigned about us.

"Ah!" she said, in a faint reeling voice. "Radegonde was there; I saw her!"

"Mademoiselle—the noble creature—she hath won us a respite."

Her breath caught in the darkness.

"Yes," she said. "There is a peruke that must wait."

Suddenly she backed from me, and put the hair from her eyes.

"If you dare, monsieur, it necessitates that we make our adieux."

"Au revoir, citoyenne. It must be that, indeed."

She held out her hand, that was like a rose petal. I put my lips to it and lingered.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" she entreated.

The next moment I was in the street.

II.

Who was my little citoyenne? Ah! I shall never know. The terror gripped us, and these things passed. Incidents that would make the passion of sober times, the spirit of revolution dismisses with a shrug. To die in those days was such a vulgar complaint.

But I saw her once more, and then when my heart nestled to her image and my veins throbbed to her remembered touch.

I was strolling, on the morning following my strange experience, in the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées, when I was aware of a great press of people all making in the direction of that open ground.

"What arrives, then, citizen?" I cried to one who paused for breath near me.

He gasped, the little morose. To ask any question that showed one ignorant of the latest caprice of the Executive was almost to be "suspect."

"Has not the citizen heard? The Committee of Safety has decreed the destruction of the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"Sacred Blood!" he cried. "Is it not time, when they take, as it is said they did last night, a good friend of the Republic to supper?"

He ran on, and I followed. All about the Champs Elysées was a tumultuous crowd, and posted within were two battalions of the National Guard, their blue uniforms resplendent, their flint-locks shining in their hands. They, the soldiers, surrounded the area, save towards the Rue Royale, where a gap occurred;

and on this gap all eyes were fixed.

Scarcely was I come on the scene when on every side a laughing hubbub arose. The dogs were being driven in, at first by twos and threes, but presently in great numbers at a time. For hours, I was told, had half the gamins of Paris been beating the coverts and hallooing their quarry to the toils.

At length, when many hundreds were accumulated in the free space, the soldiers closed in and drove the skulking brutes through the gap towards the Place Royale. And there they made a battue of it, shooting them down by the score.

With difficulty I made my way round to the *Place*, the better to view the sport. The poor trapped *gaillards* ran hither and thither, crying, yelping—some fawning on their executioners, some begging to the bullets, as if these were crusts thrown to them. And my heart woke to pity; for was I not witnessing the destruction of my good friends?

The noise—the volleying, the howling, the shrieking of the *canaille*—was indescribable.

Suddenly my pulses gave a leap. I knew her—Radegonde. She was driven into the fire and stood at bay, bristling.

"Nanette!" cried a quick acid voice; "Nanette—imbecile—my God!"

It all passed in an instant. There, starting from the crowd, was the figure of a tall sour-faced woman, the tiny tricolor bow in her scarlet cap; there was the thin excited musketeer, his piece to his shoulder; there was

my citoyenne flung upon the ground, her arms about the neck of the hound.

Whether his aim was true or false, who can tell? He shot her through her dog, and his sergeant brained him. And in due course his sergeant was invited for his reward to look through the little window.

These were a straw or two in the torrent of the revolution.

It was Citizen Gaspardin who accepted the contract to remove the carcasses (some three thousand of them) that encumbered the Place Royale as a result of this drastic measure. However, his eye being bigger than his stomach, as the saying is, he found himself short of means adequate to his task, and so applied for the royal equipages to help him out of his difficulty. And these the Assembly, entering into the joke, was moved to lend him; and the dead dogs, hearsed in gilt and

gingerbread as full as they could pack, made a rare procession of it through Paris, thereby pointing half-a-dozen morals that it is not worth while at this date to insist on.

I saw the show pass amidst laughter and clapping of hands; and I saw Radegonde, as I thought, her head lolling from the roof of the stateliest coach of all. But her place should have been on the seat of honour.

And the citoyenne, the dark window, the ripping sound in the street, and that bosom bursting to mine in agony? Episodes, my friend—mere travelling sparks in dead ashes, that glowed an instant and vanished. The times bristled with such. Love and hate, and all the kaleidoscope of passion—pouf! a sigh shook the tube, and form and colour were changed.

But—but—but—ah! I was glad thenceforth not to shudder for my heart when a *blonde peruque* went by me.

BERNARD CAPES.

FACES AND PLACES.

To the student of physiognomy there are few questions more interesting and more complex than that of the influence of locality upon the human face. The interest of the subject depends to a great extent upon the fact that it seems within our power to observe the beginnings of those distinctive characteristics which divide nation from nation, and which give certain races of mankind so different an aspect that many ethnologists have held that they could not be sprung from a common stock. Its complexity will, I think, be fully appreciated by those who have the patience to glance through the next few pages, where an attempt is made to analyse the causes and to appraise the influence of each.

Every one, however unobservant, who has done a little travelling, must have noticed that the general facial aspect of people varies with the locality, even within the limits of a comparatively small area. Thus a traveller from London newly arrived in Bristol, Liverpool, or Newcastle-on-Tyne, can hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that he is among a different population from that with which he is familiar.

The writer, to whom this branch of study has been a source of pleasure for a good many years, has made it a habit, when travelling by rail, to take note of the general appearance of the people in the various towns where the train has stopped. Happily the human eye and mind are so quick in deciphering facial expression, that he who runs may read. A three minutes' survey of a crowd at a railway station is amply

sufficient to give a very fair idea of local characteristics. But an even better opportunity of studying local types is benevolently thrust in one's way by the railway authorities at every considerable junction. While I have "waited for the train at Coventry"—or elsewhere—I have often availed myself of the chance to take a rapid walk through the streets, scrutinising the faces of the passers-by. In this particular branch of study (which may be called collective physiognomy) the cursory nature of one's observations is no disadvantage. The reverse, indeed, is the case, for it is found that we very rapidly become so accustomed to the appearance of the people among whom we find ourselves, that in a very short time their less obvious distinctive peculiarities—and especially those common to the bulk of the population—escape notice. Thus an English traveller newly arrived in China is often so struck with the general similarity of the people that he can hardly tell one from another. But in a few weeks this idea passes away, and he is able more and more to discern differences between individuals who at first seemed exactly alike, and by-and-by comes to wonder how he got his initial impression. In the same way, when we are first introduced to several members of a family, we are often greatly struck with the likeness existing between them, although the resemblances always seem to diminish when we come to know them better. When we are studying collective physiognomy, first thoughts are best. As a result of employing this impressionist method, I have come to

the conclusion that not only every district, but every town or considerable village, presents to the vigilant observer distinct physiognomical traits. These may be quite insufficiently marked in any single individual to stamp him as belonging to the place, just as a thimble-full of Mediterranean water shows no tint of blue. But if one has the luck to get a five minutes' walk through a strange town at such a time as the dinner-hour, so that a rapid panorama of faces passes one upon the pavement, the fact is soon placed beyond dispute. Were it possible to obtain a composite photograph of all the individuals under observation, it is certain that the distinctive local expression could in many places be plainly demonstrated.

A cross-country journey, where the trains are, from the ordinary traveller's point of view, "very awkward," is a golden opportunity to the vagabond physiognomist who is studying local types; for a series of ill-fitting "changes" often enables one to compare the general facial aspect revealed by several different towns in rapid succession.

Upon what do these distinctive local peculiarities, observable within the British Isles, depend?

It is, I believe, the commonly accepted view—although nothing authoritative appears to have been written upon the subject—that diversity of type is due to racial causes. This is doubtless the case to a considerable extent; for among a mixed-bred people, such as the British, the composition is sure to vary in different localities.

Since we set out with the statement that the study of local types helps us to understand how racial distinctions first arose, it will be well to clear the ground somewhat

in this direction before going further, or we may find ourselves travelling in a circle. Obviously if we find that in one town fifty per cent of the people have black hair and brown eyes, and in another only ten per cent, this must be accounted for by a difference of racial composition—since whatever the effect of local influences (such as climate, &c.) upon the human body may be, they cannot possibly evolve a change of complexion within a comparatively short period. Most of the component races of the British nation were already here eight hundred years ago; and this, one would imagine, should afford plenty of time for the formation of a fairly homogeneous mixture in all parts. Had the steam-engine and the penny post come over with the Conqueror, doubtless but few local racial types would be existing to-day. But the feudal system and the difficulties of travel in mediæval times rooted the bulk of the population to the soil, so that for centuries the inhabitants of each district continued lineally to represent the original settlers.

We find that there is a wide and stable tendency, wherever diverse races share the same region, for each to inhabit its own district, and to continue, socially, distinct. This is plainly shown in many American cities, where the different quarters of the Italians, Poles, Irish, Jews, and Chinese are clearly defined. In a less degree the same is true of London, and of all large towns in the Old World. Doubtless the same habit existed among the different tribes which occupied England before the Norman Conquest, so that two neighbouring villages would often be inhabited, the one by Danes or Norsemen, and the other by Saxons or Roman

Celts. Under the crushing feudal system, which ground and mixed the older English like a mortar-mill, many tribal enmities and differences of language and custom would disappear, but local physical distinctions would still be maintained through the inertia of the peasant population. Even in these days of free intercommunication, so little movement takes place among the people in some country districts that one often finds nearly a whole village sharing half-a-dozen surnames.

But although modern local types may partly be explained in this way, it is obvious that many other influences must also be taken into account. Thus it is easy to see that unconscious imitation has been largely instrumental in preserving local peculiarities, although of course it could do nothing in creating them. In a southern county with which I am well acquainted the country-folk have a stolid and wooden expression which is so marked as readily to attract the attention of a visitor. It was the practice of one of the farmers of this district to take a number of pupils, and these lads came from various parts of England. Within a few months the face of every farm pupil, without exception, acquired something of the typical expression which prevailed in the district. Thus when a facial type has once become fixed in a neighbourhood—from whatever cause—it is not likely to be much disturbed by immigrants from elsewhere, for these, as a rule, are brought into conformity with the original inhabitants. I shall recur to this part of the subject later on.

Another influence which often manifests itself in certain localities is that of occupation. Many callings tend to put a mark upon the

faces of those engaged in them, so as to produce certain trade types, which are perfectly familiar to all of us. No one, for instance, could mistake a High Church curate for a groom. A local type may easily arise where the majority of people are engaged in the same occupation. Instances of this may be seen in several of the towns in the north of England which have grown rapidly since the development of the Cleveland iron trade. They drew labourers from many counties and classes, but all have now acquired something of the characteristic rugged expression of the iron-worker. One finds, too, that when some trade type pervades a district, other persons besides those following the prevailing craft often share the expression. An instructive example of this was brought to my notice not long ago. In a certain provision market, where the whole atmosphere, moral and material, is saturated with meat, one naturally finds the characteristic butcher's expression exceedingly prevalent. Close by this meat market is a telegraph office, which is filled during the busy hours of the day with a greasy throng of salesmen, butchers, and porters. The business done at this office is so large as to give employment to several clerks, who, strangely enough, all manifest the unmistakable facial characteristics of those who deal in meat. Now when one remembers that these gentlemen are simply Civil Servants who happen to be located near a provision market, and are separated from the tradesmen who chiefly do business at the post-office, not only by a mahogany counter and brass rails, but also by a yawning social gulf, it seems very remarkable that they should have acquired the prevalent expression of the district. Yet the fact of being face to face with the

butcher type all day long (and possibly the continual dealing with messages whose invariable burden is meat) has without question influenced their features to a perceptible degree. Here we have an instance of unconscious mimicry contributing to a local type. Another example of a similar kind occurs to me. There is a certain district in Yorkshire where men's minds seem wholly given over to woollen rags. With scarcely an exception all the working classes are employed in the shoddy mills, and all the "gentry" either have made money or are making it as rag merchants. Now in such a district as this there must of course exist a certain number of people—such as shopkeepers, lawyers, doctors, and ministers of religion—who do not come in direct contact with the articles handled by the bulk of the population. In this district also it is not difficult to perceive the indirect result of the local trade upon those of the neighbourhood who are not engaged in it. Many other examples of a like kind might be brought forward, but sufficient has been said to show that a local type may depend upon occupation and imitation, just as it may depend on nationality and imitation.

But the most interesting and far-reaching effects of locality upon the human countenance are yet to be dealt with. We find that, under circumstances where neither race nor trade can greatly affect the result, some exceedingly well-defined types develop. Thus in the United States and in other parts of America the bulk of the population has undergone a noteworthy change which does not appear to be dependent upon any of these causes.

When we inquire into the origin of the American type it becomes

plain that it must be almost entirely independent of race influence. Every district of the British Isles was represented among the early settlers of Eastern America. Moreover, the social conditions in the New World differed so absolutely from those prevailing in medieval England, that no racial type could have become crystallised in one spot through the stagnation of traffic. From the very first settlement up to the present day there has not only been a continuous stream of new-comers from Europe, but there has also been a continual shifting of the native-born population.

It is not easy to determine the period at which the Yankee type first began to show itself. Most of the early American portraits display little or no trace of it. It is well to remember, however, that all these were paintings or drawings, done by foreigners or by native artists who had been trained in the schools of Europe. Now we have only to compare the painted portraits of any one historical period with those of another to find that the faces are conventionalised in a remarkable degree. Look at the expression of the men and women represented by the portrait-painters of the Stuart period, and it becomes evident that either the national physiognomy has undergone a marked change (which is highly improbable), or else that all the painters of that day were influenced by some school or tradition. This fact renders the portraits of the early Americans of little use to the physiognomist. Whatever inchoate Yankeeism may have been in their actual countenances has been suppressed by the painters. Naturally, also, the Americans who could afford the expensive luxury of a portrait in

early times were the colonial aristocrats, and it is probable that the type first began to show itself among the more struggling settlers who were in close contact with the soil, and whose features are now hidden from us for ever. Photography was invented too late to be of any assistance in solving this problem. If only we could look at a photographic group of some of Washington's raw levies, we should, I think, be more likely to find some glimmerings of the well-known lineaments of "Uncle Sam" than among the faces of the historical leaders.

Occupation appears to have had as little to do with the formation of the American type as that older race influence which seems to have been a potent factor in determining local physiognomy in England. A great majority of the first colonists belonged to the British agricultural population, yet it would be scarcely possible to find among allied peoples two more diverse types than those of the British farmer and the American farmer of the present day.

It has, I believe, been suggested that both the solemn nasal intonation and the long fallow features of the Yankee have been inherited from his Puritan ancestors. There may be some faint element of truth in this supposition; but if so, imitation has probably had more to do with the matter than physical heredity. We have had evidence from South Africa during the last decade that in a newly-settled country there may be some dominant individual whose manner and appearance find wide reflection among his followers.

Such a suggestion as the above, however, does not obtain support from history. The modern American nation has too many sources of origin, both in the Old World

and in the New, for any one class to have impressed itself upon the bulk of the people. The familiar talk of the modern American about his ancestors in the Mayflower must be taken in a poetical sense. In fact, the Pilgrim Fathers are rapidly taking a place among those national myths which give an exalted origin to almost every people under the sun. It would be easy to prove that but an infinitesimal amount of the blood of the Puritan settlers in New England flows in the veins of any modern citizen of the United States. Personally I am inclined to doubt whether they have left distinctive physical traits which are visible in the present generation.

It has many times been asserted that a likeness can be observed between the present inhabitants of the United States and the aboriginal races which dwelt there before the coming of the whites. Such a statement is exceedingly difficult to verify, and although I have been at some pains to get evidence of a more exact and definite kind, I have not been able to obtain it. Still I find that a good many careful and trustworthy observers in America are inclined to accept the assertion, and several have expressed an opinion that it is true, not only generally, but locally. That is to say, the various distinct types now found in different parts of the United States seem founded upon physical peculiarities which characterised the tribes of Indians once inhabiting these very regions. If this should prove true, it not only explains why Americans differ in appearance from their Old World relatives, but also throws a new and instructive light upon the influence of locality on the human features. And, moreover, it raises

some most interesting questions as to the future development of all sections of our brethren across the sea. None of the causes which we have been discussing hitherto could account for the presumed likeness. The intermixture between whites and reds was probably never sufficient to have left any general impress upon the immigrant race. It is also scarcely credible that the resemblance arose through unconscious mimicry, as in certain other cases which we have been discussing. The relationship between the two races was of such a kind as to negative either of these suppositions. Neither could similarity of occupation account for the resemblance, since the daily life of the hard-working white settler is as different as possible from that of the savage, who spends his time either in idleness, war, or the chase.

Still it is instructive to note that the widest divergences from the usual European cast of countenance are found amongst Americans who are living comparatively isolated lives, and who are in close contact with nature. Many of the inhabitants of the large cities, even in the States where the long Yankee visage is most in evidence, bear so little trace of a Transatlantic origin that they might pass anywhere as Europeans.

One strong reason against the view that possibly an intermixture with Indian blood had something to do with the American cast of visage, is found in the fact that this type has undoubtedly developed and come into prominence since the decline and practical disappearance of the Indians inhabiting the Eastern States. It must be acknowledged that nowadays imitation has a great deal to do with the acquisition of American

traits among immigrants. Not a few people who are pronounced "typical Yankees" when they visit the old country are in reality natives of Britain who emigrated in early life. It is not at all uncommon for an Englishman who has spent a few months in the United States to bring home not only a new accent, but a new expression—both of which have been caught from those with whom he has been associating. Unconscious mimicry is now such a potent force in maintaining the type, both among natives and naturalised Americans, that it entirely masks all other influences which may be at work.

Is it possible to get rid of this disturbing factor (which plainly has no *creative* value), so as to investigate the causes primarily responsible for the expression? Isolation, absolute and complete, might do it. But it is obviously out of the question to transfer a British family to the backwoods and keep them aloof from the corrupting countenances of their neighbours for a sufficient time to judge of the effect of their new environment upon their features.

Facial mimicry is of course based upon the observations of the eye. There appears to be a continual tendency to bring our expressions into conformity with those of the persons with whom we dwell; and this in the young, and in others who are easily influenced, tends at length to give a permanent cast to the features. Now if we could examine a number of photographs of native-born Americans who have been blind from early childhood, and these photographs showed the national expression, we should know either that the new traits were inherited or that some in-

fluence has been at work, apart from the eyes and the mind, moulding the features in accordance with some mysterious standard. It might also be possible to judge whether Americans descended from the early settlers showed the national traits more than those whose immediate ancestors were natives of Europe.

The fact that farmers and other individuals living a comparatively solitary life acquire the type even more readily than persons living in close association with their fellows, strongly suggests that the forces which bring about the change are to be found in external nature.

If the statement could be substantiated that white settlers in America and other countries tend more and more to acquire the peculiar bodily traits of the aborigines, it would show that man is a plaything of circumstances to a very startling degree. It would prove also that environment has a moulding power not usually taken into account by many exponents of the law of natural selection. And if the new traits should be shown to be transmissible by descent, it would prove, furthermore, that external influences, brought to bear upon parents during their lifetime, affect the character of offspring. On the whole, however, it must be acknowledged that the evidence does not point in this latter direction, but rather indicates that the change of type is not inherited.

Considering how very pronounced is the difference, not only in features and in voice but in build, between the Englishman and the Yankee, this is somewhat hard to believe. Yet the children of typically American parents, if brought up from infancy in England, ap-

pear as a rule to be indistinguishable from the average Briton. We know that when the starved and stunted Western Irish emigrate to the United States, their children grow into long-limbed and long-faced Americans much more nearly resembling the natives of their adopted country than the parental stock. It is also found, I believe, that when raw-boned Yankees from New England migrate west, their physical appearance undergoes a change, and in many instances they revert somewhat towards the ancestral British type.

If we are to regard the country where we live as a kind of mould which shapes us in accordance with some mysterious local standard, the outlook of some sections of our race who have taken possession of other lands is not altogether cheerful. If the American of the Eastern States is being brought into conformity with the human type which developed there before him, his fate is, after all, not so very grievous; for the Eastern Indian was, physically, a fine fellow. But what are we to say of the future of the Western Americans who live upon territories once occupied by inferior tribes? Will they by-and-by develop the many unlovely traits which characterised the Digger Indians?

Hitherto I have not mentioned other sections of the Anglo-Saxon people who are now occupying lands which once belonged to savage races. Yet it is obvious that distinct types are being evolved in several of the Australasian colonies, especially in Queensland and New Zealand. The same statement has been made with regard to the New Zealanders as has been made with regard to

the Americans—namely, that the change which is taking place is in the direction of the aboriginal type. I have heard it confidently stated—and this by trustworthy observers—that from the moment a young man lands in New Zealand his features begin to alter, and that his nose especially tends to become broad and aquiline.

More exact and more extended observations are necessary before we are justified in assuming the law that an immigrant race tends to develop the same outward type as that manifested by the aborigines. I think one may comfort the Californians, Tasmanians, and Australians (whose outlook, were this law an absolute one, would be melancholy indeed) with the assurance that, even if there is a tendency of the kind, it only acts within certain limits.

When we try to get at the nature of the influences which are producing changes of national type, we are obliged to fall back to a great extent upon guesswork. Of course climate may be expected to play a large part, since it evidently exerts a considerable influence upon all the functions of the human body. In hot countries it is found that immigrants belonging to northern races come to physical maturity at an earlier age than they would have done if they had remained in their native climate. Here at once we see how a difference of type may show itself, for it is one of the characteristics of northern peoples that the psychic revolution which accompanies puberty is delayed until the body has attained something approaching its full growth. The result is that in temperate regions we often find well-developed youths of both sexes who still retain very much of the

aspect and expression of children; and probably one reason for the greater stability of the northern temperament is because there is time for the acquisition of knowledge, and for the formation of character, before the stormy sexual emotions become fully awake.

We are constantly observing how slight differences in the air, and other local outward conditions, affect the whole human frame; and it may confidently be said that nothing which has an influence upon the health is likely to be without its effect upon the outward appearance. Some changes of expression caused by outward circumstances are the outcome of simple causes—as, for instance, those seen in an open region fully exposed to the glare of the sun, where all the inhabitants acquire the habit of lowering their brows and wrinkling the skin surrounding the eyelids. Others are as subtle in their action as are the effects of certain callings in giving a permanent cast to the features.

As to the direct influence of climate upon permanent complexion we are very much in the dark. The few centuries during which white men have lived in tropical or sub-tropical regions have been quite insufficient to produce any fixed pigmentary changes in the skin. The swarthy hue of people like the Boers and some of the Australians is no more constitutional than the bronzing which the Cockney shows after his fortnight at Margate. If these people were removed to a climate where the sun is less powerful, they would soon become as white as their northern relatives. Yet in spite of this we are almost bound to believe that climate has had a great deal to do with making the

black man black and the red man red. That the colour depended in the first place upon some chance hereditary predisposition quite as much as upon outward circumstances is very probable, since we find in the neighbourhood of the equator black, brown, yellow, and red races, all of whom have been equally exposed to the tropic sun. There does not seem to be any likelihood that, among the changes which are in store for the white men in various quarters of the globe, any permanent darkening of the skin is likely to be included. Also it will be seen that if there is a tendency for certain British colonists to acquire the outward characteristics of the original inhabitants of a new country, such approximations in type will be checked, not only by the diverse character of the human material, but by the difference between

civilised and savage methods of life. The Australians need not in the least fear that in the course of a few thousand generations their environment will change them into black fellows; for regular meals, regular work, and decent behaviour are potent moulding forces which were wholly absent in the case of the noble savage. So far it must be acknowledged that the experiment of colonisation has done comparatively little in enabling us to understand the origin of race differences. Still I cannot help thinking that we have in the physical distinction between the Boer and the Hollander, between the American and the Englishman, and also in those minor local diversities of type to which allusion has been made, the elements out of which racial distinctions first arose.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE LAND OF MEDEA.

IN the days of yore, whenever any new pestilence or distemper fell from heaven upon the sons or men, the first thing to agitate the human mind was a strong and bitter controversy. Chiron the son of Philyra, and Melampus of Amythaon, instead of attacking the common foe, fell pell-mell upon one another, maintaining or spurning their various doctrines—contagion, infection, epidemism, conduction by water, by earth, by wind—until they were driven to run away headlong, or lie down for ever. Such questions surpass our understanding. But one malady there is, contagious, infectious, endemic also as well as epidemic, grandly contemptuous of pill and bolus, sticky as a limpet, while as slimy as a slug, and the name of this blessed disease is—"The Blues." And the beauty of it is, that everybody who has got it believes that he alone of all the people in the neighbourhood is free from every atom of a symptom of it.

As his luck, or perhaps mine, would have it, Strogue was in the blues, when he came to Charing Cross. He received me with a grunt, and would say nothing, except to be down upon the cabman, and the porters, and shove his way along as if there were no English language. This is a very useful way to go to work, whenever you can be quite certain that you are the biggest fellow in the place, with no one to try to think otherwise. But unless there is money right and left behind it, at a big Railway Station it does not succeed.

"You are not among the niggers yet," I said, being always polite to everybody, and indignant at not being allowed to speak, while his voice rang along the glazing. But he deigned me no answer, not even a glance, but shouted out "Third Class! Where the devil are you driving to? Have you never seen the Chairman of this Line?" The porters were too wide-awake to do anything but grin, and touch their caps ironically, and then he said "First Class," whereupon they all believed him.

Not a word however would he say to me, though we had all the carriage to ourselves at starting; so I took him at his humour, and went to the other window, and drowned all my anxieties in "The Money Market." Possibly his heart was heavy about the Landlady of the "London Rock," or the Barmaid thereof, or the daughter of the Boots, if a maiden there were in that capacity; or perhaps a traveller even so well-seasoned could not bid adieu to his native land once more, without emotions honourable to his head and heart alike. Then the contagion of his low spirits began to spread around me, like the Influenza vapour; and if he had tried to talk, I should not have cared to answer.

Such tacit respect and mutual affability of silence do more to endear two heavy-witted Britons to one another, than a folio of flippant words. Strogue was kindly pleased with me, and I thought well of Strogue, when our lofty regard for the sea-sick passengers, as we had

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a rolling time of it, opened, as with one accord, the valves of communication. "Give us a light, old chap," said the Captain, as he clapped me on the back; "come out of the sulks, and talk a bit."

After all the temper he had shown, this was rather ludicrous; but I let him put his own interpretation on it, for he was in this predicament for my sake, quite as much as to please himself. But strange as it may seem, we both avoided all important subjects, until the question of route compelled us to consider them. Then I told him that money need not stop us, only mine must be put into proper form in Paris; and then we discussed the whole question.

It seems that he had ordered this sudden start by reason of something that came to his knowledge only on the previous afternoon. In St Paul's Churchyard he encountered quite by chance, according to his view of it, a man well known through his travels in Central Asia, and most interesting account of them. Strogue took him back to the "London Rock," and there entertained him hospitably, for a traveller has generally acquired the power of feeding upon any wayside bench. By and by the two great wanderers came to a subject pretty sure to be handled by them, but never with unanimity. Strogue thought highly of the classic charms of the fair Ionian ladies; but Sir Robert B. called them a brown and skinny lot, and declared that there was not a girl of any Hellenic race fit to walk beside a maiden he had seen at Athens, not more than a month ago, and who was said to be of old Caucasian lineage. Knowing that the ladies of the Caucasus are not much addicted to travel, the Captain began to enquire into this, and although he had never met

Dariel, and had seen Sûr Imar at a distance only, his friend's account left him in no doubt whatever that the pair he had been so vainly seeking, by letters to half the capital towns of Europe, were in Athens at the end of February. Not only did the description tally with all he heard from me and Nickols, and that scoundrel of a Hafer, but also Sir Robert, while making enquiries about the beautiful stranger, had been told by some facetious Greek that she was worthily named indeed, the daughter of Himeros, of love, of passion, of delight, and yearning. And again he had learned at the hotel, where they were staying, that their journey to St Petersburg had been prevented, or at any rate deferred, through the extreme severity of the winter surpassing any season within memory. This I could well understand, for I knew Sûr Imar's dread of bad weather, not on his own account but lovely Dariel's.

Father and daughter were still at the ancient centre of civilization, when Sir Robert left it, and their intentions were unknown to him. But he was inclined to think, from certain purchases which he saw them making, that they were more likely to be on their way home than to proceed to Russia now, and if so there could be little doubt that they would make their way first to Constantinople. Therefore it seemed to be our proper course, though beset with much doubt and perplexity, to betake ourselves at the utmost speed to the Turkish Capital, and try to intercept them there, or if too late for that, to follow them. For everything now would depend upon time. In a few more weeks the golden sun would have captured the mountain parapets, and begin to swing open with summer light the bars of the steepest citadels; and then if Sûr

Imar were a day before us, what chance of overtaking him? And his foes were not likely to hold much parley, when once they found him in their hands.

Out upon it! Who could imagine such a crime overlooked by the Power that rules the world? A loyal confidence possessed me for a while, that Heaven would protect its noblest produce, the few who ever think of looking up to it, from the venom of its abject spawn.

"It will never do to take it in that light," said Strogue, though he always attributed his own escapes, which had been manifold as well as narrow, to celestial perception of his merits; "no, you must never trust to that cock's fighting. Sometimes it will, and sometimes it won't. And where are you then without your revolver? And one thing you overlook altogether; setting aside all holy motives—which those fellows take revenge to be—when a savage wants your property, does he dwell upon your character?"

"Then they ought to be all exterminated. What are the lives of a thousand savages, in comparison with that of one great good man, who lives only for their benefit?"

"If you kill them, what good can he do them?" Strogue asked; being always more captious than logical. "Imar is in front of his age; and the age makes martyrs of fellows of that kind and leaves the future to make saints of them, if their ghosts turn up, within memory. Our business is to act, and not to argue. Now look to your luggage, my boy, and the most important part of it is firearms."

So we took our course along the chord of Europe by abominably slow lines, whenever there were any; and at last without any line at all. It gave an Englishman the tingles to see everybody crawling, as if time were a tortoise with the

gout, and the hours the produce of a coprite beetle, which he slowly travels backward to bury. The slowest man on our farm, after eating two days' dinner, was a swallow with a nest to feed, compared to any one I saw throughout the east of Europe.

There was a little more vigour at Constantinople, and plenty of fellows with fine pegs to stir, if they could only see the use of it. But as for any briskness, and punctuality, and eagerness to get a job and do it, the loafer who stands by the horse-trough on the green in any Surrey village would have his hands out of his pockets and stand on his head, before their eyes were open. And yet we are told every day of our lives that it serves the British farmer right to starve, because he has no activity!

We had spent two days without any possibility of avoiding it in Paris, and but for Strogue it would have taken me twice as long to make the needful arrangements; and now we lost four days in the City of the Sultan, making search for our friends in all probable quarters, and procuring what was indispensable. Without obtaining any further clue, we set forth on the 10th of April, by a poor little steamer very badly found, for a place called Poti at the mouth of the Rion, one of the four chief rivers of the Caucasus, formerly known as the Phasis, whence the bird, whose lustre shames the glories of the golden fleece.

Strogue had shown in very early days the quick force of his genius by running away from school, and defying pursuit, and beginning earnest life in a wherry. "You are picking up the lingoos very smart," he said, as we churned the muddy waters; "but I can't stand affectation, George, and I won't have the old Ark called the *Argo*."

Besides, she never came here in her life; she drew a deal too much water. She went to pieces on Ararat, I tell you, and Satan took her upper deck and put it on top of Elbruz. Why? Why, that people might go against the Bible, as they are only too glad to get an excuse to do. And he put about a story that she grounded upon Elbruz, which she could not have done from the shape of it. No, no. Holy Writ is what I stick to, and as long as I do that, the Lord will always stick to me. I won't hear another word about it."

However, though he would not have the Argo even mentioned, he made no objection to the golden fleece; in fact he confirmed it, having seen some gold in the upper waters of the Rion; and as for Medea, when I told him all her story, her treachery, incantations, murder of her brother and even her own babes, he became quite excited, and vowed that she must have come to life again as the Princess Marva. Upon that I begged him to tell me all he knew about that extraordinary lady, for I had never understood from her brother's description that her nature was particularly fierce and unforgiving, though she certainly behaved in a cold and distant manner, when she informed him that his wife was gone. But that might arise from nothing more than the sense of the wrong she herself had received through her faithless husband Rakhan. And would a ruthless woman feel such emotion at the casualty to another person's child?

"Not knowing, can't say," the Captain answered in his favourite short style; "but you must remember that I have not heard that story as he told it. And another thing, he was not there to see it; for he was far away settling that other fellow's hash,—and his own

too by being in such a blessed hurry. But I have got a very shrewd suspicion, my boy; you will laugh at it, I dare say, and there certainly are some things that pretty nearly knock it on the head. What do you say to this? Suppose it was her own child that was killed, and that she contrived to change them, fearing that she would never have another, and so would lose her position altogether. For among those Ossets, as I have been told, the childless wife of the Chief must eat humble-pie at every corner, and is apt to be superseded after six or seven years. And she might have other motives too for getting Imar's heir into her possession."

"The idea is ingenious, but most improbable," I replied after thinking for a moment. "Not that she could not have done it, for there was no one to observe her, except her own nurse, whom she could easily silence. But her own conduct now proves that it cannot have been so. Shows that she had not gone for that game, I mean. They may be a lawless lot, everybody says so; but even your Medea would never send a man to marry his own sister."

"I hope not. It is too horrible to think of. Though it might be part of her hideous scheme for revenge. I tell you, Cranleigh, it is but a very stale thing to say, that a woman of the lowest depth of woman's wickedness is as far beneath any man's deepest pitch, as a good woman is above his highest stretch. I don't go by what they tell you in the books. I have seen a big lot of men and women—civilized as they call themselves, and savage; the latter on the whole more trustworthy; and you know that I never dogmatise. Only a fool does that: and though I am an ass very often, especially when

I yield to my feelings about right and wrong, you can't call me altogether a fool—now can you?"

"Captain Strogue," I answered warmly, perceiving that he asked for it, "fools are always numerous enough. But if you are one, I wish that they were universal." And in saying this I was no hypocrite.

"There is not such a thing as a wise man now," he proceeded, after one quick glance, which showed that he liked my testimony. "We don't want them. They would never suit the age; and so the Lord abstains from sending them. The two or three last, who pretended to come, spent all their energy in scolding, which shows that they were not the proper stuff. But about this Medea—is that all you have got to say, to show that she is not trying on this little game?"

"No. I have a much stronger argument than that. No one could imagine for a moment that Sûr Imar, the most benevolent man on earth, could be the father of a hateful, spiteful, low-minded scoundrel, such as Hafer is."

"You have put it fairly. No one would imagine it; and therefore it is the very thing that may be true. I am not a scholar; but such things have been, and will be again, while the world endures. From bodily likeness you may reason more than from the greater things you cannot see. I have never seen Imar close at hand; but they are both tall strong men, straight, well-built, and active. Imar is fair you say, and Hafer dark. That proves nothing."

"It is a vile idea, and I will not listen to it," I replied, with some inward sense of outrage on our race; "I have never seen Hafer for a close examination, and am not sure that I could swear to him, if he stood before me now. But from the glimpses I have had of him, I

know this—he is as different from the grand Sûr Imar, as a blackberry bush is from a Muscat vine."

"Yet the one may be grafted on the other, I believe. The difficulty is not concerning that, George Cranleigh; the difficulty is about the woman's motives. Prove that it would suit her purposes to bring such a horrible affair about, and the horror of it is no obstacle to the fact. What makes me doubt my own suggestion is, that I cannot see how the scheme would work for the benefit of Madame Marva. All other objections on the score of human nature, or what human nature ought to be, are as nothing to the will of such a woman. Remember that she has a double object—to make herself the Queen of both the tribes, and to avenge her husband's death."

Wicked, and ruthless, and inhuman, as the sister of that lofty and noble-minded man might be, I could not bring myself to believe her capable of any such horrible design. But the misery, agony, and anxiety for the pure and innocent Dariel, and her father already so cruelly tried by the dark decree of Heaven, also my deep and abiding fury at bloodthirsty treachery, and the terror of being too late for the rescue, all together these drove me to the verge of madness, when the rotter old hulk they called a steamer yawed to this side and to that, and quivered, and rattled, and groaned, and the decrepit engines panted, and the craven crew fell upon their knees and wept; and it was announced in three languages that we had done miracles of daring, and must tempt the Lord no longer, but thank Him for saving us from our own valour. The Rion was in such high flood that we must cast anchor and wait for three days outside the Bar, till the rush of snow-water subsided.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE LAND OF PROMETHEUS.

There are thousands of people (Englishmen especially, and Germans universally) who would find terrible fault with me—if they ever heard of it—for the absence of calmness and self-command, which I ought to have helped, but couldn't. Taking myself, as it ought to be, and always is in theory, I must have gone out of it, without asking leave, or even knowing that it took leave of me. Others, who have been in the like condition, and perhaps they may be counted by the million, will freely allow for all I did, and all I said—which was a great deal worse. Even Strogue, though acquainted with many languages, and tolerant of all their excesses, admitted at last that there must be a power in our own, beyond all foreign scope.

"You never use a wicked word," he said to me; "or at any rate none that could be scored against you, by any Angel that understands our tongue; and yet you contrive to put things in such a way, that I would rather not stand by you in a thunderstorm."

That of course was rubbish; for I spoke most mildly, and if ever I used a strong expression, the sound of my own voice hurt me. I was trying, throughout the long trial, to be of the large mind, which I admired so much whenever to be found for certain, in any human beings within my knowledge; and these being unsatisfactorily scarce, I went back to the many I had read of, in my early days at Winchester, and did my utmost to believe in them, and shape myself accordingly.

But this was of very little help to me. Epaminondas, Timoleon, even the grand Aristides, and the Roman who sacrificed his own son, were nothing but shadows on a

cloud, while I was the shivering form inside it. Strogue himself was limp and grim, and could not see how to get out; and it was not in his mouth to talk of Angels, unless it was to give them more to do. He might say what he liked, but he tried my temper, a great deal more than I trespassed upon his. Moreover he had made a very serious mistake, and one which would probably prove fatal. If we had only gone straight to Odessa, instead of losing time at Constantinople, we might have been at Kutais a week ago, supposing we had caught the proper steamer. This he could not for a moment deny; and all he could say was, that as I knew so much more about it than he did, although I had scarcely heard of this part of the world before, the best thing would be for me to command the expedition, and conduct it entirely in the English language. But I pointed out to him that my remarks must not be distorted in that manner, and that all of them were intended as compliments, though he had not for the moment perceived it. Upon this he came out of his anger, and said that every allowance must be made for me, and that if he were fool enough to be in love he should have carried on worse than I did.

At the same time he announced, when at length and at last we had got our *podoroshno*—or something like that, which cost a lot of money at Poti—that from what he was told about the condition of the passes, his plan of the route must be abandoned, and we must go first to Tiflis, though far to the south of our proper course. There we should get into the great Russian road, which cuts the main link of the

mountain-chain, and find a course open in almost any weather, and vehicles of some sort to be had for hire. Moreover it was not at all unlikely that our Lesghian travellers might be there, waiting for the Spring to tempt them home.

For people in haste and having baggage, any railway (however vile and utterly profane, both in itself and all its consequences) is better than the best carriage-road, or horse-track, likely to be found in the same direction or anywhere near it. So we took to the new line (the wonder of the age, to all Oriental intellects, and made as nature requires by Englishmen), and instead of leaving it, as Strogue had first intended, at Kutais, or farther on, we followed its rugged course throughout to the "City of languages," as the world calls Tiflis.

Until the weather becomes too hot this is the usual residence of the Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasus, and Strogue suggested that we should call upon him, so as to start well with the authorities, in case of any violence being done or suffered by us among fierce tribesmen, who might not look at things as we did. For what could two men, even though of English birth, avail among so many? Strogue himself spoke Russian very fairly; and even I could make out a little by this time, after taking much trouble, and undergoing a crick in the hinges of both jaws, for in certain conditions of the human mind nothing seems too arduous.

His Highness Prince L. received us most politely, and at the Captain's request allowed us the privilege of a separate audience; for if it should once get wind among the tribes of the upper Terek that we were coming to meddle with their affairs, they were likely to show us nothing more than loop-holes studded with rifle-muzzles. The

Prince, who was a very fine and handsome man, listened attentively to Strogue's account, and then (after telling us that he feared Sûr Ims was already in the net and beyond our reach) he took a course which puzzled us altogether, and made us look rather foolish.

"Gentlemen," he said with pleasant smile, "observe that I do not question the accuracy of your account. In fact I believe every syllable of it, and it confirms my own opinions. But unless you have brought me attested depositions, or are prepared to make them from your own knowledge, and your presence on the spot, I have no power to do anything. Have you any such evidence to lay before me?"

Strogue shook his head, and I was compelled to do the same. "We did not intend to apply to your Highness," I said in the best form I could muster; "that was only thought of afterwards, lest we should do anything against the law."

"It is fortunate for you that you have applied," he answered not unkindly. "You are doing nothing against our law by entering the country with our passports; but you are defying tribal laws, and outraging all their customs, by interfering with the private affairs of their ruling family. Have you all considered what the result of that is? Captain Stronger, you have travelled on those mountains. Did you find encouragement to treat the people thus?"

"Your Highness, the conclusion I arrived at was—the farther I keep away from all of them, the better."

"It was wise. It shows your great abilities. The same conclusion is mine; and I regret that we have been obliged to embody them. But if we had not done so, it is

certain that you would. But for years we must deal very carefully with them. All we endeavour is to keep some sort of order, and encourage them to try to live without much thieving. Work they will not, even for the four months, which is all the time many of them could work, if they tried. Gentlemen, your sympathies are wasted in such quarters."

"Your Highness, I should like to shoot them all; and probably in your position we should have done it." Strogue had not travelled for nothing, and he held up his thumb for me not to contradict him. "You are the great civilizing power, as England begins at last to acknowledge. We did not come here with the audacity to think that your Highness would help us in a private matter which does not concern your authority. But we know that this Lesghian Chief, although he was compelled to side with Shamyl in his boyhood, and has paid the just penalty by long exile, is now the warmest friend of your great Empire. The object for which he has returned is this, to bring the barbarians into peaceful ways, and make them good Russian subjects, able, and at the same time glad, to pay good taxes. This gentleman with me, of the highest English family, is an intimate friend of Sir Imar, and he will confirm every word I have said. Speak up, Sir George, and tell his Highness what you know."

"How many times more am I to be Sir George?" I muttered to myself in English. And then as the Prince's eyes fell upon me, I said very bravely, "It is so, your Highness." For everything was true, except perhaps about the taxes.

"And will the Commander-in-Chief allow," cried Strogue, getting stronger in his eloquence, "a faith-

ful and fervent Russian subject to be murdered by barbarous Ossets, the most cantankerous and anti-Russian tribe, remaining in the Caucasus?"

The Captain made a true hit here. The gorgeous decorations rose on the ample bosom of the Prince, and his strong eyes flashed, as if in battle. But a Russian of high rank keeps his head, and he answered rather formally.

"As I said before, I cannot interfere. But in case of any savage tumult, I will give you a letter to the officer on duty in the Kazbek district, which you will not present unless needful. And now, gentlemen, I wish you well. You must bear in mind that you go with your lives in your hands, and we are not responsible. There is a little band of your countrymen on the northern side of Kazbek, who hold our permission to quest for minerals. Two of them were frozen to death last winter, through their own imprudence. But that has not prevented more from coming, in the manner of your country. You may find them of service to you in the matter of supplies. Farewell."

We took our leave with many thanks, not daring to put any further questions, although we concluded that he knew more than he saw fit to tell us. An officer brought us the promised letter, and looked at us very curiously, as if we were even more insane than the English race in general. I wanted Strogue to question him; but he said that it would be a breach of etiquette, and might set the Commander against us. So we made our bows, and went back to our Inn, which was one of the queerest places ever seen.

And this reminds me that I may have been expected to say something about the many noble and wonderful sights of our long and tedious

journey. But the plain truth is, that they passed me by, without leaving any clear impression, or even creating the interest which at any other time must have swallowed me. I looked upon the grandest scenery of the world, without even thinking of its grandeur, caring for nothing but to leave it behind, as another obstacle gone by. Scarcely would I even lift my eyes to the majesty of giant Tau, or peak that towered in dazzling white (like the hand of God spread on the heavens), or the sombre awe of mountain forest, deep with impenetrable gloom. Yet in after times all these came gliding along the slides of memory, and now and then they stand and hold me, when I want to think of something else.

But what we had to think of now was to get along the roadless roads from Tiflis into the black abysses and white steepes of the mountain range. Many of the passes still were blocked, although the strong sun scorched our skin, and the road was swamp or flood, whenever it was not crag or boulder. Strogue, being accustomed to such doings, took them with grim philosophy; and I cared little what they were, except for the delay they caused. The Prince most kindly sent a couple of Cossacks for our escort, and we had four men with their hired ponies, as well as an interpreter, for Strogue might often be at fault even with the Lesghian tongue, and we might visit places where that and Russian were of small avail.

So bad was the season, and the ways so roundabout and rugged, that not until the 3rd of May did we enter the deep defile which leads to the foot of the crag of Karthlos. We threaded the narrow pass, and looked up at the fearful heights, from which those playful children fell, when frisking on their little

legs among the treacherous snow drift. And then we saw the rocky elbow of the dark ravine where Imar's father Dadian fell to the stealthy shot of Rakhan. The lonely gorge, where a man felt half afraid to provoke an echo, seemed to be formed by nature for the darkest deeds her sons can do. While the pale slant of declining sunshine webbed with quivering vapour, here and there came partway down the walls of rent and jagged rock but nowhere reached the bottom. There was not a sound to make us think of life in this unfathomable grave; even the Cossacks shuddered mutely under the gloomy chill of awe.

"Thank God!" cried Strogue when one of our horses less romantic than the rest, or lulled by power of contrast into a dream of clover, set up a lively neigh, which rang like a peal of bells along the chasm; "my son, thou shalt taste oats for that. This old hole never used to frighten me. The 'London Rock' must have spoiled my nerve for rocks that have got no chimneys. Here we are, George; let me see if I can blow. I used to know how Or you try, if you like. You are more of a huntsman."

We had stopped at a place where a steep narrow channel cut the north wall of the gorge at right angles, and a battered old horn of great size hung from a staple at the rocky corner. I made a sign to him to blow, and blow he did to such effect, that the tattered grass, hanging here and there on either side of the chasm, shook as a matted cobweb shakes when a stag-beetle tumbles into it. In the midst of the solemn desolation, and my own profound anxiety, I could not help laughing at the Captain's face, as his great cheeks puffed with the rush from the lungs, and his face went into plough-lines, and

his grizzled eyebrows into gables over his wet projecting eyes.

"Laugh at me?" he said; "then do it better." But I could not do it half as well; and we all looked vainly up the steep ascent, whose winding hid the house from us—no one came, neither any answer, nor sign that we had moved the air. Suddenly it occurred to me, how poor Sûr Imar had stood where we were standing, and blown that very same horn in vain, with the flush of bright hope, and the glow of home, on the day that broke his life in twain. Some men are content to accept the tricks of others and of fortune; not from their own want of power, but because of their contempt of it.

Strogue, who was not by any means of this too lofty order, glared and stamped, and shook his fist at all the void magnificence from which he could get no response. "Up we go," he said at last, "if the mountain won't come down to us—but keep your revolver ready."

One of the Cossacks came with us, according to his orders; the other stayed with the horses and their owners in the trackway. The ascent was easy enough for any one not encumbered with four legs, though the rope that skirted the worst places was cut away, or worn out by time. And then we mounted some big steps, with a slush of snow upon them, and struck a heavy ring of brass upon a great gate of some dark wood. The mansion, or tower, or whatever it should be called, rose large and lofty before us, gazing with a dull and ancient aspect down a wilderness of craggy clefts. For about a third part of the year the scene must be all majesty, and for the rest all melancholy, even with life inside it. But now it appeared as if it did not care for any outlook; winter or summer, good or bad, could not matter much to it.

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"Nobody at home. They don't keep bailiffs in this part of the world," said Strogue, "or I should think some of those lovely fellows were having their steak in the kitchen. Down, George, down behind the parapet, or you'll never wear a hat again!"

Like an accomplished traveller, the Captain ducked his head out of shot. But I was too slow and stupid, and had caught the despondency of the place. "Fire away," I said, "if you can strike a light; I don't believe that you can hit me."

Want of faith is infectious, and the silver mop behind the rail, on which was resting a long brown barrel, arose very slowly, and behold it was the uncovered head of a very ancient man! Long white hair flowed down his shoulders and over his breast, and I heard a hollow sigh. "Blow me, if it isn't old Kobaduk!" cried Strogue, who was taking a cautious peep; "don't be in a funk, George; he knows me. Hold hard, old fellow, and keep your powder dry."

The old gentleman seemed to be in doubt about his eyes, till the Captain went down a flight of steps and round towards the kitchen-entrance where the ancient watchman stood. Then a few words of Lesghian passed, and Kobaduk leaned his gun against the rail, and flung his wrinkled arms round the thick form of Strogue.

"Is he coming? Will he never come again?" That much I could make out among his many trembling words. "Is old Kobaduk to die without seeing him? without ever hearing his voice again?"

Then he tottered to the corner of the steps, and spread his hand over his brows, where the sunset struck through the glare of snow, and he leaned on the ramrod which he had picked up, and gazed, with his wrinkled eyes casting forth a bushy

sparkle, down the lonely passage from the road below. "Take it easy, old chap," shouted Strogue; and he answered, "I am too old to take it easy."

Thereupon his long beard fell lower on his breast, and his lips, which were far out of sight behind it, mumbled some sadness which we could not understand, and he shuf-

fled his feet to be sure that they were there, and made off for the kitchen door, without another sign to us.

"Hospitable I call that," said Strogue; "the poor old beggar doesn't know what he is about. But we must put up here, will nilly, for the night. We will make him rout up a bit of grub, and set the dregs of his ancient brain."

CHAPTER XLV.—AMONG THE GEMS.

The Cossacks had discharged their duty now, after seeing us into friendly hands, and in the morning they rode off to rejoin the detachment at Tiflis. We sent a letter of thanks by them to the Russian Prince, for although we had not been molested, we owed our exemption in all probability to the presence of the uniform. We had passed through a district especially delightful, even among their many happy hunting-grounds, to the heart of the only men among these mountains (unless it be the foreign gunsmiths, and a few of the timber-dealers) who have a profession and practise it with any decent diligence—I mean the gallant brigands. But they must not be quoted as a real exception to the rule of Sovereign indolence; because they are not true Caucasians, otherwise they could never get through half of the robberies they accomplish.

The rest of us spent a whole day and two nights at the poor deserted tower, partly to refresh our horses, which were sent to the post-house down below, and partly to consider our plans, after receiving from the ancient steward the feeble light he could contribute. Although he had recognised Strogue so suddenly and with such affection, he forgot him entirely, and with equal speed, until we began to talk in English,

and then he broke forth with a declaration that our language was sweeter to his ears than the murmur of a hive of bees breathing the last among their honey, or the fit music of the waterfall that had broken the chains of winter.

When Strogue translated this to me, I felt some gratifying surprise for our language is not so wonderfully mellifluous, or melodious though our voices are not such cackle as theirs. But the old gentleman soon revoked his claim upon my gratitude by explaining, as interpreted by Strogue, that the words indeed were strange and hideous like the sound of a saw on a flint rock; nevertheless, he loved them always, because they brought to his mind the years that had unrolled day after day, as bright as the rising of the sun, and as smooth as a lake at the foot of the mountains, when no wind comes blowing.

I could not quite see what his wits were driving at; but Strogue, who had very little reverence for anything, from seeing too much of all things, sang out, "Signor Nicolo!" and Kobaduk took it to his heart (which works much longer than the brain does), and came to us, and touched both of us, with a shrivelled finger, upon either cheek. "It is the name of the happy time of the beautiful lady, and the noble lord, and the love"

babes; and nothing to do but to laugh and eat."

"And sleep," I suggested in his own language; and that completed his round of perfection, for he sent up the roots of his beard in a grin, and said, "Thou hast hit the mark." And then he sat down upon a swab to do it.

"Very fine, old codger, but beyond his time." Strogue gave him a tender poke with a stick, to make sure that he was not shamming; "we used to have faithful stuff like this in England; but education has vanquished it. He is sure to have a wife about twenty years old. Let us go in and stir her up. The wives are nothing but head-servants here. They are not sentimental, but they can cook, which is the highest duty of the female."

My feelings were shocked; but I left them so, because victuals alone could relieve them. The faithful retainer had overdone himself by that sudden outburst of decrepit hope. But he had got a young wife, which I thought too bad, until she proved the contrary by making us very comfortable, with a number of hot little barley-cakes, and some grilled kid flesh, which put a shine upon our faces. Then she poked her ancient husband up, and he came and fed, and played the host, and made runaway knocks at the time-worn gates of his memory.

The worst of it was that we could not be sure how much truth, and how much fiction, or at any rate confusion, issued from that antique repository. The older the thing was, the more it might be trusted—a truth which holds good with the bulk of modern work. Whenever we brought him to recent affairs, and the state of things now existing, he shook the silver tissue over his bright black eyes, and stared at us. "Kobaduk forgets, too long ago," was his chief per-

ception of yesterday. However, we fetched him nearer date, by speaking of the Princess Marva.

Then the old man trembled, and turned his head away; and his fingers (which looked like empty bean-pods) fiddled at the cartridge loops which hung, like the smocking of a Surrey parish-clerk, on the quivering of his sunken breast.

"For the sake of God, who made us all," he mumbled; and although he had been feeding well, his wife offered him some brown bits in vain. "Let him be," said Strogue, "perhaps he'll have more pluck tomorrow."

But it did not seem to be so at all. He went up a ladder to bed that night in a loft that reeked of onions, and he dragged his old gun after him; but how he got his crooked knees up the rungs, and how he failed to shoot himself in the stomach, were difficulties not to be explained even by the miraculous powers of habit. "The old cock will come down like a lark tomorrow," Strogue prophesied, as the trap-door banged. But larks are more famous for going up, and the Captain's prediction was about as correct as his reference to natural history.

"What a set of funks these people are! Is there no one here to tell us anything?" we exclaimed almost with one accord, on the evening of the following day, the only one we spent at Karthlos. We had asked at the Post-house, where Sûr Imar used to keep his horses, and we had tried Mrs Kobaduk the fourth, and a grandson of the steward who hung about the house, and a wood-cutter who came home sometimes, and a fellow called the huntsman, and everybody else we could come across. Most of them sat down and stared at us, and feigned not to understand what we meant; and then when we put the

interpreter at them, all they would do was to shake their heads, and stretch their lazy hands westward. As for old Kobaduk, if he was like a lark, it was one who has a skewer through him; and all we could get him to do was to show us where the Princess Oria and her baby lay.

Alas, what an end for the loving and lovely, the passion of a warm life cold in dust, and the sad shadows creeping along the sadder grave. But I knew a heart in which she lived still, and a life as lovely as her own—were these to share her fate, or have a doom yet worse, and not even be restored to her in the silent home of death?

"I'll tell you what we will do, my boy," Strogue said to me after supper that night, and after we had puffed and spat and stamped at the noxious vapour of the native weed (which we should have to come to in the end, unless our own end spared us that), the frightful stuff, grown badly, and cured worse, which they dare to call tobacco; "this is a very grand place in its way, and the tradition of good victuals lingers still about. But the fragrance of the past is not enough for a man getting on in his forties. Hardships I have endured by the hundred, and could do it again like Elijah; though he only went forty days, which is nothing to my record. But you must understand, my son, that the fun of it is not so evident, when a man has got into napkin ways, and wants to lean back in his chair, and think of the things he has done, instead of doing them. Don't be in a wax, George, I am not thinking of cutting the expedition. Bat Strogue is made of too good stuff for that, and he means to have his little revenge as well. Only he must keep his headquarters somewhere within hail of the jack-spit. That sound has become of importance to him, and his

nature is not ungrateful. The world is not made of love alone, or precious little there would be of it. Listen to the words of wisdom. Men who work hard must live well. Miners work hard, therefore they must live well. I never learned logic, but that sounds square."

"Very well, I am not going to controvert your logic. But how does it bear upon the present state of things?"

"Thus, thou wooden-headed Saxon. Nicolo's fellows are at work again. That much I found out yesterday; and you know the Prince as good as told us so. Kazbek is their diggings, a pretty large district, but not so extensive as Elbruz. It will be easy enough to find them out; then we hear a civilized tongue again, and get something civilized to put upon it. Here we can learn nothing; there we may get news. In the morning let us start for Kazbek."

I was only too glad to have it so. For although not belonging to those up-and-down natures, which are either at the zenith or the nadir, I found myself many pags below the proper mark, among all this great breadth and vast height, with nothing to touch, or lay hold of anywhere. If Strogue was lost in sentimentality of stomach, which had been regarded with an excess of feminine tenderness at the "London Rock," I could feel for him heartily—though nobody might think it, through the affection of an organ of my own, which is not so far distant as the poets do imagine. So I said, "You are right. We will start again tomorrow."

This we did, and our spirits began to rise, as we left that grand but ill-fated place behind. From a rise of the mountain-track we saw it, magnificent in its dark command, and vastly improved by the distance.

And then we struck into the great Dariel road, the causeway of the Caucasus. This we followed as far as the Russian fort, where we presented ourselves, and our letter from the Commander-in-Chief, and were entertained most hospitably. The Colonel was as kind as man could be, and showed no reserve or reluctance in answering most of our questions. My experience is too small to be of any value; but Strogue, who had seen a great deal of Russian policy and management in the vast tracts added to their empire, always maintained that the common talk about their grinding tyranny is jealous exaggeration; though they can be very stern and hard when they meet with savagetreachery, even as we ourselves have been.

And now this officer, a very capable, active, and intelligent man, told us plainly that his orders were to hold himself entirely aloof from all the private feuds and quarrels among the mountain races, unless they revolted, or refused to pay their very moderate taxes, or were guilty of open violence, or outrage upon travellers. He had heard of Sür Imar, as still the legitimate Chief of an important tribe, for many years an exile now, but regarded kindly by the Government, and still in receipt of the larger part of his revenues through a Russian Agent, who had been appointed upon his kinsman's death. But of his return or present whereabouts he knew no more than we did.

Then we asked him about the Princess Marva, and he smiled mysteriously. "We don't talk of her so freely," he said, as Strogue still pressed him. "She is a lady of very strong will, and has given us some trouble. But we hope that she is improving now, and her son is a pattern of excellence. If he

would only take the command, which according to his rights he should have done long ago. But he is mild and submissive, though endowed with great abilities. Many of the village headmen are indignant that she does not retire, for he is beloved, while she is not. But we never interfere in such matters; we let them settle their own successions. Only in case of absence, such as that of Imar——"

"But Hafer himself has been long away," I interrupted him in some surprise, and with faulty words, which made Strogue smile, but the Russian was more courteous; "he has been for months in England."

"Of that I was not aware," the officer answered, after some reflection. "But the winter has been the worst ever known, and almost all the passes blocked, except those we kept open. But, gentlemen, as I said before, we do not interfere in private matters. You are going on, you told me, to that place upon the mountain, where certain Englishmen with our permission are in search of minerals. They may know more about such matters; for I believe that the lady has demanded payment from them, and does not recognise our licence, though Kazbek is not within her boundaries, or certainly not that part of it. If you will take my advice, which I offer simply as a private friend, and one who admires Englishmen, you will trespass as little as possible upon the domain of Madame Marva. I hope for the privilege of entertaining you, upon your return from the mountain."

This was plainly our dismissal, and his horse was waiting at the door for him. So as the sun was still high in the heavens, and the weather very favourable, we resolved to try to reach the mine that night, or rather I should say the diggings, for it had not attained the dignity

of a mine, and was not very likely to do so. We took a young goat-herd for a guide, and leaving our horses at a hut, set forth in search of the emerald-hunters.

Although we had no very great height to ascend, for the diggings were far below the summit, and there was a fair track nearly all the way, and a rope laid along the worst places, it was close upon sunset before we reached the magnificent gully where the miners had their camp. They were just leaving work for the day, and marching almost like a squad of soldiers to the cells they had scooped for their dwelling-places under the shelter of an overhanging crag. Each of them carried a rifle on his shoulder as well as a strong iron rod with a crook at the end, and a tool something like a spud, and a hammer with a long peak of steel. The captain, or master, or foreman came last in the file with nothing in his hands but a deep tar-pot, and he proved to be Mr Jack Nickols, a sturdy young man with a round red face, active, resolute, and profoundly contented with his own endowments.

"Halloa! Haven't you got a word to throw at a brother Englishman?" Strogue was sadly short of breath, but still capable of indignation, as these twelve or fourteen men regarded him with some suspicion, and not a token of hospitable emotion kindling in their bosoms. "We are not come to steal your dirty stones, or to set up shop against you. We are of the highest English birth, cousins to two Dukes, six Marquises, and a good round dozen of Earls. And what will touch you up more, my boys, if you are driven against nature to be Radicals, we have got three pounds of fine tobacco left; and if you are good, you shall have half of it."

This was an outburst of "Altru-

ism," as the people who ought to be in Bedlam call it, which found no echo in my breast (because we were beginning to smoke our ashes) but set up an irresponsible rub-a-dub in theirs.

With one accord they all turned round; though bound for their suppers (as their mouths would have frankly declared, if sure of having more than they could do with), still they proved their high value, and their sense of the finer arts—such as we cultivate now with picture-frames on Sunday—by stopping and pulling out empty pipes and dropping their thumbs from the barrel to the bowl.

"Plenty of time," said Captain Strogue, who was up to all those little things; "fine fellows all of you; but you don't get a whiff till I know more about you. The law of Great Britain hold good all over the globe, because they are righteous. You may shout in vain for Bacco, as the heathen gods did in their time. I am not a man of many words. We have had to smoke a lot of poison ourselves, and not a blessed son of a gun among you tastes a shred of the genuine weed till I have got all I want out of you."

I thought that they would have turned crusty. But such misgivings showed that I did not understand my countrymen. An Englishman can put up with everything, but humbug. Bar that, and he begins to think of you.

"I want a young fellow called Jack Nickols, the nephew of my old friend, Jemmy Nickols," Strogue went on with louder shouts, as he saw that the men were taking to him; "you are a rough lot, and you know it. But I have been round the world seven times; and take you as you are, I would rather have you than any other fellows I have ever come across. You are n

wonders, mind you; but you know what's what. And more than that, you do it."

This was rather vague, though it sounded so precise. And I whispered to the Captain, "You are as good as John Bright." But he shoved me with his elbow, while his eloquence went down. Then the young man with the tar-pot came up mildly, in the presence of a larger spirit, and said, "Captain, you must be the celebrated traveller;" and Strogue looked at him augustly, and said, "Young man, you are 'right.'"

After this it is impossible for me to tell the glorious night they made of it. They had spent all the time, when they could not work, in making themselves more comfortable; and all the starvation they had been through was avenged upon itself by its own power. I have seen a good deal of eating; and Strogue had both seen and done a great deal more; and the voice of travellers is unanimous that the Caucasian native acknowledges no superior in that line. It is not for me to contradict them, but the impression I formed that night, and with my own mouth confirmed it, was that the British settler can in that, as in less important matters, adapt himself to his environment. The sheep of the mountain are but small, and we furthered nature's ordinances by making six, or perhaps I should say seven of them, smaller still. For the valleys were spread with the verdure of Spring, and it covered their saddles with sweet white fat.

"One little slice more," Jack Nickols said; "this is the best of the batch, I know. What would we have given for a cut out of him last winter! But we were obliged to leave this place altogether. Forty feet deep the snow was here, and not a bit of firing to be got for

love or money. You heard that two of us were frozen to death; but we never lost a man. We set that story going, and it did us a lot of good, and choked off another lot who wanted to come here. We have got it all to ourselves at present, and mean to keep it. You saw my tar-pot. Capital plan. An invention of my own. We have scarcely gone underground at all as yet. We scratch the crannies, and the dribble-places, and I stand by and watch every fellow. Wonderfully honest, and all that, no doubt; but just as well to look after them. Every bit of green they find, I drop it in the tar. They can't get it out again, even if they could find it, without telling tales on their fingers. Nine out of ten are not worth keeping; but we have got a few real beauties. There is one stone I wouldn't take a hundred pounds for, and a lot worth more than fifty. I'll show you some of them by daylight. It's the flaws, the flaws that murder them."

"We don't know anything about stones," replied Strogue, "and I would rather look through a good green bottle than all the emeralds that ever came from Peru, or wherever they get them. What we want to talk about is quite another pair of shoes, and I know you will help us if you can. We gave you that letter from your uncle. He will be out here this summer if he can. But we cannot wait for that. We must set to work at once. When the rest are gone, I will tell you all about it."

"We will go outside, if you don't mind. I can show you a very cosy place where we do our cooking, and the ashes warm the rock all night. Let us have our pipes there, and leave the tag-rag here."

We followed him gladly to the open air, and sat upon some bearskins in a snug alcove of rock, with

the stars shining on us, and the embers of the fire doing better service still. And here we told young Jack Nickols all our story, a great part of which he must have known already.

"You will never go home alive," he said, "if you are going to meddle with that woman. Let her have her own way. She always does. What right have you to conclude that she wants to murder her own twin-brother? It is likely enough, mind, from what you say, and in fact I have little doubt about it.

But for all that, you don't actually know it, and if you did you are not the Russian Government. Let her alone, for God's sake."

We told him that this was the very thing we had sworn to ourselves we would never do; and that he must stand by us, like an Englishman, and like his uncle's nephew. "Stand a long way off more likely," he replied, "though I don't call myself a coward, and I hate that woman. But I will try to contrive something, and let you know to-morrow."

CHAPTER XLVI.—QUEEN MARVA.

Discovering nothing of any kind, concerning Sûr Imar and his daughter, after they had quitted Athens, we made up our minds that the proper course was to pay a visit to the Princess Marva, and try to get some inkling of her plans. It was not very likely that a couple of clumsy fellows, like Strogue and my humble self, would prove a match, or even a serious check, for a subtle and ruthless woman, commanding a reckless tribe, and probably well-informed of all the plans of her unsuspecting victims. So that if we appeared in our own characters, or even let her know that we were here, our days in this land, or indeed in any other visible except to the eyes of faith, were likely to be brief indeed.

But for the sake of those who mean well, and desire fair-play on the whole, whenever it leaves a chance for them, Providence has been gracious enough to lay down one universal rule—that every wicked person has some special weakness, some nick in his black shell for the oyster-knife of justice; so that a simple and straight mind, like Strogue's and mine, may find its way through, and turn the whole to righteous uses.

"I have hit the mark," Jack Nickols said, when he came home to breakfast with his tar-pot; "when the sun comes up these rattling peaks, instead of down over them, is the time to think. I could not see things clear last night, though you know how little I take, Captain, compared with anybody else about. But when the sun came up from under to me, my brains, which are bright now and then, began to work. I thought of you snoozing in the ashes, and I resolved to do my best for you."

"Go on, my son," said the Captain kindly, with the tolerance of a gentleman who is offered lager-froth, instead of solid Bass; "there is no doubt that you have fine ideas. A man who turns out so early picks up something."

"Then what do you say to this!" cried Jack. "You might roll over fifty times, till nine o'clock, as old gentlemen do in England, and yet never find it occur to you. That Clipper of the mountains"—"Cleopatra" was the word in his mind perhaps—"is a terrible oner for money, they say, and we have had a tip or two to that effect. Till we paid her toll, though it is robbery downright, a bullet used to come

from some black corner, and my very best hand had a sample through his hat. One must expect that sort of thing of course, in an out-of-way part of the world like this; but luckily they have never been at Wimbledon. I came very near the Queen's Prize once; but I told you all about that, last night. These beggars won't give me a chance. Never mind, it will come some day. But they haven't tried to pot us, since we paid toll. Now why shouldn't you go upon the same tack? Go to Her Majesty, as an opposition company, and offer a premium over our heads."

"Upon my word, you are a clever fellow," said Strogue, looking at him thoughtfully; "I fancied so when I saw the tar-pot. But, Jack, my dear boy, is there any foundation, anything for us to go upon?"

"Yes there is. And we can make much more of it. I can promise you an interview with the tigress, if you will offer to put stripes of gold on her. You know what those confounded Germans are. No sooner do they hear of any English enterprise than they want to go one better, and collar it. They come in, and hoist us out, and get the cream of all our sweat. There was a tremendous man of science, Herr Baddechopps, or Baddechumps, or some such name, poking about here with spectacles last autumn; I have got his card, and you shall have it. We put a rope round him, and two men at either end, and swept him down the hill faster than he came up, and we promised him the loop round his neck if he came back; for I can't stand their jealousy of everything we discover! You go and tell Marva that we have got the place too cheap; that it all belongs to her, and you will pay three times the royalty. Take a notary with you, but sign nothing."

"George, I am up for trying it, if you are," said Strogue. "What is

the name of her place—Gomorrah? Doesn't sound very inviting, does it? But the lady won't hurt us, if we leave our cash behind. We can get there in three days, you said last night. Let us beard the tigress in her den. I have never been quite in that part before. There is no such thing as a road, of course. All the better for that sometimes."

Nickols advised us to take no horses, lest we should be murdered for their sake; but to hire a guide, and a tent, and half-a-dozen of his men (whom he would try to spare), as well as our own interpreter, and a Tartar or two who were always hanging about the Russian fort. Thus we should be ten or twelve in number, all well-armed, and capable of giving a good account of some thirty Ossets, if they took our expedition roughly; for they are not good shots, and their guns are very poor.

We spent that evening in consultation, receiving many hints from our young friend, who would have been glad to join us, if the state of his work had allowed it. But his mate, as he called him, was away, and so he could not well leave the diggings; moreover, there would have been some danger that he might be recognised, which would prove fatal to our case at once. Yet he promised to help us with all his force, in any great emergency, if we could only give him notice in good time, and this was of no less value to us than a troop of Cossacks. Meanwhile he would send to make inquiry at Vladikaukaz, the chief town on the North, which travellers from Russia would be almost sure to pass, whether our friends had been heard of there. And so, with many thanks, we left him for the present, and spent a day at Kazbek village, preparing for our visit to the Princess Marva.

Against so fierce an enemy, and with so good an object, our strata-

gem for obtaining an audience was fair enough; but to use the German Professor's card seemed to me far beyond the most elastic stretch of honesty; so I threw it into the fire, to save argument, for Strogue took a different view of the case. "You may take the lead, and you may call yourself a German," I told him resolutely; "I am a silent partner, and it does not matter who I am. The lady speaks better French perhaps than you do, and certainly much better than I do. You do all the talking, and I nod my head. Cator is drawing up the rough agreement, which we submit for her consideration. The beauty of it is, that if in her greed she even gives a nibble at the bait, we can dangle it ever so long before her, and are sure to find out something of what we want to know. Cator must put it as vaguely as he can, and leave the royalty blank for us to fight about."

Cator was one of Jack Nickols' men, a sharp and well-educated youth, who had been in a lawyer's office, but found a lack of bracing qualities in the air, and left his stool in search of them. And now we gave him a double fee to prepare a document and enact the lawyer's clerk at our interview, for men of law were almost as rare as men of medicine in these parts. A formidable deed it was, with half-a-dozen seals to it, and we wrapped it round a straight black horn from some sheep or goat of the mountains.

The roads were bad, being over-metalled by the melting of the snow. For the roads are the river-courses, and when nature lays too much water on, it is not easy to get along them, even the right way of the grain. And our course now was against the grain, towards the head springs, or mother glaciers of the river Terek; which would have conducted us, when in a proper mood, but now knocked us back

again, with a gruff and grey adversity. Neither was there anything for the eyes to spread their rims at, and make light of all the discontent of legs and back. All was dry rock, except where it was wet with dribble, or dirty with reek of thaw; and there was scarcely a tree to wipe the air, or show what way the wind came.

Nevertheless we strove along, following our guide, who cared much more about putting his own feet right than ours. For these men are not like the Alpine guides, whose loyalty is more to them than money. At length, on the third afternoon, we stood before a strange place, which I cannot describe, nor even give a rough idea of it, unless I may compare it with a great pile of big dominoes, set at any angle, some on end, and some on edge, on the top of a black pillow bolt-upright. And this was the fortress of the Osset Queen.

We sounded a trumpet, but received no answer. And then we made a rub-a-dub on a goat-skin drum, which was hanging on a stump for visitors. And when we left off, we heard a screech of metal going rustily and heavily upon its hinges. Then a muzzle, as big as a small church bell, came out, and we thought it was all up with us.

But Strogue, like a brave man, waved a white handkerchief on the screw of his ramrod, and we pushed the interpreter foremost, though it required three men to do it. What he said was beyond me altogether, though crowded with illustrious but anxious words. And if words were ever known to afford relief, it is fair to acknowledge that they did so then. The great muzzle which commanded all our bodies, so that to fly was hopeless, sank upon its pivot—or whatever it might be—and a ladder, which had been out of sight behind a buttress, came sliding down the base to meet us.

"One man first" was the order from the loop-hole; and every one of us quite admitted his friend's claim to precedence. "Can die but once," cried Strogue; "here goes." Upon which I felt my cheeks burn, and said, "Let me." But he answered, "No, you shall come next, my son."

The Captain went up heavily, with the scroll upon his back, and the four-chambered "bull-dog" in his left breast-pocket; and we saw two men receive him on a narrow parapet, and he waved his hand to us to indicate all right. Then he vanished round a corner, and we waited for some minutes, having found a little shelter where it would take some time to shoot us. We assured one another very strongly that if anything happened to Captain Strogue, we would not be satisfied with avenging him, but would have the whole place down, and a British fleet in a position to rake all the Caucasus, when to our great relief he appeared again at the head of the ladder and shouted, "Three more fellows may come up now." This time, I was the foremost to run up. Not that I was really afraid before; only that I waited to know what the others thought, as a man of modesty and deliberation does, when the circumstances are unusual. Cator followed readily, and so did another of Jack Nickols' men; but the interpreter said that we should find him more useful at the bottom of the ladder. "She is a stunner, and she has got a stunning place," Strogue whispered to me, as he led us through a dark passage into a long low room; "she beats the Begum all to fits."

What Begum he meant I could not tell, having heard him speak of several whose hearts he had broken in his early days. But if he meant some regal-looking woman, he was not beyond the mark in his comparison. For I had never beheld one so stately and grand as the

lady who now received us with a slight inclination, reflected by the polish of the black walnut table before her. She was sitting in a chair of purple velvet with a leopard's skin thrown over it, and her dress was of soft maroon brocade, with white fur trimmings at the neck and wrist, and a gold chain flowing upon her full broad bosom. There was not a wrinkle or a spot to mar the shapely column of her neck, or the firm sleek comeliness of her face; and her eyes, if there had only been some sweetness in them, would have been as lovely as they were splendid. Her complexion was darker than Sûr Imar's, and the lineaments more delicate, so that her face excelled his in perfection of form, as the feminine face should do. But as to expression, the gentler element was by no means in its duty there; for the aspect was of one who scorns, mistrusts, and repels all fellow-creatures, and sees the evil in them only.

"These, then, are the members of your Company, Herr Steinhart,"—she addressed herself to Strogue, after one flashing glance at each of us, as we entered, and her French pronunciation was a little too good for me to follow all of it, though she did not infuse much nasal twang; "and it is your opinion that I am deluded by those who are working my mines at present?" *My mines* indeed, how grand! I thought; what would the Russians have to say to that?

"I never speak ill of the poor," replied Strogue, "and we must make every allowance for the British audacity, your Highness. All cannot afford to pay as we can, for the reason that they have not our enormous capital at command. We always find it the wisest course to treat the landowners liberally. We make no pretence to be better, more honest or more generous, than

those Englishmen. Your Serene Highness, although so young, has had sufficient experience of the world, to know that all men are by nature rogues."

"My faith, but it is true! How seldom, though, have the men the good manners to acknowledge that! Rather do they not put the fault upon the more simple and righteous sex?"

"Your Serene Highness," Strogue answered gravely, seeing that this title was not ungrateful, "the ladies perceive at once that they are grossly wronged; but they are too magnanimous, too regardless of gain, to remonstrate. You, for example, how much do you care? You have ample revenues from your sovereignty, and things that occur on the back of a mountain are of small account to you. Nevertheless the right is right, and it ought to be defended."

"And the right shall be defended, when it is my right," said the lady; "I am not accustomed, as you well observed, to the smaller business, Herr Steinhart; but those who defraud me suffer for it. Make your offer, if you please, more intelligible."

This was the very thing we did not want to do, having no offer of any kind to make. But Strogue had gone far enough, and wide enough, to know that a question is answered best by another question.

"Is it possible that your Serene Highness will oblige us with the amount which those arrogant Englishmen have been in the habit of contributing to your lofty revenues? We are a wealthy Company, but we cast away no money."

"It is just," she replied, "and my desire is for justice. This is what they pay me now. But they would have to double it for the coming year. The trumpery sum of two hundred roubles. With you

I will not treat for less than a thousand, and for one year only at that price."

"Your Highness is very just and moderate," said Strogue, while I turned away to hide my indignation, and sadness, that a woman so magnificent should stoop to such a lie; for I knew that Jack Nickols had paid her only twenty roubles, to last for two years, as she had no title there whatever. "But your Highness will pardon me for mentioning that we have heard a rumour, perhaps an absurd one, that a brother of yours, a great Lesghian Chief, who was banished by the Russians, is now returning to his country, and may claim his rights over that desolate spot, and finally establish them. In that case our lease from your Serene Highness might not be so valuable as we were led to hope."

A deep colour flushed, or I might say flashed, into the clear dusk of her cheeks, and a brilliance into the darkness of her eyes. Then she placed the long oval of her smooth plump hands (which reminded me of Dariel's, but were half again as large) on the black walnut wood before her, and gazed at the Captain, till he scarce knew where he was. Then she turned her eyes on me, with contempt subduing anger.

"If you think to defraud me by such pretences,"—as she spoke she rose, and her head towered over the dumbfounded Strogue's, and Cator's also,—"it would have been better for you if you had remained at the foot of my hospitable ladder. As to the chances of Sûr Imar's interference, you shall have the evidence of Prince Hafer. His signature also you shall have. I will produce him to you." With swift yet dignified steps, she left the long gloomy room, and we stared at one another.

"Better cut and run, if they have

left the ladder there," Strogue whispered, for several men now occupied the doorway; "it is all up, if Hafer sees us. I made sure from what they told us that he was miles away. What's the good of four of us?"

"They can shoot us all the easier, if we run," I said; "let us have it out here, if it must be; this thundering walnut table makes a grand breastwork. After all, they may not want to fight us."

"We can settle at least half-a-dozen of them;" Cator's eyes shone with legal pugnacity, "four Englishmen can lick a score of Ossets."

"Not if they are like that man," said the fourth of us, Tommy Williams, pointing to the door, which was not a door (as the old joke has it), neither could it be a jar, but looked more like a bed-curtain. The lintel was appointed for men of good stature, and I had passed beneath it without much bend; but the young man, who made his entry now, was above any moderate stature of mankind, as he promised in breadth to out-do them. In a flash of thought, Sûr Imar stood before me, as I first beheld him. "Has that woman killed him, and is this his spectre?" I asked myself, as I fell back, and stared.

Dark as the room was, another moment showed me the excited wandering of my wits. This was not Sûr Imar's face, but one of similar comeliness, without his resolution behind it. A gentle, pleasant, large, and kindly countenance, as his was, but with very sad placidity, and no strong will to enforce its lines. The face of a man who can be trusted to do you no wrong, and never to stop any other man from doing it. Like that of the friends we value most, when our little world goes smoothly.

He came to the table, behind

which we had posted ourselves for a desperate stand, and there he bowed very gracefully to us, and then looked round for his admirable mother, as if he were quite at a loss without her. Strogue, in his polite way, asked in English, "Who the devil are you, sir?" The young giant looked at him, and shook his head, like a stranger to our fine language. "No fear; he won't fight," the Captain cried, to comfort us; and we all took our hands from the triggers in our pockets.

His golden curls were waving still—for he had the finest crop that I ever did see—and he was looking at us calmly, and as we thought with a sweet and hospitable intent, when back came the lady almost with a rush, and tokens of fury on her too expressive face. She had not meant her son to come in without her; and we smiled among ourselves, as we thought how he would "catch it," by and by at any rate, if not in our presence. However, she controlled herself, and introduced him grandly.

"Gentlemen, this is my son Prince Hafer, who will add his signature to mine, to remove all your hesitation, if the terms you propose should be suitable. Also he will confirm my declaration that my brother Sûr Imar will raise no claim to the valuable mines you propose to rent from me. The Prince is capable of speaking French; though not perhaps with my facility. Your concession, which I have perused, is in French, but the amount of your payment is not yet stated. It will be useless to say less than one thousand roubles, five hundred of which must be paid in advance. Herr Steinhart, I am not a lover of money; but I must insist upon my son's rights. Do you consent to the sum I mention?"

Strogue looked at me, and then

at Cator. Intending no business, but only a sham for the purpose of seeing the lady, and hearing something about her brother, he was taken aback at this close issue, especially the demand for a large payment on the nail. Moreover, his mind was in sad confusion, and so was mine, I must confess, about the existence of two Prince Hafers, while we durst not even hint at any explanation. But Cator was quicker, and more ready with a quiddity.

"Your Highness," he said, "as the legal adviser of this wealthy Company, I may say that we shall not object to the rent you reserve, nor to the prepayment, which to us is a trifle below consideration. Only I should take a note of guarantee from your Highness, and also from Prince Hafer, against interference on your brother's part. That will have to be embodied in this instrument, which moreover has not as yet the necessary stamp. You have already given us your full assurance. If the Prince in my presence will add his, according to your proposition, I will put them into legal form."

"Bravo, Cator!" cried that stupid Strogue in English. "Did you speak, sir?" asked the Princess. "Your Serene Highness, I am afflicted with a cough," the Captain replied, with his hand before his mouth.

"My son," said the lady, looking steadily at Hafer, "oblige me by sitting down in that chair. It is one of my afflictions, gentlemen, that he is not always in strong health. But he is the delight of all our tribe: so amiable, so just, so generous! Now," she continued, with her back towards us, so that we could not see the expression of her eyes, "assure these gentlemen, my dear son, of your

certain knowledge that Prince Imar will never set foot upon Kazbek again."

"I have no knowledge. I have never seen him. His doings are unknown to me. I cannot affirm at all where he is." As the Prince spoke, in French rather worse than my own, he began to tremble violently, and his eyes turned away from his mother's face.

We saw her place one hand below her solid breast. And then she said, coaxingly as we thought, "The poor dear, what an affliction it is! But, my son, you can give us your firm belief that he will never tread the mountain of Kazbek any more."

"He will never tread that mountain any more." The young man replied in a low sad voice; and then he broke into a torrent of tears.

"Excuse me, gentlemen. It is most grievous. From a child he has suffered from these heart-attacks. Oh, the unfortunate mother that I am!" As she spoke, she was leading him out of the room; and we drew aside respectfully.

Before we had time to discuss this scene, her ladyship returned with some tears in her eyes, which made her look strangely beautiful. "I thank you for your most kind sympathy," she said, "and will not detain you any longer. If you will put all into proper form (for even in trouble such things must be seen to), and return with the 500 roubles and the deed, if it may be this day-week, I will grant all your desires. Till then, farewell."

With silent salaams we took our leave, and were shown forth, not from the rock-front of the castle, but through a narrow passage, or gallery, cut in the crag, and provided with iron doors. And the Ossets who conducted us could not be tempted to open lips, or to make a sign.

AT DAWN OF DAY.

THE first grey light of the dawning is showing over the eastern hills as we stand on the firm edge of a wet common, or, more properly speaking, a swamp, which is the last portion left of a vast area of "quakes." Only a generation ago these were practically impassable, except to those wanderers of a nomadic type who had for generations been settled near them. These people gained their living from the fur, feathers, and fin that at one time were to be found there in great quantities. The growth of wood, copse, and moor was all laid under contribution by them; they really ruled these wilds in their own primitive fashion. The power they had was unacknowledged, but it was one that could make itself felt at times in most objectionable ways.

The middle of July is not a very favourable time for general observation, but for the few swimmers and waders that remain to breed with us that period is the best to watch them about with their broods. Birds of the same species do not nest according to rule or plan: some are very early and others very late in breeding. On and about a spot I have visited, not once but many times at the same time of year, some birds were constructing their nests, whilst others were sitting hard; and in many instances broods were out and about. In the early stages—that is, when they are fluffy—these latter are not allowed to leave their platforms of sedge, rush, or mare's-tails—some are made exclusively of one of these growths—before the sun is high up overhead and the water warm. Sitting on a bundle or sheaf of

last year's sedges, we can see through a fringe of tall sword-blade grass, in which slight openings for purposes of observation have been made most carefully by means of slight forked alder-boughs. My water-boots are in the wet sludge, a long, heavy ash staff firmly planted between the knees in the soft mud; a sling is hitched round the stick as a rest for a powerful telescope that I use at times for purposes of accurate definition beyond a certain distance, instead of field-glasses. With my left hand resting on the top of the staff and the elbow of the right arm on my knee, I can turn the glass in all directions as it rests midway in the temporary sling, and the simple contrivance is as firm as a post. Midges and other winged fiends of a larger size, and of the most bloodthirsty habits, have to be borne with; the only relief being smothered exclamations that far overstep the boundary lines of refined diction. With the exception of the mallards, all the other cock-birds are foraging over the water, and diving beneath it for provender to take to the hens, so that they can feed their little coodlers. The shallow water is almost tepid with the heat. Just beyond the flowering rush-beds the water is little more than five feet in depth, not counting mud. Mallard, teal, coots, moorhens, dabchicks,—these latter, by the way, have as yet only just got their full complement of eggs—at least none of the tiny creatures are about with their parents,—a few water-rails, and some herons that come here to feed, complete the show. A pale yellow, so pale that the light looks

cold, succeeds to the grey; then through and over it comes the rose-tinted flush of morn, followed by the rising of the sun. As his life-giving beams glide down and over the heather, to turn the grey sheet of water into liquid dancing gold, whilst the fowl splash and flutter over their morning wash, the cold mists that had rested a few feet above the water throughout a night of semi-twilight rise up in the warm air above and float away. Insects, together with vegetable matters, form the food-supply of the young broods in their early stages. As some of the nests were not a dozen yards from our hiding-place, we can see the insects captured and the delicate weeds collected by the male birds and delivered to the females, who are sitting close, for distribution to their hovered young. All the nests have sloping gangways on one side or the other, as convenience or instinct dictated, so that the feathered father may walk up to his mate, and the young ones run down from out the nest to meet him, one at a time, and be fed, the food passing from his bill to theirs in the form of pellets about the size of large peas. For two hours I was busy sketching the various actions of seven young coots in a nest close to me. The tops of their heads looked like half-withered damask rosebuds, and this colour, combined with the hairlike yellow fringe round their necks, and their greyish-black bodies, formed a fine bit of colouring, brought up and out in the most vivid manner by the greyish-green mare's-tails that composed the nest. As some of the structures with the birds on them are from fifteen to eighteen inches above the level of the water, the use of that sloping weed-gangway is evident. As long as the sun

was full on the nest, the mother allowed her chicks to go down for the food that the father brought for them; but directly the least shadow fell she called them all to her and fed them under her.

No predaceous fish are here to disturb their domestic arrangements; in fact it is doubtful if any fish could live in the brown peat-water. Herons are here for the numerous small deer that are far more free than welcome in making their appearance at times. These birds have their time for coming and going: before eight o'clock they will rise as one bird, and betake themselves to the river below, where they will gorge to repletion on small fish that no one troubles about, such as gudgeon, loach, miller's-thumbs, and crayfish, natter-jacks (the yellow-striped "running toads"), newts, snakes, frogs—the snake's principal provender,—great water-beetles—the Goliaths of their race,—all are sampled by the grey herons when they visit this remnant of the primeval wilderness. Their visits to the river below, in order to pick up trifles here and there, seem to be made from a corrective point of view, just to set right what they have devoured in their swamp investigations. I saw this spot last when moonlight, a bright moon high up in a clear, cloudless sky, threw her soft light directly on and over the peat-water swamp, converting it into a silver mirror, framed in by a wide ebony border of rush and sedge. The distant hills and the near moorlands only showed out as great shadowy masses more or less defined according to distance. Not a sound could be heard; even the "puckridges"—a local name for the fern-owl or eve-jars—for a time seem to have forgotten their only song, the whirr of the spin-

ning-wheel. Why it should be so absolutely silent at certain seasons I have never been able to discover. Not even the hum from a moth's wing or a beetle's boom is to be heard, all around and about is at perfect rest; so quiet is it that your own breathing falls on your ear distinctly, as you look on the wondrous scene, from the cool damp sward of the moor.

A lowering dawn, the damp air being charged with electricity, finds us in the very heart of a woodland haunt, returning home after being out all through the night. Two courses are open to us, either to go the nearest way through some belts of oak-woods, or over the moors and through the fir warrens,—a longer distance, but, under the threatening aspect of the weather, the safer route.

Oaks I have seen struck and riven by lightning repeatedly, but a fir-tree only once in a lifetime: there is the tree in front of us, a forest giant, torn and twisted as if the great limbs were rope cables. When fairly on the moors, a heavy curtain of dark-grey hot mists blots all out with the exception of the tops of the firs on the higher ground. Then from out the grey veil shoots a blinding flash of forked lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. Flash follows flash, and peal follows peal; then the wind comes rushing and roaring through the firs, and whirls the mist away. Some rabbits and one solitary hare appear to fly over the ground and vanish like shadows. The pipits, or, as they are far more frequently called, "tit-lings," or tit-larks, endeavour to rise up from where they have been feeding; but their long tails get "slewed" by the winds, and they nearly turn turtle. After a few flicks from their wings, very much on one side, they drop down again,

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cheeping in the most disconsolate manner. Presently we almost walk on a fine old cock pheasant, a real stout moor-rover. As he rises, his long tail-feathers almost touch our shoulders; but the wind is too much for him, his long tail swings round in a curve, and away he goes down-wind like a rocket, sounding out his frantic alarm notes of chuck - chuck - chuck - chuck - chuck - chuck. Then down comes the rain; not a shower, but sheets of it, blotting out all objects from view far and near—a blinding torrent of water. In two minutes we are as thoroughly wet through as if we had plunged into a river. The ruts on the moor are full of water rushing down to the trout-stream below; in fact, we can hear the plashing from those nearest to us as they leap like miniature cascades from the banks direct into the stream. Drenched clothes are not pleasant; but no harm will come from them if you keep moving and change directly you reach home. As a rule, wild things make for cover on the first indications of a storm; but, like common humanity, some of them are sure to be abroad, if it comes on them quickly. The storm passes away with low grumbings over the northern range of hills, for it came up direct from the south. The sun shows warm and bright, the rain-drops glitter all over the moor turfs, as if millions of diamonds had been scattered broadcast over it. From the very top twigs of the trees and stunted bushes all the choristers of the district break into full song and gay twitters; for they know well that after the air is cleared, life will be brighter. The same atmospheric changes that depress human beings affect bird life.

It has been a dry night, without

dew, so that we can pass along the path that leads from the fir-woods direct through the meadow and through the farm-road—a public one, although rarely used in this sequestered spot—into the lonely woodland roads beyond. When heavy dews are on the grass in water-meadows, it is best to avoid them if possible, for this moisture has a most penetrating quality. Lonely as the old red-bricked farm so snugly sheltered at the foot of the well-wooded hollow is, no dogs are loose outside of it, that I know well; but three game fox-terriers have their stations at night inside the fine old place,—one on the mat at the front door, another at the back, and one in the kitchen. You may pass along at any time of the night, or in the early dawn, without being challenged; but if they hear a step on any of the three paths leading to where they are stationed, their infuriated, sharp, yapping yells of defiance will be heard plainly enough, inside and out. Very little life is moving so early as two o'clock in the morning: a solitary thrush perches on the top shoot of a fir, and pipes once or twice; but evidently thinking he has made a mistake in the time, he drops down to his rest again.

It has continued hot and dry for two entire months; in fact, they have in some places been forced to carry water to the sheep. All the cattle are down in the grass, not one of them is up, a sure sign that they have fed well through the night without anything to disturb them; all you can hear from them is munch-munch as they peacefully chew their cud. They will come to the farm-gate of their own accord before five o'clock, at the sound of the milking-can. The poultry roost outside here, and take their chance all through the spring, summer, and early autumn;

the turkeys, fowls, and the guinea-fowls or "come-backs," in the trees. When winter comes they must be placed under cover from prudential motives. The fine Aylesbury ducks, large farmyard and half-bred wild ducks, are all asleep on the grassy margin of the duck-pond, the various breeds in separate companies, not mixed up anyhow. We know that geese are about somewhere; but if we can avoid it, not one of these grey patriarchal ganders will get a glimpse of us as we move along slowly over the turf. If one does, he will open his mouth and give out his honking, gabbling noise, loud enough to be heard in the hush of early morn a mile away.

What we want is to see some of the tenants of that farmyard before the house-folks are moving. The sparrows are waking up in their nesting-holes under the thatch. Then one of the farm cats crosses the road in front, with something in her mouth; not a rat or rabbit, nor yet a young game bird or hare, but a full-grown stoat. I have often seen cats with stoats and weasels in their mouths that they have killed; yet when Pass gets a few yards out of bounds the keeper shoots her when he can. Over the thatched roof of the great barn a white owl flaps, with some small quarry in its bill. This is not held, as is usually the case, by one foot, or, if the prey is of some size, by both. The reason for this is soon made clear, for the bird makes directly for the top of the pigeon-cote, hooks on with its claws to the lower edge of a crack in the boards, and enters sideways in the most expeditious manner, through a small hole that looked only large enough for a starling to pass through.

If a bat enters the trunk of a hollow tree, or a hole in one of its

limbs, it flies to it at full speed and vanishes like a flash. Owls do the same: they look large when on the wing, but I have repeatedly seen both species—the brown owl and the white owl—come with a dash and disappear like magic into their holes, not ten feet above my head. As to how it is done, that is only a matter for conjecture; the action is gone through far too quickly for you to make out its details.

To all appearance there is nothing in the farmyard but dirty trampled straw; there are one or two heaps about that look as if one of the farm hands had shaken some of it up, in passing through, with his fork. Presently—some-what to our surprise, for we are not thinking how the raised straw-heaps come to be there—one of them heaves up, the straw falls down on either side, and a great, gaunt, red-eyed, vicious-looking sow rears herself up and shakes the straw from her, followed by nine perky-looking, nose-wriggling little snorkers. These were very wide-awake all at once, as young pigs usually are; they rooted the straw up with their snouts, buried beneath it, poking their heads up to give out a snork and a week-week or two, just to let the remainder of their brothers and sisters know where they had got to; then, with one of those rushes that only young pigs can execute, they are all huddled round the sow, rubbing their snouts against her legs and lean sides in the most affectionate manner, to dash off again all round the yard, followed by their ever-watchful, vicious, grunting parent.

In ranging over wild places

where rough swine with their litters have been turned out for the mast-feed of a whole season, eyes and ears have to be on the alert; for the creatures make rough hovers of brush-twigs, rough grass from the tussock-humps, and dead leaves. If you are unfortunate enough to stumble on or over one of these, the sow will charge with a rush, making the most desperate snaps with those powerful jaws, which if they struck home would break one's leg. Fortunately the alarm notes proceeding from her disturbed progeny keep her within a yard or so of the spot. It is best to clear out and leave them all to it just as quickly as one can. This hover-making is the hereditary habit transmitted by their wild progenitors; "what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh."

The rattle of cart-horse hoofs sounds on the pitching of the stables, and the carter and his mate will soon be there to attend to their beasts; so we pass out of the yard again into the woodland road, to come back when all is bathed in the light of a golden eve: then the corn-fields above the farm will show out as great patches of dead gold, the light will creep up and over those fields until it rests on the heather-covered hills directly above, which show out in great masses of purple or pale rose, according to the colour of the heath. Just before the sun dips down, a great shaft of golden light falls for a few moments on the blooming heather, causing it to appear like some gigantic upland garden, a mass of bloom.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

A REMINISCENCE OF TENNYSON.

IN the beginning of May 1890 I spent two days at Farringford. In the short walk from where I left the coach to Freshwater, I felt—quite as much as on my earliest visit to Stratford-on-Avon, or when I first went to Grassmere, and walked thence to Rydal—that I was approaching one of the shrines of England: all the more because the poet himself was there, and it was him I was going to see. It recalled days in Edinburgh, thirty-five years before, when, to the young student of philosophy, Sir William Hamilton was considered a demigod, and conversation with him deemed one of the highest honours possible.

In the avenue leading to the house, the spreading trees just opening into leaf, with spring flowers around and beneath—yellow newspapers and blue forget-me-nots—and the song of birds in the branches overhead, seemed a fitting prelude to all that followed. Shortly after I was seated in the afternoon, the poet's son appeared: and, as his father was engaged, he said, "Come and see my mother." We went into the drawing-room, where the old lady was reclining on a couch. Immediately the lines beginning "Such age, how beautiful" came into mind. No one could ever forget his first sight of Lady Tennyson, her graciousness, and the radiant though fragile beauty of old age. Both her eye and her voice had an inexpressible charm. She inquired with much interest for the widow of one of my colleagues at the University, who used formerly to live in the island, now at Farringford, and whose family were friends as well as near neighbours. Soon

terwards Tennyson entered, and most at once proposed that we could go out of doors. After a short stroll on the lawn under the oaks, we went into the "careless dered garden," walked round it, and then sat down in the small summer-house. It is a quaint rectangular garden, sloping to the west, where Nature and Art blend happily,—orchard trees, and old-fashioned flower-beds, with stately trees around, giving to it a sense of perfect rest. This garden is truly "a haunt of ancient peace." I left there alone with the bird for some time. I felt that I sat in the presence of one of the Kings of men. His aged look impressed me. There was the keen eagle eye: and, although the glow of youth was gone, the strength of youth was in his place. The lines of his face were like the furrows in a stem of a wrinkled oak-tree; but his whole bearing disclosed a young strength and mobility, a reserve of power combined with a most courteous grace of manner. I was also struck by the slightness of the man, so different from that of Browning or Arnold or Lowell.

He soon threw aside his picturesque cloak, and laid down his broad-brimmed hat upon the table. He asked me about my work at St Andrews, and referred to that of his friend F. D. Maurice at Cambridge, asking if I knew his books. I gave my opinion of them, referring especially to the treatment of Medievalism in Maurice's *History of Mystical and Moral Philosophy*. I said I ought to be best discussed in *Medieval Thought* which we had in the library. I added that

the man was greater than his philosophy. He answered, "You are right. Maurice was one of the greatest and best of the men I have ever known." I referred to what had struck myself so much, viz., the uplifting influence of his conversation and the magnetic effect of his mere presence—like that of Martineau or Newman, to take two very different cases. "Ah!" he replied; "far greater than Newman, really more spiritual, and profounder every way."

We soon talked of the season, and of the poets. "The Promise of May" was all around us, and he quoted, with a rich musical intoning of their words, passages from Milton, Virgil, and Lord Surrey. I forget the passages from the two former; but from Lord Surrey it was part of his sonnet on Spring:—

"The soote season, that bud and
bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke
the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she
sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her
tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now
springs,
Winter is worn that was the flowers'
bale."

I asked if he knew the "Day's Estival," by our Scottish poet Alexander Hume, and quoted a stanza from it on the effect of sunrise:—

"For joy the birds with boulden
throats
Against his visage sheen,
Take up their kindly music-notes
In woods and gardens green."

He said he preferred Lord Surrey's way of putting it—

"The Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And shew'd his face ten thousand ways;
Ten thousand things do then begin,
To shew the life that they are in."

We talked much of the Sonnet. He thought the best in the language were Milton's, Shakespeare's, and Wordsworth's; after these three those by his own brother Charles. He said, "I at least like my brother's next to those by 'the three immortals.'" "The Sonnet arrests the free sweep of genius, and if poets were to keep to it, it would cripple them; but it is a fascinating kind of verse, and to excel in it is a rare distinction." I ventured to refer to the metrical and structural necessity that its last line should form the climax,—both of thought and of expression,—in a sonnet; and that the whole should be like a wave breaking on the shore. He said, "Not only so; the whole should show a continuous advance of thought and of movement, like a river fed by rilllets; as every great poem, and all essays and treatises, should." Going back to Milton, he said that he had caught the spirit of his blank verse from Virgil, the long sonorous roll, of which he is such a master. He quoted two passages from each in illustration.

He had no great liking, he said, for arranging the poets in a hierarchy. He found so much that surpassed him in different ways in all the great ones; but he thought that Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe,—these seven,—were the greatest of the great, up to the year 1800. They are not all equal in rank; and, even in the work of that heptarchy of genius, there were trivial things to be found.

He spoke of the diseased craving to have all the trifles of a man of genius preserved, and of the positive crime of publishing what a poet had himself deliberately suppressed. If all the contents of a poet's waste-basket were taken out and printed, and issued in a

volume, one result would be that the things which he had disowned would be read by many to whom the great things he had written would be unknown. He said that he himself had suffered in that way. I told him of a poem which Wordsworth wrote when he lived at Alfoxden—an unworthy record of a revolting crime—which he had the good sense never to publish. I had not seen the original, but only a copy, which I threw in the fire as soon as I had read it. Tennyson was greatly pleased, and said, "It was the kindest thing you could have done." He then spoke of the folly of fancying that all that a poet says in his verses must have some local meaning, or a personal reference. "There are some curious creatures who go about fishing for the people, and searching for the places, which they fancy must have given rise to our poems. They don't understand, or believe, that we have any imagination of our own, to *create* the people or the places. Of course we often describe, but we generally let that be known easily enough."

He quoted in this connection—

"The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door."

These things are returned to us by the "great artist Memory," but when critics and commentators search for subterranean meanings they generally lose themselves in fancies.

We then went on—I do not remember what the link of connection was—to talk of Spiritualism, and the Psychical Society, in which he was much interested, and also of the problems of Theism. He spoke of the great Realm of the Unknown which surrounds us as being *also known*, and having Intelligence at the heart of it;

and he told more stories than one of spirit manifestations as authentic emanations from the unknown, and as proof that out of darkness light could reach us.

Just at this stage of our talk Mrs Hallam Tennyson, Mrs Douglas Freshfield, and her daughter came up the garden-walk to the summer-house. Miss Freshfield wore a hat on which was an artificial flower, a lilac branch. It at once caught Tennyson's eye. There was a lilac tree in bloom close at hand, and he said, "What is that you are wearing? It's a flowery lie, it's a speaking mendacity." He asked how she could wear such a thing in the month of May! We rose from the bower, and all went down the garden-walk to see the fig-tree at the foot of it, and sundry other things at the western entrance-door, where Miss Kate Greenaway was painting. We returned along a twisting alley under the rich green foliage of elms and ilexes. He spoke much of the ilex, a tree which he greatly admired. We heard both the cuckoo and the nightingale. "Rosy plumelets" were on the larch. He said the finest larches he had ever seen were at Inveraray. "What grand trees you have in Scotland! It's nonsense to complain, as some do, of the want of them. Dr Johnson was either very unfortunate, or very inaccurate, or incorrectly reported by Boswell on this point." I spoke of the vast destruction of our pine-forests, of noble birches and other trees, in our great gales. He lamented it, for, he said, "Your Scotch fir is a magnificent tree, next to the oak in stateliness, and how glorious the colour!" He said he bewailed the loss of all old things,—old trees, old historic places, the old creatures of the forest, and of the air. "Aren't

your eagles getting scarce? and I hear that even the kingfisher is less common than it was." I replied that both eagle and kingfisher were becoming almost extinct.

Walking up the lane outside the grounds at the back of Farringford, he pointed out the view beyond Freshwater to the east, where, as he says in a well-known poem,

"The hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

This led him to speak of prehistoric things, and of the wonders which geology had brought to light. He referred to the period of the Weald, when there was a mighty estuary, like that of the Ganges, where we then stood; and when gigantic lizards, the *iguanodon*, &c., were the chief of living things. As we afterwards walked to and fro on the lawn under the shade of the cedars, sheltered by the "groves of pine" (to which he refers in his poem addressed to Maurice), he told me — without the slightest touch of vanity — that, when he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, he wrote an epic of several thousand lines. His father was proud of it, and said he thought "the author would yet be one of the great in English literature" (good prophet of the future, thought I); "but," he added, "I burned it, when I read the earliest poems of Shelley."

"I don't care a bit for various readings from the poets," he said, "although I have changed my own text a good deal. I like to enjoy the book I am reading, and footnotes distract me. I like to read, and I just read straight on."

"What do you do with the books which are sent to you?" he asked, "and do you get many?

I have several every day, chiefly books of poetry or rhyme. I wish they would rather send me prose. I calculate, by the number of verses which the books contain, that I get a verse for every three minutes of my life; and the worst of it is that nearly all the writers expect me to answer and acknowledge them!" He handed to me Dr Kynaston's Latin version of "Demeter," a copy of which, typewritten, he had received that morning. It was excellent, and he said he had thought of getting a typewriter to answer those correspondents who sent him their verses!

He then spoke of the labour necessary to produce the best things in poetry, and of the recasting of verses. He said he thought that almost every poet did this habitually. It was very rarely that the simplest song came into the writer's mind in a rush of melody all at once. He mentioned some one saying of a poet, "Oh! he didn't revise his verses; his MSS. are all unblotted." "How do you know?" I replied to him. "*No one knows* what the poets have done with their verses, as they revise them in their mind before they are written down." He added that his chief work was done, not as Wordsworth's was in the open air, but in his library, in the evenings. It seemed as if he needed the quiet of the close of day, and the meditative reverie to which it led, to start him productively.

As we were going toward the house, a nightingale was singing loud and ceaselessly. He told me that, while sitting in a grove, on a still evening, one of these birds was close beside him. "I was as near it as I am to you, and it did not cease to sing. We were so close that I felt the very air move by its wings (I thought it was by

its voice), and it did not stop singing, or seem to notice me."

Next day we walked along the "ridge of the noble down" towards The Needles. To begin with, our talk was chiefly on the problems of philosophy, and his conversation on the great questions of belief was quite as significant as his remarks on poetry, or even as his poems themselves. We spoke of the "Metaphysical Society," of which he was one of the original promoters, along with Dr Martineau, Dean Stanley, Huxley, and Dr Ward. He did not often attend, being seldom in London, but he thought their meetings very useful. For himself he did not get much good from debating problems, especially ultimate ones; but the confederacy, and the exchange of views which took place in such a society, was good for all its members.

He raised the question, How should philosophy be defined? the "love of wisdom" was all very well, but to love it and seek it, and yet not find it, was mere vanity and vexation of spirit; and the question was, could we *find* it? I said that philosophy was both a search and a discovery; at once a process and a product. "Yes," he replied; "but how is the product produced? and I want to know how we are to unite the One with the Many, and the Many with the All." I said that was the great question of the ages, the radical problem of metaphysic, and that it was fundamentally an insoluble one. "For my part," he said, "if I were an old Greek I should try to combine the doctrine of Parmenides with that of Heraclitus. I find that both of them are true in part; but does not all metaphysic seek that which underlies phenomena?" "Yes; and what it finds it reaches intuitively,

and at first-hand. The great beliefs are not conclusions deduced by logic, but premisses grasped by intuition. I think it is not analysis, with a view to new inductions, that we need nowadays, so much as a new philosophical synthesis." "Well," he said, "we must get to some height above phenomena. We must climb up, and we can't ascend a ladder without rungs. Isn't the ladder of analogy very useful in metaphysics?" "It is, but why not dispense with a ladder altogether? It's chief use is to enable us to leap from it, and to reach the infinite, not by a tedious process of ascent, but by seeing it everywhere within the finite." "Yes; I agree with that, and I have tried to show something like it in some of my poems; but the outward world, where the ladders and symbols are, is surely more of a veil which hides the Infinite than a mirror which reveals it." "Yes; and Browning put this well—

'Some say Creation's meant to shew
Him forth;
I say it's meant to hide Him all it
can.'

He then spoke of Darwin, and of the great truth in evolution; but it was only one side of a truth that had two sides. "All things are double one against another." He also spoke of Bruno, with whom he had much sympathy. From this we passed to the subject of Immortality. I ventured to say that it was a more pressing problem in our time than even that of theism, and that agnosticism had undermined it in many quarters. He said he did not require argumentative proof of a future life, and referred me to "In Memoriam." He had nothing further to say; and, although his faith was not stated dogmatically

in that poem, every one could see that he believed in the survival of the individual. "Annihilation was impossible, and inconceivable. We are parts of the infinite Whole; and when we die, and our souls touch the great *Anima mundi*, who knows what new powers may spring to life within us, and old ones awoken from sleep, all due to that touch."

The subject of Free-Will was next talked of, and he referred to the way in which it had been discussed by Dr Ward, and in the columns of the 'Spectator.' He said he liked the 'Spectator.' He did not always agree with its literary articles, but its philosophy was good. Here the conversation turned to the newspaper press, and to politics. In politics, as elsewhere, he strove to shun "the falsehood of extremes." He was a Liberal Conservative, and a Conservative Liberal. He had written,

"He is the true conservative
Who lops the mouldered branch away."

"But," said he, "the branch must be a mouldered one, before we should venture to lop it off."

Listening to the wind in the trees, and to the sound of running water—although it was the very tiniest of rilllets—led us away from philosophy, and he talked of Sir Walter Scott, characterising him as the greatest novelist of all time. He said, "What a gift it was that Scotland gave to the world in him. And your Burns! he is supreme amongst your poets." He praised Lockhart's Life of Scott, as one of the finest of biographies; and my happening to mention an anecdote of Scott from that book led to our spending the greater part of the rest of our walk in the telling of stories. Tennyson was an

admirable story-teller. He asked me for some good Scotch anecdotes, and I gave him some, but he was able to cap each of them with a better one of his own—all of which he told with arch humour and simplicity.

He then told some anecdotes of a visit to Scotland. After he had left an inn in the island of Skye, the landlord was asked, "Did he know who had been staying in his house? It was the poet Tennyson." He replied, "Lor'—to think o' that! and sure I thought he was a shentleman!" Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed. "Do you ken who you had wi' you t'other night?" "Naa; but he was a plesant shentleman." "It was Tennyson, the poet." "An' wha' may he be?" "Oh, he is a writer o' verses, sich as ye see i' the papers." "Noo, to think o' that! jeest a pooblic writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom!" Of Mrs Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh! but *she* was an angel."

I have said that the conversational power of Tennyson struck me quite as much as his poetry had done for forty years. To explain this I must compare it with that of some of his contemporaries. It was not like the meteoric flashes and fireworks of Carlyle's talk, which sometimes dazzled as much as it instructed; and it had not that torrent-rush in which Carlyle so often indulged. It was far more restrained. It had neither the continuousness nor the range of Browning's many-sided conversation; nor did it possess the charm of the ethereal visionariness of Newman's. It lacked the fullness and the consummate sweep of Mr Ruskin's talk; and it had neither the historic range and brilliance of Dean Stanley's, nor

the fascinating subtlety — the elevation and the depth combined — of that of the late F. D. Maurice. *But* it was clear as crystal, and calm as well as clear. It was terse and exact, precise and luminous. Not a word was wasted, and every phrase was suggestive. Tennyson did not monopolise conversation. He wished to know what other people thought, and therefore to hear them state it, that he might understand their position and ideas. But in all his talk on great problems, he at once got to their essence, sounding their depths with ease; or, to change the illustration, he seized the kernel, and let the shell and its fragments alone. There was a wonderful simplicity allied to his clear vision and his strength. He was more child-like than the majority of his contemporaries; and, along with this, there was — what I have already mentioned — *a great reserve of power*. His appreciation of other workers belonging to his time was remarkable. Neither he nor Browning disparaged their contemporaries, as Carlyle so often did, when he spotted their weaknesses, and put them in the pillory. From first to last, Tennyson seemed to look sympathetically on all good work; and he had a special veneration for the strong silent

thinkers and workers. He was an idealist at heart. Underneath the realism of his nature, this other feature rose above it. He was not so much of a Platonist as a Berkeleyan, but faith in the great Kantian triad (God, Duty, Immortality) dominated his life—God being to him both personal and impersonal, Duty being continuous unselfish devotion to the good of all, and Immortality the survival not only of the race, but of all the units in it. If in "In Memoriam" the "wild unrest," as well as the "honest doubt" of our nineteenth century is embodied, a partial solution of the great enigma is, at the same time, offered; and while the intellectual form of his theism found expression in such lines as

"He, they, one, all, within, without,
The Power in darkness which we guess,"

its practical outcome was the attitude of trust and worship.

Tennyson appreciated the work of Darwin and of Spencer far more than Carlyle did, and many of the ideas and conclusions of modern Science are to be found in his poetry. Nevertheless he knew the limitations of Science, and he held that it was the noble office of Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion combined to supplement and finally to transcend it.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

THE PRISONS OF SIBERIA.

III.

THE SILVER MINES OF NERTCHINSK.

THE penal settlement of Nertchinsk may be described in a general way as lying within the wedge of land enclosed by the rivers Shilka and Argun, immediately above the point where, by their union, the great Amur is born. It is thus spread over a vast indefinite area, that at its broadest point measures 400 versts across, while nowhere can it be traversed under a journey of 100 versts. From the point of view of the prison inspector it is an institution by itself, under the direction of a special resident administrator, and divided, on account of its size, into two zones—the Zerentuisky and Algatchinsky. In the first of these are situated the Zerentui, Maltsevsky, and Kadainsky prisons, and the Kutomarsky barracks, to which last the “free-commands” are sent in summer for labour in the silver-melting works: they return again in the autumn to the stations whence they came. In the second zone are found the prisons of Algatchi, Akatui, and Pokroffsky, and the poorhouses of Alexandroffsky.

Formerly there was a third zone, but in 1893 the Kara prison district, round which Mr Kennan’s work may be said to revolve, was closed. Kara is now but a name, and quickly the place shall know it no more. On the first of January 1895 twenty-three politicals still remained in “free-command,” in addition to a few ordinary criminals. Last summer the number of the former had fallen to thirteen, a decrease due to the fact that

politicals condemned to hard labour are now despatched to Akatui.

The Zerentui, Maltsevsky, Kadainsky, Algatchi, Pokroffsky, and Akatui prisons are situated, then, at the silver-plumbago mines of the Nertchinsk mining district, while the smelting is done at Kutomarsky. In 1894 the average daily number of persons of both sexes located at these centres was 2800; but if we include all the stations in the district, the total number of offenders slightly exceeded 3000. Again, only three-fifths of the criminal population were actually within prison walls. The money earned (1894) by the convicts, on a system already explained, was barely 22,000 roubles. During the same year over 1200 patients were treated in the five lazarets of the district, in which the death rate was 4 per cent.

While the town of Srijetensk is only 98 versts farther east from Nertchinsk along the great post-road, we must go nearly 300 to the south-east before we reach the centre of the Nertchinsk Penal Settlement. In leaving the town of Nertchinsk, we pass under a large white-painted wooden arch, which bears on one side the date of its foundation in 1653, and on the other the date of the visit of the present Emperor in 1891. We emerge from beneath it on to a wide wind-swept plain, on the edge of which the upper end of the town is built. Beyond it, in the vicinity of the Shilka, the country becomes broken up into

little valleys, up and down which our horses drag us, till we come suddenly on the noble river that drains this region. Itself formed by the union of the Ingoda and the Onon, the Shilka descends through a course of 700 miles before it meets the Argun as described above. At many points the bed of this fierce flood is confined by high cliffs, rising abruptly on either side. Even where these retreat, so that a little space is left for daring settlers to take up their abode, it almost seems a temptation of Providence to dwell so near its uncertain flow.

Here, on the granite cliffs, some Chinese coolies were at work, preparing a way for the Petersburg-Pekin express of the future, and chanting awhile their singularly unmelodious lays. The Chinese are overflowing into Siberia; and the Russians, who will in time be confronted with the same problem that engages the attention of Americans and Australians to-day, seem meanwhile content to look on. In Krasnoyarsk there is at any rate one Chinese tea-store; in Irkutsk there is at least one short street where the Celestials have planted themselves; but in Verkhni-Udinsk two sides of the large merchants' square in the centre of the town is hung with Chinese signboards, and farther east their quarter forms a conspicuous feature of every town. Already much of the small trade of Central Siberia is in Chinese hands. Advantage is increasingly taken of the cheaper coolie labour. This proceeds quietly at present. The patriotism of the Russian people manifests itself only after it has been thoroughly aroused. In time of peace it is at a discount: one day the crisis will come.

The Russian and Chinese languages seem to present mutual

difficulties. The worthy chief of police at Verkhni-Udinsk confessed to failure in his attempt merely to master the names of the natives of the Flowery Land who were under his baton. He had therefore dubbed them all with Russian names on a system known only to himself. But "pigeon Russian" attains its most sublime height in the pronunciation of the word "ruble," which the vendors of silk and tea roll on their tongues like some sweet morsel.

We crossed the Shilka in a pendulum ferry-boat, and crawled up a steep valley in the shade of larch and alder, spruce and birch. The cart-road, cruelly denuded by torrential streams even to the exposure of its deeply buried skeleton of close-set pine, together with the black-and-white painted posts that registered on one side an increasing and on the other side a decreasing tale of versts, was all of artificiality that met the eye. Soon we left this behind, and traversed country where the ground vegetation was absolutely dazzling. Talk of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold! Look at that open strip guarded by a cordon of young trees. It is a natural carpet of orange trollius, into which groundwork the green grass works itself in natural light patterns, while bluebells form a straggling border. A little farther on, a delicate pink willow-herb and pale-blue wild geraniums grow together in rich profusion. Again we pass a place where a burnet with rich dark crimson velvety head is dominant, and shortly after, all these blend with purple and yellow ox-eyed daisies, scarlet Turk's-cap and yellow day-lilies, peonies, milkworts, speedwells, teasels, and grasses innumerable in wealth of floral beauty.

The stages are longer than in the West, with no intermediate

villages to break their monotony. When you do come upon one, it shows no symmetry of form: the log huts are set down anywhere, and the bark of trees is often requisitioned to roof them. Once we have to halt till a small caravan of *telyegas* goes past. Four or five soldiers with fixed bayonets are in charge, and carefully watch the drivers. The freight is ammunition, and the rough untidy appearance of the Cossacks, often with torn uniforms, demonstrates forcibly how remote we are from headquarters. While we are driving across an open stretch of country, two large black birds rise out of a reedy patch of ground far to our right—too far for us to make out distinctly what they are. Our driver hazards the suggestion that they are black swans, and adds that there is an "acid spring" at the spot where they rose: Siberia has known and unknown mineral springs. And so, now climbing wood-clad hills, now descending into the broad plains that they encompass, we gradually push on towards our destination.

Finally there comes a time when the last tree fades on the horizon, and we launch out on an immense sea of gently undulating hills, low and grass-covered, each of which is regularly succeeded by a corresponding trough. The child remarks how the scenery flies by as he gazes out of the window of the steady train that carries him from one place to another in our land; and if the same insensibility to motion had been possible in the jolting *kolyaska*, one could well have imagined that the great green billows that rolled past us, and the broad depressions that succeeded them, had a less solid consistency than the stern facts demanded. It was late at night

when we drove up to the prison of Gorni-Zerentui, and a watchman, enveloped in a *shuba*—for the August nights were chilly—directed us to the residence of the *natchalnik*. The large white building rose ghost-like out of a hollow: lights were still burning at certain of the windows, and one could hear the tread of the sentries on their beats at each of the four corners of the surrounding wall. Tomiline, the former *natchalnik*, has been, unfortunately for the prisoners, superseded in the chief command. With a kiss on either cheek he greeted my companion, his friend of yore, and we found Vassilieff the new chief, and the vice-governor of Zabaikalia there. The latter happened to be on his annual tour of inspection, which meant that one would see everything at its best, arranged with due care.

At Gorni-Zerentui there is provision for 300 men, but many of them were away forming part of a contingent of 600 convicts from the Nertchinsk Penal Settlement who were at work on the railway. This form of labour has largely superseded employment in the mines. Of that large gang, which was so poorly sentinelled that it was possible for every man of them to have escaped, only one had done so up to the end of July. At a certain village 100 versts to the east of Tchita, twenty-three convicts were trusted to work without a soldier in charge of them. How was this possible? Convicts were early employed on the railway, but the engineers considered their work as poor and slow; the men showed no interest in it. The governor of Zabaikalia then made an arrangement whereby he engaged to provide the railway authorities with 600 men from

little valleys, up and down which our horses drag us, till we come suddenly on the noble river that drains this region. Itself formed by the union of the Ingoda and the Onon, the Shilka descends through a course of 700 miles before it meets the Argun as described above. At many points the bed of this fierce flood is confined by high cliffs, rising abruptly on either side. Even where these retreat, so that a little space is left for daring settlers to take up their abode, it almost seems a temptation of Providence to dwell so near its uncertain flow.

Here, on the granite cliffs, some Chinese coolies were at work, preparing a way for the Petersburg-Pekin express of the future, and chanting awhile their singularly unmelodious lays. The Chinese are overflowing into Siberia; and the Russians, who will in time be confronted with the same problem that engages the attention of Americans and Australians to-day, seem meanwhile content to look on. In Krasnoyarsk there is at any rate one Chinese tea-store; in Irkutsk there is at least one short street where the Celestials have planted themselves; but in Verkhni-Udinsk two sides of the large merchants' square in the centre of the town is hung with Chinese signboards, and farther east their quarter forms a conspicuous feature of every town. Already much of the small trade of Central Siberia is in Chinese hands. Advantage is increasingly taken of the cheaper coolie labour. This proceeds quietly at present. The patriotism of the Russian people manifests itself only after it has been thoroughly aroused. In time of peace it is at a discount: one day the crisis will come.

The Russian and Chinese languages seem to present mutual

difficulties. The worthy chief of police at Verkhni-Udinsk confessed to failure in his attempt merely to master the names of the natives of the Flowery Land who were under his baton. He had therefore dubbed them all with Russian names on a system known only to himself. But "pigeon Russian" attains its most sublime height in the pronunciation of the word "ruble," which the vendors of silk and tea roll on their tongues like some sweet morsel.

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vis-à-vis, nestling in a hollow of the hill opposite. On the same side as the prison, but about a verst farther up the main valley, is a long double line of miserable cabins, where the voluntary followers reside.

Immediately behind the prison stands one of a small number of children's homes that have been founded at each of the more important penal stations. These are supported by private subscription, and managed by a Petersburg committee, of which the Empress is patroness, and Madame Narishkine the moving spirit. As we walked towards it, one could not help noticing what looked like gigantic rabbit-scrappings far up on the hillside. They marked the pit-head of other days. Thirty years ago the interior of the mine collapsed, and since that date it has not been worked. Tastefully erected in wood and surrounded by a neatly tended garden, the buildings that comprised the home were the most attractive in the place. In the front of the principal house was a large schoolroom hung with pictures of the saints. Towards the ends of the back wall of this apartment, two doors led out into long narrow halls, the windows of which faced each other across the intervening space. Off the other side of these corridors opened dormitories. Down the length of the halls under the windows ran two narrow shelves, on each of which was a row of wooden bowls of soup, with a wooden spoon and a thick slice of bread lying by. A child stood opposite each bowl, the boys being in one hall and the girls in the other. One little fellow who had been left in the front room then rang a bell, whereupon the two lines filed in by their door, and closed up in two separate bodies. They then

sang their "Grace before meat," and retired in the reverse order to that in which they had entered. As the space between the corridors, which were not very far apart, was vacant, the boys, when the windows were open, looked out on the girls immediately opposite to them, and *vice versa*. So they laughed and chatted across as they ate. The little girls, whose hair was close cropped, wore navy-blue serge dresses, and white aprons. In the dormitories each had a cot, with mattress, pillow, sheet, and blanket. The boys had suits of unbleached linen; but their beds were rougher, and grouped in fours, the heads being together in pairs, with a little raised partition between. The girls are taught to sew and knit, while the boys learn a trade—bootmaking or carpentry chiefly—in little workshops. At that time there were some seventy children of both sexes in the institution, of whom the youngest was a foundling baby girl. In spite of the obvious advantages of such a home, it is with the greatest difficulty that the prisoners are prevailed upon to part with their children, though but for a time.

After this we visited the strange settlement of those who had followed in the prisoners' wake—wives, children, lovers, more rarely husbands. The dwellings were primitive to the last degree, being largely composed of wicker-work. When an occupant no longer needs the scanty shelter offered by such a home because she can join her liberated mate in the "free-command," she attempts to sell it to some new-comer. Forty-five roubles is a common price in such a transaction. The majority of the cabins were slightly sunk, so that one stepped down in entering. From the outside the walls appeared to be made of birch branches

carefully intertwined with an occasional strengthening plank, the whole being filled in and daubed over with earth. The square roof was likewise covered with soil, so that it supported a thick growth of grasses and wild-flowers. The interior was divided into two unequal compartments. From the inside the wall of the larger room was seen to be as described, but the other chamber, which opened off it, contained the whitewashed brick stove, and was accordingly more stoutly bolstered up with boards internally, and in some cases was built entirely of brick. One had almost to get down on to one's knees to enter this warm winter den. Even now difficulties did not end, for inside there was hardly room to turn, while it was necessary to stoop all the time, and the only places on which it was possible to recline were the stove or the floor. Clothes and goods were commonly stored in the outer room. Similar dwellings on a grander scale contained more rooms, and were not sunk, while the inner room was subdivided into two, and built partly of logs. About the door of each hut played a motley group of horses, pigs, cows, calves, hens, and dirty little children, under the eyes of the ill-dressed followers of the law-breakers. At the far end of the street one walked into rich pasture-land, where within twenty yards of this squalor were flowering edelweiss, yellow poppies, pink bluebells, and rich peonies. Farther down in the sleepy hollow some convicts were drawing water, and in the low scrub that clothed the base of the hillside stood four sentries, at corners of an imaginary square, watching them, their white jackets just rising above the green.

When I rejoined the vice-

governor, who had been photographing the prison from the end of the line of cabins, he was engaged in earnest conversation with a middle-aged man. There was a quiet proud look about the latter that at once attracted one, dwelling as it did in a face with which, on the whole, Time had not dealt roughly, while his clear grey eyes glowed with suppressed emotion. "It was curious," he was saying to the vice-governor, "remarkable; I declared from the beginning that I was not guilty, but somehow everything that I said seemed to turn against me. My innocence was clear as the noonday sun to my mind, and yet I could not prove it: whatever evidence I adduced, by some remarkable perversion went against me." He had been sentenced to hard labour for life for the murder of a man who had mysteriously disappeared from a Russian village. Suspicion had fallen on him, as he was the last to be seen with the missing man; but at the trial, as he remarked, he was damned in some hideous way by his own evidence, do what he liked. And now, after ten years, the man who had so strangely disappeared, and who was supposed to have been murdered by our story-teller, had returned to his village in Russia, having himself run off conscience-struck on some account. Less than a week before, the man who faced us had received notice of his release by telegram: hence the triumphant calm that reigned in his countenance. One wanted to know if he would or could demand any compensation for these ten lost years. "No," he said, with a sad smile—knowing probably the futility of such an idea—"No; it is sufficient compensation to me that the world now knows that I spoke the truth.

I am well repaid for the past in being vindicated, even if it is so late." Noble soul! the proudest man in the land, to whom the loss of ten long years was as nothing compared with the possession of a clean conscience, the misery he had undergone more than atoned for by the consciousness of the victory of truth—his truth—before the eyes of his fellow-men.

The character of the surroundings naturally makes the natives very sensitive as to the question of their ancestry. Unfortunate suggestions are treated by genuine settlers with withering scorn. Thus my companion was unlucky enough on one occasion to mildly ask our driver how long it was since he had left Russia. The irate *yemstchik* turned round in an instant, and with stern emphasis replied that he had been born here, as had his father and his grandfather before him: whereupon there was an awkward pause.

We continued our drive to Algatchi, an important point in the second zone. We still wandered through broad valleys lying between the grass-clad mounds, whose internal rocky structure was occasionally evidenced by the sharp outline of their crest. Indeed the underlying strata had sometimes so far forgotten themselves as to rend their green mantle, and protrude a long ragged edge. The floral wealth showed no decrease. Earlier in the season broad acres must have been covered by a purple *cypripedium*; at the moment a large blue *campanula*, *umbelliferæ*, *labi-ates*, and *teasels* in a hundred different shades, with the soft velvety burnet, almost buried everything else. We drove all night, and, being now beyond the sphere of post-stations, had to employ peasant horses, and still more peasant drivers.

After a continuous stretch of

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eighteen hours, we reach Algatchi. The native Cossack population inhabit well-appointed cottages in one part of the village, which is built round the end and along the side of one of the two slopes that meet to form a valley. Near the head of this valley, about a mile above the prison, which happens to be the last building in the village, are the mines. Long before the settlement itself came into view, certain white dots high up on the slope suggested the existence of a cemetery there. But on nearer approach they resolved themselves into the rude rough cabins and huts that form the homes of volunteers and "free-commands." Many of these dwellings are simply holes drilled into the side of the hill; but the mouth of the artificial cave is built up, according to the means of the troglodyte, either with wood or with whitewashed brick that shows up well against the green. We are soon surrounded by the life of the place. A new house is about to be erected, and four soldiers stand on guard, while the convicts dig at the foundations. But for many there is no such strict surveillance. It depends on the individual, and the stage of his prison career. Thus an additional labourer is marched down to work, closely followed by two soldiers with rifles and bayonets, while at the same time another convict, in charge of a bullock-cart engaged in carrying stones to the scene of operations, pursues his task unattended. Again, a dozen others may be seen at work in a distant garden, and no man heeds them.

The prison, built on the side of the hill within sight of the mines, is only six years old, but seems to have been badly constructed. A series of rough stone steps leads up from the road to its high-level. It is surrounded by an oblong

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white stone wall. The warder at the gate has to be prompted to recite the formula used in addressing a visiting-officer, and which consists in reeling off, in one breath, a long sentence setting forth the condition of the prison on that day, and the number of people incarcerated. The barracks inside are all one-storeyed, of wood, with a stone foundation. There are half-a-dozen of them, and one with no special distinguishing feature avails as hospital; but its condition was poor. Most were long and narrow, traversed from end to end by a lighted corridor with *kameras* opening off the other side. There were rarely more than a dozen men in the rooms, which were well aired at the moment by two open windows; but it was

noticeable that holes had been cut in the corridor wall to assist the ventilation. The flooring was bad. One observed books lying about in several of the rooms. We unfortunately arrived late in the afternoon, only in time to see the men come in from their day's work in the mines. Several were in leg-fetters, but, with the exception of the older men, one could not say that they looked very tired and worn out. They were a singularly unattractive lot of men; one felt distrustful even of the best faces.

Eight months of work in the mines is reckoned as a year of hard labour. The following are the regulation hours of work, which are thus seen to change with the seasons of the year:—

Month.	Number of hours' work in the day.	Morning's work—		Afternoon's work—	
		Commences.	Ends.	Commences.	Ends.
Jan.	7	8	11	12	4
Feb.	8½	7	11	12.30	5
March	9	6	11	1	5
April	10	6	11	1	6
May	11	5	11	2	7
June	11	5	11	2	7
July	11	5	11	2	7
Aug.	10	6	11	1	6
Sept.	9	6	11	1	5
Oct.	8½	7	11	12.30	5
Nov.	7	8	11	12	4
Dec.	7	8	11	12	4

But these regulations are enforced very much in accordance with the temperament of the *natchalnik*. I have said that everybody was busily employed; but it had been found too tedious to conduct the prisoners back and forwards between the mines and prison four times daily, and so, as I understand, they worked from six to two, with a shorter break in the forenoon, and then returned home earlier in the afternoon. It was my misfortune not to be able to visit the Algatchi mines: the men had just come in when we arrived,

and we had to go on that night. The condition of the mines, however, was frankly stated as being none too good, the worn ladders and insufficient stays in the shafts and galleries making the labour by no means free of danger. Here also you find the type of *natchalnik* that many would have us believe is dominant throughout Siberia. Sour and severe are the two adjectives that one would have applied to him after six hours' acquaintance. And as I have discovered since my return that he has been lately denounced in

Russian literature, I feel justified in the impression, formed at the time, that the one place to be avoided at the present time by the man condemned to residence in the Nertchinsk Penal Settlement is Algatchi.

Once more we were on the road. After a stiff climb over a more than usually steep hill, we ran down into country in no way differing from that on the other side of the watershed. The enormous green mounds still rose around us, but regular square brown patches on their sides betrayed the agricultural bent of the inhabitants, whoever they might be. We came to a village of the original Tungusian people. The main body of this tribe was driven to the north by the Buriats, but some were left in the south. The Southerners are a very gracious, gently spoken, clean, and thrifty people, who have always won the respect of travellers. The cottage that we entered was a great contrast to those of the Siberian people proper. We took it by surprise, only to find it a model of tidiness, and the goodwife further ingratiated herself by setting before us certain unsweetened cakes, such as we had never yet tasted in the land. Her husband drove us to the next village, and judged by his garments he would have been set down as destitute, for his coat had four rents in the body, and both sleeves were badly split; yet this dilettante beggar owned seventy horses and a like number of cattle.

Akatui has impressed all visitors unfavourably. It lies in a narrow, thickly wooded valley, the hills on either side of which are abrupt in their elevation. But I confess that when we rounded a corner, and drove into the clearing in the birch-wood where the settlement

is situated, I felt for a moment that this was the choicest spot in the Nertchinsk Penal District. The surroundings were almost Swiss in their beauty and solitude. On a levelled foundation by the banks of the little stream that tosses down the valley stood a picturesque church, simplicity itself, with its dark-brown beams, white painted windows, green roof and spire, while three black-and-white kids had lain down in the cool shelter of the porch.

We had already passed an odd hut or two before we found ourselves between two rows of more substantial buildings. On the right in order came the house of the *natchalnik*, with the prison storehouses opposite; then a larger building — the residence of the under officers — with the prison buildings *vis-à-vis*, enclosed by a square whitewashed wall. The internal arrangements of the prison buildings differed little from those at Algatchi, and again there was no trace of overcrowding. Each man had his own little mattress, although here especially they are supposed to lie on the hard platforms only. In the largest *corpus* a respectable library had been set up, of which the constituent volumes roamed all over the jail, being visible in several of the *kameras*. Across the corridor from it were two men in a room by themselves, under sentence for life for having sold plans of fortifications to the Austrian Government. One of them was binding a copy of Dostoyeffsky's 'Memories of a Dead House,' while the other spent his time in making small portmanteaus.

The lazaret, though set by itself in a corner, was within the same pale as the rest of the buildings. Infectious cases were lodged under the same roof as the non-infectious,

but in a different room. At the end of the passage, in a room perhaps 12 feet long, 8 broad, and 12 high, lighted by a single window with the grating inside, Slavinsky, one of the few politicals in Siberia at present supposed to be working in hard labour, was confined. Of medium height, with reddish hair—close shaven on the right—and beard, spectacled, and dressed in a rough grey coat, trousers, and cap, together with tall boots, he looked worthy of his career. He had been first arrested in Berlin for some unimportant political offence, and had known the interior of the Moabit Prison in that town. Advised, however, to assert his Russo-Polish extraction, he was promptly extradited, but got deeply implicated in a conspiracy in Russia, for which he was sentenced to death. This sentence was, however, commuted to penal servitude for life, while, by the manifesto issued at the recent Coronation, the length of his term has been reduced to twenty years. He was able to give a very interesting comparison between prison life in the German capital and at Akatui, the verdict being greatly in favour of the latter. He maintained that while in the former place it was useless to expect any amelioration in one's lot, or any elasticity in the prison administration, at Akatui enforcement of the laws was tempered with humanity, and one could count on certain relaxations at times. I have since gone over the Moabit Prison, and any judgment that one could form from a single visit only bears out the truth of what Slavinsky said.

The walls of his room were simply the outer logs, with their rough caulking very much in evidence. Through one corner broke the small stove that heats his and the adjoining room during the long

cold winter. Another corner was filled by a large tea-chest: above it was a shelf and bracket covered with books and journals. Before the window stood a table with writing materials, and wedged in between it and the wall was his bed, with his own linen and a prison blanket, on the top of which crouched a tame pet rabbit. Round the walls hung various articles, from coats down to a spring-balance: one or two medicine-bottles lay on the window-sill. He had worked in chains in the mines, but his health broke down completely. First the fetters were removed, and then he was taken into the hospital and given this separate little ward to himself. His great interest is meteorology, in pursuit of which he is allowed to go out three times in the day to a little wooden observatory erected at a short distance from the prison, where he makes and records his observations. He proposed that we should come and see it. The *natchalnik* met us in the yard, and, just as we were going out, Slavinsky stopped and with an amused sort of expression said to the governor, "You have forgotten something." "What do you mean?" "My guard." "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the lenient chief. "Come, now," said the Terrorist, "you must do the thing properly. Give me my guard." And he refused to budge till a soldier came up and marched behind, when he stepped off in the joy of victory. As a matter of fact, Slavinsky never has any one to look after him when he goes to his observatory. Further, this would-be overthrower of the Russian Government is actually in its paid service, as he receives a trifling salary for this work. He gave my companion (who told me that a man in an observatory at Sak-

halin, doing more thorough work, is in a monthly receipt of 25 roubles) a written list of additional instruments that he wanted sent from St Petersburg at the Government expense. Here also, contrary to all regulations and laws, another well-known political teaches in the village school, for which he receives 25 roubles a-month. Thus he has under his influence the children of the Cossack guards, who in the future will take the place of their fathers. My friend had brought out from St Petersburg one or two books of Polish poetry, which Slavinsky's *fiancé* had given him, begging him to take them to Akatui. They were in due course handed over to the governor of the prison, who would after a formal inspection (for they were harmless) give them to him. But it will be several years yet before he can leave the prison to live in "free-command," when the girl will come out and marry him. Much had been done in the capital to get his lot alleviated, but he was stolid and obstinate, and refused to sign or countenance these petitions in any way.

Slavinsky was eminently a practical man. He showed me a very neat geological sketch section of the hill through which the shafts of the mine were at present being led. He had filled in all the strata, with their approximate thicknesses and angles of dip. At Akatui, as at all the convict-worked mines, the ore obtained is silver. At the moment the mine was full of water, and a horizontal gallery was being made to drain it off. He also had other drawings of a vertical shaft some 70 feet deep, which had been sunk already through successive strata of drift and soil (surface deposit), clay, sand, and mica, down to the crystalline rock, in the quartz veins of which it

was expected that the nobler metal would be found. There were one or two other political prisoners in the prison. They are treated like ordinary criminals, having to work during the day in mines with the latter, and to pass the night with them in the same *kameras*. This presented a question on which one could very easily recognise the characteristic, and in part natural, difference between the outspoken political exiles and the reticent Russian official. The former had only one idea upon the subject—viz., that it was done on the principle of *abrutir pour détruire*. One or two of the latter, recalling the "hunger strikes" at Kara, suggested that the politicals would find their level quicker when mixed up with the ordinary criminals, from whom they would receive no sympathy in any attempted insubordination. There is probably as little in the one opinion as in the other, and I would be inclined to see in this procedure simply another example of the laxity and easy-going spirit that pervades the whole system, and that would ask in this case, What is the use of making any difference between four or five men and the other hundred condemned to the same punishment in a small out-of-the-way place like Akatui?

It is a dull grey morning, and a heavy shower has just passed off, that leaves everything underfoot in a sodden condition, and yet does not relieve the intense humidity of the atmosphere to any appreciable extent. A thick mist overhangs the hill across the valley, and is creeping slowly toward us over the birches. The range that hems in our side of the valley towers up behind the prison, and even from that level one can see above a belt of wood the treeless summit which is pierced by the

vertical shaft. It is useless to attempt to descend the latter : one might go down a well with as much purpose, for the rains of times recent and remote have filled the pit with water. In walking to the mine we first descend a little way, and then begin to climb. The track we follow is no better than a cart-road, and as it runs almost straight up the hill-side, it forms a convenient conduit by which the rain of the previous night is rushing down to swell the valley stream. At last, after a verst or so, we come to a small clearing in the belt of trees. In it stand two wooden sheds, one built against the side of the hill, over the mouth of a horizontal shaft, out of which protrude the last few feet of a wooden railway for the trolley that rolls into the darkness of the cave. A sentry-box is placed at the end of the line, and the soldier, with white cap, grey coat, rifle, and bayonet, is on guard without. Another military statue in grey watches by the side of the shed, and a petty officer has taken up a stand by the door itself. The other wooden erection, which is complete, and only a few paces distant from the first, has its door likewise guarded by a sentinel. It is the blacksmith's shop, and four men are hard at work making and remaking tools for the toilers underground. The glowing fire within, hounded on by the roaring bellows, contrasts grimly with the gloom of the cloudy morning outside. A master workman supplies my guide and myself with a tallow candle. He leads, I follow with my conductor behind, while the petty officer protects the rear. We start along the trolley-track : it consists of three broad horizontal planks skirted by a stouter one on either side in the vertical, the two thus

forming the rails. As the gallery is only about 6 feet high and $3\frac{1}{2}$ across, one has to walk with bent head. Soon we are well in. How chill is the air, how damp, how quiet ! The walls of the passage are buttressed by stout upright wooden beams disposed at intervals ; some attempt also has been made, by means of planks, to keep the roof from falling in. Water continually drips down upon us ; everything is clammy and moist. We have gone about 60 yards when suddenly the leader stops, steps off the rails, and we see a little wooden trolley on wooden wheels emerging out of the darkness, propelled by a dull grey figure who pushes for dear life. We all step to the side, and try to make ourselves as small as possible. As the low cart approaches us with a rumbling that rolls back into the night, the human engine evinces more and more difficulty in the performance of its task, and the freight-train comes to a halt immediately in front of us. With a sigh the convict puts his shoulder to it again ; but the loaded truck refuses to move, so he creeps round by the other side to investigate the obstacle that impedes his progress. He wears the short cloth jacket, trousers, and grey cap that form part of the winter costume—as well he might, for the cold in that gallery pierces to the bones ; but he walks in the water with his summer shoes, and his face is the face of a man in sorrow. At last he clears the line, and again struggles forward towards the light. But we press on into the darkness : an unlucky drop catches the candle of the officer behind me, and it goes out with a fizzle. We grope on. Will it never end ? The noise of our splashing feet betrays the fact

that we are wading through water. It rises and soaks through one's boots, and a chill creeps up one's back. Still on; but at last the end, an open space, wider than the gallery, in which are crouching half-a-dozen astonished convicts, who have ceased from labour to gaze at the intruders. The light of their ill-burning candles, stuck on the damp quartz rock in which they are working, just makes the shadowy creatures visible in the cold hazy atmosphere. One tall man with a long red beard—how pleasant his countenance looks since one can only see the outlines—stands, pick in hand, staring across in mute amazement at a smaller figure who leans thankfully upon his shovel. This is the hard labour—this is the price of blood.

As yet they had not reached the silver either by vertical shafts or horizontal gallery; and this long gallery in particular was being tunnelled, as already stated, to lead off the water from the main body of the pit. The convicts do not work here in the afternoon at all: the few that were employed were engaged for little more than form's sake. The reasonable *natchalnik* did not insist that the prisoners should do useless work. Even Gottze, a political who formerly worked in the Akatui mines, and whom I saw at Kurgan, admitted that the tax was nothing very serious. It all depends on the *natchalnik*: at Algatchi they are worked up to the last minute.

From Akatui we drove to Alexandroffsky, which we reached in two hours. It is situated in a broad plain enclosed by ranges of hills. As we neared our destination the rain came on again very

heavily, and we saw things at their worst. Alexandroffsky is a straggling village in a state of decay, and full of people in a similar condition. All the infirm, decrepit, and aged have been collected from the various stations of the Nertchinsk Penal Settlement, and settled there—to die. We halted at the Zemski Kvartir,¹ through the porch of which the rain was descending in a stream. The streets were all now under water. As the *natchalnik* was not in the village, his lieutenant came, and we commenced the round in a downpour. We first visited the women's prison (there are no women at Akatui or Algatchi), which contained 92 inmates, of whom 32 were too old to do any work. It was surrounded by a palisade, and the sentry at the corner stood on a little erection made of pieces of wood, outside his sentry-box, as the ground was flooded all round. The stout matron, who I have reason to believe is a most commendable woman, soon appeared, carrying two large keys, and we entered the yard. The prison stood in the right corner, but the door was open, and we could see right in. The building had evidently consisted of two large *kameras*, but the partition had been taken down, and now one opened into the other. Further evidence of this could be seen, in that while the plank-beds were in the middle in the one case, they ran round the wall in the other. I understood that all the prison buildings in Alexandroffsky, being very old, are shortly going to be pulled down; but at any rate, the rain was coming in through the roof of the women's prison at five places, and at one—in

¹ An official lodging, usually a couple of rooms in one of the best cottages in the village.

front of the door — very badly. The women arranged themselves round the edge of the *nart*, dressed in sleeved brown coats, while each had a handkerchief bound round her head: in a few cases the prison garb had not been adopted. Some had boots; others were barefoot. The only other buildings in the yard were a small kitchen, where two women were at work, while, in another corner, was a bathroom. I have already noticed how Tatars hang their heads: the female convicts seem to have the same peculiarity. Several of them had young infants with them; one woman had three. A couple of cradles were suspended from the roof. Cradles, Russian and Siberian, are rocked up and down instead of from side to side; and for this purpose I have seen all manner of appliances, from a regular steel spiral spring, through a strong bow (attached to the ceiling at the middle of the cord), down simply to a pliant rod projecting from a wall to which it has been fixed at right angles, while the cradle is attached to the free end. Most of the young women had been sentenced for child murder: the elder ones it was who were the husband-slayers.

From this we went to two other houses, which were inhabited by men in "free-command" who were physically unfit for work of any kind. They were all in convict garb, mostly old, and a few crippled. In another house, which was guarded and had its own court, were all the old convicts who were unable for serious work. Several of them whiled away the time by making baskets or light cardboard boxes for tea, or even with wood-carving. Two or three of them were more than eighty years of age; one was over ninety. They seemed to be a little over-

crowded. In a separate room in this building were nine blind men, mostly old, calmly awaiting death.

After this we visited the hospital. It took the form of a white-washed brick building with barred windows, which opened into a stockaded courtyard, where stood also a kitchen and bath-house. Men and women were lodged in different wings of the house. In one of the wards a lady with beautiful white hair, refined face, and clean white muslin (?) garments, looked sadly out of place amongst the other grey-clad females. She was the wife of an engineer, and had murdered another lady for her money. The prison proper had, again, a tall post wall, and in it was a single *corpus* with a long corridor, off which *kameras* opened on the right. The prisoners were mostly aged, and the doors are never locked during the day, so that the harmless old individuals can roam about their kennels as they wish. Still, some are evidently regarded as being sufficiently wiry and determined to escape, if possible, as a man who had been down in the village for some purpose, returned to the prison while we were there, convoyed by a soldier marching closely behind him. A bakery with a rotten floor, and ancient baths, also stood in the court. Alexandroffsky is a collection of dilapidated buildings, tenanted by decrepit old men and women.

During the course of our round, which had been made in the carriages of the *natchalnik* and his lieutenant, we were driven by "free-commands." This employment of the convicts as cooks, drivers, &c., is one of the peculiar features of the Siberian system. Cases have happened in which some man who was especially noted for his culinary accomplish-

ments never saw the interior of his prison on arrival, but was immediately taken into the *natchalnik's* house, and retained with a fixed wage as his *chef de cuisine*. In the same way female convicts, when they have become "free-commands," have been taken into officers' families as maids and nurses. There is always a certain risk in such procedures. One officer who had thus chosen a woman to take charge of his only child, having on one occasion been away from home for the day with his wife, returned in the evening to find the infant murdered and the convict nurse gone. The old frenzy had returned with uncontrollable power.

In attempting a very brief criticism of the Siberian system as a whole, one would remark that in its best features it is eminently worthy of imitation, but that it presents many opportunities of abuse of which it is impossible to deny that advantage is still taken in some localities, although in ever lessening degree. Still, the system is too arbitrary, letting so much depend merely upon the character of the individual *natchalniks* and other officials. Again, while in the large stations, such as Alex-

androffsky Central and the Nertchinsk Penal Settlement, life as a whole is quite passable, yet in all the circumstances connected with the march, and in many of the small local prisons, that state of affairs which one may euphemistically style "the old *régime*" largely continues. The railway will, however, revolutionise the march—in fact, do away with it as a march; and it is not to be expected that the local prison management will long lag behind in the progress which all branches of the system are making. The hospitals, perhaps, are the weakest point all through, owing to insufficient outlay. Finally, the criticism of former days, as to universal idleness of the convicts and absence of serious purpose in providing work for them, is no longer in place. Theory and practice in these particulars have been entirely altered, and, as I believe, a better era in the history of this remarkable system has been inaugurated under the new director, General Bogdanovitch. What I have said holds true also in regard to the treatment of politicals, of whom, however, I hope to treat in a concluding article.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

THE CONDUCT AND PRESENT CONDITION OF GREECE.

It seems to be the irony of fate that a country with the traditions and associations of Greece should to-day be possessed and governed by a people whose one national instinct is gambling, and who while talking of the aspirations of Hellenism occupy their time in political intrigue. We who live in a country where politics are dull and respectable, and where the innate common-sense of the British nation holds in check and prevents such tactics as are daily practised in Athens, can scarcely realise the state of affairs that exists, and has for a long time existed, in the capital of Greece. For there the feelings of personal popularity and professional jealousy are far larger factors in the sphere of politics than any of the sentiments to which such publicity is given as belonging to the Greek people. And never have the characteristics of the Greek people been more clearly illustrated than during the present crisis, as the writer, who has just returned from Athens, where opportunities were given him to see behind the scenes, and to hear the story of the war from the very highest in the land, intends to show.

There is no need to look back far into the recent history of Greece in order to understand the policy which has been pursued since the cry for war was first heard. One glance at the situation will be sufficient. Vassos and his Greek troops were in Crete, which the Powers rightly or wrongly were blockading; the reforms had been promised, though it was quite apparent that the Sultan had no intention of instituting them, and the said Powers no means of en-

forcing them. The Concert of Europe was evidently out of tune, and no one grasped the situation more quickly than did the Greek Government. One of the first of the many schemes for the aggrandisement of Greece is the annexation of Crete and other islands; and though it seemed almost improbable that the Hellenes would obtain immediate possession by force of coveted Crete, the Government could not risk unpopularity, or the king his dynasty, by pursuing a modified policy of trusting to the generosity of the Powers to bring about the autonomy of the island and its eventual cession to the mother-country. Both the king and Delyannis understood, and were given to understand, that such was to be the eventual fate of the island; but neither the one nor the other dared oppose the will of the people, who imbibed all their political ideas through the medium of the then feared, and now hated, *Ethniké Hetairia*. The absolute secrecy with which the affairs of this most dangerous society were regulated, and the enormous extent of its influence, terrified the Court and Government, and Delyannis refused to risk his own fall by listening to reason and recalling Vassos.

Meanwhile, Turkey had commenced to mobilise her troops in Macedonia, and the newspapers of Europe were full of bodings of war. The correspondents in Macedonia and Bulgaria, even in Servia and Montenegro, wired home the probabilities of a general rising against the Turks, while from England Greece received not only every encouragement, but even offers of assistance and protection, from men

in positions that were believed in Athens to be of some importance and influence.

It was about this time that Greece began to realise that the probable peace of Europe lay in her hands, an expression the king publicly made use of more than once; and it was on the peace of Europe that the Greek Government commenced the policy which has ended so disastrously. In 1886 a crisis in every respect resembling that of 1897 had passed over the country, originating, as did the latter, in Crete; and neither the king nor his Government saw any reason to believe that the course of events which had occurred then would not be repeated in the present instance. Orders were at once given for the mobilisation of the Greek army, and amid the enthusiasm of the crowd the news was made public. The result of the now strong inclination for war in Greece was to render probable the blockade of the Piræus by the Powers, and thus to prevent a war with Turkey taking place. It had happened in 1886, and why not again in 1897? In a few days the rumours gained ground, and it seemed that the blockade was decided upon. The mobilisation was hurried on. The Greek papers were full of semi-official information regarding the troops and war material at the disposal of the Government, and the only trouble in Athens was that the king, who was believed to be against the war, had made no public speech of encouragement. The time had arrived when he must speak, or run the dangers that would ensue were he to remain silent. A threatening crowd gathered more than once before the palace, but the king did not appear. The course his Majesty pursued at

this juncture has scarcely been understood even in Greece, and yet to those who know what was passing behind the scenes his conduct was natural enough. He was in possession of the true facts regarding the state of the army. He knew that the 300,000 men on paper meant a fifth of that number in reality. He knew that neither transport nor commissariat existed; that the country could ill afford a war; that the artillery was insufficient; that weapons and ammunition and all the necessities and supplies of warfare were missing. He knew more than this: he knew that war with Turkey meant certain and inevitable defeat, and he knew what defeat at the hands of Ottoman troops meant. The massacres in Armenia were too fresh in the memory of men to leave any doubt but that massacres equally horrible, together with even greater destruction of property, might ensue upon a Turkish invasion of Greece. He knew all this, and Delyannis knew it too. The king could not commit himself: he was possessed of feelings such as the average Greek never possesses and can scarcely realise, and he held his silence. On the other hand, his dynasty and perhaps his life were at stake. Comfortless as must be the throne of Greece at all times, the king showed no signs that he was willing to abandon it. He was in truth between Scylla and Charybdis.

But there was an agency at work that showed an outlet of escape. Everything pointed to a blockade of the Piræus and the refusal of the Powers to allow the war. Delyannis, with the cunning of the true Greek, had already realised this, and the king was not slow to follow his advice. "The more we prepare for war, the more we stir the people up,"

said Delyannis to his sovereign, "the sooner the blockade will come about. There never will, there never can, be a war."

Everything was staked on the blockade. Vassos was ordered to maintain his position in Orete, while in Athens feverish excitement existed at the Ministries of Marine and War, in making the preparations for a war which was never meant to take place. The rumours of the blockade grew stronger and stronger, and one day the king received what he believed to be absolute and authentic information that it had been decided upon by the Powers. He saw his opportunity and took it. A crowd larger and more formidable than ever had gathered in the public square. Suddenly the king, surrounded by the members of his family, appeared on the balcony and delivered a speech more warlike almost than any of those with which Delyannis had been charming the ears of the people. "We are all prepared for war," he said; "everything is ready. I myself will take the field at the head of 300,000 Greeks." The enthusiasm was enormous, and the security—temporary at any rate—of the dynasty was assured. Yet when the king spoke those words he felt certain that there would be no war. He played his trump card on that eventful afternoon, and while his eyes wandered over the seething crowd below him he gazed towards the Piræus, as if already expecting to see the fleets that would prevent his ever carrying out the promises he had made to the people. The speech that he would make when he should next address them from the balcony was already sketched out. In sight of the men-of-war of the Powers lying at Phalerum and the Piræus he would say, "I

did my best to make war. I myself was going with my army to the front, and, if it had not been for the enmity of Europe, who is protecting the barbarian Turk, we should to-day all be *en route* for Constantinople." Then indeed the safety and popularity of the dynasty and the Palace party would be assured, and the Greeks would fume in enforced idleness against the action of the bullying Powers. The king, secure in his belief in the inevitable arrival of the fleets, had played his trump card, and would have won but for one obstacle,—that the Powers decided against the blockade of Greece. The king and the Government had bluffed on an empty hand—and lost. Yet still the population of the country had entire belief in the statements of those in power that victory was assured, and that everything necessary for the carrying on of the campaign was to hand.

War was inevitable. The people, stirred up by secret societies and the emissaries of the Government, and enthusiastic over the patriotic speech of their sovereign, were frantic, and yet the king and Government knew full well what this war would mean,—the invasion of Thessaly, the massacres, bloodshed, burnings, and pillagings that always accompany an Ottoman army. They had staked all this against their personal popularity, and were fated to eventually lose both. Yet there was still a hope that Europe would interfere. War had not been declared, and the mobilisation of troops upon the frontier was in no great advanced state; and the Greek Government having failed over the blockade, decided to procrastinate on the chance of intervention. It was this procrastination that was fatal; for while Turkey was bringing her troops by land

from Asia Minor—a journey of great length and considerable difficulty—Greece was shipping hers to Volo, whence a railway took them to the frontier in a few hours. The Turks possessed on their side no railway within some days' march of the front, which necessitated a far more difficult and unmanageable system of transport. Had Greece decided not to place all her hopes upon a possible intervention of the Powers, and invaded Epirus and Macedonia at once, before the arrival of the greater portion of the Turkish troops, everything might have been different; but just as the Government had staked its all first on the blockade, so now it did so on the chance of foreign intervention.

It may justly be asked what Greece was to gain by having her desires for war frustrated,—for it was a desire for war on the part of the public, who had been deceived as to the real state of the army. The answer to this is, that the ultimate gain of Greece is scarcely a consideration that touches Greek politicians, whose sole thought and idea seems to be their own political ascendancy and popularity. Yet in this case they trusted to the sympathy of Europe, of England especially, to cede Crete, as some sort of compensation for what they had pretended they were going to do in Epirus and Macedonia. Had the war been prevented by the Powers there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in Greece, with the exception of those in power, who would not be persuaded that Europe not only had prevented the invasion of Turkish territory and the destruction of the Sultan's rule, but had also shattered the hopes of a perfectly practicable Greek empire that would include every portion of the East where Greeks are found. It was little

or no less than this that the politicians, and above all the *Ethniké Hetairía*, had persuaded the population of Greece was the programme of the immediate future. But if the Government hoped for foreign intervention to prevent at the last moment the breaking out of war, they were doomed to disappointment. Bands of Greek volunteers, containing that portion of the scum of the population which was not too cowardly to go at all, invaded and pillaged Turkish territory, and war was declared—a war that neither the king nor his Government ever intended to take place; a war that, in spite of their assertions to the contrary, they knew that they were ill prepared to face, with troops and munitions totally inadequate; a war that they knew would end in defeat, and all the horrors that accompany an invasion of barbarians.

I have briefly narrated above the events that led to the war, a story as disgraceful as any which it is possible to find in the annals of the latter half of the nineteenth century; a story that is not yet fully understood or realised.

Of the actual fighting, of that series of panics, I have little or nothing to say here. The correspondents of many journals have already enlightened the public upon these points. Yet one or two words should be said in justification of a few men, more especially of more than one Greek regiment of *Evzones*, or mountaineers, who with little or no encouragement from their officers, without orders or organisation, fought almost brilliantly and with the most determined pluck. During the writer's stay of several weeks amongst the Turkish troops, one and all spoke well of the Greek soldier; and in the last

battle in Epirus a regiment of young recruits charged an earthwork of the Turks at Gribhovo with all the pluck and courage of veterans, to leave 480 dead upon the slopes. Certainly it was an attack that never ought to have been made, for it was hopeless from the first, and the position was untenable by the Greeks if taken—but none the less the Turks were full of admiration for the determined nature of these young and inexperienced men. It is a mistake to say the Greek soldiers did not fight well. Left without food or shelter, commanded by officers who proved themselves not only untrustworthy but in many cases cowards also, the behaviour of the soldiers in the field was excellent, though at the conclusion of every battle, almost without exception, panic seized them. The character of the Greek is such as to be liable at any moment to great changes, and a period of excitement is almost certainly followed by immediate depression and fear. It was on this point that the officers so signally failed. None could have known better than they that their men needed every encouragement after their battles, and yet they seem entirely to have neglected it. The writer was assured by Greek soldiers that had they been visited after their fights by the officers, had their patriotism and their courage been commended, had they received a few words of encouragement, half of the disastrous panics would never have taken place.

There is one man upon whose shoulders far more than a fair share of blame has fallen, the Duke of Sparta. Young and inexperienced in warfare, he was sent by the king and Government as commander-in-chief of the army. It was but one more of

those examples of gambling that the recent history of Greece shows on every page. The king had assured his popularity, as he thought, in Athens, by proclaiming for a war that he never meant to take place; but he was not satisfied with this. He felt the necessity of ensuring the same, and even greater, popularity for his eldest son, and therefore appointed him chief in command over an army that *was never intended to fight*. It was always with a view of the blockade that the king and Government arranged their programme, and when the Duke of Sparta and Prince Nicholas left Athens for the front, amongst the most enthusiastic crowds Athens has perhaps ever seen, there was no intention on the part of the king that they should ever see a battle. It was all part and parcel of his scheme: he would have proclaimed for war and sent his own sons, and what fault of his was it that the Powers blockaded Greece and prevented the long series of victories which he knew could never have been!

Much has been said, much that is not for one moment true, of the personal character and behaviour of the Crown Prince. There was no reason to expect that he should show any great ability as a general; but there is still less reason to blame him for a series of defeats. Surrounded by men jealous of each other, and crassly ignorant of anything and everything, it is little to be wondered at that at times his orders have been severely criticised. For us in England it is impossible to imagine the material of which his Royal Highness's staff was composed. He was dependent for advice, for everything, upon a totally incompetent and none too truthful *entourage*. One anecdote

will show the difficulties to which the Prince found himself exposed. On that fatal night of the panic at Larissa he was awakened by one of his staff, who ushered two officers in command of battalions into his apartment. These men, trembling with emotion and excitement, assured his Royal Highness that they were almost the only survivors of their two battalions, which had been cut to pieces outside the very walls of the town! Panic was already rife, and several attempts at verifying this statement were rendered impossible by the state of affairs in the streets, though confirmation came to headquarters from right and left, and the retreat was decided upon—in fact, long before orders were given to evacuate the place, officers and men were hurrying away. Yet there was not a Turk within miles of Larissa, and the story of these men was false from beginning to end. To us it reads like treason, yet I believe that it was only another example of the hysterical imagination, coupled with intense fear, that seem to be the principal characteristics of the Greek officer.

Certain it is, that placed as he was, with incompetent officers and scarcity of troops and everything else necessary to successful warfare, nothing that the Crown Prince could have done would have changed the course of events. The stories circulated regarding his want of personal courage, and the reports of his entirely losing his head, can be set aside as false, and owe their origin merely to the Greeks, who are always ready to visit their own shortcomings upon others. Both the Crown Prince and Prince Nicholas showed their personal courage under fire, though even this is denied in Athens, where half the population

available as soldiers were too frightened to go to the front at all.

There now remains to be considered the result of the action of Greece. At present an armistice has existed for many weeks, and six Powers are trying to make Turkey agree to peace. But with the political aspect of affairs in Constantinople we have nothing to do here. The actual situation is briefly as follows: Thessaly is occupied by over a hundred thousand Ottoman soldiers. The Greek population, seized with sudden panic, fled before their arrival, leaving in most cases their entire property to fall as loot into the hands of the Turks. Larissa, sacked first by the criminals of the prisons, whom the Greeks released before leaving, and a day or two later by the Turks, stands a wreck of its former self. The ripening crops have been reaped by the soldiery, cattle and sheep have been taken for provisioning the army, and if report speaks true, the Turks, foreseeing their ultimate expulsion, are destroying property right and left. Nearly two hundred thousand refugees, mostly women and children, are congregated in various towns and villages of Greece, ruined and starving, except for the relief which is being doled out to them. The hospitals are slowly emptying of their wounded men, most of whom would certainly have succumbed had it not been for the liberality of Englishmen, especially through the 'Daily Chronicle' fund, and the untiring energy of English doctors and nurses, whose good works many of the Greek officials did everything in their power to frustrate. Nothing more pitiable or more mean could be imagined than the behaviour of the greater portion of

the Greek doctors towards the self-sacrificing English men and women who came to Greece to relieve the suffering of the wounded and sick. Had it not been for the generous and kindly support of the Queen of Greece and the Crown Princess, it is more than probable that the English hospitals would have been long ago closed, not from want of funds, but from the spiteful opposition and the jealousy of local institutions.

The state of Greece is pitiful indeed, and no one who visits Athens to-day can restrain a blush of anger and scorn for those who are guilty of it all. Thessaly ruined, thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and children starving, without hope for the future; an army of 35,000 men lying at Thermopylæ without tents to shelter them from the frequent rain and the scorching heat, without encouragement from their officers, neglected and depressed, quartered many of them on low, marshy, and feverish ground; the Turks in possession of the richest province of Greece; the graves of thousands of slaughtered soldiers; the country financially ruined,—surely this was a large stake to play for popularity! What member of the Greek Government, what inhabitant of Athens, has suffered more than some paltry loss? What has it cost the king beyond anxiety? Will the payment of the indemnity fall upon the politicians and the rich? Not at all: it is the peasant who will eventually be squeezed—the peasant who has already been sacrificed for the sake of Athenian intrigue—not for the aspiration of Greece, be it understood; those aspirations which a glorious past has given rise to. Better far for Greece had she no history to remember, as a means to stir up the

people. If, instead of reminding the peasants of the deeds of their so-called ancestors, the politicians of Athens would try to be honest and sweep clean some of their own offices and departments, then at least there might be some hope for the future. But there is little. A constitution which gives universal suffrage to an absolutely uneducated and most impressionable peasantry can never meet with success, and the destinies of Greece to-day lie in the hands of adventurers and worse. Tricoupis, the one man who might have saved the situation, is dead. He, at all events, would have considered the present state of Greece a poor return for a little popularity. Ralli, the present Prime Minister, has but a very few supporters in the House, and the political outlook is black indeed, all the more so when the Prime Minister and the people of Athens state that they would prefer the Turks to enter the capital rather than *humiliate* Greece by allowing a foreign financial control to weed out some of the extravagances and follies of a dishonest Treasury.

But disastrous as is the present state of affairs, it is aggravated to no small extent by the callous indifference apparent in Athens, the inhabitants of which seem absolutely to fail to realise the catastrophe which has befallen their country. They have not suffered as a whole, and their immunity renders them callous to the sufferings of others. Frantic at first with the war-fever, they have done but little either for the army, the wounded, or the refugees. The king hopes for the speedy conclusion of peace, in order to go and amuse himself at the watering-places of France and Germany. The thousands of strong young men who can be seen nightly filling

the numerous cafés of the squares and streets never seem to have for a moment felt called upon to volunteer for service in the field; and a question to which the writer failed to get any satisfactory answer was how they escaped their enforced military service. The reply to this question seldom varied—probably they had influential relations who had begged them off! The long promenade under the pepper-trees that line the palace-gardens is daily a scene of laughter, life, and fashion. Women, whose gay dresses hail from Paris, officers on leave from the front, spick and span in new white uniforms, men and women of all ages and classes, pass to and fro, bowing and smiling, laughing and talking, as if, instead of the Turks being within an easy four days' march of the capital, it were the Greek army that had victoriously entered Constantinople. Not a sign, not a look, that they realise the loss their country has suffered, not a word in disparagement of the behaviour of their officers, not an atom of apparent pity for the deaths and sufferings of their troops, or for the starvation of tens of thousands of refugees.

At the hotel in which the writer stayed there was a constant stream of gaudily decked women and idle men passing to and fro, while

hilarious dinner-parties—all the guests at which as well as the hosts were Greeks—were taking place: such is the conduct of the inhabitants of the capital that has brought death, ruin, and destruction upon thousands. The one point which seems to touch them, and to raise an atom of feeling, is the question of "financial control," and financial honesty,—and this they speak of as a humiliation they can and will never bear. Humiliation indeed! Is there no humiliation in the sight of the long trains of wounded men? is there no humiliation in the streets crowded with refugees? is there no humiliation in the mourning of widows and orphans, for those whose lives have been thrown away for the political intrigue of Ministers who are not worthy of the name of men? Is there no humiliation in feeling that they are responsible for all this? The Philhellene who enters Athens to-day and gazes on a world callous to death and suffering, bent upon pleasure and the building up of fresh political intrigue, will soon lose his sympathy, if not for Greece itself, at least for the race of men that live in her capital, and who staked the lives of thousands against the popularity of a dishonest Government.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

A HEALTHY CHANGE.

WHETHER the session of 1897 is destined to be a precedent, or only a pleasant exception to what is still to be the rule, those who live the longest will understand the best. But it will certainly remain on record as an example of what can be done very easily in little more than six months by a House of Commons which is bent on business, and anxious rather to promote legislation than to harass the Government. The total work of the session we shall glance at presently in support of this statement. But, in the first place, it may be interesting to inquire what is the reason of the change; of that lull we mean, in faction and obstruction which has been visible since Easter, whereas the whole of the session of 1896 was a prey to them. When the House re-assembled on the 26th of April the political atmosphere had wonderfully cooled down. No doubt some heat was visible in the affairs of Greece and Turkey. But events soon extinguished it, and the ordinary business of Parliament flowed on with a smoothness that was as novel as delightful. The causes are to be looked for in two or three different directions. We should say that among the chief of them was sheer weariness of the game of war which both parties had been playing so long. It has lasted as long as the Siege of Troy. From 1886 to 1896 we have had one unbroken exhibition of party passion on a scale never yet exceeded in our parliamentary history. For ten long years they have been at what Andrew Fairservice calls "the thrang of their Whig and Tory wark, and ca'ing ane anither like unhang'd blackguards," and it may be that some

among them have grown tired of it, especially as it is an open secret that among the stoutest leaders of Opposition there are those who have no faith whatever in the principles which they are called on to uphold. It must be rather tedious work this: expending all one's best energies and choicest eloquence on a cause in which we do not believe, which, in fact, if anything we despise, and which to many of the loudest of its supporters can never more be bread and cheese. Men smarting under recent defeat may turn fiercely on their conquerors and give vent to their spleen at every opportunity that offers. There was nothing surprising in the bitterness of their wrath last year. But the passion fit is over now, and the reaction seems to be setting in. At all events, it is clear to those who are now cool enough to reflect upon it that such obstruction as was offered to the Government measures in 1896 and the beginning of 1897 is perfectly useless, and that the people have never betrayed the slightest approval of it. If not weary of the strife, therefore, the Opposition may think perhaps that the public will appreciate a little change. After a time Liberals may return to the contest like giants refreshed, and find an audience in the nation better prepared perhaps to relish their stimulating viands. But those members of the Opposition who have still a future before them are wise in not pressing their *crambe repetita* on jaded stomachs. And those who have not, can only follow their example, except at the cost of all the dignity and popularity which they still retain. Eighteen months ago all

alike were smarting under defeat. Two years hence some of them may be animated by hope. In the meantime there is little to tempt them to the renewal of a combat *d'outrance*. The Government have stood the ordeal of two sessions and a half. They have shown of what stuff they are made; and for another two years at all events it will pay the Opposition best to conduct themselves with discretion and moderation, and, like the Irish post-boy, keep a trot for the avenue.

It must not be forgotten, in the third place, that with the disappearance of the Education question and the Agricultural Relief question, the two most contentious subjects which the Government had before them when they entered office, the materials for obstruction have proportionably diminished. With the settlement of the former was laid to rest for the moment that highly sensitive organ the Nonconformist conscience. And with the settlement of the latter we got rid of that imaginative class, who see in every single measure intended for the benefit of the landed interest "a rag of feudalism." The unfortunate landlord, who has been fleeced and pillaged within an inch of his life, as soon as the smallest compensation is offered to him becomes at once another *Front de Boeuf*. These two fertile sources of indignation were dried up—one last session, the other last April: and their exhaustion accounts no doubt to a large extent for the peaceable and businesslike demeanour of the House of Commons during May and June. And here we may pause to point out that no parliamentary agitation in modern times ever quite reaches the highest point of which it is capable unless something is being done for either the Church or the land. Then the

temperature soon rises to blood-heat. But in the absence of these exasperating topics political excitement keeps to a much lower level. It should be added indeed that it is not always necessary for the Church to be directly assailed to rouse the Nonconformist conscience from its slumbers. It is gifted with such rare detective powers that it can discern "clerical influences" where nobody else could ever have supposed them to exist; and can sniff out Turkish sympathies even under the robes of a bishop. If the Eastern crisis continues, we may expect to hear its voice again during the recess. But happily for the present all the more inflammatory elements of political warfare are more or less in abeyance. And the session seems likely to die a peaceful death without further struggles or convulsions.

To the causes already enumerated as having contributed in various degrees towards this happy consummation, we must not omit to add the excellent management of Mr Balfour during the early part of the session, to which we have had the pleasure of calling attention on several previous occasions. Allowed, as he is, to be one of the best, if not the best, debater in the House of Commons, this year he has been always at his post, always prepared, always ready with facts, argument, and wit to retort on his most formidable assailants. Superiority of this kind has not only an immediate effect on the division list, but a lasting moral effect also on the minds of members.

Finally, of course it must be allowed that down to the middle of June the coming Jubilee diffused an atmosphere over all ranks and classes not favourable to the continuance of political strife. It

created a new interest, and diverted our thoughts altogether out of their accustomed channels. Thus a great variety of circumstances combined to impart a peculiar character to the latter part of the session of 1897. It is not in the nature of Foreign affairs to supply that pabulum for systematic day-by-day obstruction which domestic controversies offer. We have done the Opposition the justice to acknowledge that they have latterly seemed disposed to abandon both kinds. On Foreign affairs in particular they have recently exercised a good deal of praiseworthy forbearance, ever since the little encounter between Mr Balfour and Sir W. Harcourt. What may occur within the next few months in regard to the Græco-Turkish question; what will happen when the Armenian question is reopened, it is, of course, impossible to say. But down to the present time (July 24) nothing has occurred to tempt the Opposition into any renewal of the guerilla warfare which they practised in the month of March.

Is it possible or probable, then, that the experience of 1897 will dispose the leaders of parties on both sides of the House to reconsider the methods of conducting parliamentary business which have been fashionable for the last twenty years? The Government now sees that the public are perfectly willing to be satisfied with moderate instalments of legislation provided they are effectively executed, and take no delight either in programmes a yard long or in sessions of a year's duration. The Opposition may have learned that obstruction is used up; and that, even were it not, against the new system of limited legislation it would be practically powerless. Supposing that we are right, will

these two conclusions impress themselves on the minds of parties with sufficient distinctness to lead to some substantial result, or will the precedent set by this session be forgotten before the next arrives, and matters be allowed to go on as before—with overgrown measures which have to be abandoned in the end, and autumn sessions which exhaust our political energies and cause more bad work to be done in the long-run than if Parliament sat for only three months? We are not sanguine of the issue; and for the simple reason that for the state of things to which 1897 has been so happy an exception we are indebted to a long train of causes generating habits too deeply seated we should fear to be rooted out in a year.

Crowded schemes of legislation, tedious and yet wasted sessions, unbridled and egotistical garrulity, wanton opposition as mischievous as it is useless,—are not things of yesterday. They have come down to us with other changes, which we thought very hopeful at the time; and therefore in some sense we have brought them on ourselves. Are these abuses all to disappear before the effect of one fortunate session, which has happened to be free from the worst of them? The guardian genius of the British constitution alone knows. But this much may be said, that down to the end of January nobody ever expected to see again such a session of Parliament as the last. As far then as it is the result of recent experience, there is nothing unreasonable in hoping to see another like it. As far as it is a creature of accident or weariness, causing a momentary lull in the operation of those causes to which the normal character of the session for many years past is attributable, we are justified in no such expectations. The next

two or three sessions may possibly be quiet ones. But we dare not indulge in any confident belief that the "healthy change" which we commemorate in this article is permanent; or that we are about to return to the better system which prevailed in the days of Palmerston and Peel. We can only hope that it may be so. Parliament was held in higher estimation then than it is now. The public in general, as well as the members of the House of Commons, had a juster conception of its duties and its dignity. The present Government have got the wheels out of the rut for the moment. And if they can only keep them out for another session or two, a permanent improvement may ensue. But it will be a labour of Hercules.

The year 1897 will long be memorable in our annals. It has witnessed the opening of another chapter in the long and varied history of the Eastern question. It has witnessed a crisis of no ordinary gravity in our South African dominion; and it has seen the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria conducted in the metropolis with a pomp and magnificence never to be forgotten, and evoking a burst of enthusiastic loyalty from our whole Colonial empire, which has smitten the continent of Europe with envy and astonishment. As nobody knows what a day may bring forth at Constantinople, and as the Transvaal question is for the moment in abeyance, we may proceed at once to the great Colonial demonstration from which a new era in our policy will hereafter be dated, more pregnant with consequences to this country than anything which is now occurring on the continent of Europe. We must not, of course, expect unanimity on this or any other subject

either at home or abroad. The language of the Irish members on the Jubilee might have been spared by men who are for ever boasting of their loyalty to the Queen, and declaring that it is not the monarchy to which they have the slightest ill-will. We should have thought that the Jubilee celebration would afford them a good opportunity of emphasising the distinction which they profess to draw between the British sovereignty and the British Parliament. But they know their own affairs best; and so we suppose does Mr Reid, the Premier of New South Wales. But it is perhaps to be regretted that he thought it necessary to speak as he did at the Hotel Métropole on the 9th of last month.

This changed feeling on the part of the Colonies towards the mother country has been growing up for some years; and has not been arrested even by the chilling reception which it formerly encountered from the Home Government. But all such memories must have been swept away on the 22nd of June in the torrent of enthusiasm which that majestic spectacle evoked. No subject of her Majesty who witnessed that long imperial pomp as it wound its way through the streets of London under wreaths and flags and flowers, amid the deafening cheers of thousands upon thousands of spectators, were he but a child of ten, will ever feel the impression of that day grow faint with time. No foreigner, to whatever continent he belonged, is ever likely to forget the effect which it produced on him; the badge of a world-wide dominion, knit together by blood, by laws, by language, or else by the sincere affection of alien races, recognising in the aged sovereign who for sixty years had swayed the Brit-

ish sceptre the best guarantee they could possess for peace, security, good government, and material prosperity. No country in the world but our own could furnish such a pageant as this. Not the most splendid of Roman triumphs could vie with it. For in the train of a Roman triumph followed long files of miserable captives doomed to slavery or death; while the English triumph spoke only of the glories of civilisation, the victories of Christianity, and the marriage of loyalty and freedom.

As the Indian and Colonial soldiers of the British Crown preceded or followed the carriage of their royal mistress—

"Quam variae linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis"—

her Majesty's only regret was that she could not see the procession herself. But the Colonists perhaps would be even more impressed by the magnificent spectacle which awaited them at Spithead, as bringing home to them, more forcibly than even our brilliant array of Guards, Lancers, and Dragoons, the mighty force on which they could confidently rely for the protection of their own shores. Guns and soldiers they can provide for themselves, but no Colonial Marine could ever enable them to dispense with the assistance of the British fleet. There they lay, those modern Ironsides, emblems of a sovereignty which has stood against a world in arms for two centuries: and silent indicators of what they will have to encounter who should seek to rob us of it. Our Colonial visitors know that they have seen in England not merely a British navy, but an Imperial navy—one which is theirs as much as ours, in which they have a part as we have, and to which accordingly they have cheerfully offered to contribute.

The Australian Colonies have set the example. And the Cape now presents us with a man-of-war.

The gift was announced by Mr Goschen at a dinner given to the Colonial Premiers at the St George's Club on the 10th July. On this occasion the Premier of Tasmania, Sir E. Braddon, proposed the toast of "The Army, the Navy, and Reserve Forces of the Empire,"—a toast, we should think, that has hardly ever been proposed before, or certainly not in the same sense. Mr Goschen, in replying, said in substance what we had written in the above paragraph before his speech was delivered. But he also gave an excellent reason why the gift from the Cape Colony, and the manner of giving it, should possess peculiar value. It was given to the British navy; it was not connected with any scheme of local defence; and it accordingly recognised the principle that the best way of defending the Colonies was to leave a perfectly free hand to the British navy. It may be thought from a professional point of view that other modes of carrying out the same purpose might be more effective. But whatever the contributions from our Colonies, be they small or great, they all point in one direction—all represent the growing feeling that, in the language of the Duke of Cambridge, "England and the Colonies are one nation and one empire."

There was a time, of course, when both in England and the Colonies different ideas prevailed. In the heyday of Manchester Liberalism, when commercial considerations had been allowed to swamp all others, when patriotism was an exploded puerility, and empire a class interest,—in those days the Colonies had been led, chiefly by the language

of English politicians, into thinking that their connection with the mother country might ultimately in the end prove a burden to them, while the British public had also been deluded into the idea that the Colonies were a source of weakness. This view of the subject reached its culminating-point about the year 1870, when Lord Granville, who was Colonial Secretary, frankly told a Colonial deputation that the Colonies were free either to stay or to go as they pleased: that it was a matter of indifference to this country which they did: and that no British Minister would walk across the street to save them from doing either. But when it came to this, and the people of Great Britain woke up to a sense of what this kind of Colonial policy really meant, a change soon became visible. In 1872 Mr Disraeli delivered that famous speech to which the growth of the Imperial idea may be certainly traced, till at length, in this Jubilee year, it has assumed such prominence and importance that the Liberals have suddenly discovered that it won't do. Claims of this kind—so hurtful to Liberal prestige—must at once be stopped. This was only to be expected. It is part of the regular game. But if the Liberal Colonial policy as expounded by Lord Granville had not speedily been checked by the better sense of the British people, and the truer instinct of the Conservative leader, there is no saying where our Colonial empire would have been by this time. The spectacle of June 22nd would have been impossible: and so far from Great Britain and the Colonies being one nation and one empire they would have been split up into half-a-dozen.

To Lord Rosebery we owe the adroit perversion of history ac-

cording to which the revival of the Imperial idea was the work of no party in particular, whereas it is perfectly well known that the Liberals did their best to discourage it, and that the Conservatives were the first to appreciate it. He refers exclusively to what Lord Beaconsfield said in 1852, when he was just fresh to office, ignoring altogether the speech to which we have referred, delivered many years afterwards, when his faculties were in their prime, and he spoke with all the ripened sagacity of a veteran statesman.

It was at a dinner given to the Colonial Premiers by the National Liberal Club on the 3rd of July that Lord Rosebery distinguished himself:—

“One amazing orator the other day went so far as to trace the germ of the Imperial idea to the late Lord Beaconsfield. Now, we have it under Lord Beaconsfield's own signature and seal that he regarded the Colonies as unnecessary and heavy encumbrances, who would hasten to leave us at the shortest notice. The fact is that Lord Beaconsfield's Imperialism was merely European and Asiatic, and it was not, as the newer Imperialism is, not merely European and Asiatic, but American, African, and Australasian as well.”

Now, what is the real history of Mr Disraeli and the Colonies? and let us see whether Lord Rosebery has not himself fallen into the pit that he digged for others. In 1852 Mr Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a letter to Lord Malmesbury *apropos* of the Fisheries dispute with America, says, “These wretched Colonies will all be independent too in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks.” But five-and-forty years ago this was a common opinion, not to say the general opinion, in England. Mr Disraeli had given no special study to the

Colonial question; and he only said what other people were saying all round him. But what does this prove? It only proves that during the next twenty years he watched events and moved with the times, and that the Liberal party did not. If he was the first among our leading statesmen who woke up to the mistake which England had made in regard to her Colonial empire, he was just as much the pioneer of the Imperial idea as if he had never at any time shared in that mistake himself. The Liberal party in 1872 were still where they were, and where Mr Disraeli was, in 1852, even if they had not retrograded. They had learned nothing, and unlearned nothing; had made no advance whatever towards juster views on this all-important national subject. Mr Disraeli had. He had come to understand what the Colonies really were to us, and almost immediately after a Liberal Minister of the Crown had bade them go to hell if they pleased, he replied in that memorable speech to which, no doubt, Sir M. Hicks Beach was referring when he made the remark which Lord Rosebery considered so amazing. If his lordship was ignorant of that speech, it only shows that before he undertakes to instruct other people in political history he does not take the trouble to read it himself; if he was not, it only shows that he does not hesitate to garble it.

This is what Mr Disraeli said in a speech at the Crystal Palace on the 24th of June 1872:—

“Gentlemen, there is another and second great object of the Tory party. If the first is to maintain the institutions of the country, the second is, in my opinion, to uphold the empire of England. If you look to the history of this country since the advent of Liberalism—forty years ago—you

will find that there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy, and carried on with so much ability and acumen, as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the empire of England. And, gentlemen, of all its efforts, this is the one which has been the nearest to success. It has been proved to all of us that we have lost money by our Colonies. How often has it been suggested that we should at once emancipate ourselves from this incubus. Well, that result was very nearly accomplished. When those subtle views were adopted by the country under the plausible plea of granting self-government to the Colonies, I confess that I myself thought the tie was broken. Not that I, for one, object to self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to their Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. All this, however, was omitted, because those who advised that policy—and I believe their convictions were sincere—looked upon the Colonies of England, looked even upon our connection with India, as a burden upon this country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals. Well, what has been the result of this attempt, during the reign of Liberalism, for the disintegration of the empire? It has entirely failed. But how has it failed? Through the

sympathy of the Colonies with the mother country. They have decided that the empire shall not be destroyed, and, in my opinion, no Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstructing, as much as possible, our Colonial empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

And this prophetic language is the utterance of a statesman whose imperialism was purely Indian and Asiatic!

What Sir M. Hicks Beach said was this. On the 30th of June, at the annual banquet of the National Conservative Union, he said: "Yet the Imperial sentiment was not so fashionable in England always as it is now. If they looked back through the years they would find that it was their great leader, Lord Beaconsfield, who first taught the people of the United Kingdom what the empire meant, and what its importance and value was." This is the assertion which to Lord Rosebery seems so amazing. We think his answer will seem still more amazing, not only to Conservatives, but to his own party as well. What are we to think of a disputant who, in order to score a point against an adversary, makes parade of a few words in a letter written to a colleague half a century ago, and carefully keeps in the background an important speech delivered by the same statesman at a great public meeting twenty years afterwards, which expresses his later and more matured convictions? And what will his followers think of a leader who by this very manœuvre brings into such bold relief the unfortunate truth that while on the subject of the Colonies the Tories had advanced with the times, the Liberals had stood still?

Whatever assistance may have

been contributed by Sir John Seeley to the propagation of the Imperial idea, his views were not given to the world till long after the delivery of Mr Disraeli's speech.

Allowing for the interruption of the session occasioned by the Jubilee, an excellent amount of good sound work has been got through. Next in importance to the two Education Bills which were passed early in the session comes the Workmen's Compensation for Accidents Bill, which encountered considerable opposition from the supporters of the Government in both Houses, and gave rise to a good deal of comment on what were called the "socialistic proclivities" of the Ministry. It is alleged that the Government have practically surrendered the principle for which they contended in 1894: and that the provisions of the bill are now the only channel through which the working man is likely to seek for compensation. Mr Asquith made a jubilant speech on the subject, contending that in accepting an amendment proposed by the Home Secretary they were "celebrating the obsequies of contracting out." Mr Balfour turned sharply upon him and showed him that he didn't know what he was talking about, and that the provision in the present bill will only effect just what Lord Dudley's amendment to the bill of 1893 would have effected, had Mr Asquith and his friends been willing to accept it. But at that time they preferred to wreck the bill, rather than agree to the very same principle which Sir Matthew White Ridley's amendment now reaffirms. Instead of celebrating the obsequies of contracting out, the House of Commons has simply made a bonfire of all the arguments employed by the Liberals against it.

Let us put Lord Dudley's

amendment and Sir Matthew White Ridley's side by side. The object of both is the same—namely, to ensure that the workman shall not be placed in any worse position under the bill than he would have been had the bill never passed. Sir Matthew White Ridley says that “if the funds under any private arrangement are not sufficient to meet the compensation payable thereout, the employer shall be liable to make good the deficiency.” In the House of Lords, on December 8, 1893, when the Employers' Liability Bill, as it was then called, was in Committee, Lord Dudley moved an amendment that the Act “shall not apply to any such arrangement if the Board of Trade is satisfied that it provides reasonable compensation.” If it did not, the workman would have to fall back on the Act, and come on the employer; and that is all that he can do now. Where is the difference? It was never intended that contracting out was to give any advantage to the employers or take away anything from the workman. Its object has always been rather moral than material: to perpetuate the cultivation of those friendly relations between employers and employed which both sides alike believe to be of the highest value. Freedom of contract under the one bill is exactly what it would have been under the other had Lord Dudley's amendment been adopted.

It is freedom of contract, guarded only by the one condition that the workman shall be no loser by it. No doubt the mode by which it is sought to give effect to this condition may be estimated differently by different people. It is very difficult to lay down provisions on such a subject which can be safeguarded at every point. If an employer becomes bankrupt on the one

hand, or the workmen strike upon the other, the compensation, it is said, will in the one case be lost, and in the other fall exclusively on one party. But if no legislation was ever to be attempted because it could not be secured from liability to such accidents as these, how many Acts of Parliament should we have on the Statute-book? The sole question is, said Mr Balfour, “whether, under the terms of the bill, which forbid the employers to contract out except under terms as favourable as those in the bill, contracting out will or will not be a dead letter.” Yes, that is the question! And it has been answered already by the manager of one great London industry, himself a great authority on the subject, in the negative. It will not be a dead letter.

The Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, and went into Committee on the 26th, too late for us to notice the debate. But in whatever form it may issue from the Upper House there is a word or two to be said on this and other kindred measures which will be equally in season. The bill has been called a departure from all true Tory traditions. Both Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour referred to the history of our factory legislation, which affords a complete answer to the charge. That famous old Tory, Mr Saddler, led the campaign against the truck system, and his work was taken up by Sir Henry Halford, the Tory member for South Leicestershire, who in doing so represented all those older and better traditions of Toryism which helped to make it the popular party in this country. If it has become so again, it is by treading in the same path; and the Tory leaders might have gone as far back as Mr Pitt, whose scheme for the relief of the peasantry, which only the pressure of

foreign affairs prevented him from carrying out, would have made Mr Maclean and Mr Vicary Gibbs turn pale. But even if the present Government had not all these traditions and precedents in their favour, their followers ought to bear in mind that the Cabinet is not formed, as far as domestic matters are concerned, on an exclusively Conservative basis, and that if we retain the inestimable services of such men as the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Chamberlain in defence of our Imperial and Colonial interests, and in support of our great national institutions, we must repay them by concessions on social and domestic questions.

We deny that the Workmen's Compensation Bill is any such concession, as some of its enemies allege. But even if it were, we must all of us remember that the political situation has changed very greatly since the days of that Conservatism to which the member for Cardiff, in common, we must own, with many others, looks back so fondly. It is hopeless to combine middle-class legislation with democratic institutions. We may regret that things have come to such a pass. But practical men must face facts. It is no use to run our heads against stone walls, in the idle hope that the stone wall will tumble down. We have got to preserve the framework of society, and the spirit of those institutions which have made us what we are, as long as we can. But that would not be very long on a purely *non possumus* policy. By a course of legislation such as the present Government has entered on, we believe it may be possible to preserve them essentially unimpaired for many generations. But at all events, to exchange the present Government for a Radical one would be out of the frying-

pan into the fire. Conservatives will never kill Charles to make James king.

To call the Compensation Bill "Socialistic" is to betray some ignorance of what socialism means. Socialism would throw on society the proper work of individuals. The bill throws on individuals what socialists would throw on society. Lord Salisbury in his excellent speech brought this point out very clearly. It is not her Majesty's Government, but the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords who is the real socialist.

Between the financial calculations of Lord Londonderry and those of Lord Salisbury we do not undertake to decide, and indeed a special article would be required for the purpose. But that the bill is calculated either to crush or to cripple the mining industry in any part of the United Kingdom, seems a very strong statement, and requires much better evidence in support of it than has yet been adduced.

In taking leave of the session of 1897 we may congratulate our readers on the signs of some apparent progress in the negotiations between the Powers and the Porte. The Sultan has begun to think that it is time for him to make a first concession, and has agreed, we hear, to accept the strategic frontier assigned to him by the six Allies, coupled, however, with certain "reservations." Had it not been for the Concert the Turks would have now been in Attica; and the difficulties of the situation would have been trebled. The discussion of July the 19th concluded practically what the House of Commons had to say upon the subject, for the skirmish which followed on the 23rd was a mere nothing; and both Parliament and the public must allow that as far

as this particular question is concerned the Government emerge from the session with unimpaired credit and prestige.

As the debate on South Africa was deferred till the 26th of July, it was too late for the August number of 'Maga.' We can only say that the Report entirely exonerates the Colonial Office from any complicity with the raid; and that the only serious attack on the Government policy proceeds from the little group of Radicals who are always to be found below the Liberal gangway, and are a thorn in the flesh to the occupants of the Treasury bench. The two parties are at almost open war both on this and other questions. And the close of the session shows the breach between them gradually widening, and the leader of the Opposition growing more and more tired every day of the goad which is constantly being applied to him.

Among many good and useful bills passed this session are the Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill, the Military Manœuvres Bill, and the Merchant Shipping (Undermanning) Bill. We are sorry that Lord Balfour has not been able to proceed with his Scotch Private Bill legislation. But other very useful

Scotch measures will doubtless be passed, notably the Scotch Education Bill, the Congested Districts Bill, and the Public Health Bill—though we were threatened at one time with a revival of obstruction, for the Radicals came forward in force to justify the definition of Radical policy once given by Lord Salisbury,—that it was never satisfied with benefiting any one unless it injured somebody else at the same time. The proposal to give the Congested Districts Board the power of taking land compulsorily is simply monstrous, and could only have been proposed for purposes of delay. We had hoped that this spirit had died out of the House of Commons for the present. But it seems not. Nevertheless, the session altogether, ending early in August, will leave a very good record, and a still better example, behind it. Obstruction has at all events diminished; business-like discussion has prevailed; comparatively little time has been wasted; and Mr Balfour himself has amply fulfilled Sir W. Harcourt's prophecy. If his reputation suffered anything during the session of 1896, he has triumphantly redeemed it during the session of 1897.

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MRS OLIPHANT AS A NOVELIST.

Few temptations beset the critic so closely as the temptation to be guided by personal feeling. Our estimates of many a man's work are unconsciously coloured by the view we happen to have formed of his character or life. If nothing were known about Burns, or Byron, or Shelley, save the respective dates of birth and death, the average criticism of their poetry would be much saner than it is. In some instances, like that of Shakespeare, the world is lucky enough to know nothing of the author's personality. *O nimium fortunati sua si bona norint!* But man seeks out many inventions, and it is just in such cases that human ingenuity is tortured to eke out a scanty measure of literary criticism with liberal supplies of biographical conjecture. Barnes Newcome's method of handling Mrs Hemans and the poetry of the affections will always be popular, though no one would dream of denying as an

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abstract proposition that the literary merit of 'Jane Eyre,' for example, depends upon considerations to which impertinent gossip and dubious legend are wholly immaterial, or of affirming that 'Wuthering Heights' must be judged in the last resort by nice distinctions as to the precise degree of profligacy attained by Branwell Brontë.

It is one thing, however, to see the pitfall and another to avoid it. Practice, as usual, toils painfully and *longo intervallo* after precept; and no common degree of watchfulness and self-restraint must be exercised by the critic called upon to review the work of one who was distinguished throughout a long and busy life by a rare combination of intellectual and moral excellences, and whose name was synonymous with unwearying industry, with unswerving rectitude, and with Christian resignation and fortitude under heavy trial and be-

reavement. Others have spoken elsewhere—and spoken for the most part not otherwise than she herself would have chosen—of Mrs Oliphant's private life. The curtain has been lifted a little to give the world a momentary glimpse of what was passing on that studiously sequestered stage. Nor, so far as we are aware, has a single dissonant voice broken the harmony of the tribute of praise and respect which the press—to its own honour—has paid to one so very different both in her methods and in her aims from many of its more noisy heroes. Fresh as her loss is in the memory, it is with a feeling of profound diffidence, and with no ordinary sense of its—for us—peculiar difficulty, that we resume the task of surveying her work as a novelist¹—a task entered upon with a light heart some months before the melancholy tidings came, first of her illness, and then of her death.

In thus confining our attention to the fiction that came from her pen, we are very far from meaning to disparage the vast body of work which Mrs Oliphant produced in other departments of literature. Few are so richly endowed as she was with the enviable faculty of assimilating historical or other information and imparting it to the public in an agreeable manner. Still fewer have so thoroughly learned the secret of the biographer's art. Her *Life of Edward Irving*—to name but one of her performances in this kind—is little less than a masterpiece. Copious, yet not diffuse; bristling with detail, yet coherent and orderly; fed from innumerable sources through countless channels of information,

yet consistent and well-digested—it is not unworthy to be ranked with Lockhart's *Life of Burns* or Southey's of Wesley. Neither are the readers of 'Maga' likely soon to forget the ripe and sagacious criticism, often brilliant, ever shrewd and ever kindly, which she contributed to these pages over a tract of many years. Yet we believe that in fiction Mrs Oliphant's genius found its truest and most adequate expression, and that the qualities which characterise her historical, biographical, and critical writings are there displayed in even greater intensity.

No one, we take it, familiar with the long series of her novels could doubt that their author held firm and well-fixed views on many subjects. That the whole bent of her opinion was Conservative is manifest enough, and her code of ethics was as old-fashioned as the Ten Commandments. She was too wise to believe in panaceas for the distemperature of mankind, or to suppose that human nature could be revolutionised by the invention of a taking formula or the turning of a felicitous phrase. Towards the opening of her literary career the world was engaged in schemes for regenerating the masses; and she laughed good-humouredly in 'Margaret Maitland' at lectures, popular education, and all such early-Victorian prescriptions for hastening the millennium. Towards its close the world was agitated by projects which, professing to aim at the salvation of "the social organism," to borrow a cant phrase, were in reality subversive of civilised society altogether. If the reader of her novels fails to find a vigorous and sustained po-

¹ 'Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside.' Henry Colburn, London, 1849. 'Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel.' William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1863. And other works.

lemic on behalf of those institutions on which the very existence of the community depends, he must remember that since the time of the 'Anti-Jacobin' considerations of taste, decency, and good-sense, if not of principle, have forbidden violent attacks upon the family, or the open proclamation of the gospel of free love. But while he will seek in vain for any such stirring outburst as the memorable castigation inflicted in 'Maga' nearly two years ago upon a writer who shall be nameless, he will find that the order and the conventions which society, half consciously, half unconsciously, has established for its own preservation and well-being are everywhere tacitly assumed and heartily acquiesced in.

Mere theories of life, of course, and mere opinions on ethics or theology, however tenaciously held, are poor stuff in themselves to make a novel out of, as several notorious and terrible examples in recent years have taught us. From one point of view they may be thought an actual disqualification for the business of an imaginative writer, as tending to contract the range of the sympathies and to check the flow of the more generous emotions. It may even be contended—though we think the contention unfounded—that Mrs Oliphant's cast of thought is specially apt to be mischievous in this respect. However the fact may be in other cases, no such result assuredly is apparent in her work. On the contrary, she invariably shows herself keenly susceptible of new impressions, and acutely sensitive to ideas "in the air." One aspect of this sensibility is revealed in the adroitness with which she would pick up some vexed question, or some craze, of the hour, and interweave it with the novel she happened to be

writing at the time. Just as she availed herself of an extraordinary group of religious phenomena occurring in the West of Scotland, and made it serve as the basis of 'The Minister's Wife,' so, when people were chattering in magazines about "euthanasia," she seized upon the problem and presented it in concrete form with extraordinary force and poignancy in the earlier part of 'Carità'; and so, later on, the "Crofter question" was made to play its part in 'The Wizard's Son.' Perhaps the most curious illustration of this readiness in making use of some passing fashion or mode of thought is supplied by 'Kirsteen,' which was written just about the time when fine ladies took to keeping milliners' shops. Borrowing the hint, Mrs Oliphant made her heroine turn "mantua-maker," but with some temerity threw the date of the story sixty or seventy years back, with a result by no means unpleasing, if artistically rather unsatisfactory. The truth is that some risk is involved in the exercise of a gift more suited to the journalist than to the writer of fiction; and to be "up-to-date," which is essentially the function of the former, means too often for the latter to be behind the times in the reckoning of posterity.

But Mrs Oliphant displayed this sympathetic and sensitive quality in a much more important and legitimate manner, by showing her ability to enter into and to understand views of life and conduct towards which in the abstract she can have felt nothing but antipathy. She neither distorts nor exaggerates them, but rather puts the best possible face on them, and brings into prominence the element of reason or justice which may, perhaps, lie hidden under a mountain of discontent that resembles

"contrariness," and complaint that sounds no more rational than the grumbling of a spoilt child. No one, we should suppose, had more scorn than she for the "New Woman" movement, or for the attempt that has been made to overthrow the accepted laws which regulate the relations between the sexes, and to substitute for them, not even the least elevated of ideals, but, the actual working standard of a portion of the male sex. Yet we doubt if the root-idea of the feminine revolt has ever been more clearly and temperately set forth than in the following passage from 'The Wizard's Son':—

"All women are not born self-denying. When they are young the blood runs as warmly in their veins as in that of men; they, too, want life, movement, sunshine, and happiness. The mere daylight, the air, a new frock, however hardly obtained, a dance, a little admiration, suffice for them when they are very young; but when the next chapter comes and the girl learns to calculate that, saving some great matrimonial chance, there is no prospect for her but the narrowest and most meagre and monotonous existence under heaven, the life of a poor, very poor single woman who cannot dig, and to beg is ashamed—is it to be wondered at that she makes a desperate struggle anyhow (and alas! there is but one *how*) to escape. Perhaps she likes, too, poor creature, the little excitement of flirtation, the only thing which replaces to her the manifold excitement which men of her kind indulge in—the tumultuous joys of the turf, the charms of play, the delights of the club, the moors and sport in general, not to speak of all those developments of pleasure, so-called, which are impossible to women. She cannot dabble a little in vice as a man can do, and yet return again and be no worse thought of than before. Both for amusement and profit she has this one way, which, to be sure, answers the purpose of all

the others, of being destructive of the best part in her, spoiling her character and injuring her reputation,—but for how much less a cause, and with how little recompense in the way of enjoyment! The husband-hunting girl is fair game to whosoever has a stone to throw, and very few are so charitable as to say, 'Poor soul!'"

Again, it is remarkable how much of Mrs Oliphant's interest seems to centre in certain of her female characters, who in real life would by no means deserve unqualified approbation. If some of her heroines are mild and savourless, she is not the first great novelist against whom such a charge has been brought. But the study of a woman not, of course, vicious in the technical sense, but inspired by no very lofty aims, not succumbing to her "environment," but getting the better of it, rising superior to every fresh difficulty, doggedly pursuing the ends she has set before herself, and employing in that pursuit the panoply of cunning and intrigue with which her sex is supposed to be endowed, seems to have attracted her irresistibly, and to have evoked her powers to their fullest extent. Julia Herbert in 'The Wizard's Son' (*apropos* of whom the passage we have just quoted was written), though her portrait can scarcely be called a full-length, is sketched with wonderful directness, fidelity, and animation. Phoebe Beecham, in a last belated 'Chronicle of Carlingford,' is no less admirable, and her final triumph over old Mr Copperhead, whose son she has determined to marry, must be hailed with acclamation by every kind-hearted reader. Best and greatest of all is Lucilla, the heroine of 'Miss Marjoribanks,' which is perhaps Mrs Oliphant's most signal success as a piece of analysis and character-drawing. Beside its

workmanship the cobwebs spun by the subtlest of American novelists seem composed of the coarsest pack-thread. Yet amidst the intricate tangle of motives and feelings, so delicate and slight that a heavier or less steady hand would have made sad work of them, there still beats a woman's heart; and to find a revelation of feminine character to match this one we must turn to 'Emma' or to 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Into some descriptions of character, it is true, Mrs Oliphant seems to have been unable to enter, or at all events she was unable to reproduce them with distinctness and effect. What we may call the "actress" or "adventuress" type of woman, for example (a specimen of which may be found in 'A Poor Gentleman'), had doubtless not come within her own immediate observation; and her attempt to depict it suggests many reminiscences of other people's novels. Adventuresses after all are kittle cattle, and few are the writers who have "made an 'it'" with them, to borrow Mr Beecher's phrase from 'Salem Chapel.' Similarly Mrs Oliphant's heart seems to fail her in the portrayal of villains. Jack Wentworth and the Miss Wodehouse's brother in 'The Perpetual Ourate' are not the real thing, and the raffish Underwood in 'The Wizard's Son' does not abound in vitality. For precisely the opposite reason she is equally unsuccessful with her millionaires and parvenus, who are painted in the most repulsive colours. Mr Penrose, in 'Madonna Mary,' who seems really to have had no more serious fault than that of being a sharp and prosperous man of business, is shaken and *worried*, so to speak, much in the same way as any character whom she particularly dislikes is dealt with by Miss Ferrier.

Mr Copperhead, in 'Phœbe, Junior,' comes off even worse; while Pat Torrance, in 'The Ladies Lindores,' is revolting in his brutality, and is so overdrawn as to throw the whole picture out of keeping. We wish indeed that the same severity of treatment had been applied to Oswald Meredith in 'Carità'—a most finished young snob and cad, whom Mrs Oliphant "lets down" all too gently for his deserts, out of fondness, we suspect, for his affectionate mother.

Even if this enumeration does not exhaust Mrs Oliphant's failures, and we do not pretend that it does, the successes remain in a vast majority. There is that rabid evangelical Mrs Kirkman in 'Madonna Mary,' worthy to hobnob with old Lady Southdown; and there is Winnie Percival, spoilt and *incomprise*, in the same book. There is Miss Charity Beresford, that pungent old lady in 'Carità'; and there is the old maid of the helpless, weeping, and generally "fusionless" variety, exemplified by her niece Miss Cherry, or by Agatha Seton in 'Madonna Mary.' There are Miss Dora, Miss Leonora, and Miss Cecilia Wentworth, the aunts of the Perpetual Curate, whose place is with Jacky, Nicky, and Grizzy Douglas; and there is Mrs Fred Rider in that short but telling sketch, 'The Doctor's Family'—the foolish and incapable wife of a selfish ne'er-do-weel, and almost the only female personage in her works towards whom the author's attitude is one of unqualified disapproval. Among men, there is Kirsteen's father, Douglas of Drumcarro, old West Indian slave-driver and West Highland laird; there is Lord Lindores (a portrait which strikes us as particularly true to nature), whose easy-going amiability is transformed into inexorable world-

liness by unexpected accession to a title and a landed estate; there is his son, Rintoul, "rampant" in his ingenuous worldly wisdom, and as firmly set himself upon marrying a penniless beauty as he is upon his sister marrying riches and position; there is the father of the "Rose in June," Mr Damerel, the embodiment of refined epicureanism and self-indulgence; and there is Dr Marjoribanks, the hard-headed parent of the incomparable Lucilla. Our list has been compiled, so to say, at random; it contains no character of more than secondary importance; and we have left the rich treasures of the Scottish stories and of the Carlingford series practically undrawn upon. Yet, such as it is, it may satisfy the most sceptical of the wide extent and diversified nature of Mrs Oliphant's domain. Her talent was *borné* only if it be *borné* for an author to keep his head, to refuse either to clamour for the burning down of ninety-nine persons' houses in order that the hundredth may have a meal of roast-pig, or to join in the shrill and importunate pleading of the socially mutilated fox in favour of tails being generally dispensed with.

The most conclusive proof, however, of Mrs Oliphant's keen susceptibility to impressions is the remarkable vividness with which she could convey them. There is no more prominent feature in her art than the combined precision and delicacy with which the physical and social surroundings of her characters are indicated. Her novels are rich in "atmosphere"; the setting of the gem is a subject of anxious care; the background of the picture is not left to take care of itself; nor are the *dramatis personæ* permitted

to wander about seeking for a lost *milieu*, or a *monde* which once was theirs. Even the weakest of her books begins well. There is no beating about the bush. Miss Austen herself scarcely enjoyed more fully the gift of putting the reader *au fait* of the situation, or of mapping out in a few bold and sweeping strokes a serviceable *carte du pays*. The pity is that, in Mrs Oliphant's case, her hand often seems to tire so soon, and that as the work proceeds the lines become somewhat vague and blurred. To us, in truth, it seems the merest paradox to pretend that she would not have written better had she written less. But take her at her best, and dissatisfaction vanishes. Every street in Carlingford seems familiar to us. If we put up for a night or two at the Blue Boar, we should need no guide to take us round the town: first to Tozer's shop; then to Mr Vincent's lodgings at the High Street end of George Street; on to Salem Chapel in Grove Street; winding up, after a dash through Prickett's Lane and Wharfside, and a peep at the elaborate decorations at St Roque's, with a sumptuous luncheon at one of those comfortable mansions that stand in dignified seclusion behind the high brick walls which front Grange Lane. Our only fear would be that the temptation to greet that portly shopkeeper or yonder ascetic-looking clergyman on the strength of old acquaintance might prove overwhelming. And it is the same with quite different scenes. Miss Rhoda Broughton in 'Joan' has gone very far to make us realise or remember what summer may mean in poky quarters bounded by a dusty highroad. But we mop our foreheads even harder as we pant and groan with worthy Mrs

Burchell up the steep hill which leads to Miss Oharity Beresford's delightful house in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and, once arrived at our goal, are transported by the delicious coolness, the undisturbed repose, and the exquisite fragrance of the garden with its innumerable roses. What an acute perception Mrs Oliphant had of the little matters that make all the difference between comfort and discomfort in externals! Again and again she reverts to the *res angusta domi*, contrasting it with the results of opulence; and the large family living on narrow means is one of her favourite topics. It is the afternoon of a dull and soaking autumn day; the mother is worrying over her accounts in a vain endeavour to make two and two amount to five, or to three, as the case may be; the distracted father has perhaps slipped off to his "library" to write a sermon; the small and barely furnished sitting-room is full of children, the younger ones with jammy fingers and dirty pinafores, the older attempting to keep order, and wrangling among themselves. It needs but the entrance of an untidy maid-servant with an ill-trimmed and evil-smelling paraffin-lamp to give the finishing touch to a pathetic study of squalor and discomfort. What reader of Mrs Oliphant but can call to mind more than one such picture?

In none of her stories is the effect of "atmosphere" more triumphantly attained than in those where the scene is situated in Scotland; for Mrs Oliphant knew her native country, and she knew its people. And if we may discriminate where all is excellence, she seems to reach her very highest level when she sets foot in the Kingdom of Fife. 'Katie Stewart,'

one of her most beautiful productions, and the first of a long series of stories to adorn the pages of 'Maga'; 'John Rintoul,' a simple yet affecting tale of life in a fishing village; and the 'Romance of Ladybank,' a slight but singularly graceful sketch—are all very different in kind from one another. Yet they have this in common, that each of them transplanted from the soil of Fife would forfeit the greater part of its peculiar charm and virtue. What could excel the description in 'Katie Stewart' of a well-known portion of the East Coast?—

"The little town of Anstruther stands on the side of the Firth, stretching its lines of grey red-roofed houses closely along the margin of the water. Sailing past its little quiet home-like harbour, you see one or two red sloops peacefully lying at anchor beside the pier. These sloops are always there. If one comes and another goes, the passing spectator knows it not. On that bright clear water, tinged with every tint of the rocky bed below—which, in this glistening autumn day, with only wind enough to ruffle it faintly now and then, looks like some beautiful jasper curiously veined and polished, with streaks of salt sea-green, and sober brown, and brilliant blue, distinct and pure below the sun—these little vessels lie continually, as much a part of the scene as that grey pier itself, or the houses yonder of the twin towns. Twin towns these must be, as you learn from those two churches which elevate their little spires above the congregated roofs. The spires themselves look as if, up to a certain stage of their progress, they had contemplated being towers, but, changing their mind when the square erection had attained the form of a box, suddenly inclined their sides towards each other, and became abrupt little steeples, whispering to you recollections of the Revolution Settlement and the prosaic days of William and Mary. In one of them—or rather in its predecessor—the gentle James

Melville once preached the Gospel he loved so well; and peacefully for two hundred years have they looked out over the Firth, to hail the boats coming and going to the sea-harvest; peacefully through their small windows the light has fallen on little children, having the name named over them which is above all names; and now with a homely reverence they watch their dead.

"A row of houses, straggling here and there into corners, turn their faces to the harbour. This is called the Shore. And when you follow the line of rugged pavement nearly to its end, you come upon boats, in every stage of progress, being mended,—here with a great patch in the side—there resplendent in a new coat of pitch, which now is drying in the sun. The boats are well enough, and so are the glistening spoils of the 'herring drave'; but quite otherwise is the odour of dried and cured fish which salutes you in modern Anstruther. Let us say no evil of it—it is villanous, but it is the life of the town.

"Straggling streets and narrow wynds climb a little brae from the shore. Thrifty are the townfolk, whose to-morrow, for generations, is but a counterpart of yesterday. Nevertheless, there have been great people here—Maggie Lauder, Professor Tennant, Dr Chalmers. The world has heard of the quiet burghs of East and West Anster.

"A mile to the westward, on the same sea-margin, lies Pittenweem, another sister of the family. Turn along the highroad there, though you must very soon retrace your steps. Here is this full magnificent Firth, coming softly in with a friendly ripple, over these low, dark, jutting rocks. Were you out in a boat yonder, you would perceive how the folds of its great garment (for in this calm you cannot call them waves) are marked and shaded. But here that shining vestment of sea-water has one wonderful prevailing tint of blue; and between it and the sky linger yonder the full snowy sails of a passing ship;—here some red specks of fishing-boats straying down towards the mouth of the Firth, beyond yon high rock—home of sea-mews—the lighthouse Isle of

May. Far over, close upon the opposite shore, lies a mass of something grey and shapeless, resting like a great shell upon the water—that is the Bass; and behind it there is a shadow on the coast, which you can dimly see, but cannot define—that is Tantalion, the stronghold of the stout Douglasses; and westward rises the abrupt cone of North Berwick Law, with a great calm bay stretching in from its feet, and a fair green country retreats beyond, from the water-side to the horizon line.

"Turn now to the other hand, cross the highroad, and take this footpath through the fields. Gentle Kellie Law yonder stands quietly under the sunshine, watching his peaceful dominions. Yellow stubble-fields stretch, bare and dry, over these slopes; for no late acre now yields a handful of ears to be gleaned or garnered. But in other fields the harvest-work goes on. Here is one full of work-people—quieter than the wheat harvest, not less cheery—out of the rich, dark, fragrant soil gathering the ripe potato, then in a fresh youthful stage of its history, full of health and vigour; and ploughs are pacing through other fields; and on this fresh breeze, slightly chilled with coming winter, although brightened still by a fervent autumnal sun, there comes to you at every corner the odour of the fertile fruitful earth."

"Maggie Lauder, Professor Tennant, Dr Chalmers"! How charmingly this characteristic little stroke of humour enlivens the whole!

Yet even more vivid and moving than this description of the external features of the locality is the following picture of domestic life:—

"The night is dark, and this ruddy window in the Milton is innocent of a curtain. Skilfully the fire has been built, brightly it burns, paling the ineffectual lamp up there in its cruse on the mantelpiece. The corners of the room are dark, and Merran, still moving about here and there, like a wandering star, crosses the orbit of this homely domestic sun, and anon mysteriously disappears into the gloom.

Here, in an arm-chair, sits the miller, his bonnet laid aside, and in his hand a 'Caledonian Mercury,' not of the most recent date, which he alternately elevates to the lamplight, and depresses to catch the bright glow of the fire—for the miller's eyes are not so young as they once were, though he scorns spectacles still.

"Opposite him, in the best place for the light, sits Mrs Stewart, diligently mending a garment of stout linen, her own spinning, which time has begun slightly to affect. But her employment does not entirely engross her vigilant eyes, which glance perpetually round with quick scrutiny, accompanied by remark, reproof, or bit of pithy advice—advice which no one dares openly refuse to take.

"Janet is knitting a grey 'rig-and-fur' stocking, a duplicate of these ones which are basking before the fire on John Stewart's substantial legs. Constantly Janet's clew is straying on the floor, or Janet's wires becoming entangled; and when her mother's eyes are otherwise directed, the hoiden lets her hands fall into her lap, and gives her whole attention to the whispered explosive jokes which Alick Morison is producing behind her chair.

"Over there, where the light falls fully on her, though it does not do her so much service as the others, little Katie gravely sits at the wheel, and spins with a downcast face. Her dress is very carefully arranged—much more so than it would have been in Kellie—and the graceful cambric ruffles droop over her gloved arms, and she holds her head stooping a little forward indeed, but still in a dignified attitude, with conscious pride and involuntary grace. Richly the flickering firelight brings out the golden gloss of that curl upon her cheek, and the cheek itself is a little flushed; but Katie is determinedly grave and dignified, and very rarely is cheated into a momentary smile.

"For he is here, this Willie Morison! lingering over her wheel and her, a great shadow, speaking now and then when he can get an opportunity; but Katie looks blank and unconscious—will not hear him—and holds her head stiffly in one position rather than catch a glimpse of him as

he sways his tall person behind her. Other lingering figures, half in the gloom, half in the light, encircle the little company by the fireside, and contribute to the talk, which, among them, is kept up merrily—Mrs Stewart herself leading and directing it, and only the dignified Katie quite declining to join in the gossip and rural raillery, which, after all, is quite as witty, and, save that it is a little fishy, scarcely in any respect less delicate than the *badinage* of more refined circles.

"It's no often Anster gets a blink o' your daughter. Is Miss Katie to stay lang?" asked a young farmer, whom Katie's dress and manner had awed into humility, as she intended they should.

"Katie, ye're no often so mim. What for can ye no answer yoursel?" said Mrs Stewart.

"Lady Anne is away to England with Lady Betty—for Lord Colville's ship's come in," said Katie, sedately. 'There's nobody at the Castle but Lady Erskine. Lady Anne is to be back in three weeks: she says that in her letter.

"In her letter! Little Katie Stewart then receives letters from Lady Anne Erskine! The young farmer was put down; visions of seeing her a countess yet crossed his eyes and disenchanted him. 'She'll make a bonnie lady; there's few of them like her; but she'll never do for a poor man's wife,' he muttered to himself, as he withdrew a step or two from the vicinity of the unattainable sour plums.

"But not so Willie Morison. 'I'll be three weeks o' sailing mysel,' said the mate of the schooner, scarcely above his breath; and no one heard him but Katie.

"Three weeks! The petulant thoughts rushed round their fortress, and vowed to defend it to the death. But in their very heat, alas! was there not something which betrayed a lurking traitor in the citadel, ready to display the craven white flag from its highest tower?"

It is indeed in delineating the ordinary domestic relations and in recording the emotions to which they give rise that Mrs Oliphant

excels any novelist of her generation. The particular relation which seems to have interested her most was not the conjugal, though that was frequently her theme, and Dr and Mrs Morgan, for example, in 'The Perpetual Curate,' are a couple whom Balzac need not have been ashamed to call his own. The relationship on which she dwells with most insistence, and to which she constantly reverts, is that of parent and child. This proposition scarcely stands in need of illustration; but an excellent specimen of her treatment of the topic will be found in 'The Wizard's Son,' where Walter Methven and his mother live in a state of perpetual friction. Walter is leading an idle and useless life, with which, in his better moments, he is disgusted, but to which his mother's petulant and injudicious remonstrances always drive him back.

"The daily necessity of justifying it to another was almost the sole thing that silenced his conscience. The young man thought or persuaded himself that his mother's vexatious watch over him, and what he thought her constant suspicion and doubt of him, had given him reason for the disgust and impatience with which he turned from her control. He pictured to himself the difference which a father's larger, more generous sway would have made in him; to that he would have answered, he thought, like a ship to its helm, like an army to its general. But this petty rule, this perpetual fault-finding, roused up every faculty in opposition. Even when he meant the best, her words of warning, her reminders of duty, were enough to set him all wrong again. He thought, as a bad husband often thinks when he is conscious of the world's disapproval, that it was her complaints that were the cause. And when he was reminded by others, well-meaning but injudicious, of all he owed to his mother, his mind rose yet more strongly in opposition, his

spirit refused the claim. This is a very different picture from that of the widow's son, whose ceaseless inspiration is his sense of duty to his mother, and adoring gratitude for her care and love; but it is perhaps as true a one. A young man may be placed in an unfair position by the excessive claim made upon his heart and conscience in this way, and so Walter felt it. He might have given all that, and more, if nothing had been asked of him; but when he was expected to feel so much, he felt himself half-justified in feeling nothing. Thus the situation had become one of strained and continual opposition. It was a kind of duel in which the younger combatant at least—the assailed person whose very will and independence were hampered by such perpetual requirements—never yielded a step."

Here is no mere dissection and analysis: the situation is firmly grasped and realised, and therefore is vividly presented.

Mrs Oliphant seems somewhat to have distrusted her own power of doing anything like justice to scenes and circumstances which had not come within the range of her own direct observation and experience. There is a modest disclaimer, for instance, in 'Madonna Mary,' of any attempt to describe life in India: a disclaimer which forcibly reminds us who it is that rush in where persons like Mrs Oliphant fear to tread. Never was the "Chinese Metaphysics" method so diligently practised in fiction as it is to-day; and Mr Pott's talented contributor might well blush at the popularity of his ingenious device. Historical characters are vamped up out of catch-words and anecdotes, and the result is as pleasing and satisfactory as a patchwork quilt; while portentous puffs announce that the new masterpiece of some pretentious coxcomb has been revised in appropriate passages by soldiers, sailors,

scavengers, actors, horse-jockeys, members of the swell mob, music-hall artistes, and the clergy of all denominations. Many glaring solecisms would certainly be avoided if certain popular novelists would condescend to have their descriptions of polite society castigated by a committee of the nobility and gentry. But we prefer Mrs Oliphant's habit of frankly avowing "ignorance, pure ignorance," and believe that she was well advised in her diffidence. With all her knowledge of history, at all events, and all her attachment to the past, the strictly historical novel was a *genre* in which she was wholly unsuccessful. 'Magdalen Hepburn,' if it be readable, is nothing more.

What then, it may be asked, of the region which Mrs Oliphant made peculiarly her own—the region believed by most people to be wholly beyond the scope of the senses, the region of the "unseen," of the supernatural? Mrs Oliphant manifestly had a strong predilection for topics transcending the limits of ordinary human experience, and we believe that in yielding to it she at once gratified the taste and stimulated the interest of an immense section of the public. We should rather conjecture, indeed, that she shared the illogical though widespread opinion that every well-attested case of a ghostly apparition is, somehow or other, an additional testimony to the truth of revealed religion. Whether such a belief contributes to the effective telling of a ghost-story may, however, very well be doubted; and Mrs Oliphant's ghost-stories, though workmanlike and dexterous (for she never relapsed into the amateurish), are neither very favourable specimens of her powers nor comparable to the efforts of others

who were perhaps less inclined to believe than she. She is even more disappointing when she employs the supernatural in a long story. The mysterious stranger in 'The Wizard's Son' is excellent up to a certain point; but how is a being to be held in awe whose very existence (as we are told) comes to be doubted by the persons whose lives he has powerfully influenced? A spectre who is merely the means of conveying moral lessons, and who once incurs the suspicion of representing nothing more imposing than some great moral or immoral principle, has lost his true occupation. 'Wandering Willie's Tale,' 'The Phantom Ship,' and 'The Haunters and the Haunted' represent the three sound methods of dealing with the supernatural; and if its adaptability to the requirements of the moralist first put the public on the scent of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde,' that was the book's misfortune rather than its fault.

In 'A Little Pilgrim' Mrs Oliphant of course approaches the unseen on a much more serious and solemn side—a side on which no thinking man would willingly cast ridicule or contempt. We trust we are fully conscious of the simple and unaffected pathos, and of the deep and heartfelt reverence, with which the subject of the next world is treated; and we are sure that the pages of that little volume have carried consolation and refreshment to many a sorrowful and penitent heart. If the thing must be done, it could by no possibility be done better. Yet is not *tu ne quæsieris* a safe maxim in all such matters? The speculations of the great pagan poet as to the future state, couched in the noblest diction, and abounding in the most memorable and affect-

ing passages, may be read and re-read without any feeling of incongruity. But for the Christian (so it seems to us), the wiser course is to remain satisfied with such hints as revelation affords, and to refrain from attempting to penetrate a secret which the Supreme Lawgiver has involved in mystery.

An indescribable sense of futility seems to be left behind by those excursions into the supernatural. Granted that the city of Semur, in the Haute Bourgogne, was seized upon for three days by "les morts" in clouds and darkness, what is the ultimate result of their occupation? Nothing. When the inhabitants are permitted to return to their homes, everything resumes its former course. No one's character is permanently altered for better or for worse; and the only tangible outcome of the terrible visitation is that wonderful visions are attributed by the Sisters of Mercy to Pierre Plastron, who had remained behind in the town and seen nothing—as happy a flash of insight that into human character as can be found in all Mrs Oliphant's writings. We heartily agree with those who think 'A Beleaguered City' a great book. But its interest lies not in the supernatural, but in the human; not in the doings of the ghostly invaders, but in the conduct of the men and women whom they drive outside the walls. The wife and the mother of the Maire are admirably characterised and discriminated. But it is Martin Dupin, the Maire himself—fussy, consequential, half-sceptical, half-credulous, affectionate, and stubborn—who dominates the book, and, in truth, he is one of Mrs Oliphant's greatest triumphs. Once more, too, we notice the astonish-

ing ease, accuracy, and skill with which the "atmosphere" of life in a French provincial town is diffused over the work.

These, then, are two of the main qualities that mark Mrs Oliphant's writings — the sympathetic and masterly delineation of character, and the vivid presentation both of external scenes and of the circumstances in which the action of her personages takes place. When these excellences co-exist—which they by no means always do—little room is left for plot; nor was plot one of Mrs Oliphant's strong points. Not that she dealt in wild improbabilities, or inconceivable complications, or impossible disentanglements. Tact she never failed in. We can picture to ourselves how a writer of coarser fibre and more vulgar instincts would have revelled in marrying Mr Vincent to Lady Western, or how one of a more sarcastic and fiery temperament would have made him abandon in disgust the errors of dissent and embrace "those of" the Church. Mrs Oliphant knew better than either. Thus she kept well within the bounds of good sense and accuracy, and paid her readers the compliment of assuming that their intelligence was at least not below the average. We recollect of chancing once in a country inn upon a romance from the pen of a female writer whose popularity with the lower middle class is unbounded, and who, unless our memory is at fault, found a post-card from a veteran statesman to be the stepping-stone to success and "fame." The book contained an account of a Scottish criminal trial, in which, of course, the hero, through no fault of his own, was the prisoner. He was tried by a jury of twelve; the jury disagreed in their verdict;

and the prisoner consequently came up for a second trial on the following day. Mrs Oliphant would have been ashamed of such a tissue of inaccuracy. Her law may not be always plain; and we have never quite made out what Mrs Lennox wished to do with Grace in 'Margaret Maitland,' and why Grace's guardian let her do it. But there are no glaring or outrageous blunders; and it says much for her accurate habit of mind that in the decade which witnessed the decision of the Yelverton case she wrote a novel turning on the law of marriage in which no hole can apparently be picked: a task which considerably exceeded the powers of Wilkie Collins.

The truth is, that in reading Mrs Oliphant's novels one does not stop to think of the fable. One may sometimes look back and admire the ingenuity which brings about unexpected combinations of the pieces on the board, as in 'Phoebe, Junior,' where the least likely thing in the world would seem to be the close friendship of Tozer's granddaughter, and Mr Northcote, the dissenting firebrand, with the family of so excellent a churchman as Mr May. But in nine cases out of ten the question one asks is not, What will the next conjuncture be? but, Given a certain conjuncture, how will the various characters comport themselves? When melodrama is introduced it is ineffective: the mysterious Mrs Hilyard is the one blot on 'Salem Chapel.' Probably Mrs Oliphant's most successful attempt in the tragic vein is 'The Minister's Wife': an impressive and powerful story, for all its inordinate length. But, after all, what lingers in the memory is not the hero, or the heroine, or the villain, but the talk at John MacWhirter's smiddy, or the dialogue between

the minister and Mr Galbraith when the "materials" have been brought in, and the toddy has been brewed.

The crowning grace of the novelist of manners is a gift of humorous observation, and it is one of which the Fates have been lavish to women. Miss Edgeworth (in her children's books), Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, Miss Catherine Sinclair, and George Eliot—writers of very different degrees of merit—displayed it in rich measure. Even Miss Brontë had a little; and many a woman of comparatively mediocre abilities has written delightful novels merely by giving it full play. Mrs Oliphant, as every reader of the "Looker-on" and of her reviews in 'Maga' knows, possessed it in abundance, and it brightens all her novels. The parish minister's wife who "thought it became her to show a special interest in the East"; the view of dissenting Carlingford that a grocer's lady has a right to anything her parents can afford, but that it would never do for a minister's wife to swell herself up and try and ape the quality; Mr Tozer's vigorous pronouncement that clever young men ain't the sort for Salem ("we want them as is steady-going and them as is consistent, good strong opinions, and none o' your charity"); Miss Leonora's "meek air of self-contradiction" when she disclaimed infallibility; Miss Wodehouse's "instinctive disinclination to admit that anybody ever had been happy,"—these are but a few samples of a humour, spontaneous, refreshing, and free from any tincture of malice.

Differences of opinion must necessarily exist as to which of Mrs Oliphant's novels is the best, and we should not be disposed to quarrel with any one who awarded the palm to 'Margaret Maitland.'

Modelled obviously upon Galt, it is a work of extraordinary finish and maturity for a young girl to have produced. The very idiom in which it is written is peculiarly attractive, and harmonises perfectly with the subject and scope of the tale. No genuine Scot can surely fail to be grateful to Mrs Oliphant for her pictures of his compatriots. Her Scottish servants—her Marg'ts, and Baubies, and Rollses—are perhaps a little conventional. What Scottish servant in the fiction of the last seventy years has not owed much to Andrew Fairservice and more to Caleb Balderston? But all the rest of Mrs Oliphant's Scots characters come fresh from the mint, and bear the stamp of nature. If the present generation believes all it is told, it must be at a loss to form any consistent conception of the Caledonian of the humbler classes. According to one set of informants, he is a drivelling sentimentalist with a sob ever ready to be merged in an ostentatious cough ("hoast," we should say, or "pech") on the shortest notice. According to another, his normal and habitual standard of thought, speech, and conduct is that of a hind returning from a hiring market. Mrs Oliphant falls in with neither faction; but perhaps her pages convey a notion of her fellow-countrymen somewhat nearer the truth. Galt and Sir Walter, at least, seem to be on her side, which ought to count for something. Those, too, who are ecclesiastically minded may note that the feelings of the better sort of Non-Intrusionists at the time of the Disruption—the old High-Church sentiments which their descendants have bartered for the barren formulæ of English dissent—are portrayed in 'Margaret Maitland'

with a power quite beyond the reach of the most eloquent of high-flying tub-thumpers.

With all respect and admiration for 'Margaret Maitland,' however, our own view is that Mrs Oliphant reached the zenith of her art in the Carlingford series. What judicious selection of material! What dexterity of handling! What lightness of touch! It was a happy thought to group the characters round Church and Chapel, and it would be hard to say of which division the idiosyncrasies are most happily touched off. Perhaps, if anything, the dissenters are superior in execution. Or is it only that they are a little more amusing, and afford a more promising subject for humour to play about? Comparison with Trollope is, of course, irresistibly suggested; and we are not prepared to say that in 'Barchester Towers' he did not reach as high a level as Mrs Oliphant. The vast mass of his work, however, seems to us to be inferior in quality to hers; and he was at all times apt to fall into a hastiness of construction, and a provoking slovenliness of diction, to which at her busiest she was a stranger. The future social historian, at all events, will find much matter in the 'Chronicles of Carlingford'—will find, indeed, the most apt and trustworthy of commentaries on Mr Matthew Arnold's favourite texts. It is needless to run over the familiar characters who fit so admirably into the picture as a whole. But we must own to an exceptional regard and liking for Mr Tozer. The scene at the meeting in the chapel where he takes up the cudgels for Mr Vincent is one not easily forgotten. We have already indicated the opinion that 'Miss Marjoribanks' is unrivalled as a

study of female character. 'Salem Chapel' has perhaps more bloom and freshness, yet we know of no substantial ground on which either should be preferred to 'The Perpetual Curate.' We decline, accordingly, to draw invidious distinctions, and beg leave to bracket the three at the very top of the first class.

A great deal is heard nowadays of the "profession" of literature, and a singular enough profession it must be, to judge by the utterances of its self-constituted spokesmen. To blow your own trumpet; to brag about your income; to make popular applause the sole and final test of literary merit; and to whimper because you have no handle to your name,—that is the sum and substance of "professional" conduct—new style. One essential item we had inadvertently omitted: to abuse publishers in the most insolent and vindictive language. If there be any who are disgusted with the endless round of self-advertisement

and vanity, and who hate to see an honourable calling degraded by its professing champions, let them turn aside and contemplate the career of Mrs Oliphant. They will there find an illustration of how distinction and success may be won without the aid of any of those miserable arts, the practice of which, though infallibly disastrous to the finest graces of the character, appears to be the rule rather than the exception. The results achieved by her genius—some of which we have endeavoured to point out—are not within the reach of all. The gifts of humour, sympathy, tolerance, penetration, good sense, and felicitous expression cannot wholly be commanded by human effort. But he who enters upon a literary life with Mrs Oliphant for his model may rest assured that at its termination self-respect and independence will remain unimpaired, and that he can leave behind him the legacy of an untarnished name.

THE POLITICAL PRISONER IN SIBERIA.

IN criticising a system and its workings, a man may be pardoned if he shows evidence of having misconstrued or failed to appreciate the significance of certain points—nay, even of having totally overlooked yet others. For this there may be various reasons, and at the worst it can only be said that he is no critic. But when it comes to be a question of dealing with one's fellow-men and fellow-women, then, even if he be no critic, his judgment somehow does not pass into the oblivion that it deserves, but helps somewhere to form or strengthen a false impression of the people under review. No pages of Mr Kennan's work are more fascinating than those in which he deals with the political question. Strong in the conviction of the justice of the cause that he has championed, he presents pictures of palpitating interest, and sketches careers of suffering and endurance that make the reader hold his breath in the perusal of them. And the query that the world has made ever since is, How far is all this true? My interest in Siberia and its exile system is not sufficiently old to have enabled me to master all the criticism and discussion that succeeded the publication of Mr Kennan's story, but my impression is that he came out of it with some success.

One method of retort, employed, for example, by Mr De Windt (and which the description of Slavinsky in the August number of 'Maga' likewise exemplifies), was to question the different politicals whom he visited in confinement. But the result for the ob-

ject in hand is, comparatively, worthless. What you get is an idea of the man and his surroundings, an impression of his present condition, more or less accurate, but nothing more. How can it be otherwise? A proud political rises one morning in his cheerless surroundings with certain well-defined feelings against the human race in general surging in his breast. At some time or other in the course of the day his cell door is flung open, and he is set face to face with a travel-stained unkempt stranger (I speak for myself) whose sole efforts must be directed towards repressing the air of the naturalist that he is in danger of assuming as he gazes—it may be for the first time—on a specimen of this Russian specialty. Is it to be expected that the sensitive political will unburden himself to any visitor? Will he reveal his inmost thoughts, and tell the story of his life, especially enlarging upon its latest developments in a brief half-hour, however intensely he may feel? No, if I judge the man aright; and if he did I should respect him the less. Talk to Slavinsky if you will about some subject that interests him—his meteorology or geological sections—or even hazard a comparison of his prison experiences in different lands, but beyond that nothing. It is in far different circumstances that one learns about the political exile. In the upper chamber of some log-house in Nertchinsk, when the lights burn low; in the back-room of a Tchita dwelling-house, during the small hours of the morning; in some sequestered garden by the side of an exile's

home in Irkutsk,—these are the likelier places. Meet them as fellow-creatures, in little companies or singly, and they, having passed through the harder phases of their experience, and being now calmer and more dispassionate, will bear with you even when you ply them with questions; and according as you win their confidence or not, you will succeed or fail in the object that you have in view.

Mr Kennan's too felicitous method consisted very largely in relating the experiences of individuals as given by themselves, or by their friends and sympathisers. However accurate these may be, it is, nevertheless, obviously a one-sided method. When one reads the account of Dr Weimar's life as given by Mr Kennan and Mr De Windt respectively, it is difficult to believe that the same man is the subject of both, although the purer narrative in the former case suggests that it is probably the more accurate estimate. Still, that man only can confute Mr Kennan who takes up each incident that he has related, and proves credibly and lucidly that such and such details have been grossly exaggerated. I am not aware to what extent this has been done. I believe that circumstances now render it impossible that it can be done. And yet I have the well-defined impression that there was a considerable amount of exaggeration (apart from all side-effects that seem to be the natural accompaniments of sundry forms of journalism) in Mr Kennan's literary treatment of the political prisoner, even if one is not prepared to go the length of saying with Mr De Windt that he became "the unsuspecting mouthpiece of scheming and untruthful individuals." My reason for believing this should be

plain after a perusal of the following pages; if it is not, the judgment goes for nothing. I, too, have heard heart-stirring tales of personal experiences, but I prefer to attempt to describe the exile's life at the present moment, so far as I know it, from different points of view. Even if one is unsuccessful, it is at least eminently the fairer method.

At the threshold of this inquiry it is useful to consider how the politicals may best be classified. Perhaps the simplest method is to divide them into two great classes—those who have been exiled by administrative process, and those who have been condemned by a court and sentenced to hard labour. Of these the former are numerically the greater body. It is also probably true that politicals form only one per cent of the entire yearly "export" of prisoners.

In considering each of these two classes, we remark, first, that the mere existence of exile by administrative process is the darkest blot on the whole Siberian system; of this the writer will make more or less according to his temperament. It simply means that any man, woman, or child, who, owing to information received through what is probably the most perfect system of espionage in the world, is considered "politically untrustworthy" by the local authorities of any part of the Russian empire, may be arrested, detained during such time as the Government makes further inquiries, and finally banished to some other region, usually Northern European Russia or Siberia, for a period that should not exceed five years, but not unusually, and often quite arbitrarily, is extended at the end of that term. Formerly the limit was five years,

to-day the term never exceeds a decade, though it is often eight years; but, again, there are many who do not suffer the statutory five. Such exiles do not lose all their civil rights. I suppose it would be impossible to catalogue the misdeeds for which this treatment is considered the correct expedient. Many of them would seem harmless enough to us, but to be a propagandist of socialism, to have forbidden books in one's possession, to be a member of a secret society which may have reserved its activities simply to discussion of the political questions of the day, down even to merely being an avowed sympathiser with such people, was and is quite sufficient to merit such procedure. The secrecy with which these "processes" are conducted is one of their appalling features. During the investigation of a case, in which the unfortunate administrative can do nothing in his own behalf, he is lodged in a House of Preliminary Detention, commonly that at St Petersburg, and there alone he may pass months or even years. Then, some day, his case is taken up, judged quietly, and he joins the next gang of exiles *en route* for Siberia.

Of the treatment of such prisoners on the march something has already been said. When they start from their native town, a collection is generally made for them amongst their friends. We have noticed the option that they have of travelling alone by post at their own expense, but advantage is rarely taken of this concession owing to insufficient means. There is no doubt that, as the natural result of their difference in birth and upbringing, the march presents hardships for them such as the ordinary convict never

experiences. Again, it must be confessed that the attention of a kind bestowed during the march upon the politicals is largely in excess of that extended to the ordinary criminal, insomuch that one is almost tempted to say that while the taker of human life might slip or arrange to slip away on any day, the man who belonged to some innocent society would make such an attempt in vain. The politicals have almost always separate rooms in the *étapes*; sometimes the women of their party have the additional luxury of a *kamera* to themselves. Their allowance is one-half again as great as that of the ordinary criminal, and *telyegas* are always supplied for their use. Politicals, even more than the convicts, form *artels* or unions, the wealthier members of which, with rare magnanimity, often take their needier brethren into equal partnership. In spite of all this, and of the fact that one of their number has in print declared that his existence on the march was simply that of a dilettante prisoner, it seems to me wholly unnecessary, except from the point of view of economy, that politicals exiled by administrative order should ever come into any contact with ordinary convicts, far less be sent along the road with them. And even the *artel* has its limits. The private means of the last party that passed through Irkutsk two summers ago came to an end at Krasnoyarsk, and they suffered great privations: one of them died on the road, and a second expired in the former town. The friends of the "cause" throughout Siberia watch well the numbers of those who are sent along the great high-road. Thus one learned that on such and such a day, shortly be-

fore our arrival at Irkutsk, a party of sixteen had passed through that town, of whom four were bound for Nertchinsk, while twelve were going to the province of Yakutsk. Again, the extraordinary methods by which the political exiles can keep up a correspondence with almost any one of their number whom they wish displays an ingenuity that only such circumstances as those in which they live could develop.

One short chat with an "administrative" *en route* remains graven in my memory. It was at Krasnoyarsk, where the *kameras a* and *b* of the prison were reserved for men of that class spending a few days there as a break in their journey to some farther destination. There was nobody in *a*; but *b*, which was an oblong room about 15 feet high, with *nari* along the wall opposite to the door, was occupied. The windows were placed high up on the wall above the platform, which also seemed to be much more elevated than usual. On this, at a point between two of the windows, a couple of rugs with a white sheet and pillow had been made up into a bed. Not far off were two dozen fresh eggs and a *krinka* of sweet milk; a teapot, basin, kettle, and two metal cups were also lying about, together with two or three tins of preserved meat. By one side of the shake-down were ranged a couple of portmantaus, one of which was open, and a few odd garments were strewn about. There were also several books, from the perusal of one of which—poems by one of the lesser Polish writers—the occupant of the room arose, and turned slowly round with a surprised look as we entered. He was a somewhat short man, dressed in a dark-coloured blouse, dark pantaloons, and boots.

Beneath a deeply-furrowed brow shone out a pair of clear grey eyes keenly penetrant; a thick growth of sandy hair and beard concealed the greater part of his features. When he saw the non-injurious character of the intrusion a faint smile broke across his face, and the right side of his mouth curled up. He was an administrative political going to Siberia for the second time. His sentence was eight years in the province of Yakutsk, but as he had heart disease he felt sure that he would not be sent there. He spoke of the *étape* life as hard, but said that many of the prisons through which he had passed were in good order, and if I remember rightly he singled out Omsk in particular. In the far corner of the room were the belongings of another administrative, who was not, however, in the room at the time. Both had an amount of liberty that I had not seen equalled before.

There seems to be much arbitrariness exerted in assigning destinations to the different persons thus exiled, even if we grant that the remoteness of the locality does, to a certain extent, depend upon the nature of the individual's crime and on his social position. And once a man has been arrested, he, or rather his relatives, generally direct their endeavours to getting some mild and not too lonely spot selected as his place of exile. This arbitrariness is one of the pervading weaknesses of the system, for if we leave out of account for the moment all that is involved in separation from one's home and relatives, it may still be little worse than a pleasant holiday to be set down in a village on the highroad near Lake Baikal, while it is tribulation to be banished to a

Yakute *ulus*;¹ and even the exquisite monotony of life in Yakutsk is much less to be desired than residence in towns like Irkutsk, Tchita, or Nertchinsk, which has its compensations. As to the life in a Yakute *ulus*, opinion seems much to differ. The politicals would have us believe that it is one of the most terrible experiences possible to imagine. Alone with the *taiga*, or surrounded by unsavoury Yakutes, the political frets under the mere inactivity of an existence that offers him no possibility of employing any talents with which he may have been dowered. If he desires to converse with his rude neighbours, he must first learn their language: even then it is not always possible, for the Yakutes often fear to be seen talking with the banished man. One sympathiser concluded an exposition of the utter dreariness of such ostracism with this climax, "The exiles sometimes marry Yakute women, because they have nothing else to do."

On the other hand, one has seen people who have come back from these surroundings. And while one of my informants would have led me to believe that, on immediate return from a Yakute *ulus*, the politicals look like wild men of the woods, and have in many cases forgotten their mother-tongue through want of practice, still, if I may judge from those I met, it does not take them long to throw off all traces of the savage, or to reacquire their own language; and, moreover, they all had a robust healthy appearance that their town compatriots often lacked. At the same time, I do not seek to minimise the darker aspects of the situation. Lately the question has

occupied the minds of those in high places. It has been whispered that exile by administrative process shall be no more, and I believe the rumour. But the proposed substitution of incarceration in a St Petersburg prison that was hinted to me as the probable amendment is as little to be desired.

Politicals have a Government allowance of 12 roubles a-month for their support in the Province of Yakutsk, but the amount varies with the latitude, being only half as much in Zabaikalia. As soon as a man can support himself by any trade it is withdrawn. The exiles are very much restricted in the methods by which they may endeavour to maintain themselves by their own labour. They may in no way teach, and, if resident in a town, may take no part in connection with any public society or institution, while any form of employment that bears on literature, even if it be the mere printing, is closed to them. It is necessary to obtain special permission from the Minister of the Interior to practise medicine. In fact, all work that brings them into contact with a fellow-being is denied them by law; and while they are at liberty to practise any handicraft or artisan's pursuit, yet even in the matter of trade there are limitations, for merchants are always members of a guild, and this would not be permissible in the case of a political. Also, as most administratives are students, journalists, or teachers, the courses left open to them are of little purpose. Again, it often happens that the only Russian-speaking individual in the Yakute *ulus* to which the political has been banished is the police officer, who has

¹ Strictly, a nomad village of tents.

the right to search his hut at any time of the night or day, and to whom he is supposed to report himself daily, while he may not leave the spot without special permission. Such is an idea of the law on paper, but I am bound to confess that in practice it is a somewhat different thing. There are, it is true, some petty officials who find sincere pleasure in carrying out all these and other like details to the last letter, and with whom it may be a matter either of fiendish cruelty or of a shadowy conscience that they take such care not to fail in the application of the last jot or tittle of the regulations. There are such cases, but their number grows yearly less, and it is as often that one finds the contrary. For to take even that Yakute *ulus*: the police officer presumably has children whom he desires to have educated to the best possible advantage, and as even in many southern Siberian villages the most intelligent man is the banished Russian student, the sensible officer does not scruple to invite him to teach his children, while it is he of all men who should see that the exile has intercourse with no one. And of this there can be no stronger instance than that already related as existing at Akatui, where a well-known Terrorist is actually engaged as master in the village school. Again, the same police officer soon learns that his exile is of all men most peaceable, and while he may in accordance with instructions begin by demanding that his ward report his presence daily, this soon becomes a weekly occurrence, then a fortnightly, and in time that section of the law falls into complete abeyance as regards the exiles in that village. One does not deny the

other side of the picture, but there is this side also, which is as true.

The political of the second class is a man of quite a different order. He has been tried by court, and condemned for having either attempted, intended to attempt, or belonged to a society that was organised for the purpose of attempting, to overthrow the present state of government in the land, or for having circulated, or secretly abetted the circulation of, seditious literature. In addition to hard labour and exile, he loses all his rights. The number of those who belong to the second class is not nearly so great as that of the "administratives." They are the people simply who have adopted extreme measures, and have attempted or intended to attempt to gain their ends by violence. The tendency of the Government during the last decade has been to include all political offenders, so far as it was possible, in the first class, as thereby the difficulties of a trial are obviated, and they are thus better able to do with them as they like. At the same time, this arrangement has not altogether been to the disadvantage of the politicals. The printing of forbidden literature was formerly considered to be punishable with exile by administrative process only; but recently, inasmuch as there have been no Terrorist movements (nor are there likely to be), this crime has been included in the category of those subject to severer measures. The punishment is a long term of hard labour, at the end of which the political has been generally despatched to the province of Yakutsk, there to dwell in a *ulus* for a period not so much less than that passed within the prison walls. Like the administratives,

they maintain themselves on the monthly grant rendered to them by the local authorities, in some cases simply the village policeman. After ten years, commonly, of such a life, they are enrolled as members of a peasant community, and then allowed to settle in a town in Eastern Siberia, where they pass the remainder of their lives, supporting themselves by some trade, or, if unable or unwilling to do so, subsisting on the Government allowance. Of individuals of this class actually in hard labour at the present moment there are not many; indeed I do not remember to have seen a dozen. Formerly, when there was no lack of Terrorists, they were sent in droves to Kara, there to perform hard labour; and it is around their life at this station that the thrilling pages of Mr Kennan's stories mainly circle. A few were sent to Nertchinsk.

It is well known that in the fortresses of Schlusselfburg and Petropavlovsk many of the more dangerous politicals have been incarcerated. Not many of those who are once escorted within these iron-bound doors ever retrace their steps to the world without. The man who enters Schlusselfburg is practically buried alive. Little is known about the dread place. The mother may not learn whether her daughter yet lives or not; the father is ignorant as to whether his son still renders his earthly account or has been called to a higher bar. One or two have come out, but upon them is the silence of the tomb. As the man leaves, he is put on his honour to disclose nothing of what passes within the walls. Well do such creatures keep their trust: the alternative is too heavy. If anything were divulged, the authorities would then equally visit with

condign punishment all who have been let out, careless to find the tale-bearer—this, I understand, is the arrangement—and their last end would be worse than the first. Vera Figner, who is perhaps best known of all Terrorists, and whose brother was a renowned singer, was imprisoned there for life. Her mother, presently at Kasan, happened to be living in Krasnoyarsk when Galkine Vrasky, the late Director of the Prisons, passed through that town a few years ago on a tour of inspection of the Siberian penal stations. She begged an interview with the potentate, and when ushered into his presence asked if he would tell her how her daughter fared. "Oh," said the Director, "she has her own room, goes out every day for a walk, reads books, and even drinks her tea with lemon." Now there was a (false) impression abroad at the time that the girl was already dead; and as Schlusselfburg is a military fortress, and therefore did not come within Galkine Vrasky's sway, it is possible that he never was inside the prison. This little incident is narrated for what it is worth, being the sort of tale that one hears in profusion from the afflicted politicals, but which should influence a man in no possible manner in forming a judgment on the question of their treatment, unless he knows the other side. There is said to be a man at Krasnoyarsk at the present moment who has lately been released from Schlusselfburg, but so well does he keep his oath that his most intimate comrades can learn nothing from him upon the subject, which made it useless, as they suggested, for any outsider to talk with him.

In illustrating the first class of politicals, we may take the case of a man who is now the editor of

perhaps the most influential paper in Siberia. He was arrested twelve years ago in St Petersburg because he happened to know certain workmen who belonged to secret societies. As he had previously married the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Kiakhta, he offered to go to that town in banishment before the final decision was arrived at in his case; and as it was so much farther off than the north of Russia, whither he would naturally have been sent, he was released from the House of Preliminary Detention at St Petersburg after eight and a half months, and proceeded to the Chinese frontier. Here he was employed in a quiet way by his father-in-law, and after his term of four years had expired, his former profession of tutor being now closed to him, he went to one of the large towns in Siberia, where he settled, and now edits a newspaper. Thus he has immeasurably more influence and a far better position than he ever hoped to have gained at home. When he is away in Russia on business (which, now that his term is over, he is free to do as often as he likes) his wife conducts the paper for him. I grant, of course, that the censorship exercised over it is truly remarkable. The word "people" is regularly deleted, and the wholly unequivalent term "population" is inserted instead. It is wrong to speak of the Russian people; they are not supposed to exist, or even to be recognised in a journal. Again, in discussion of some labour question, the word "workman" was used, for which the insipid phrase "people who work" was substituted with the same intention. In an article descriptive of Northern Siberia there occurred this sentence: "During the long winter the Tunguses and Ostyaks come nearer the Russian villages."

The word "Russian" was stroked out, as the censor would brook no such division of the empire. But it is ridiculous to think that the same man actually on one occasion expunged a couple of sentences standing in inverted commas, which he did not recognise as being a direct quotation from a manifesto issued at the Coronation of 1896. One therefore has some sympathy with the editor's wife when she describes the atmosphere in which they live as "stifling."

In addition to her ordinary work in connection with the journal, which is not merely limited to the seasons of her husband's absence, this lady teaches from 10 to 5 P.M. in a Sunday-school, of which there are two in her town. These Sunday-schools are so called from the day on which they are held. As a body, politicals are absolutely indifferent to religion, although, as they number many Jews, it cannot be said that they are atheistical as a whole. They regard religion as a thing that should be done away with, a superstition fit only for the children of the past. On this point they are as intolerant as they imagine those to be who are in authority over them. Thus, if they gained all that they wish, religious instruction would almost certainly be dispensed with—one idea of liberty of conscience. No man is absolutely tolerant; the moment he thinks he is so, he is on the verge of becoming intolerant. Liberty of conscience with the political is not only to be atheistical, but actively to combat all belief in such superstition as religion and theism. So one can understand that politicals have absolutely no sympathy with, *e.g.*, Stundists, not even to the extent that one might have imagined from their both being sufferers. They have no interest in them whatso-

ever—in fact, they leave them severely alone. They would also fain make out that the religious beliefs of the peasant people are of no account. Much can be found to support their general attitude in the inefficiency of the Russian clergy. They wish to help their fellow-men, so that the world may become better. Of course there is nothing very original in this view. "There are a great many churches in this town," said the editor's wife. "It would be much better to take most of the money that is lavished on these buildings and spend it on the poor—in fact, to do something for them, instead of merely praying for them as they do in these churches." But to return. The schools in which this intensely practical lady assisted are for girls who are at work all the week, and whose ages are about fifteen—i.e., even if they could, they are too old to enter the Government schools. They are taught simple elementary things—reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. This work is a distinct self-sacrifice on the part of the busy woman, who, in consequence, feels herself forced to give up the personal education of her little son, who was at Kiakhtha with his grandparents. But this spirit overwhelms her at times—"I am lonely without him: he always slept in my room, and had no governess, for I taught him everything."

But not only does the man of whom I speak edit a newspaper, but he has also been appointed curator of one of the best museums in Siberia. In all this there is a certain inconsistency that marks much Russian official procedure. Cases of this sort are by no means so rare as one would suppose. The man who owns the largest book-shop, with printing works

attached, in Siberia, is another old "administrative." The number of plate-glass windows in his establishment is greater than that which represents the years he spent in exile. Again, one evening I met a young technical engineer who had been banished for a few years. Being a sharp young fellow, he had got a good position on the railway, and admitted that he was now almost making as much in four months as he made in a year at home before he came out. Everything considered, he was content with the turn that affairs had taken in his life, and his intention was to stay on in Siberia even when his term had expired. He was essentially of a buoyant disposition, otherwise it would have been impossible for him to speak in such a light-hearted manner of his present circumstances, so as almost to be thankful for the fact that he had been found with an illicit book in his possession, and was sentenced accordingly.

But it is amongst the prisoners and exiles of the second class that we find the relics of what is popularly known as Nihilism and Nihilists. The term Nihilist has been loosely applied to those Russian democratic malcontents who were, to say the least of it, distinctly socialistic in their opinions, and who chose to force their wishes and ideas upon their country and its Government by violent means. To-day it is limited in Russia to the band of reformers whose achievements lie within the quarter of a century from 1860 to 1885. The name is due to the novelist Turgueniev. The character Bazarov in 'Fathers and Sons' is the typical Nihilist. They were thinking people, who denied all so-called prejudices relating to religion and government as they then existed

in the land. They recognised little beyond the natural sciences, they criticised all things modern, and propagated their own opinions. Their aim was the freedom of Russia. By means of *artels* and societies they tried to organise themselves, and succeeded to a considerable extent. The Government at once began its struggle with them. The revolutionary society was well organised up to the death of the Tzar in 1881. Several members had money, and devoted all their fortunes to the cause. So long as Alexander II. continued his reforms all went well. After a time other things occupied his attention more than the State, and this led to renewed activity on the part of the revolutionary party. They were, however, checkmated at every point. When they found themselves powerless, they resolved to frighten the Government. They thought that by killing the Emperor they would get power into their hands, which they would use to develop the peasant communities, and so make Russia a country of organised communities, which meant progress. They only exchanged didactic for hysterical measures when the first were rendered impossible. The revolutionary party took the law into their own hands, and gave to what followed the character of a life-and-death struggle. In such a case it is not natural for the vanquished to expect quarter, and the Russian Government was firm in dealing with their opponents. So the Terrorists were conquered, captured, and banished for the most part, while those who remained free or escaped saw that the realisation of their ideas was but a dream.

Accordingly, in all the East Siberian towns there are little colonies of such exiles who are

passing their latter years amidst more restful surroundings than those in which they started on their careers. And the method in which they spend their time differs with the intellectual strength and depth of character of the individual. Some, for example, are well content to receive Government support, and while away the day in idleness, except when they are denouncing the hand that provides for them. More have found reasonable employment, and by honest work, often under the most depressing circumstances, have rendered themselves independent of the powers that be. Lastly, there are a few particularly energetic ones who put the best of their ideas into practice, and not only by doing sound work themselves, but by helping others to work and giving them employment, have earned the respect of all their fellow-citizens of low and high degree.

Evenings passed in the company of such people could not easily be forgotten. Often the seance was prolonged to the early morning; and where a more liberal official spirit prevailed, such reunions were quite possible during the day. In one of these towns there is a large central square, on one of the sides of which you will find a photographer's shop. We can walk in to supper one evening and hear about the life at Kara from the photographer, and some of his comrades whom he is kind enough to invite for that purpose. That part of the broad unpaved street which is reserved on either side for pedestrians is separated from the rest of it by a series of short stout wooden posts, set down at somewhat wide intervals. The thoroughfares are completely deserted as we wander along one of them, till it opens into the square,

when we see our signal in the form of a lamp burning brightly by an open window. We are the first to arrive: punctuality is rare in that country. The other guests drop in slowly, and as each enters he quickly salutes his friends. Soon we are all seated by the table. After general conversation, in the course of which one soon learns that the company is composed of highly intelligent men and women, we confine our attention to one man in particular.

"In time past," said the ex-Terrorist, "all political prisoners who had been condemned by court" (*i.e.*, those of the second class) "were sent to Kara. For the last five years none have been sent there; they are now transported to Nertchinsk and Sakhalin, or shut up in Schlusselfburg. A new model prison" (this with a sneer) "has been erected at Akatui, where criminals and politicals are mixed together." Seditious propaganda amongst the soldiers rouses the authorities almost more than anything else: for this, offenders are sent to the most remote parts after trial. In the Akatui prison at the present moment an officer is undergoing ten years' hard labour for distributing seditious literature amongst his men.

One thing that I gained in particular from this man was a truer conception of the size of the revolutionary party. When one judges the organisation by what it actually accomplished, it is natural to imagine that it must have numbered many hundreds. But of members of the Terrorist order my informant could not count one hundred. "At Kara there are, I believe, about twenty in free command, at Akatui four, in Sakhalin thirty. We know that since 1883 forty people have been sent to Schlusself-

burg; eighteen of these are dead, and one is presently living at Krasnoyarsk." In another town there is one other Terrorist exile, and in a second, the colony consists of more than twenty. So that even if we double his total to include all those who succeeded in escaping, we get the number of active members at the moment of greatest activity to be two hundred. In what country could two hundred men do so much? It was the method they choose to adopt that gained for them a prominence out of all proportion at least to their numbers.

"Their trials were conducted in more than one large town of the empire—Kharkhoff as well as St Petersburg. The political condemned by court lost all civil rights; university degrees were forfeited, likewise all honours and public position; even his wife could get divorce for the asking, while all his property passes to his heirs as if he were no longer existent. After leaving Kara the political was commonly despatched to the province of Yakutsk for a season. Indeed he was permitted to ask where he would like to go, although the procedure commonly followed implied ten years in the province of Yakutsk. But advantage was rarely taken of such condescension except in cases of sickness, for it really made little or no difference to the man where he went. Often, however, parents and relatives would try to obtain some amelioration of the exile's fate, especially if they had any position at home."

Since 1893, although the old law is still in vogue, the greater proportion of politicals have been sent, through either the intervention of friends or the growing humanity of the Government, to some place in Zabaikalia. For ten

years after leaving his place of punishment no rights and no liberty of movement are granted to the exile. At the end of that term he may ask to be inscribed in a peasant community, and if it accepts him, as is usual, he becomes a peasant, and has the rights of a peasant. After some years he may become even a citizen, but he cannot leave the town where he has settled without permission, and that only for a season. There are four classes in Russian society, and there is the man who belongs to no one of them—viz., the exile after he has left Kara, or the place where he has passed his term of imprisonment. The system forbade the possibility of there being any one at Kara with a sentence of less duration than four years, although in the case of minors even this was shortened by one year and four months.

According to my informant the treatment of the politicals at Kara was very variable, there being both good and bad times. This depended partly on the state of feeling at headquarters, where the keynote was given, but much more on its expression and the little variations played thereon by local authorities. For long periods the politicals were allowed to subscribe to papers, and, although certain journals were always forbidden, they received books without a very strict supervisal, while there were other times when they were denied any form of literary luxury at all. Again, for months they were only granted an occasional magazine, while papers in foreign languages were always withheld. The politicals had a separate prison of their own, acquaintance with which has been made by all those interested in the subject through Mr Kennan's work.

"With regard to employment,

we had nothing to do: they gave us nothing to do"—i.e., the hard labour at Kara consisted in doing nothing. At first they tried to set the politicals to wash gold, but the outlay exceeded the income, and this was discontinued. They were allowed to spend their day as they chose. "There was," he said, "during the time that I was at Kara, no régime worthy the name: we had nothing to do." The prison consisted of five large *kameras* (one being used as hospital), in each of which generally from eighteen to twenty people were confined. In 1828 there were one hundred and twenty political prisoners in Kara: this would make twenty-four in each room. Gradually the number decreased to sixty in 1868, and then to fifty, and so on, till we reach the condition of things to be seen there to-day. The proportion depended on the total number of persons in confinement. "When I left, there were still sixty politicals in the prison." During the latter part of his stay the number of those leaving owing to expiry of sentence had been in excess of those who entered. He maintained that there was overcrowding even when he was there, although he did not remember exactly how many exiles there were when he first joined the circle. Ordinarily they were allowed out for exercise in the yard for an hour or two—i.e., their *kamera* door was left open for that time. But that was only during the very severe epochs, and, more commonly, when the warders knew that those in command were not specially anxious to enforce the law, the doors were left open during the greater part of the day, and thus free communication between the different *kameras* was possible. The regulations were practically alike in the good and

evil days,—it was rather the enforcement of them that varied. The strictest period fell between the years 1882-1884. In the former year some prisoners escaped, and the rest were divided up into different parties, and distributed throughout the various Kara convict prisons.

About the food he did not seem to be very clear. They were allowed to receive supplies from their friends and relatives. "Soup, 23 *zlotniks* of meat, and 2½ lb. of bread, daily," if he remembered aright. They had their own *samo-vars*, made a common fund out of all their money, and elected a *starosta* or elder to act as treasurer. Each man had to go in turn to the kitchen. They divided themselves up into little companies of three, four, or five cooks, each with a *chef*, and one party did all the cooking for a week in turn. For clothing they received two pairs of boots in the year, the grey cloth suit, overcoat, *shuba*, four shirts, and four pairs of drawers, with the privilege of a bath every fourteen days. While he was at Kara they were permitted to wear of their own clothing only blouses and shirts; but one has noticed politicals in other than prison trousers, and ordinary criminals in their own jackboots.

The manifestoes issued from time to time help considerably in reducing sentences, and consequently the misery of many lives. The principle is uniform. The man condemned for life thereafter joins those whose sentence is one of twenty years, and so on through all the categories previously set out at length. The net result may roughly be summarised as the reduction of the term by a third. But if two manifestoes follow closely on one another, the man who has benefited by the first is

affected by the second only to the extent of one year. My informant illustrated their advantage in a fascinating and naïve account of his past. "I gave,—oh,—it was a shoemaker, a good smack with a stick," on the suspicion that he had been giving underhand information against a certain society to which he belonged. His defence was that the man was not killed, but the prosecution urged a knife in place of the stick. For this he got fourteen years' hard labour. In 1883 Alexander III. was crowned, and the manifesto issued on that occasion, together with a second which celebrated the journey of Nicholas II. through Siberia in 1891, reduced the Terrorist's sentence by a third. In November 1894, the date of Nicholas's marriage, my informant's ten years in Yakutsk (on which term he had entered) were reduced to four, and he had not yet heard how he would be affected by the last coronation manifesto. He is employed in some capacity on the railway, which has proved a perfect godsend to many politicals of both classes, as otherwise, he said, there was nothing to do.

By this time a young woman has joined us. Outwardly she corresponds exactly with one's mental picture of the typical Terrorist, and yet she is so merry withal. Her high forehead, strongly marked features, large dark-brown eyes, and tremendous head of short coal-black hair, give her such an imposing appearance that even her comrades call her *Nyam-Nyam* in jest, after some swarthy African tribe. She was always bright and brimful of fun when you spoke with her, but in the intervals she relapsed into a sad pensiveness, and a distant wearied expression brooded upon her countenance.

She was sent out originally as an administrative, but got severely implicated in the revolt known as the "Yakutsk History," and was accordingly sentenced to twenty years' hard labour at Kara, which term was latterly reduced to fifteen. When the Kara prison was closed, she was treated with further leniency, and allowed to come and live in a town. She laughed at all her prison experiences: on this question she would not be serious. "My first day in Kara was the happiest day in my life; everybody was so kind to me, and I was quite content all the time I was there. The men played cards; I liked to play chess better. We had to find employment for ourselves. We women usually spent our time in sewing and making costumes," and she laughed across at my more serious male informant, who watched her steadily, evidently well accustomed to her little vagaries. In Russia she had been a teacher of drawing, and now was in the employment of the railway, drawing diagrams and plans. She could not be got to look at the gloomier side of things, and when one asked, "Now, what was hardest in the life at Kara?" she replied with evident truth, "Well, it was simply the want of liberty—the feeling that you were shut up, and could not get out. Otherwise I had a happy time: everybody was so good to me." Then she gave me a very racy account of the past history of some secret societies, and the really brilliant way (whatever else one may feel) in which the Government was able to descend upon them through its too well organised system of espionage. "Some secret societies," she remarked with a smile, "were broken up even before they had time to choose a president."

And now our host comes over to our corner. His political history dates from the Nechaieff Process. But Kara and all its woes are passed, and to-day he pursues his quiet photographic profession, in which he is assisted by three fair daughters. He is a remarkable man, and there are moments when in his unbleached linen coat and long white cuffs he looks many degrees above his social position. A high forehead with much black hair carefully brushed back, a long beard finely streaked with silver, and cold steely grey eyes,—and you have one of the party of young men who persuaded a fellow-student to go a walk with them in Moscow, and, having reached a lonely spot, murdered him there, on suspicion of having acted as spy upon them and reported their secret doings to a university official. At times the photographer seemed to be lost in thought, and often he sat motionless on his chair for several successive minutes, gazing at the floor in front of him, and grasping the tip of his beard in his right hand while he supported the elbow in the palm of his left. And again he would start out of his reverie with his face all lit up, and discuss questions with impassioned warmth, only to relapse into that attitude of vacant insensibility that almost gave one the impression that he was a man living under a curse. Later we found that he had only too good reason for his exceeding pensiveness, and I am bound to say that I too in the sequel felt something of the regard that is entertained for the man by his more liberal fellow-citizens, and which showed itself practically in appointing him as curator of the museum. This position is filled by him to great purpose, and in that capacity he had the honour of conducting the

present Emperor round the building when he passed through the town on his Siberian tour, and actually in courtesy shook the hand from which at one time he would have preferred to strike the sceptre. "Have there ever been such cruelties perpetrated under the present system that individuals would have preferred death to living under it?" He smiled at the question, and said that without any doubt they preferred life under the system. "Every convict knows that sooner or later he will gain comparative freedom. Certainly they prefer the present system." I was then of my own accord in ignorance of the "Hunger Strikes" at Kara, and so did not know to ask his views upon that point. While there he lived with a young girl, also a political prisoner, whom he subsequently married. There could be no possible doubt about his ability and culture when one saw him in his museum determining minerals by the most approved methods, chatting about the habits of animals, or particularly interested in the identification of a large tooth that constituted one of the latest finds of some other politicals who were on his working staff.

There is a wild infectious spirit of romance about the whole political question that catches many of the younger men and women and carries them off their feet, before they well know where they are. To understand this it is necessary to picture to oneself the lonely, small, circumscribed life of the average political exile's home in a Siberian town. For whatever may be stated to the contrary, there is sometimes undeniably a certain boycotting of old politicals by the other inhabitants, even if it is often to their own loss. Then there is the effect produced on the youthful mind by constantly re-

peated tales of that great past, characterised by so much cruelty on the one hand and so much nobility upon the other. Thus the second generation early experience in imagination the excitement, the constant general uncertainty, and the peculiar sensations engendered by the secret union of a body of men and women persecuted and yet determined to set right the affairs of their beloved country. From the days of their childhood they have been taught to regard the struggle as a field for the exercise of prowess, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. Many of them become fascinated with the idea of the reckless uncertain life of the poor students, which is nothing more than a protracted tussle from first to last, the hand-to-mouth existence of men watched by the police, and little able to call themselves their own, yet always full of hope that the day will come when the arm of the oppressor will be broken, and the desire of their hearts be fulfilled, and, what is best, they too will have played a part in the glorious work of freeing a great people. The romance of this life! How it appeals to the young, how it stirs their blood, till, for the "cause," they are prepared to undertake the long journey from Eastern Siberia alone, and to choose this terribly doubtful, unknown lot in a university town, exposed to privation of every sort, in preference to remaining quietly at home and doing some honest labour. No wonder that the photographer was moody, for had he not lately buried a child without any hope; and now his favourite daughter had announced her intention of going to St Petersburg to plunge herself right into the centre of this vortex whose tremor she had felt afar off, even if it meant that she was leaving

her home for ever. And yet what right had he to complain? He had brought them all up in the belief that there is no God, that morality is an illusion, and that there is no need to pay any special regard to parents. But when the pinch comes, he is querulous. Still he is honest—"I see that I was wrong, and now I try to persuade her otherwise." But it is all without avail, and, after a while, the old spirit of resignation steals over the man; he goes to his writing-table and lays on it an additional photograph of the wilful Tatyana, being strengthened by the assurance of the younger Shura that she will not leave her father.

This spirit of wild unrest that comes over the younger members of politicals' families in this absorbing fashion is a peculiar phenomenon, probably hereditary. Tatyana had a position under her father in the museum, and, in addition to this, lent him valuable aid in his profession, so that, far from being a burden to him, she was his staff. But, in answer to this inward call that she feels must be obeyed, she knows not why, the girl is content to undertake a fierce struggle with poverty, and, probably in the end, to play at the political game. She wants to support herself, but is not pleased to do so in the simple manner that lies to her hand. Indeed she can only say, "Perhaps I shall return in six years," and this in face of the fact that the initial steps entail a heavy outlay on the part of her father. But the neighbours gossip, and the wise ones shake their heads and say, "No, the girl has no serious intention to study, but there is a certain young political with whom she wishes to share the hardships of student life, and she will go to him in St Petersburg."

Again, it is not the young

women only that catch this fever, for the lady from Kiakhta also related how her brother of nineteen had set out from that town with his young bride and sister to study in St Petersburg, but now she doubted the sincerity of their intentions. It is wellnigh a fashion with some of the younger people to affect the political. They are sent off for a few years into exile by administrative process, and then they return covered with glory. This view of things of necessity obtains only in rare instances, but it does occur.

I had more than one long talk with my Kara informant. A considerable interval of time separated two of these meetings, and in the meanwhile he had married a woman who had come all the way from Paris. One evening he held a "house-warming," and his wife being the latest addition to the colony was the centre of attraction for the time being. She said that the French idea of Russia was summed up in three words, "Tzar, knut, samovar." She was loud in her ridicule of the Russo-French alliance, remarking how painfully obvious it was that Russia was using her confederate merely as a cat's-paw, being quite prepared to throw her over so soon as she had gained her ends.

The man himself was one of the more bitter "comrades," but a very intelligent fellow. He returned time after time to the unfairness of putting politicals and ordinary criminals together, as at Akatui. Having been away from Russia for so long, his knowledge of any present movements was limited, but many of his reminiscences were entertaining.

Referring to the universities, he said that in his time the proportion of students who were of

humble parentage was not particularly large: that then, as now, there was a Conservative majority, only it was not organised, while at that time the revolutionary minority was a well-disciplined body. However that may be, nothing could be more complete than the disorganisation of the party as a whole to-day. During the period of its great achievements, in 1882, the organisation of the party left little to be desired. To-day no two men agree entirely in their ideas and wishes, and they seem to reckon him the greatest amongst them who has spent the longest time in prison and at hard labour. They can point to no one as a leader amongst the exiles now in prison or in free command. Each tends to regard himself as the principal exponent of the party programme.

To-day there are no Terrorists of the accredited brand in Russia outside the grasp of the law. Their place has been taken by a host of Socialists, Radicals, and other milder reformers. Formerly the revolutionary movement was intellectual to a certain degree—*e.g.*, during the Terrorist period. To-day it resembles the Socialist movement of Western Europe, but it is still poorly organised. "There was a time," said my Kara friend, "when it was believed that a bold advance would put everything right." But in the death-struggle the Terrorists were conquered. The modern movement attempts to get the working people as its basis of operation—to make them Socialists. It takes the form of organisation of socialistic societies, and the propagation of socialistic ideas amongst the workmen in the factories. At St Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, and Riga, and indeed in all the great labour centres, this goes on quietly. But

there is no general organisation of the whole, the leaders are only local, and there are no funds. The difference between the movement and the activities of the revolutionaries proper is so immense that at first one fails to grasp it. At the same time, such an incident as the large strike in the St Petersburg factories in June of last year is significant, as being the first concerted strike in Russia. Many recruits to the cause are still drawn from the universities, and of these the sons of *ichinovniks* and priests constitute the largest proportion. The education even of the women of the party is extraordinary. Every one knows the works of Spencer and Buckle, Darwin and Comte: Carlyle is not so much read—he is too religious. The policy of an administrative is largely negative: he criticises, and often does little else. Of course one cannot get past the facts that there is much to criticise with all justice, and that action along certain lines even of genuine philanthropy is promptly checked. But the political of the first class really takes the one impracticable course.

It was only natural to find that the politicals were very strong in their denunciation of the methods of procedure in cases of arrest and trial. In Russia to-day there is still abundant evidence to show that, even if exaggerated, such censure is in the main deserved.

My informant maintained that those persons comprising the second class were arrested mainly for propagandism and agitation. Prosecution was limited to endeavouring to prove that a man belonged to a party that had attempted to overthrow the Government by violent means. The personal action counted for very little—it was enough that he be-

longed to a party, and so might have done this or that. And, according to this biased witness, the penal courts worked somewhat after this manner. If it was known that a man had spoken with a member of a secret society, little more incriminating evidence was required, and the authorities then attempted to prove a more intimate connection on the man's part with the society. To have known, or even to have spoken to, a member of a secret society, was held to be proof that a man belonged to the society in intention. So some fifty persons being arrested in company, it was easily proved that they all belonged to the party. The party, being revolutionary, must be judged and punished in accordance with statute 228, say: A, B, and C were in that party, and so must be punished according to that column in the penal code. Such was a political's account of the Russian justice of the Terrorist period.

It would be an interesting study to try and trace the growth of the revolutionary idea in the mind of the Russian political. Differences of temperament play a great part, and while some men join the "cause" for one reason, others do so from different motives. Certain questions and issues appeal more to one mind than another, but in many instances it is possible to discern the following sequence of thought. In Russia, perhaps more than in any other country, there are broad distinctions of class. Amongst a certain number of those who were better educated, and perhaps by nature more impulsive, there arose a growing tendency to assert opinion on behalf of freedom of the press, of speech, and of conscience. Orderly attempts to bring about these laudable conditions having failed, and

the impression having gained ground amongst those most interested that it would be impossible to obtain the fulfilment of their desires, keen dissatisfaction arose, which was perhaps expressed most openly amongst the students, as young individuals with no great responsibilities. Many of the older generation shared the same opinions, but were unwilling to risk anything on behalf of them; while the youth, who had nothing actual to lose except freedom, and with it the power of agitation, were willing to run all risks.

Russia is a great peasant realm. The majority of her people are given to agricultural pursuits, so that it will be many years before the people become an active factor in advancing liberal ideas. In 1872 the Terrorists believed that they had the people with them, but, finding they were mistaken, they had to carry on their self-imposed conflict alone. The outcome of this failure to carry the people along with them is, that as a class they entertain a low view of their less fortunate brothers. They say that the peasants were too dull and ignorant to understand anything, and that it was all the same to them whether they were under Sultan, Pope, or Tzar.

In 1882, as a last resort, they made use of violent measures. There are people in Russia who are too European for Russia—people who could "get on better elsewhere." They are uneasy at home; for them the bureaucracy of Russia and all the conditions of life there are impossible. So far the political; but if that is so, why do not these uneasy people rather leave the country and go where there is more liberty? In the freest countries you find fewest of them. I do not know how far an acquaintance of mine hostile to

the politicals was right when he said, "They do not go in any numbers to America, because they have to work there." But this I know, that, even from the Terrorist point of view, the assassination of Alexander II. was one of the most stupid performances in history. After Peter the Great, he was the greatest Russian revolutionary in the best sense of the word. The most reasonable of the Terrorists whom I met admitted this. Others defended the action by maintaining that they were in duty bound to try every means of bringing about their ends, and that it was impossible to know that the assassination of that great monarch was not the correct way till they had tried it—i.e., the affair had negative results.

Most surprising of all, perhaps, is the change of attitude of the Terrorists themselves towards their past history. Fifteen years ago everybody amongst the sentenced was eager and proud to be able to say that he was the man who had committed such and such a bomb outrage. The fashion has changed: to-day no one wishes to be connected with dynamite. A higher anarchism has replaced the lower terrorism of the past. The Terrorists themselves demonstrate this. With few exceptions, they were willing to give very succinct accounts of all that happened to them after the moment of arrest: they were commonly a little hazy as to what had occurred previously.

On another occasion I met in the same town another man of a type of mind quite different to any of those hitherto described. He was a quaint, uncouth creature, with small ears, low forehead, and dreamy eyes that, before the end of every third sentence that he spoke, sparkled as he broke out

into a kind of heartless chronic smile. Nevertheless, he was a man with a clear sense of the proportion of things, and had rigidly made up his mind as to what course of action he would pursue during the rest of his days. He and his wife were involved in some plot, and both passed many years in Kara. But he learned much in that time. "I shall not take that Government allowance of 6 roubles monthly. It comes from the peasants: it is wrung out of them. I have had a straight fight with the Government and been worsted: I intend to have nothing more to do with it in future." He is almost alone amongst his comrades in taking up this position. The result is that he is respected by the community. He works all day at his watchmaker's trade, except when he does a little electrical engineering as a recreation, and, in addition, gives employment to a qualified assistant and two boys. Being an enterprising man with ideas in his head, he wants to bring machinery for making watches to his town, but has not the capital. He would like to train seven men in his art. He spends little money, living partly on his garden produce, and had recently purchased an adjoining hut where his chief assistant works and sleeps. There are Russian officials who help this man financially in a quiet way, because he is genuine, sensible, and serious. His wife looked rather unattractive in a short ungainly print skirt. Her greyish hair and the dark lines round her eyes showed how the prison life had told upon her.

Listen to this remarkable confession from a no less remarkable man. "From a mere lad I recognised that in work lay the salvation of mankind; but during

these earlier years I did not work, far less teach others so to do—I wasted my time. Since then I have known better, and now no one interferes with me when I am seriously employed.” While many of his comrades loaf about in idleness, unless when engaged in talking socialism, he works and gives employment, and is the true socialist of the lot.

With him I must couple another man who also impressed me by the reasonableness and common-sense with which he spoke. I spent an evening with him in the town where he follows the business of photographer. He was the only man who recognised that the whole question had two sides, or rather who was willing to admit as much. Accordingly, one considered that his judgment of Mr Kennan’s book would be more valuable than that of the average political. In reply he said, “Except in some minor descriptions and details, which show that he did not altogether understand our Russian customs and suchlike, his book is true *quant à moi*”—i.e., he recognised the possibility of another point of view.

He had been involved in some process of which he did not seem anxious to give any very succinct account. After arrest, he passed two and a half years in Kharkhov. The first year seems to have been very hard, as he was left absolutely alone in a little cell with no one to whom to speak and with no books to read. Latterly he was provided with literature. He said that it was ten times harder in Kharkhov than during the strictest time in Kara, and he arrived there just after the escape of the prisoners. A good many of the politicals spent their time at Kara in learning foreign languages by means of dictionaries. Thus many of them

could read English and French, although totally unable to speak it: some, however, could talk a little French. This man had a few back, very back, numbers of the ‘London Illustrated News,’ and even ventured to speak English, but after a sentence in reply, he modestly said in French, “Your pronunciation is different to mine,” and that was the end of the matter. The poor fellows had taught themselves a pronunciation, but to little or no purpose. Many of them could speak German, especially the Jews. In talking of bygone days, this man, who looked a typical Terrorist with his great height, long hair almost reaching to his shoulders, small eyes, poorly developed cranium, and protruding under-jaw covered with a thick beard—a poor man making a sparse living by desperately hard work with dry plates and lenses—said of himself and his fellow-students: “We were too naïve. We thought that all that was necessary for the freedom of Russia was the removal of the Tzar. Now we see that we were wrong in that, and although we still hold the opinions of our youth with regard to the liberty of the press and of speech, we see that it requires a great deal more and a quite different method to that which we adopted to achieve our ends. If we killed thirty Tzars it would make no difference.” During his time, he said, “the students belonging to the class of the nobility who attended the university had not so much influence as they have now.” According to him, fully five per cent of the students were Jews; and with the great number of Jews in the revolutionary party it never could have been very popular. He also added that in his day a student could wear his

own blouse if he wished, but that now they must don a uniform, the cost of which is one of a series of things that debar the very poor from entering the university. To-day the majority of the students are, as ever, Conservative.

Once more let us slip into a little garden in another town, situated at the end of a road behind a house. It is a well-known rendezvous, and some of the people who are there on this occasion we have already met. As we sit under the shade of the trees and drink tea, while listening to varied experiences of prison life and political exile, it is difficult to believe that the men who have once passed through such tribulation should now be recounting without fear their stories in broad daylight. During the conversation one of those present, who has been distinguished amongst the rest for the quietness of his speech and his unobtrusive thoughtful manner, hands me a slip of paper on which are inscribed these words, "The East Siberian Branch of the Russian Geographical Society will be obliged if they may receive information from you as to whether you have received their publication which was sent some time ago." This is typical in more than one way. The man, who is accoutred in a square frock-coat, while the hair that is allowed to fall down on one side of his sad firm face half hides a bold though deeply lined forehead, cannot speak a word of English, and asks in German if I will correct the language of this communication, which is to be addressed to some defaulting English-speaking Geographical Society. It is typical of the manner in which this country of the future is developing its resources, and largely undertakes its own scien-

tific work; as also of the fact that in connection with such work, especially when it takes the form of scientific expeditions, the educated politicals are often employed, numbering as they do amongst their ranks a heavy proportion of the men in Siberia who have had the necessary training for such research. This man had spent many years at Kara in hard labour, and thereafter passed the usual term in a Yakutsk *ulus*. Now he was living in a Siberian town, but had a presentiment that he would not be allowed to remain there long. Here, again, one stumbles across a circumstance that helps to bear out the impression one has received of the arbitrariness that pervades the system. So much of the welfare of these exiles depends on the character of those who are over them in high places. And if, for example, a governor-general, as in one well-known instance, is unfavourably inclined towards these people as a class, not only do the governors under him who may, from instinct, wish to act otherwise, cringe under him owing to that serfdom of spirit that since 1861 has merely moved from low to high estate, and so consequently violate their own feelings, but certain laws that are honoured in the breach by most of the governors are strictly carried into force by a ruler of this type. Thus Russian Jews, after serving their term, are supposed to return to Russia. But this law is only put into practice over one large region by a man who would fain clear his town of all politicals, if it were possible, and who does his best to achieve this, as the geographer would learn to his cost. To return to him: his modest retiring disposition prominently marked him out amongst his fellows. His know-

ledge of the Yakute language was invaluable for scientific purposes. He also professed Russian and Italian, some German and some French. In virtue of this he was retained by the Geographical Society. He had also taken part in one of M. Sibiryakoff's expeditions. This gentleman, who owns several gold mines, has given handsome sums towards organising expeditions for the exploration of Siberia. On one occasion he gave 15,000 roubles towards an expedition for the exploration of part of the province of Yakutsk. As this province is more than seven times the area of France, such an undertaking demands a goodly number of men even to carry it out in part. But who amongst the Russians know the Yakute language? Here comes in the exceeding usefulness of the political.

There was one queer-looking individual amongst that gathering who certainly was a typical Nihilist. His was a curious eager face, out of which peered strong, staring, protuberant eyes, generally spectacled. His thin black hair was scrupulously brushed back, and a straggly beard crept down his threadbare frock-coat. In the centre of his forehead was a red-and-black mark—a long vertical scar, intersected at right angles by three shorter ones. They were the souvenirs of a self-inflicted wound, when in a moment of acute depression he had thought to end his life with a revolver. For participation in some bomb conspiracy he had passed eight and a half years in Russian and Siberian prisons, but his term in the Yakutsk province was reduced to four years by a manifesto. Now he is a member of a peasant community, and is free to travel about Siberia.

I have said that few of those with whom I had the pleasure of intercourse were disposed to recognise that there might be two sides to the question. Even into the literature of the exile system our nineteenth-century specialism has so much entered, that while Mr Kennan has been at pains to master one side in his own fashion, Mr De Windt has appropriated the other in a no less uncompromising manner. But even if the political likewise have eyes for but one point of view, it does not follow that their nearest relations always think accordingly. Thus Gottze, a political to whom reference has been made in a previous article, was all along treated with clemency, and his term being almost finished, he had been allowed to spend the last two or three years in Kurgan, which is the first town in Siberia proper through which one passes in traversing the Great Siberian Iron Road. I have already related how his parents, and younger brother whom he had not as yet looked on, happened to be fellow-passengers with us in the train. The former were going out to see him after a separation of ten years. The scene at the reunion could leave no one in any doubt as to the strength of the affection that united father and son, and yet in a discussion of the whole situation previous to arrival at that town, he who of all men might have been expected to have been in full sympathy with the movement for which his son had suffered, summed up his view of the whole matter with the laconic and almost cruel remark, "Now, I hope, the brain is better."

I have already quoted instances of men who have confessed that whatever agony they went through at the moment of separation, they

have in the end made a better thing of life in the land of their exile than they ever would have done at home; but no one will, of course, imagine that such cases form the majority, or even any considerable fraction, of the total number. At the same time, it is also true that most of the scientific work in Siberia is being done by political exiles. In one town the principal banker came out in 1863 as a political, but now all that is forgotten, and he is on friendly terms with the governor. The excellent road from Krasnoyarsk eastward, at any rate as far as Kansk, was engineered by an old political, who received a salary of 4000 roubles per annum for his work, which so pleased the Governor-General of Irkutsk that he went to his house to thank him in person.

Again, the gold from all the Imperial mines, to the extent of several hundred *poods*, is collected at Irkutsk, where it is smelted—and from that point the famous gold-caravan makes its way to Krasnoyarsk along the great high-road. The freight is conveyed in *tarantasses* strongly guarded by the military. The Administration of Mines generally finds that it has a few spare places in these *tarantasses*, and offers them free to needy individuals who wish to go to St Petersburg or Moscow for purposes of study. They are always given to girls, of whom many more apply than there are seats available, for they thus get safe-conduct over the only dangerous part of the road. The daughters of politicals often find transport in these Government conveyances, and our photographer intended to despatch his restless daughter by this post. And to return to him for a moment, his

principal assistant in the museum was also an old political of the second class, and had been given a place on a scientific expedition to Manchuria, and on his return, in addition to his salary, he received a bonus of 200 roubles.

I found it difficult to obtain exact information as to what proportion of the politicals remain in the country, after they have come to the end of their term. Very different answers were given in different quarters, depending on the point of view of the informant. My own impression is that the numbers are about half and half, but there were several who said that the majority do not return. In Siberia there is a much greater approximation to a normal life than in Russia, and it is the country where money is to be made. Even the worst politicals have the possibility, however remote, of being allowed to return to Russia. But of the more heavily sentenced "administratives" (which is the class that the question really concerns), the younger men commonly return. Even if they were packed off in the middle of their university course, they sometimes return, at any rate to finish it, even if they choose to go back again to Siberia for good in the end. At the same time, considerable reluctance is shown in letting administrative exiles go back to university towns. So it may be said that generally all the young men return: they wish to get back to their homes, and the associations of their youth. All the literary life, for example, is in the capitals of Russia, and those young men who wish to make a name for themselves in that department, come back. But the older men, who have during their exile settled down to some

trade, and now have wives and families dependent on them, find it more to their advantage to remain; and it is on them that the doom has fallen most heavily, being visited upon them and their children even unto the second and third generations.

It is tolerably certain that one day there will be a revolution in Russia, but when it comes it will not be from any revolutionary party, strictly so-called. Those individuals who care to spend their time in that fashion have not at present, and will not have in the future, any chance of organising themselves sufficiently to do lasting damage. When the revolution does come, it will come from the mass of the people. It is possible to imagine that it will be brought about by some *faux pas* on the part of the Government, unless before that time there arises a Tzar who has strength of character sufficient to present the people with a constitution. I do not say that the Government is likely to make that *faux pas*. At the same time, it is easier for an absolute monarchy to rule an ignorant than an educated people, and it sometimes looks as if the Russian Government were prepared to take full advantage of that circumstance. The reason of so much of the past and present discontent is that Russia has no safety-valves. St Petersburg has no Trafalgar Square; Moscow has not her Glasgow Green. Accordingly, it is only in the nature of things that at times there should be little explosions.

Regarding the political question as a whole, and judging simply from personal experiences, one came to the following definite conclusions: (1) The present condition of the political exiles is not as bad as

many would have us commonly believe. In coming to this conclusion their present bearing was largely taken into consideration. (2) The past of the Terrorist party is not looked back on by its members with the pride that one would have imagined and expected from them. Many are willing and frank enough to speak of the foolishness of their younger days, and there is a marked eagerness to disclaim all connection with dynamite. (3) It is an undoubted fact that many of them have made a better thing of the remnants of their lives in Siberia than they ever dreamt of making of the whole at home.

Further, they speak a great deal of the ways in which they desire to help their country. The question naturally arises, Is the only way to help your country by endeavouring to upset the present form of Government? Regarding the politicals as a class, one would feel sorry for Russia if the dreams of the Terrorists had been realised, and they had got the power they sought into their hands. They have too high an opinion of their own capabilities to do much good work, but their experiences have made them sympathetic to a degree. Many are most intelligent men from whom one could learn much, but the ideas of the majority, beyond certain narrow lines, are cloudy in the extreme. They talk a lot about what they want to do for the peasant, and what they would do for him in certain eventualities; but they are not of the peasants, and do not know them, nor do the peasants care especially for them. There are ways open to them in which they could help the people, and yet they choose the most absurd one.

There seems to be a strange

perverseness and want of balance about many of them. It was pathetic to listen to their tales of the past. "There were moments of great enthusiasm," said my Kara friend as he thought back to them, but now all the spirit is knocked out of them, or rather they have come to see that they went on the wrong lines. But how they could ever have imagined that they were the men to set Russia right passes one's comprehension. Their interest in those of our fellow-countrymen who are most in sympathy with them was very marked. Mr Stopford Brooke and Dr Spence Watson are names to conjure with in an exile colony. At the same time it seems to me that a Society of Friends of Russian Freedom can only rightly rouse the same feeling—it need not be described—in Russia as the existence in that country of a Society of Friends of Irish Freedom would in ours. Russia is the one country with whom we should be in alli-

ance, and it seems a pity that any possible cause of misunderstanding should exist. Besides, after all, the great majority of the politicals would far rather stay on in Russia than escape to any so-called land of freedom. What lies before Russia is the education of her people—not only the peasant but also the middle classes. Before this has been achieved, freedom is impossible. Teach the people the elements of morality; give them to understand the larger questions that touch humanity and the world at large; show them the possibilities, and let them feel the obligations, of a larger life;—and the well-tried bureaucratic system, fit type of arrested development, but till then not antiquated, will be sloughed off, unequal to the expanding life within, and Russia will be free indeed. And the day belongs to those who feel the pressure, provided that they refrain from one thing—resisting it with violence.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

TO MARGUERITE.

SHOULD a poet stoop to trifle,
 Spinning compliments at ease,
 And the myths and paintings rifle
 For similitudes to please,—
 Not to glorious Aphrodite
 With the homage of the mighty
 Strewed like flowers before her feet,
 Not to Pallas grave and placid
 With the faintest dash of acid,
 Would he liken Marguerite;
 But to her who moth-like fluttered
 To her doom, gay Semele,
 Or to her whose laughter uttered
 All her heart, light Lalage,—
 Not to those whose radiant eyes
 Bent on earth or raised to skies,
 From Italian canvas fire
 Hearts to worship or desire;
 But to her whose visage fair,
 Elfish, sweet,
 Peeps from Greuze's tiny square,—
 Marguerite.

Daintiest of dainty things,
 Marguerite!
 Should your shoulders sprout in wings,
 And fine feathers and soft down
 Sudden clothe you from the crown
 To the feet,—
 Should you spring before our eyes
 Radiant bird of Paradise,
 We should scarce express surprise;
 For the lace and tulle that deck
 Your soft curves of breast and neck
 Seem like down without a fleck,
 And your robe of silk assumes
 All the changing light that blooms
 On a bird's soft irised plumes.
 All your motions have the wary
 Grace of untamed startled bird,
 And a bird-like pertness airy
 Waits upon your gait and word:

Yes, a bird or butterfly
 Were fit name to know you by—
 Butterfly, whose life on earth
 Is a round of careless-mirth,
 That falls blighted by a touch
 Indiscreet,
 And we think that you are such,
 Marguerite.

And your ears were made to hear
 All the delicate distress,
 Half affected, half sincere
 Complaints of love in idleness—
 Love,—a weakly child, who showers
 At your feet
 All his strange exotic flowers,
 Marguerite.

With its infantine desires,
 Sure we think your mind respires
 In a thinner rarer air
 Than we grosser mortals bear.
 Choicest honey of Hymettus,
 Poet's nectar light as dew,
 Half unconsciously you set us,
 Us your slaves, to find for you :
 As the fountain of your laughter
 Spouts and leaps, by sunshine lit,
 As we follow, flagging, after
 Your quick glancing nimble wit,
 As we listen to the sallies
 Of your quaintly uttered malice,
 Then it seems a sort of treason
 Into ears so soft and sweet
 To talk aught that smacks of reason,
 Or of earth, O Marguerite !

Yet though many a lover bows
 At your feet,
 Though your shining hair and brows
 Of the lovely stately arch
 Help a sonnet's halting march,
 Marguerite,—
 When we see the maidens mated,
 Simple daughters of the earth,
 We would ask why you have waited,
 Nymph or sylph of higher birth,

How it happens that you tarry
In a life but half complete,
While these others love and marry
And bear children, Marguerite.

Is it that you sometimes seem
Evanescent as a dream,—
That your exquisite fair face
Is so delicately sweet
It would melt in our embrace,
Marguerite?
And is love a grosser thing
Than the poets dream and sing?
Poets? nay, a poet's wit
Said of fairies, they were fresh,
They were exquisitely knit,
And yet somewhat spare of flesh.
You are kin and is it true
That 'tis thus we think of you?
Is it fate in love that man shall
Seek the solid and substantial?
Eyes amazed, delighted, settle
On the tropic flower cluster,
Where the colour and the lustre
Glow within the fragile petal;
But the lustre and the colour
Cannot move these hearts of ours,
Like the simpler and the duller
Common English wayside flowers.
'Tis a passing whim erotic,
Passing, howsoever sweet,
That we feel for the exotic,
Marguerite;
That we cherish for an hour
For you too, sweet hothouse flower,
With the thought that you would fade
If the chill rough winds of life
On your slender grace once beat,
That the airy fragile maid,
Girt and straitened as the wife,
Would lose charm, sweet Marguerite.

WALTER HOGG.

DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹

CHAPTER XLVII.—WOLF'S MEAT.

THUS far Cator, the attorney's clerk, had proved himself the most sagacious and quick-witted of our party; though Captain Strogue would have been amazed and indignant to hear me say so. And now, when we had rejoined the rest of our little expedition, and all were recruiting the inner man (or the middle man perhaps he is, body being first, stomach second, and mind—when found, third portion), that sprig of the law came up, with a bone between his teeth, and begged the Captain and myself, who were feeding from the outside tops of our hats, to go a little further round the elbow of a crag. There he asked us what opinions we had formed; and when we had taken our seats, we said: "None at all; except that we are all bamboozled."

"No doubt about that. But how, and why?" He answered with a mysterious look, which we were inclined to smile at, not having known him long enough to be sure of his prophetic gifts. "A lot of things have occurred to me, which may be very absurd of course, and it is not likely that all are right; but I am pretty sure that some are. Shall I tell you, and hear what you think of them?" We lit our pipes, and nodded to him, and smiled at one another.

"To begin with then, I suspect most strongly that her Majesty, the Devil's wife, for so she deserves at least to be, has got her brother under lock and key somewhere, snug enough, and at her mercy, if she owns such a quality. Did you

see what she touched, when she went to gag, and at the same time to cram, that poor young fellow, whose will she has crushed out of him by years and years of bullying? Perhaps you could not see where you stood; and she did not think that I could. But I saw the tips of her long fingers playing with a key which was in her belt—a mere household key of course—but enough to remind her unlucky son where his poor Uncle was, without much chance of ever coming forth, but in his coffin. And I caught a glance of his which proved that he understood her meaning, and might soon have the same thing for himself. And then you saw how he broke down; for he is a very tender-hearted youth."

"By Jove, it sounds uncommonly like it; I was so taken aback," said Strogue, "at seeing another Prince Hafer in the field, and so different from my Simon Pure, that I could not notice small things much; and perhaps it was the same with Cranleigh. There is some abominable villany at work, and we shall be too late to stop it. I would like to insure friend Imar's life for ten thousand at five thousand premium. Go on, my son, thou speakest well."

"Another thing, according to my lights. He is not in that queer old place at all, Gomorrah Castle, or whatever they call it, although there are plenty of black holes there, enough to starve a regiment man by man. No, he is away to the North at present, perhaps on the other side of the mountains. You saw the big window that faced

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the North, more like a door than a window it was. Well, every time her brother was in question, and especially when she was fingering that key, she gave a quick glance through that window, very likely without even knowing it. People who gesticulate much often follow it up in that way. When they speak of a distant thing, they glance in that direction, if they can see it, or anything anywhere near it; and there was a great double-peaked mountain covered with snow, like a white mitre, stuck against the sky in the North. And if her brother had been in the castle dungeons, she would have made us go down the front ladder again, instead of getting a wink of back premises."

"Upon my word, this boy is wide-awake, considering how little he has seen yet of the world. Cator, like Cato, thou reasonest well. Go ahead, my son, we hearken thee."

"You see, Captain," said the young man, feeling abashed in the presence of such renown, and doubtful about some chaff in its palm; "you see, I should never care to offer you advice. It might be in place with Mr Cranleigh here, because he is only a young beginner. But you know what's what, I should say, ever so much better than I do. But as you tell me to go on, I will. Her Serene Highness intends to make away with her twin-brother, on Monday next."

"Come now, come now! I can stand a great deal, Cator. And none of your butter-Scotch—no, you are a Shropshire man, you say. Whatever you are, it won't make that go down. Why, Old Moore, and Zadkiel would be nothing to you."

"Captain, I will tell you what I go by, and then you'll be able to judge for yourself, whether I talk bunkum, or good sense. I have been in these parts for a twelve-month now, and I ought to know

something of these blessed natives. There are no two lots of them quite alike, any more than two mountains, or two valleys are. But there is not a pin to choose among them in the matter of laziness. Poor beggars, they can scarcely help that I dare say, frozen as they are for half the year, and roasted for the other half. Well, about here the manner is to keep three holidays, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, just as if they did anything on the other four days. These Ossets about here have no religion of any sort worth speaking of. Some call themselves Christians, some Mahometans, many are simple idolaters; but all are full of superstition, as such people must be. All they do in the religious way, is to stick to their fasts and festivals, particularly the festivals. And their great festival of the year finishes up next Sunday."

"What the deuce has that got to do with it?" Strogue enquired impatiently, for the sun was beginning to slope along the valley, and we had ten miles to go to the next covered place.

"Everything, if you will hear me out. That festival goes on for three weeks; and during that time it is not lawful to follow up even the blood-feud. But on Monday, it will be the proper thing to stick and stab all who are waiting for it. And what makes me think that this little game is on, according to institution, is that we have not seen a living soul, except an old woman and a child or two, in the miserable villages we have come by. Why? For the very simple reason that every noble savage who can swing a dagger is off for this great act of faith on Monday; to see the death of the head of the clan avenged."

"I won't believe a word of it;" I exclaimed, meaning no rudeness of course to Cator, but scouting the possibility of such fiendish abomina-

tions, after all I had heard of the great man's lofty hopes and pure ideals.

"To me it seems likely enough," said Strogue, "I have been among fellows who would eat their mothers, and serve up their own babies for a garnish. We have none of that sort to deal with here; and the men of these mountains, taking them all round, are an indolent, rather than a cruel lot. Quarrelsome of course, and hot of blood, but most loyal to their chiefs, and very generous sometimes. It is the blood-feud that makes devils of them; but how can they help that? It is their test of honour, ever since they came out of the Ark with the raven. What we have got to do is to act exactly as if all our friend Cator suggests were the fact. Thursday to-day; there is little time to lose, even if we can catch it up at all. We shall want every son of an emerald of you; and you must fight like sons of the Emerald Isle. By Jove, what a ripping turn-up it will be! Right about face, quick march for Kazbek!"

It was all very well for him, and Cator, and the rest to take things lightly thus. They could not be expected to feel much concern for the Lesghian Chief, or a Lesghian lady even more adorable. And as for Strogue his main object was less to rescue Sûr Imar, than to wreak his own vengeance upon Hafer—that is to say the London Hafer, the one who had leaped the ivied wall, and shot at me, and robbed the Captain, by some black-leg's process, of £300.

But I (with my warm affection and deep pity for the father, and passionate love of the daughter) could see no adventurous joy or fierce delight in the issue impending. I wanted no revenge, no compensation for anything done against me. Hafer the genuine, and Hafer

the counterfeit, might settle their claims to the title as they pleased; even that most malignant and awful woman—if she were as black as she was painted—the Princess Marva might live her life out, and give the best account of it when her time came; if only she could be kept from harming her relatives so innocent. There must be in her motives something more than we could see. Revenge alone for the loss of a husband, with whom she had lived on the worst of terms, and who had wronged her on the tenderest point—that, and the time-worn grievance about the refusal of her marriage-portion were not enough to drive her to such a horrible and unnatural deed as—unless we wronged her most shamefully—she was now in cold blood designing. There must be some other strong motive too, some great temptation of self-interest, some of that stern sour stuff which drives us out of the hive that should be sweet to us.

No man knows what he does, or thinks (unless he can keep himself separate from the thoughts of all around him, which requires a wonderful nature), when his legs go along with the legs of other men, and he has to swing his arms accordingly. There was no sort of march among us; for we had never been even of the Volunteer Force (except myself, and that only made me critical, without any help in it), and if we had wanted to show the Caucasus any sense of drill, we could never have done it, even if we had known how. By order of the rocky way, or of rocks without any way among them, we could never march two abreast, or even three in file with decency. All we could do was to get along, and admire one another's clumsiness.

Then we came to a place with a sudden gap in front, and nothing but the sky beyond it. A cleft in

the crown of a rugged ascent, with spires of black rocks right and left. And there on the saddle-ridge that we must pass, a gaunt and wondrous figure arose, whether of man or of beast, and wavered against the gray mist of the distance, and swayed. Two long arms, like a gallows out of gear, or a cross that has rotted with its weight, struck up; and having been severely tried already we were much at a loss what to make of it. There was good light still, and we were not to be frightened, as we must have been after sunset; but the Interpreter being always nervous turned round, and exclaimed, "She has sent the Devil, the Devil himself to stop us." While he spoke, the long figure fell down on its knees, and swung its lank arms, like a windmill.

"Hold hard! Don't fire!" Strogue shouted sternly, as some of our men had brought their guns to bear. "Idiots, it is nothing but a poor lost man, a fellow without a bit of food inside him. George, let us go and see what he is up to."

I was ready to go anywhere and do anything, in my present state of mind; and when we came up to him, our poor brother mortal fell upon his face, and put his hands upon our feet. He muttered some words which we could not understand, and then he opened his mouth, which was very large, and pointed down it intelligibly to the slowest comprehension.

"He may be the Devil; but he wants some grub," Strogue shouted back to our company, who were still looking towards us doubtfully, for people become superstitious, without intending it, in these wild places. Then Cator came up, with a barley-cake in one hand, and his rifle in the other. The unfortunate starver took no heed of the weapon in his extremity, but stretched his

shrivelled arm across the muzzle, and tore the cake from Cator. In a moment it was gone, almost without a munch; and then he stared at us, with sun-scorched eyes projecting from their peel like a boiled potato—and groaned for more, crooking his fingers like prongs of a rake. We shrank from him so that he might not touch us. But for the blood he was covered with, we should have taken him for a skeleton; and but for his groans and nakedness we should have passed him as a scare-crow.

"Don't be in such a hurry, old chap, or you'll do yourself more harm than good," Strogue suggested reasonably. But even if the other had understood, it would have made no difference. He spread his face out in such a manner that there was nothing left but mouth; as a young cuckoo in a sparrow's nest, when his stepmother cannot satisfy him, squattles his empty body down, and distends himself into one enormous gape. Then Tommy Williams came up laughing, with his hat full of broken victuals; and the Captain, who understood the subject, said: "Not too fast, or he'll fall to pieces. And pour down a little whiskey to soften it."

When the poor fellow came round a little—and flat enough he had been before—to our surprise he proved himself an exceedingly brave and well-intentioned man. In fact, if he had been otherwise we should never have found him there. A barbarian he appeared at first, but that was appearance only, and under the stress of misfortune, although he belonged to a race which is the most barbarous of the Caucasus. When through our nervous interpreter we began to understand him, we soon perceived that it was our good luck as well as his own, which had brought him to us. And much as at first we grudged

tions, after all I had heard of the great man's lofty hopes and pure ideals.

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there was sure to be a father or a brother, whose cow or whose sheep had been beef or mutton to me. And those people bear such things in mind, not being generous as we are. And thus I went along the valleys, feeding on the fruit, wherever the bears had left a tail of it. Then going further towards the rising sun, which is the strength of all of us, I came upon a man who carried a kinjal on a gun-mouth.

"In those days, I could jump as high as I could put my hands up; and being surprised by his pointing at me, I did it to give him time to think. This made him think more of me than I deserved, and instead of shooting me, he asked in what land men could jump so. I could not understand at first, though he did it with all his fingers; because we had kept ourselves apart from other people, whenever we could live without our neighbours' goods. But I was always considered the foremost of the young men for understanding, and I contrived to make out what he meant, and to do a thing which is much harder—to make him know what I meant. He was a soldier of the great Imaum, desiring to shoot Russians; and as soon as we made out one another, he showed me the notches on his gun, and I counted forty-two, and he said every one was the good corpse of a Russian. This made me long to do the like, though the Russians had never shot at me, but my own friends had; and my soul arose to look along a gun at any stranger, even as it had been done to me.

"Others came up, and when they found how straight my barrel was, and what it was famous for doing among the bears, the Captain said, 'Thou shalt do it, my lad, with the bears that eat our people.' And so I was put into Shamyl's army, and for many years enjoyed myself. I

have shot three Russian Colonels, and small officers by the dozen; and I could have shot the Commander once; but his daughter was by his side, and I stopped my finger when it was on the crook, with my mind upon my mother.

"Twelve years I fought under Shamyl, and did so much good that as often as a great man came on the Russian side, it was my place to put a stop to him. If you come across any of our old men now, and say to them, 'What about Usi the Bear?' you will see their eyes sparkle, and hear them say, 'Not one among us could compare with him for sending a Cossack to the devil, three-quarters of a verst away.' Alas that I shall no more do it! The times are not as they used to be.

"Then there came a man who was the noblest of all the sons of men to look at that ever the red sun shone upon. Imar, the son of Dadian, Master of the Western Lesghians, stronger than an Auroch bull, and gentler than a suckling woman. His father Dadian had been mighty, and a lord of men; but Imar was as the Saint Christ, that stands in gold among the images of clay. Though I was not of his tribe, I craved to be put into his troop, and whatever he did Usi was never far away. Until the war came to an end, and all who were not shot or starved went home to their own mountains. But I dared not go to Ushkul yet, and had forgotten how to live without a rifle in my hands. Then Imar, the son of Dadian, took me, and beholding in me an honest man, and the surer with a long gun of all whom he had proved in battle, he appointed me a little place on the Northern slope of Kazbek, to keep the wild beasts from the crops, and the wolves who had thriven by means of the war from eating the helpless

children. As long as he reigned, I had a hut in the forest, and twenty-five kopeks a-week, and all the timber I could cut, and a wife who behaved very softly to me, and bore me several children.

"Then the Russians spread their hands along the mountains and the valleys, when there was no longer any power of men in arms to stop them, and they put a tribute on every house, and they sent away all the leaders of the men who had fought against them, and among them the Lord Imar, to a little island in the West which had never been friendly with them. My money was cut down to ten kopeks; but I had my cattle and sheep and goats, and all the things that I could grow or shoot, until that Princess Marva came, the widow of Rakhan Houseburner, and claimed the command of everything. I would not rebel against the sister of the man I had loved so much, and she said that she sent him all the money to keep him in his exile, and for a long time people believed her. Until a great man of authority was sent to us from Russia, to see to the forests and the revenue, and he told us that the lady had never sent a kopek to her brother, but that the Russians very justly allowed him most of his revenue, because he had friends of golden voices and power in high places. Then the Princess said that I defied her, although I had never said a word of lies, and she sent fierce men to turn me out; but I had a little powder left, and my eye was straight though my hands are old, and I made two of them fall as dead as bears, and the rest flew away, like the shadow of a cloud, when the wind is blowing.

"But a week after that my house was burned, while my wife and I were fast asleep; and I lost the gun that shoots so straight, though

I think it must be in the ashes still. My little daughter nine years old died in the stream we put her in to relieve her of her death-pain, and the other damsel and both my boys were hurt by jumping into the fir-tree. The hair of my wife's head was scorched so that I had to put a sheep skin on; and the doctor said that if I had been a smooth man, I never could have worn a shirt again. But people were good, and I had shot a bear, which was hanging on a tree unmelted; and when you have such fat to rub you, you can cure anything outside.

"Ossets, and Lesghians, and such races might think none the worse of Marva for treating them in that kind of way; but Svâns, such as I am, have never abandoned their bodies and their goods, to the authority of any one, since the time of the great Queen Tamara, none of us can tell how long ago; and although I might not be a true Svân now, yet the nature of the race abode in me. Then while I was thinking, I heard a thing which stirred me like the trumpet of the great Imaum—Sîr Imar himself was coming home to take his proper place again, and do good to his people. Great joy was spread among the Lesghians; but the Ossets went against the thought, because he had too much strength of law, and had grievously wronged them of the many goods flowing in to their dwellings from robbery, for the short time he governed at Karthlos. It was said moreover that Queen Marva, as she loved to hear herself called, would now have no chance of holding fast her manifold encroachments, fruitful valleys which she had stolen, and flocks and herds, and timber-trees, and crag-sides where some strangers pay her for hunting stones which they can change for gold.

"Now I will tell you a little thing; and it is the wisdom of the wiser days. There are two sorts of bears which prowl and devour in the corn-land and the forest; the big brown bear called *Michael*, who destroys the crops and the fruit-trees, but is glad to run from an unarmed child, unless his body is wounded; and then there is another bear, not so large indeed, but black with a white frill to its bosom. This animal we call *Michaina*; and a wise man flies from it, unless he can slay it at one shot; because it will rush upon him in the dark, and tear out his intestines. And our fathers have left word for us through many generations, that the brown bear is the form in which bad men on earth have been condemned, to come back to it and see the harm they did; when some of it has been stopped by death. But the black bears are the wicked women, still going on in wickedness, not so often met with as the evil men, but a hundredfold to be dreaded, being black to the depth of their hearts, and souls. And this black bear Queen Marva is.

"I had no house in the forest now, and no place left me in the world better than any other; and it mattered little to my flesh what became of all great people. I had my wounded children, or as many as remained of them, to carry on my back sometimes, or sometimes

to run and pull me on, according to the power of our courage. And my wife, when I grieved about her hair, which had brought men in office to admire her, said that without it her head felt lighter, and begged me not to accept another woman; with no hut of my own to bring her to, and no meat to put into her. Why she asked me such a thing—when I had never thought of it, and was going along in a steadfast way, with a child on either shoulder-blade—only the Lord, who made most of the women for our good, can tell us.

"Sir, and honourable gentlemen (who have saved my life upon a hair), when I was a boy my teaching was to believe in the Devil only, and to pray to certain images that knew the way to appease him. But now I have been among wiser people, who look up to the sky, and think that it was made for good as well as evil. And whether that be true or false, I have found the people who think thus a great deal better than the dark believers."

At this point the poor Svân broke down, and shed a flood of tears after a long sad gaze at the mountains as if he had no home now, and at the sky as if he had no hope there. We gave him a little more nourishment, for we saw that his tale was coming towards us now; and then he wiped his eyes, and set them sternly, and cast self-pity into the fire of his wrongs.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE EYE OF GOD.

"Seven days ago I was seeking in the woods, together with my wife and little ones, with the worst of the winter past behind us, and kind roots shining above the snow (which had smothered all of them for months), and pith of growth as good as corn, to be found by those who are used

to it; for the desire of our hearts was only to keep a spark of life in them, until we might get to places where mankind grows corn and grinds it. For I had heard of an ancient friend, the best man I ever knew to fight, when it came to axe or kinjal, though he

never could shoot afar like me; and his name was Stepan, the Lesghian. For a number of years he had been away, following his master's fortunes; but lately he was come back, they said, bringing household goods to prepare for him.

"Then in the dark woods, as we crept along, weary and hungry and trying vainly to comfort one another, we beheld a company of well-fed people, riding in the timber-track below, which we had been afraid to occupy. By the white sheep-skins upon their heads, we knew that they were Ossets, men of Queen Marva's bodyguard, whom she had chosen from all the tribe; even as the great Imaum had riders of the Avar race continually faithful to him. At the head of them rode the young Prince Hisar, as wicked a young man as ever drew breath; and behind them came a score of footmen, rejoicing in cruelty, and haters of the Lord.

"Go you on, my child," I said to my wife Rhada; "in the morning I will be with you by the great red pine;" so I left my family in the hands of God, and putting dust upon my head, like an old man seeking alms, I fell in with the rear of that sprawly-jointed troop, and none of them knew that it was Usi. When a man calls for alms in the name of the Lord, his brethren are happy to escape expense by letting him walk with them, as if they heard him not. And so I went on with them till night, for I wanted to know what their wickedness was; and I sang them sweet verses which they could not understand, and they gave me some scraps to keep me quiet. Then from a boy who was pitiful to me, perceiving how much of the world I had seen, when the flesh-pots hung upon the crooks and bubbled, I learned what the mean-

ing of this armed troop was. They were coming with a strong force by order of their Mistress, to make a hearty welcome to her brother and his daughter upon their return to the native land, from the place where the Russian steam-road ends at the Northern plain of the great mountains. All had been settled that Sûr Imar and his daughter should come from Vladikaukaz in a hired troika, and be received by their loving sister and aunt, at a place appointed; and there they must leave the great Dariel road, and be conducted by her to Karthlos, with great rejoicing and affection kindled. But why were all these men thus armed, not as for travelling only? Why did they carry ropes and chains? why was there not a Lesghian among them? and why was there no sign of the Princess, eager to embrace her kindred? Loving Sûr Imar as I did, I resolved to go on, and understand these things.

"On the following day, the Ossets drove me from among them with many blows; but I cared not, since I had renewed my strength with plentiful waste victuals, and a warm sound sleep. For I could watch them none the worse for being outside of their wicked troop, and by this time I well knew what they meant. So I followed them to the great Russian road, towards which the forest track whereon I found them led; and there they encamped on either side. There were steep rocks around them, full of black caves and crannies, and without much risk I crawled up into one of these, so that I could see all these warriors and the road beyond them, without any risk of their seeing me.

"Before I had been there very long, a three-horse carriage came up the road, followed by two carts piled with goods; and the

young chief rode to meet them, and much salutation might be seen, and the carriage and carts were unloaded and sent back again, so that only Sûr Imar—for I knew his gait and stature even at that distance—with a young lady, and two attendants, a man and a woman, stood in the road. Hisar no doubt had assured them that the Princess was close at hand with vehicles well prepared to conduct them home. But it seemed to me that the Prince and the lady were looking to this side and to that, and gazing at every corner, as if they expected some one who ought to have met them, but was not to be found. And suddenly I thought that they were looking out for Stepan, Imar's milk-brother and most faithful friend. And I wished with all my heart that he were there, or could even be advised of his lord's return.

"Sir, and honourable gentlemen, I will not deceive you by speaking as if I had seen the shameful things that happened, almost before one could think of them, to the great Chief and his daughter. For they were led very politely into a dark narrow valley that slopes from the road, and cannot be discerned at all from it. And a torrent, that rushes along the lower end, goes by with such an uproar that an army with drums might scarcely be heard at the mouth of it. They were led there perhaps on pretence of a hospitable meal such as I would with joy pursue. But in sad truth it was to overthrow them by means of ropes, and loops, and trees, for Sûr Imar was known to be the strongest man in all the great army of Shamyl; and although he might now be unarmed and defenceless, it would be easier to master him by fraud than force. And although I saw not the doing of it, the old headsees more than young eyessome-

times; according to an ancient tag of ours, 'The gray bush looks round the corner.'

"They came not back into the wide strong road, for fear of Cossacks or other gapes; but went along the forest ways of rock and slough and waterfall; and through my old experience in the turn of war—for Shamyl was fox, wolf, and lion in one—it was easy enough for me to keep in their track, without giving them any smell of me. They had my old Commander strapped on poles across two horses, which must have been great pain for him, and would have torn a loose man in two; but I never heard him speak a groan, although they passed through hollow places, where the misery of a man sounds loud. The fair damsel had not her senses with her, being of softer substance; and cruel as they were, they bore her gently upon a litter of slender wood, not desiring to hurt her yet, and having perhaps later occasion for her. Some of them jested about her beauty, till the violent young man rode back, and sent their loose mouths sprawling on the rocks. He means to keep her for himself, I trow.

"When the sun was getting low, and but for my memory of honest warfare, and the love of an old soldier for a kindly leader, I must have dropped away through weariness, the feet of their horses struck on softer ground, and behold they were entering a fair green valley, on the Northern breast of Kazbek, where the sun strikes not from on high, but twinkles along the rocky passages, when the slope of the earth invites him, in the morning and in the evening time; like a low flight of arrows, such as I have seen, when the Svâns were mighty bowmen. Wherefore this valley is never parched up, as they are on the South of the mountains, but is

covered with moss, like the breath of night, and soft with trickling moisture. And the learned men say that an ancient race, who had come through the gates of Caucasus, having conquered the whole world all around, set up their last pillars here, and desired to go no further. And the masonry of giants is there to prove it, such as no man can make when the world grows old.

"Here that troop of brigands—for such a name is almost too good for them—opened a narrow door in the cliff, which cannot be seen from every place, because dark rocks encompass it. What they did there I cannot tell, for I durst not set foot down the valley, and there was no getting near it in time from above, so as to look down over them. I could only discover that some went in, stepping as if with burdens, while others were left on guard outside. By and by, I heard a clanking like the swing of an iron door, and presently all, or as I thought all the riders came back, and with laughter and singing and the young chief Hisar at their head, made off by the track which leads home to their village.

"Then I did a very foolish thing, which has all but cost me my life, without being of any use to Sûr Imar. If I had counted the men on horseback, which I might have contrived perhaps to do, though it would not have been very easy, I should have learned that they were not all gone, but that two were left on guard. Descrying no horses tethered in the valley, and knowing that the prisoners could not escape, I concluded rashly that all the Ossets were gone at least for the present, and that I might safely spy all around, and perhaps even try to let Sûr Imar know that I would do my best to save him. So I hastened with some care, but still too boldly, along the foot of the cliff which

rims the valley, so as to endeavour to approach the door. For the shadows were wiping out the shapes and colours of a man, or a bush, or a rock standing still; while the soft moss and herbage took away the fear of sound.

"Looking out winkingly in all directions, like a man of the chase who has espied the Tûr, at the end of the valley in the clouding of the dusk, I beheld a company of little rocks, jutting from the soft land, and standing in jags, like an old man's teeth, across the butt-end, where the dungeon began. In and out of these I crept, going very stealthily, as if I were dealing with a Cossack outpost; but the mischief of it was that I had no gun, only the dagger that everybody has; and this one was more like lead than steel, having come to me cheap in my distress, from some city in the west called *Brummerum*. By breathing upon it many times, I was doubtful of its temper, but never thought how much it would betray me.

"Among those jags of rock I stood, watching the face of the cliff beyond, and the deep withdrawal of the iron door set in the granite masonry of some nation as old as Noah. And I said to myself that with a good ash-trunk, and Stepan, and myself, and a score of strong men to charge at it like a battering-ram, stout as it was it would perhaps give in. There were loop-holes also on either side, to give air and a little light sometimes, and I ventured a low breath of whistle in a soft and friendly tone, to ask whether anybody might look forth, though there was no width for a fox to squeeze through. But the whole of my wisdom only proved what a fool an old soldier is sometimes.

"For a loop was thrown over my head from behind, and then two

strong men had hold of me. I managed to twist with one arm free, and struck with my dagger at one of them. But instead of making any hole in him, it came back on my wrist like an osier, having met with his metal cartridge belt; and then they pulled me off my feet, and I lay like a sheep with his legs tied. I thought they would have cut my throat outright, for my head fell back the right way of it, and one of them whipped out his knife to do it, but the other cried out about the holy season, and then put his arm across. So they satisfied themselves with binding me with cords that cut into my flesh; and they carried me through the night shaken up with pain; and I knew not where I was, till I came back to myself through necessity of lying to Queen Marva.

"But as my evil fortune fell, there happened to be among the Ossets, another old soldier of Shamyl, and one who had never served under Sûr Imar. This man knew me, and told the Queen who I was; and but for the holy time she would have crucified me then and there. 'Religion forbids us to slay the wretch,' said Marva, with a glance of blackness, 'but doth not forbid to make wolf's meat of him.'

"Three days ago I was fastened to a rock with the big rope round my body, and my wrists and ankles corded, so that if any wolves came by they should have no trouble with me. But the Lord commanded only one wolf to come, and he was overtaken with great wonder at the sight; and I had the courage to keep silence, and gaze at him, as if demanding what he meant by being there. Seeing me naked and so hairy, he could not understand such an animal; for I could no longer stand upright. Then, as I never flinched nor moved, he sheathed

his teeth, and turned his eyes, and his tail began to quiver. I kept my eyes fixed on him steadily, and my face as firm as the crag behind; until with a little whine of doubt he drew in his nostrils, and dropped his tail, and trotted off to consult his friends, and perhaps he has taken his family to look for me this evening. A monstrous wolf he was in truth, and as hungry perhaps as I could be.

"For two days I had been numbed, and parched, and struck by the sun and the moon so much, that instead of any brave time of thought, I had only leaped and raved and yelled, and dashed myself about in vain, tearing my skin in strips, and cutting gashes into my purple flesh, and making holes all over me.

"But the moment that wolf was out of sight, I was seized with a cold and shivering dread, so that I could see the naked hairs of all my body quivering. Death I knew that I must have; and death had seemed a reasonable thing, when I gave it to another man, who was trying to do the same to me. But to see myself being crunched alive, to feel those yellow fangs pulling my strings out, and that long tongue lapping up my blood—let me die before he came again. Surely I must have strength enough left to burst the veins of my neck and die. Were there any rocks within my reach so rugged and sharp that I might fling one of my leading blood-pipes down, again and again, till it should burst? I flung out my legs, and strained my length, like a chained dog clawing for a bone out of reach, in search of some blade of flint keen enough to saw my gullet or windpipe through.

"But what did I descry wedged firmly in a little cleft among them? A long brown eye, which I could see into, curdled with coils of differ-

ent colours, as regular as a bulb cross-cut, centred with vaporous waves, and hooped with rings of white, as the rind encloses some dark wood. Then a spring of hope, like the sparkle of a star, flashed into the clouding of my mind, for this is the stone¹ which we call the 'Eye of God.' It is stronger and keener of edge than any flint, luckier to man than mother's milk, and harder than steel of the Genoese.

"Instead of straining, twisting, and wriggling, to release my corded wrists, which were lashed to the rope at my waist so tight that I

could not fetch teeth nigh them, I began to saw the cord below the clench of my thumbs upon the stone of God. The agony of it was terrible; but at last I rent my hands apart, and as soon as the blood returned to them, with teeth and flint I contrived to sever the rope that strung me to the rock, and to hobble to a brook to drink. The rest you know; three days have I borne of agony, starvation, and the stars, and sun. The Lord God—if there be One in heaven to look down upon His own wicked works—spit my blood into that woman's throat!"

CHAPTER L.—TWO OLD FRIENDS.

The Svâns are a strange and peculiar race, declared indeed by the few outsiders who have ever seen them and come back, to be the most original of mankind. And Usi proved at least that much, by showing some rudiments of gratitude.

Although he had managed to tell his tale, with failure of words, and gasps for breath, and rolling of his eyes when the agony came back, poor Wolfsmeat was not fit for much, except to be laid in a soft and shady place, consoled with tobacco and cordials, and continually asked how he felt now. We soon understood what he wished to say, even without the interpreter, for he had picked up small pieces of divers tongues, by being so long among the mountain-troops. More than once we feared that he would never bear up from the pains and privations he had undergone; but he said that he should be unworthy of the name of a Shamyld, or son of Shamyld, unless he could starve for a week, without showing im-

moderate signs of hunger. If the signs Usi had manifested, after only three days, were moderate, no wonder that the big wolf turned and fled from a countenance so expressive.

Strogue, and Cator, and myself, who might now be called the three leaders, sat late into that night, discussing the story of this patient sufferer. What chance had we of being in time, even if we could raise force enough, to prevent the murder in cold blood appointed for next Monday? All the fighting men of this tribe of Ossets in the Upper Terek, and the Ardon valleys, would probably be mustered there to carry out the execution. Cator had often heard of the place so clearly described by the injured Svân, and he told us that these wild folk called it the "Valley of Retribution." From Usi's account, it was plain that Marva was making a tribal revenge of it. Her brother would be tried and condemned by the tribe, in expiation of the death of their former chief, Prince Rakhan.

¹ Probably the Agate.

Him she had hated and scorned perhaps; for she was not of the sweet kind of women, who look at their wrongs with dewy eyes; but according to the Osset creed her duty was—blood for blood, and soul for soul. Strong in her own dominion now, she might drop all that, if she saw fit, and cry, "By-gones be by-gones." Every man of the tribe (being in his heart most loyally afraid of her) would have joined all his cousins in lamenting, that the days were not as they had been; that nobody had the courage now to keep up good old customs; and yet, however right one's own mind was, what could one do, but as the others did? And then to sigh, and cast a glance at Heaven (that forbears to fall upon us) and light another pipe with some remorse, but plenty of sentiment to make it draw.

This was not for us to do, in a state of things beyond all understanding of any man not in the thick of them; and a thousandfold worse for him, if he is there. Nothing is more pleasing than to hear a man tell the story of some touch-and-go adventure he has been through. If he is an Englishman, he is sure to be self-ashamed about it, and describe himself as much more frightened than his slow system gave him time to be. But whoever he is, you may depend upon it, that he will put into the narrative a lot of things, which never occurred—till afterwards. And I am afraid that I shall do this, when I try to tell how we went on, though I mean to tell everything word for word, which ought to be the same as fact for fact.

But lo, at the very outstart, indignation cripples one! We know that it is sure to go too far, and to put things into darker colours than clear truth has cast into

them. In dread of this, a truthful man draws back, and takes too weak a brush.

All of us were put upon that sense of wrong, which stirs us up to think less of our own poor lives, and more of that great power which the Lord has planted in us (though He has not always worked it out), to show that we are something more than the brute creation round us. The sense of justice, and good-will, and love to those of our own kind, and hate of all that wrong them. Even if Sûr Imar had not been the man he was, and Dariel's father, I would gladly have risked my life—if time were allowed me to know what I was about—rather than let such inhumanity triumph among human beings. Strogue and Cator were of the same mind, and the rest of the miners found that a little excitement would not be amiss. The worst of it was that they were inclined to under-rate the enemy. To them it seemed sound argument that a dozen Englishmen could larrup, almost with their neck-ties, thirty or forty of such fellows as they were like to meet with. Even if there had been truth in that, and it would be most ungrateful on my part to disparage them, what would they do if they had to encounter perhaps a hundred men all well armed? Therefore we must increase our force, and that without loss of a minute. To call for Russian interference would be vain, for they had no brigade—even if they would have used it—that could be brought up in three days' time. We must act for ourselves; as the rule is laid down generally for poor Englishmen, because they are so few, yet always called upon to meet so many.

Strogue struck the proper note. Of savage people I knew nothing, save of Income-tax Commissioners, who charged us twice upon our

land—once for our crime in owning it, and once for the profit which they alone were able to make out of it. But the Captain said, "These men will fight. And they fight quite as bravely as we do, only with more passion in it. To beat them, we must have man for man, or something very near it. The only plan is to find your friend Stepan, and all the fellows he can bring. That poor beggar who is groaning in his sleep seems to know where to find him. He will not be able to walk for days; but he can tell us where to go."

We had searched in vain, as I may have said, for any sign of Stepan near Karthlos. That was one of the things which made us sure that treachery was at work; for if he had travelled with the heavy goods, straightway home, as his orders were, he ought to have been at Karthlos long ago, in spite of the terrible winter. But no one seemed to know where to find him, although a rumour was spread abroad that his master was returning. There was however every prospect now of discovering him and those other retainers who had been with the Chief in his exile, for Usi could not have been so long the forester or huntsman of that district without knowing where to find all the principal members of his adopted tribe. What could be finer justice than that a fiendish plot of fratricide should be discomfited chiefly through the brutality of its conceiver? If that tortured victim could but recover the use of his swollen limbs, we might push along towards the Lesghian valleys in time to rouse the tribe on the Saturday night. But to carry poor Usi was a sad, slow drag, and to go without him would be useless, even if humanity allowed it.

"Bear's grease!" was his perpetual moan; "Oh that men valued

the precious bear's grease! If the good Lord would send me only half a pound of bear's grease, I would leap like the Ibex, and dance like the Tûr."

Then, as if to show that Heaven itself had taken a turn in our favour, a most unusual thing came to pass, although at the time I was very far from being at all surprised at it. But those who knew the country said that such a thing scarcely ever happened, and all of our little company might live to be ninety, and keep eyes like twenty, without ever seeing such a thing again. However I can answer for it, and was not at all disturbed by it.

We came, walking heavily yet tenderly, and like men who (if they were in England) would go to their chemist and ask him whether he had tried his "*Celandine*" on his own feet,—we came about the middle of that day—Friday it was and a critical time—to a corner where two torrents ran into one another's arms, with as much noise as two Frenchmen make. There were no trees, not a leaf to break the sun; everything was either hard or wet; and the light itself seemed to come in gurgles, as if it were almost giddy with the shining of the water, and the staring of the rocks. In the loose spread of it, below the rush of the two streams into one another—both being buxom with snow on the melt, which affords them a thickness of suet, there I saw a great sprawling thing—sprawling at least it appeared to be, and at the same time splashing. I happened to be foremost of the file, yet for the life of me, I could not make out what it was; till Cator spoke over my shoulder thus—

"Motherly she-bear, carrying her cub! Economical father wants to kill it—they always do at this time of year—mother takes a different

view. She will land in a second. Aim behind the shoulder. The kid is fine eating. If you feel like missing, let me do it for you."

"Get away!" I answered; "I came first—what have you got to do with it?" I put up my rifle, but when she landed with wonderful care not to hurt a hair of the baby in her clumsy mouth, and then looked at it so proudly—though it was but an ugly little lump—and began to lick the holy trickle from its newly opened eyes, such a touch of nature went into my heart, that I would rather have shot myself almost. "Fire, you stupid!" keen Cator cried. And fire I did, but not at her. For paterfamilias came down raging, with his coat thrown back on his body, and his little eyes rolling, and his hairy chin poked out in fury at his wife's self-assertion. My bullet behind his open shoulder told him that there might be two opinions about paternal duty, and he rolled like a log into the swirling torrent, and was washed up on our side a hundred yards below. Then Usi, the Svân, in a glory of excitement rose from his litter, and told us what to do; and we cut him out the fat that lies along the kidney part, and he scrabbled it into his stringy legs, and fell back again, and smiled at them. In less than half an hour he could walk, and we had all we could do to keep up with him.

That night we slept in Kazbek village, which is on the great Russian road; and we laid our plans for the morrow. Cator was to make rush for the mine, which he could reach before nightfall, and implore Jack Nickols to spare us every son of a gun who could handle a rifle; while Strogue, and Usi, and myself, and others, made every hour of daylight tell for our race in quest of Stepan. We feared that those vile Ossets had a short cut across the

Western mountain, from their village to the "Valley of Retribution," which would bring them in front of any speed of ours; and unhappily so it proved indeed. And they must have carried Usi by that track, when they caught him spying in their valley; although they gave him small chance of knowing what was time, or where was road. For the mighty mass of Kazbek lay betwixt the Osset villages, and the vale which had been for ages hallowed to their horrible revenge.

At daybreak on Saturday we set forth, in the midst of a miserable drizzle, which would have made the way as hard to find as it was bad when found, except for the knowledge of the land which Usi showed. That son of Shamyl, as he loved to be called, was of infinite service to our cause. Very seldom did he care to speak, unless he was consulted; and the bronze cast of his rugged face beneath that hairy thicket showed no more life than the juniper scrub which we saw on the cheeks of the mountain. But the quick blue flash of his eyes, whenever we caught them unexpectedly, was like the point-blank spark that comes, when the lightning is over one's own lawn. Let me not be in that man's black-books—was the first thought of even the boldest mind, as Strogue said more than once to me.

Presently this "Bear-slayer" showed us that he deserved the name of "Straight-pipe," which he had received from Shamyl. For while we were halting in a glen to feed, Cator's rifle stood against a rock. We grudged every moment, and were eating against time, when one of those great black eagles, which are the grandest of European birds, came soaring above us at a mighty height, searching the earth for lamb, or kid, or perhaps a nice babe fast asleep beneath a rock.

With Cator's leave Usi raised his gun, and he must have been as quick as light, for the crack of the rifle and the heavy flop of the dead bird on the track before us, were the first I knew of the matter, although I was standing within a few yards of him. "That's a grand shot; I couldn't have done that, although I am not a bad hand," said Strogue. But the Svân was not satisfied with his work. "I struck him too far behind," he said, "my own pipe would have done it better. I must get time to search for it among the ashes." But we could not spare him yet; for he alone could show us the men we wanted.

How it may be in the winter I know not, and perhaps no one would care to know much about it then. But to me, who was used to very reasonable weather (sometimes dull, and sometimes fickle, but scarcely ever furious, and generally comprehensible), the style of this Caucasian sun, whether as he asked his way among a crowd of pinnacles, or whether as he mounted high, strong and hot above them, or even when he meant to be compassionate and genial in looking back at his long day's work—all I can say is that to a man of Surrey, who lives out of doors nearly all day long, and can tell you the time within half an hour, whether it be cloudy or whether it be clear, the climate was incongruous. At home, you could look up at the sky, and after making wise allowances for the way of the wind, and the manner of the clouds, and the inclination of the quick-

silver, you could generally say something, which could be explained away when a little incorrect. But here the only wisdom was to shake your head, and say the developments are complicated, pressure variable and conflicting, local showers not improbable, thunder not impossible. As our Scientific Staff begins to waver, after predicting rain every day, in a drought of three months' duration.

That Saturday evening, the sun went down (so far as we could get a straight look at him through such ins and outs), genial, bountiful, a great globe of good will, squandering gold upon a maiden world of snow, which it blushed to accept, and yet spread upon its breast.

"The weather at any rate is on our side," was my cheerful remark to Captain Strogue; "if we can only find those fellows, we shall be all right."

"Don't you be too sure," he said, "there may be a hurricane to-morrow."

Travelling eastward all that day, we had passed the foot of Karthlos long ago, under Usi's guidance; for to climb the steep would be waste of time, as there was no strength of men there now. Then we descended into another valley, and Usi blew upon a horn, and listened. We heard no reply, but he heard something, and led us, as the yellow light turned gray, into a hollow place with huts around it, and out rushed two enormous dogs, and behold they were *Kuban* and *Orla*!

CHAPTER LI.—THE ROOT OF EVIL.

The amazement of those dogs at sight of me was beyond anything I ever did behold. They had seen

so much of the world by this time, including a good deal of England, that they had learned to doubt all

the evidence which untravelled dogs wag tail to. They pulled up suddenly, and looked at one another, with the tawny curls of their ears in a tremble, and the hackles of their necks thrown back, and every hair to the tips of their tails quivering with incredulity. Then like a fool I pronounced their names, and the word that brings down the avalanche would have been a wiser utterance. They flung their great frames and golden crests in one shock of delight upon my breast, like a harvest-cart dashed against the rickyard post. Luckily I expected it, but even so was glad to be backed up by a rock, and there it was impossible for me to speak, all human emotion being swallowed up in dog.

However they soon made amends for that, and the roar that rang from crag to crag brought every living being out. Foremost of these was our old friend Stepan carrying a mighty gun, with Allai peeping through the loop of his elbow, and four or five more, who had been in our valley, staring at us over the packing-cases. I shouted to them with the old salute which they had taught me at St Winifred's, and they made their salaams, and sang their welcome, while Stepan enfolded me in his capacious arms, and Allai hugged my knees and wept.

"Say nothing till we are inside," I whispered to Strogue, who could speak their language somehow; it was high time to be prudent now, as well as prompt, and resolute, for it seemed as if the enemy had in every way out-manœuvred us, and now if our project should become known the case would indeed be hopeless—"not a word to any of these people, until Stepan thinks fit to tell them."

But I need not have been so particular, for they are as true as

steel to one another, and above all to their Chieftain. Stepan told them, even before he heard my story out; because swift runners must be sent that very night to other Kheusur villages, for every fighting man within reach to join the muster at the foot of Karthlos. And that muster, to be of any use, must not be later than noon of the morrow; which would be Sunday.

Then I told Stepan our side of the story, with Strogue to make it clear to him: and Usi, without whom we could have done nothing, recounted all that he had seen, but scarcely spoke of his own woes.

At this I wondered for the moment, but knew the reason afterwards. Stepan listened with arms folded, and his great gray head as still as a rock, while his eyes were harder and less expressive—as it chanced to occur to me—than the agate which had saved Usi's life. And I noticed that the wall on which he fixed them was not half so sound and solid, nor the room itself so neat and cheerful as the old stone ruin occupied by Sûr Imar's men in England. "Is that all?" he inquired at last; and Strogue replied, "Yes; and to me it seems enough." The Lesghian dipped his unshorn chin upon the wooded cataract of his breast, and nodded courteously, meaning clearly—"Sir, you have been through us, but not to any purpose among us." And I, as a young slip—in comparison with him, though old enough now to stand up for my growth—marvelled about dry roots; and trunks that are all bark, and so on.

"Harken to me, and I will use few words," said the loyal Lesghian slowly, with Strogue explaining for my benefit; "I am getting old, and I have my daughters, for the Lord has granted me no son, and the babes whom my daughters

have brought forth while I was far away, to dwell upon. I am growing old, and my strength is only in the standing combat now. I cannot leap down from a rock and alight with both feet together, and my arms like willows of steel twined round the enemy. It has been ordained that a man, as his years increase upon him, should increase also in bulk and weight, if permitted by fortune to feed well. All the men of our tribe feed well, because they are just and remain with their wives, who know how to cook the cattle of their neighbours. None of those would we ever take, if we could trust them to leave us ours. For not only are we righteous, but we endeavour to make strangers so, when their wickedness is not good for us.

"For my part, I have been in foreign places, and learned much of foreign language, sometimes increasing in wisdom thus. But as yet I have not found a country fit to be placed by the side of ours, not only for the fairness of the land, but the goodness of the inhabitants. But, as a man of truth, I will admit that it is not so with our neighbours. They on the other hand are breakers of the laws of righteousness, seeking only the ways of evil, eager to slay all who set them example not convenient. And now they are in dread of the return of our great Chief, because he brings justice and virtue with him. Their desire is to slay him, and to rob him of his goods, and to rule over us who belong to him.

"Me, who am his brother by the mother's breast, and bound to give my life for his and all that I possess, they have deceived and cheated by many lying tricks, and beguiled me, as the mother fox tempts away the dog to discourses

of soft affection, while her children prey upon the tender lambs.

"Behold, when I landed from the great smoke-ship, after many weeks of rolling on strange waters, there came a man to meet me with a letter in a stick, which he said was by order of the Prince himself, and I and all my company must obey it. What the tongue says the ear can swallow, and render to the mind for consideration. But that which the hand has shaped, in many forms of crookedness, cannot come into the mind through the passes of the eyes without long teaching, and toiling through a forest full of twists and turns, which can only be endured in childhood. Therefore I went to a learned man, and paid him ten kopeks, and he made it to me the same as if Sûr Imar's voice pronounced it. And thereby I was commanded to stay where I was, with all my companions, and all the goods, for the passes were already blocked with snow, until I should receive another letter, as soon as the Spring flung back the gates between the frozen mountains. The Winter was very long, but at last another paper came to us, through Officers of the Government, as the letters are sent in England. And I paid another ten kopeks, so expensive is such learning, and was commanded to come on by way of Kutais and hire waggons, and get to this village, which is not my own; but not to go near Karthlos yet, because it was full of workmen. Money was also sent to me in a note for a hundred roubles, and I was ordered to shoot both these dogs, if I had kept them still alive.

"I was sure Sûr Imar had not said that, because his daughter loved them so; and that made me wonder and begin to doubt, and I

said to myself—they shall see their master, and plead for their own lives with him. Also I was ordered to remain here, almost as if I were to be in prison, keeping away from my own village, and all my old friends, and obtaining food only from the people close at hand, until I should be sent for. And the reason was that if the Russians heard of all the goods we had, they would send an Officer to take toll, or seize them altogether. This I thought might be true enough, until the people here declared that the Russians never do anything like that; and again this made me doubtful.

"We, who are of the true and never to be called in question faith of Christ, even as the English are, do not observe these heathen fasts, and feasts, and rites of superstition, but keep our own most holy seasons as ordained by the Lord himself. Yet so noble are our minds, that we blame not those of smaller knowledge, but rather abstain from meddling with them during the days which they keep holy, although they be not the right ones. For this reason I remained here yet, resolving to set forth on Monday, when their profane days will have returned, and to ask among them the meaning of these things, which I am ordered not to seek among our own tribe.

"But woe is me to have learned it thus, with haste and peril and helplessness! It must be the wicked Prince who has plotted this vile plan, having taken it straight from the fiery lips of the Evil One. It is not by any one to be believed that the sister of Sûr Imar born at one birth with him, should be as a cauldron of the pitch of hell, while he is an alabaster box of manna for the food of the faithful in the wilderness. By many generations it has been said

that a woman who has not been made of milk and honey must have been fashioned out of gall and venom; and true it may be, yet how should such things descend from the mother of Imar?

"Tell me then, for now we speak, as I would that we had spoken long ago, in words that pass into the minds of one another, tell me what advantage can the Princess Marva look for, from doing that which none of the women of our tribe would wish to do, or even if she wished it under the influence of the Devil, would dare to keep in her mind as long as a baking-shovel in her hand."

As yet we had not dwelt much on this. The design being manifest, as we believed, the motive did not concern us much; and in all the hardships, perpetual effort, and weariness of travelling—such travel at least as we had to face—the body was always too hard at work for the mind to be very active, except in attending to it. Strogue looked at me, and I at him, and each left the other to answer.

"Friend Stepan knows all the ins and outs of these tribal politics and family arrangements," the Captain opened his mouth at last, "ever so much better of course than I do. No doubt her ladyship expects to suck some benefit out of this murder—for I don't see what else you can call it, although there may be a mock trial—but even without that I always understood that the duty of the blood-feud would compel her, even if she loved him the best on earth, to hunt him to death with alacrity. You know that although the law is not in your tribe, or at any rate you are free from it, by marriage she is an Osset, and with them it is most sacred."

"I have not forgotten that," our host replied, looking doubtful as became him, when even near the

verge of argument; "but even if that tribe kept up its wrath at the death of its chief so many years, the lady, as I have heard even in England, can do as she pleases among them now. It is not right, it is not just, it is not as the Lord intended. The woman should never rule the man; but she will do it gladly, if they lift her upon the stool, instead of keeping her to the oven. But when she gets tired of salutes, and praises, and humble words which ought to be like ripe figs to her, what she begins to yearn after is money; and life will be short for those who have it, when she thinks it should be hers."

"My good friend, my great friend Stepan," cried Strogue, with the stem of his pipe in the air, as if he never cared whether he sucked it again; "you have hit the mark better about those blessed females, than I should have ever dared to try to do. At the *London Rock* it is just the same—Landlady, or Barmaid, makes no difference, or the little girl that wipes the glasses. All eager to go for a celebrated man; but won't put a tear in the corner of their eyes, till they've peeped into his pockets on the hook inside the door. That is why none of them can catch me. A man who has been round the world three times finds the black women truest to their colour."

To me this was such hateful doctrine, so low, so coarse, so cannibal, that I jumped up with a strong desire to send the Captain down among the packing-cases. But he gave me a sly wink, meaning clearly—"The object of this is to fetch that fellow out."

And Stepan came out, with a dignity scarcely to be expected from him. Some of his words were be-

yond my knowledge; but upon the whole he spoke like this—

"I have not been round the world three times; and that man is the wisest traveller who goes through his own self the most. But in all the countries that I have seen, the women are better than the men, according to the gifts of nature. Of money they are not half so greedy, and they have more compassion. Usi, the Svân, will tell you what the father does to the female babies, when he has too many of them, in the country of men and women. Straight-pipe, what does the father do then in the noble country of the Svâns?"

"He places the little one on her back," the Bear-slayer told us, looking at the floor, as if he were watching the domestic process; "and he makes the fire burn brightly. Then when the little one opens her mouth for the nourishment of nature, he takes the spoon from his bowl of soup, and fills it with red-hot embers, and pours them into the infant's mouth, and lo that child calls for no more food!"

"Hast thou ever beholden a mother who would feed her infant thus?" Stepan asked the Captain, who looked as if his pipe had grown too hot for him; and the Captain knocked out his ash, and said, "Give me some cold whiskey."

"Lo, the moon is shining on the white peaks now, and the light will soon flow along the valleys. It is time for me to go," said Stepan, "and Allai will come with me. I have told the head-man what to do; but the men here are as nothing. Gentlemen, you are weary. The Lord give you good rest to-night, for to-morrow we must travel fast. I will bring every faithful son of the tribe, and meet you by noon at Karthlos."

CHAPTER LII.—STILL IN THE DARK.

At midnight we stood by the door of the hut, and watched the broad bulk of Stepan, and the slender slip of Allai, sliding away into white breath among the black jaws of the mountains.

I thought that I had never seen so fair a night, so lovely, soft, and kindly, offering guidance of bright stars among the pale blandishments of the moon, opening avenues of lofty hope, compassionate to mortals. With such glory full in view, and the grandeur of unknown realms beyond, how could any of those, who have so short a time to dwell below, spend it or spare a moment of it, in the trivial worm-casts of rank and money, which cannot even slime the scythe of death?

If Farmer Ticknor had been with us—that Ticknor, I mean, who had proved himself so trenchant a Micaiah to the Official Zedekiah—perhaps we might not have entered into this rapturous view of the heavens. Or perhaps it was that we required a lesson. But whatever the explanation is, the fact came far in front of it. When we tried to get up in the morning, there was nothing to get up by, except time, who sheds no light, but spends the better part of himself in quenching it. Laden as we were with sleep, whose freight we had not yet discharged, we said to one another that a special relief was granted us. It was manifest that human skill in the record of time had been overruled; the Powers that govern day and night could not be set at nought by watchmakers. We blew out the matches we had struck, and rolled on our backs for another snooze, submissive to the will of Heaven.

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How far we might have prolonged our snores, we never grew wide enough awake to say. But the soft folds of darkness fell around us still, and we closed our eyes beneath them, as a child submits to the kisses of his mother. Then a mighty bellow, and a cackle, and a stamping, and a shovelful of cold slush thrown into our faces made all of us jump up, and stare about, and splutter, and every one swear, except, as I heartily hope, myself.

It was the old village Starchina, or Starost, or whatever his dignity may have been, in a state of mind so furious that it was true bliss to be no linguist. Strogue made out some of his compound curses, but was too wise to interpret them, or even to accept his own version; until that most venerable and profane of men saw little advantage in cursing himself. He flung down the shutter that served as a window, and poured about a sackful of snow down our necks.

This might be the manner of the country; but we resented it all the more for that, and spoke harshly of the place, and of all born near it, until Strogue sat up on his very hard board, and stared, with his eyes as close as burning-glasses, at the old silver watch, "which a man could work a ship by," and exclaimed—"By Jove, he is done for now, George! We ought to have been at Karthlos by this time. However he is safe to go to Heaven, according to your account of him."

Even cowardice is sometimes less contemptible than flippancy. But I made no answer. My rage with myself was too deep to fly off into

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sparks against others. What could it matter to Strogue, or Starost, or even to Stepan himself, compared with me, with me, the snorer? If the noble man who had treated me as his equal—clumsy clodhopper as I was—and his daughter (the model of all love and grace) were butchered by savages to-morrow, upon whose head would their blood lie?

Upon mine—for my accursed laziness, self-indulgence, wicked gladness to believe the thing that I desired.

Then I went out, and looked for the sky which had been so blue, and the earth which had been so green, wherever it was not brown rockiness. Behold,—there was nothing to behold—as Usi the Svân might have said of it—but grey thickness, fleecy softness, multitudinous whirl above, and vast whiteness, promiscuous glare, and slur of dazzle around us and below. Not what the puzzled world is wont to call a *blizzard*, and fly shuddering—for that only comes with a bitter blast, and is a mass of pointed particles—but a genuine downright heavy snowfall (such as we get in March sometimes, when we are sowing the pea-drill), big flakes, thick flakes, like a shower of daisies, flinging their tufts in feathery piles, and smothering one another. “It can’t go on very long like this,” says a man who has lost in half-a-minute the pattern of his coat and trousers.

Certainly it could not in Surrey or in Kent; but here in the Caucasus it proved that it could go on, long enough at any rate to bury all the trackways, and turn jagged rocks into treacherous white rollers. If we began (in our credulous greed for rest) with failing to know the time of day, we went on with losing the way; and what was worse, if possible, we lost the better

part of our strength, through sprains, and strains, and stumbles in the drift. Mishaps of the like sort had befallen the party recruited by Stepan, although they had not overslept themselves as we did; and instead of prompt muster to start together at noon from the foot of Karthlos, we found that it was almost four o’clock before every one was ready.

“To do any good, we must travel all night,” said Stepan, as he swung his heavy pack upon his rifle. “To travel all night on a turnpike road is all very well,” Strogue answered; “but who could do it here, my friend? And sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If the snow stops us, it will stop the other fellows.”

I had indulged in this hope too; but the Lesghian’s words were against it. “No man can say, till his eyes give proof. But the storm came from the east, and they seldom travel far in the summer-time. Like enough there was not a flake on the Western side of the Russian road. Ha! Kobaduk, art thou coming too? Thy old limbs will tire, we shall have to leave thee, even though thou hast that colt.”

We had not climbed the steep to the tower, because time was so short, and the old steward could not be of any service to us. Therefore it was a great surprise when he slipped among us from a snowy corner, leading a rough unsaddled colt, with a strap buckled over his loins to which a sword was attached on one side, and a rusty old musket on the other. An English crowd would have giped, I fear, at the menacing aspect of this feeble ancient, and even Strogue made no attempt to hide a grin; but the Lesghians glanced at him kindly, and made room for him among them, and he plodded on resolutely

without a word, like a fatalist come to look fate in the face.

Even in a small lot such as we were, and consisting chiefly of hardy fellows, there must be—according to the varicose vein which runs through all humanity—three or four at least of softer pith, or eruptions that arise to the occasion, or some thing or other that goes amiss. And not having one leg too many among us, or I might say less than half the legs we wanted, our hard fortune was that the briskest shank among us—which was not my own, though I did my best, and in Surrey would have challenged any of them—was obliged to stick fast, when it got too far ahead, and disguise its own gratitude for a thrill of rest, by turning on its heel disdainfully. In a word, nearly all our most excellent men, brave and zealous, and brought up from childhood to a good stroke of speed after other people's cattle, had lost the best part of their training, by compulsion—under Russian tyranny—to attend to their own flocks and herds, instead of lifting their neighbour's.

Thus it was that we came at last to an elbow of the great Russian road, which is a noble work, but not by any means such as we should make, if we had the opportunity; and there we found a sample of what human nature is. Having surmounted, by wonderful endurance and perpetual rivalry with one another, obstacles that seemed insuperable, surely we should have gone on with double spirit, when we came upon a Christian highway. Instead of that, every blessed man sat down, and thanked heaven—or in truer truth thanked himself—for having got along so famously. It was dark, as dark as one could ever

wish to see it, down in this gorge of magnificence, with the river roaring sleepy thunder, and the snow-clouds spent, and the stars looking faint. I thought—as an Englishman thinks by instinct—that men of our own race would not have stopped (at any rate if there was money in it) and shut up in this sudden style.

However there was more excuse than help for it; and Stepan and myself, the two who cared most deeply about the issue, tried to cheer each other, so far as our mutual misunderstandings reached.

Then by a lucky chance the gallant miners (whom we should have missed perhaps, if we had gone on at once) came into our camp, with light hearts and merry songs, delighted at the prospect of a lively brush; for so they all regarded it. Jack Nickols himself had been unable to resist the fierce temptation, and gloomy would be the outlook for any foe who crossed his sky-line, though I cannot recollect just now his celebrated score at the "running deer."

It was terrible to me to find these fellows taking things so easily, not through any callous inhumanity or indifference, but simply because their own private interests were not immediately involved. For instance the way in which Nickols, and Cator, and Strogue discussed the situation was enough to sponge out of my heart a great lump of that affection for the human race, without which a man becomes miserable. Weary as they were, they found it needful to hold some little council, while they smoked their pipes after supper, having settled that all should take four hours of sleep if they could get it, and start again when the moon arose. I sat in a corner and listened to them, refraining from

all interruption, though a great part of what they said was new to me; for if I had spoken, some heat might have followed my words, and done mischief to all of us.

Strogue. "I have always had the credit of seeing as far into a hayrick as any man that ever sucked a coral. But this fiend of a woman beats me hollow. I can't make out what her little game is."

Nickols. "Well I can't see any difficulty about it. She wants her brother's property, and to be the lady of the other tribe too, which she would be as Dadian's daughter, if her brother Imar were done away with. She will have him tried for the death of her husband, or get him shot without trial. Then she has discharged her duty according to the rules of the blood-feud, and she steps into poor Imar's shoes. To me it is plainer than a pikestaff."

Cator. "All that looks straight enough, but it won't hold water. You forget the pretty girl. Imar has a lovely daughter, and she would be the head of the tribe, not Marva, when his goose is cooked."

Nickols. "That's true enough. But a woman with such a strong mind wouldn't make much bones of that. Or rather, she'd make bones of her in no time. I am very sorry for that pretty girl. She is booked for a share of her father's grave."

Strogue. "Naturally I look deeper into things than you young fellows can. The real difficulty has escaped you both. The woman is bad enough for anything. I know things of her that I won't tell, at any rate for the present."

"But as for making away with her niece, there are two good

reasons against it. In the first place, the Russians would be almost certain to punish Madam heavily, though perhaps they would not interfere, if Imar alone were tried and condemned according to the usage of the country. And then again, even if they let it pass, the Lesghians, who are a very loyal race, would never accept Marva's rule, when she had slain their Chief, and his daughter. You have got the wrong story altogether, according to my view of it. Her game is not quite so clumsy, though it is a very bold one."

Nickols. "Captain, you are one of those men who get the right tip always. Don't be shy, that would scarcely become you. But tell us exactly what you think. Although it may be hard to square it with the higher moralities."

Strogue. "You speak like a fool, as all boys do. But there is no time to board-school you; and you are getting too old for that rot even. Now listen to what I have to say, though beyond the present range of your intellect. I have not dwelt among this mixed lot of savages; I have simply passed through them, in my usual course. You might live among them till your hair grew white, and know less than you did when it was green. Why! You are sharp enough in your way, and if you had started with a humble mind, and kept it open, you might win knowledge. But that is not fine enough for you. You start with your poor wits already ingrained and case-hardened with the grease and suet of self-conceit, and nothing ever sticks to you."

Nickols, and Cator, and I in the corner, with unanimous surprise: "Captain Strogue is the humblest of mankind, and therefore the most omniscient!"

Stroque. "It is true, my friends; a great home-truth, and you shall gather the fruits of it. I have penetrated this lady's scheme, and deeply regret that so fine a woman, one of the handsomest I have ever seen, should not behave with equal beauty. Having sent her brother to a better world, she will bring his daughter to the altar as the bride of her noble son—noble indeed to look at, but unable as yet to say Boh to a goose. He will be the master nominally of all Imar's fair dominions, which are as lovely as any in the world, when the snow allows a sight of them. The real master, of course, will be a certain lady-friend of ours; for you can see that from his cradle upwards she has cowed that uncommonly fine young fellow, so that he dare not call his soul his own. Upon my word I should not be surprised, when she has united these central tribes, if she threw off the yoke of Russia, and proclaimed herself Queen of the Caucasus, like a modern Tamara. All that is clear enough, but the one thing I can't make out for the very life of me is, why the dickens did she send us that scamp, whose real name is Hisar, under the name of Hafer? She would not send the true Hafer of course, lest when he had been away for months, and seen the ways of the polished world, and how absolutely the children rule their parents, he might be seized with emulation, and resolve to be master of his own domains, if not of his own mother—though I am sorry for anybody who tries that. Now tell me, ye who flatter yourselves that you can see further into a milestone than Stroque who has beheld so many, what induced this artful schemer to send Hisar to England in the name of Hafer, when for all that we can see he

might just as well have gone in his own name?"

Nickols. "I was never any hand at crooked dealing, though there is plenty of it in our own line of business, but none with tip-toppers like my uncle and me. We have a high character to sustain. Even supposing we would stoop——"

Cator. "Stow that, Jack, we know it all by heart. But I can tell the captain one good reason why the lady's ambassador should be called *Hafer*. Sür Imar was bound to receive his own nephew, when he might have refused to see a stranger. And to take him into their confidence, and let him know their plans, and so on. All of which has enabled them to make fools of his faithful retainers, and prisoners of himself and his daughter."

Stroque. "With half an eye open, I saw every bit of that. But it does not touch the real difficulty. Dariel is to marry the true Hafer. Very well, let her if she likes. He's a young man of grand appearance; and that reconciles the women to a lot of disadvantages. But if she was meant to belong to him, why let another fellow get the start with her? Though women of decent age know better, a girl is sure to be romantic. She piles wonders of imagination upon the first good-looking young fellow, who suggests how lovely, how lofty, how divine she is.

"She keeps him at a blushing distance, and looks as if she had not the least idea where he is, and would turn her head away if he came up. Bless their hearts, I know them all; though I never let them see it. I could have had fifty Mrs Strogues—for they love a man who knows the world—some of them too with cash and houses. But none of that for me, till I

want nursing. Half-a-dozen Miss Strogues here and there, some white, some black, and some the colour of an orange, or a good Mocha berry that you can't get now—and they behave all the better to you when they know that you can do without them. Simple truth, gentlemen. I am not romantic."

This was too much for Jack Nickols, who was truly in love with his Rosa. Too much even for Cator, though he had no love as yet to hold him. Young Englishmen know right from wrong, though they do the wrong very often. But they cannot bear to hear it boasted of. But to me, with Dariel in my heart, purifying and ennobling it, bad as the time was for a row, I should have deserved no better time, if I had been afraid of it. So I marched up, and laid my hand upon him.

"Sir," I said, without a sign of

anger—for such stuff was not worth it—"what you deserve both of men and women, is to die in a workhouse, with Mrs Gamp and Betsy Prig to close your eyes. Bad women there must be, as well as bad men; but tell me which has made the other. I know you better than to believe that you really think such wicked nonsense as you talk, for the sake of seeming clever. Bartholomew Strogue is a better man than that."

"I should not be much surprised if he was," the Captain answered pleasantly; "and he can allow for babes and sucklings, who are the happiest people after all. But come, my friends, I hear the sounds of sleep, the grinding of the mill of slumber. How those gallant Lesghians snore! If the Caucasus is the true cradle of our race, sleep must have lost its silence before language was invented."

HERALDRY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

OF all the exact sciences, heraldry, in one respect, is the most satisfactory. The whole of its principles may be mastered by a student of ordinary diligence and understanding in the space of a lunar month; after that, the rest of his life may be spent in applying them. It is the *lingua franca* of Christian chivalry; there is no other branch of knowledge so easily acquired which extends over such a large field. A British (we are to be careful to avoid the once coveted title of English)—a British or Irish amateur may interpret the bearings of a Russian or Spanish noble with as much certainty as those of a neighbouring squire. Asked what is the precise advantage of that piece of knowledge, deponent confesses that it has nothing to redeem it from the ban of the utilitarian; and indeed it must be owned that, except for occasional side-lights on history and clues to genealogy, heraldry has relapsed into a purely ornamental category. The world is too busy to bother much about it: the stained glass in Westminster Palace is very pretty, but one cannot reckon the annual value of the knowledge to interpret the significance of the different coats of arms which are its chief beauty. True; but the funny thing is that people *do* fuss about these things still, and make some very absurd propositions in consequence, from which a little archaic knowledge of an unpractical kind would save them. It is a good general axiom that, before a man ventures to write about any subject, he should be acquainted at least with its rudiments. What would be

thought of one, for instance, who, without any skill in astronomy or special training in the higher mathematics, should attempt to propound in a magazine article a new theory of the precession of the equinoxes? Would "balderdash" be too harsh a term to apply to the paper? Assuredly not, and no word but balderdash serves to describe a great deal that has been written lately about assigning a quarter in the Royal Arms to Colonial bearings. So far from being an honour to the Colonies, from a heraldic and historic point of view, it would be just the reverse, as may be seen by considering the true significance of heraldry.

In their origin, armorial bearings were purely personal and militant. True that, from the fourteenth century onwards, ecclesiastical houses, colleges, and other corporate bodies frequently were granted armorial bearings, chiefly for use in sealing documents. Sometimes these arms perpetuated some local badge or emblem, whereby it had been the custom to distinguish the servants or soldiers of corporations. The portcullis of Westminster is an example in point. It is the only cognisance which the House of Commons employs to distinguish the books in its library and other property; and it is properly used in this way, not as armorial bearings (for the House of Commons has never had a coat of arms), but as a badge such as any private individual has a perfect right to assume.

The difference between a badge or emblem and a coat of arms is this—a badge may not be placed

on a shield without the sanction of the chief heraldic official in the country, whose department would thereby be defrauded of the statutory fees to which it is entitled. But it may be used as the device on a seal, or on clothing, or in architecture, without any need for superior sanction. Sometimes such a badge even contains a coat of arms, as in the seal of the ancient borough of Dorchester, which consists of a triple-towered castle, in front of which is placed a shield with the arms of France and England quarterly. A coat of arms, on the other hand, must be placed within a shield, and such can only be granted by the Garter King in England, the Lyon King in Scotland, and the Ulster King in Ireland. Many municipal, ecclesiastical, or collegiate coats of arms are simply adaptations of the bearings of distinguished founders or benefactors. Thus, to this day, the arms of the city of Cardiff are those of the De Clares, and those of Birmingham are the arms of the feudal lords of the Honor of Bermingham.

Heraldry is either an exact science, valuable even in these days as a system of accurate historical and genealogical symbolism, or it is a pedantic kind of totemism. It arose out of the tendency of all men to adopt or assign distinctive emblems, of which the latest conspicuous example is the association of the primrose with the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. For a long time civilised society got on very well without hard-and-fast rules for these emblems, just as it got on without fixed surnames. As long as there were only a limited number of Johns or Williams in each community, their sons, who might be called Thomas or Walter, could be distinguished from other Thomases or Walters by the addi-

tion of "John's son" or "William's son," or by mentioning the calling, dwelling-place, possessions, or other peculiarity of each individual. Gradually these to-names attached themselves to certain families and became fixed without any legislative effort.

But it was slightly different with heraldic emblems. War being the chief industry of the middle ages, it was of prime importance that there should be no confusion among the combatants, especially when men fought with their features covered; and just as surnames were adopted for the better distinction of families and individuals among themselves, so the emblems chosen by warriors became recognised as convenient cognisances—that is, marks of identity. But, unlike the automatic growth of surnames, symbols required to be regulated by law. If two or more distinguished knights fixed their fancy on the same cognisance—say, a blue lion with a red tongue—unpleasantness, or at least inconvenience, might easily arise. When the majority of nations had no settled government, the choice of a symbol—the lion of Judah or the eagle of Rome—was enough for practical purposes. But as nations and warriors multiplied, such figures, owing to the popularity of lions and eagles, ceased to be distinctive, and every State found it necessary to regulate the adoption of national and personal marks of difference. This was done by formulating the laws of heraldry and making them, by general consent, part of the code of chivalry, which was recognised in all Christian communities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

In battle, of course, it was of so much importance to a commander

that the identity of knights under him, whose features were concealed by visors, should not be obscured by any ambiguity in their armorial bearings, that the heralds constituted a Government department. In Scotland, to this day, all articles—be they plate, carriages, or what not—bearing arms to which the owner is not entitled by the patent of the Lyon King, are liable to forfeiture.

But besides service in the field, what tended to give correct heraldry importance in the eyes of the public was the tournament. What "the names, weights, and colours of the riders" contribute to the enjoyment of a modern race-meeting was supplied in chivalrous times by the shields, coats, and horse-trappings of the combatants. Ignorance of them was regarded as "bad form" in smart society, and people of all ranks found it important to their own safety to know at least the principal bearings of knightly and baronial houses.

Reverting, then, to the proposal to alter the arms of the Royal Family of this country so as to represent the Colonial empire, is there any precedent, or, failing precedent, any valid reason for turning the historic arms of Great Britain and Ireland into those of a modern polyarchy? Queen Victoria bears the leopards of England as heiress to the monarchy of England, the lion of Scotland as heiress to that of Scotland, and the harp of Brian Borhaimhe to denote her inheritance in Ireland. It may be observed, by the bye, that the antique harp on the azure field is not really the ancient bearing of the kings of Ireland: it was a pious fraud, invented by English heralds in the time of Henry VII.,

but it does very well. The ancient arms of the kings of Ireland are not included in the royal shield, either for the same reason that St Patrick did not turn the snakes out of that country, or because there used to be so many simultaneous kings there that it might have given rise to unpleasant feelings were any one of them specified as *the* King of Ireland. It is not a little amusing to remember that, among the many devices for bringing "the distressful country" into good-humour, heraldry was once resorted to. Froissart records¹ how successfully Richard II. conciliated the Irish by this means.

"Of olde tyme there was a kynge in Englande named Edwarde, who is a saint and canonised, and honoured through all this realme. In hys tyme he subdued the Danes, and disconfited them by batayle on the see thre times. And this Saint Edwarde, Kynge of Englande, Lorde of Ireland and Aquitaine, the Yrishmen loved and dredde him muche more than any other Kynge of Englande that had been before. And therefore our soverayne lord Kynge Rychard this yere past, whan he was in Irelande, in all his armories and devices, he left the bering of the armes of England, as the lybardes [leopards] and flour delyces quarterly, and bare the armes of Saint Edwarde, that is, a cross patent gold and goules with four white martinettes [swallows] in the felde; whereof it was sayd, the Yrishmen were well pleased, and the soner they enclyned to hym."

A later king, Edward IV., was at some pains to ascertain the rightful arms of Ireland, and appointed a commission to inquire into the matter. They reported in favour of three crowns in pale, but an early MS. in the British Museum (Bib. Harl. No. 304)

¹ Edit. Pynson, vol. ii. fol. 258; edit. Johnes, vol. ii. p. 81.

papers, and a slight on the importance of the Colonies may be inferred if nothing is done.

Something of the same nature has been the subject of agitation in our own country. An attempt has been made to compel people to recognise Scotsmen as distinct from Englishmen, by refraining from the use of the term "English" when the reference is to the United Kingdom. Now, there are many Scotsmen, deeply attached to their country and proud of its history, who are little inclined to join in this agitation. First of all, it is doomed to failure. People of foreign nations cannot be got to speak or think of us as Britons, though our American cousins, with scant regard for Irish susceptibilities, are good enough to lump us all together as "Britishers." Therefore the terms Briton and British cannot be of any use except for home consumption; and even within that limitation it is not satisfactory, for it leaves out of account altogether the third member of the family—Ireland. It is not a name to be coveted by Irishmen, because, from the earliest recorded times, the Irish Gael observed a peculiarly bitter and violent antipathy towards the Cymric or British branch of the Celts. Therefore, seeing that life is too short to allow us to be known as Anglo-Scoto-Hibernians, why not acquiesce in the natural law which names the whole from its greater part, and denotes the entire English-speaking nation as "English"? The proud symbol S.P.Q.R. implied a great deal more than the population of Rome and its environs; it would have taken half the alphabet, or more, to include on the national standards all the peoples and nations that owned the sway of Rome and contributed to her majesty and power.

The greatest generals and statesmen of the empire were not of Latin race. Stilicho, the last great Minister of the Western Empire—he who would have saved it had human courage and sagacity availed to save it—was a German, yet *Civis Romanus sum* was the proudest title he could claim.

It is a favourite and trivial trick of Scottish audiences at political meetings to interrupt a statesman who may be addressing them, by shouts of "British" when he says "English." Needless to say that he means far more than British: he means, and rightly means, to include Ireland, whose people cannot complain when "English" is used in the same sense that a loyal Lombard or a Neapolitan understands "Italian" to include the ancient monarchies of Lombardy and Naples.

The agitation by Scotsmen against being included in the term "English" is a trifle ungracious; but it is also contrary to common-sense, of which, as a rule, they are not destitute. In common parlance, we must be content to find our own share in the word which all foreigners apply to us; though we have a right to expect and demand that the articles of the Treaty of Union may be respected, and the historic independence of our nation maintained, by the use in official documents and proclamations of the formal designation "Great Britain and Ireland."

Signs are not wanting that the Radical party have become convinced of the futility of the agitation for Irish Home Rule. The spirit of the British constituencies cannot be mistaken in that respect; the temporary indifference which lured Mr Gladstone to his fall has passed away; the "Little Britain" narcotic has evaporated.

But the Radicals would be in a hopeless—a ridiculous—minority if they were abandoned by the Irish Separatists. Mr Labouchere has issued the mandate that Home Rule all round is to be the new platform of the once great Liberal party. It is only less mischievous than the policy of Home Rule for Ireland, because it is more absurd; but it has its dangers too. National Parliaments have their attractions for shallow thinkers; the distaste felt by some Scotsmen to being generalised as "English" is sure to be used as a lever in the coming agitation. But while maintaining that it serves no good purpose that Scotsmen should resent the *generic* appellation of "English," or consider it the least derogatory to their dignity or record of independence that the predominant partner should be named colloquially to designate the people of the United Kingdom, it must be admitted that we have a legitimate grievance in the form which Southrons have given to our *specific* title. The word "Scotch" is an abomination—a clumsy corruption of "Scots." Unfortunately it has received the stereotype of statute: what ought to be the Scottish or Scots Education Department is described in the Act constituting it as the *Scotch* Education Department, and if names are worth considering at all, this blunder ought to be set right.

In following out the connection of the obsolete science of heraldry with national politics, mention may be made of a novel and undesirable practice, of which there was conspicuous and frequent example in the streets of London during the Jubilee rejoicings. It is that of displaying a pseudo-Irish ensign—an ensign, namely,

of green bunting with the Jack in the corner. Now Ireland already enjoys equal representation in the Union Jack with England and Scotland. The Jack is formed by the charging and surcharging of the crosses of the three patron saints on a common field—the red cross on white field of St George, the white saltire on blue field of St Andrew, and the red saltire on white field of St Patrick. It may be presumed that those who invented, and those who display, this spurious green ensign are loyalists, or they would not have introduced into it the Jack—the symbol of union; but they pay a poor compliment to Ireland in doing so. Green is not the national colour of Ireland; it has never been recognised by heralds; and when heraldry is in question (as it is in the matter of ensigns), the only way to ensure correctness is to be guided by heralds. The heraldic colours of Ireland are red, white, and blue, as an integral part of the United Kingdom: green is emblematic of the party in Ireland disaffected with the Union. Nobody has ever thought of giving Scotland a separate ensign with a yellow field, though yellow and red are the ancient heraldic colours of that kingdom; and there is nothing offensive to the maintenance of the Union in displaying them.

But, in truth, the blunders of those who employ heraldry for decorative purposes are as various as they are amusing. For the Jubilee decorations pretty shields were supplied by tradesmen, correctly painted with the crosses of the national saints. Everybody knows the cross of St George; and many people suppose that what heralds call a saltire—that is, a cross formed by the limbs crossing the shield diagonally in

different directions—is the cross of St Andrew. True, the cross of St Andrew is a saltire, but so is the cross of St Patrick. St Andrew's cross must be of white on an azure field. It was mortifying, therefore, to notice in the centre of the decorations on the London house of a well-known Scottish member of Parliament, a shield bearing a scarlet saltire on a white field, whereby homage, intended for St Andrew, was offered to the patron saint of Ireland.

The embers of chivalry—ceremonial chivalry, *s'entend*—smoulder disregarded on the waste-heap of discarded illusions. In the eyes of business men they seem scarcely distinguishable from a great deal which it seems hard to believe practical people ever set store by—the doctrine of signatures in medicine, the theories in which were propounded the generation of eels from horse-hair and of geese from shellfish, palmistry, the influence of the moon on weather, the philosopher's stone, witchcraft, and so on. But at odd times these embers get fanned into producing some fun. In days not long gone by, before Mr Arthur Balfour subjected the proceedings in Committee of Supply to some semblance of businesslike procedure, the dismal tedium of obstruction used to crackle annually into merriment over the money voted for the various orders of knighthood. There were, indeed, some strange survivals from an archaic system. Every fresh creation involved the expenditure of really a considerable sum of money—several hundreds, in fact. Not on the collars, stars, badges, and other jewellery, because these were returnable on the death of him on whom the order was conferred. This rule, it was explained on one occasion,

was invariably complied with, except in the case of certain foreign knights, whose representatives had retained these valuable insignia. This was too tempting a subject to escape the pen and ink of Mr (now Sir Francis) Lockwood. He produced an exquisitely funny drawing (now before me) of a foreign nobleman who did *not* return the insignia. The star blazes on his breast, the collar glitters round his neck, his finger reposes knowingly on the side of his nose, and there is a delicious twinkle in his eye.

Well, it was explained that, with trifling exceptions of this nature, there was no expense to the public from the jewels of the various orders, except the necessary repairs. But it had been the ancient practice to supply knights admitted to the principal orders with voluminous kits—mantles, small-clothes, stockings, plumed hats, gloves, &c. Even the under-clothing was not forgotten, for the Knights of the Garter used to be furnished with a mysterious garment specified as “drawers with feet.” It must be confessed that here the advocates of economy were on sound ground. The “drawers with feet” might have been some comfort to the privileged ones, but of the rest of the wardrobe not a single article had ever been worn in public since the Queen's Coronation. The vote was objected to. A middle course, suggested by a moderate man, of saving money by supplying drawers without feet was brushed aside, and henceforward it was decreed that gentlemen admitted to these illustrious orders, while they were entitled to become life-owners of the insignia, must provide their own wearing apparel.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

A CORNER OF WEST NORFOLK.

READERS of Scott's 'Antiquary' may remember the eloquent, if somewhat turgid, description of the sunset on that eventful evening when Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter walk along the sands that lie between Monkbarne and Knockwinnock, and are nearly cut off by the tide on Halket Head:—

"The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting."

This fine passage—the keynote of Mr Ruskin's description of storm-clouds in 'Modern Painters'—has been laughed to scorn by captious critics on the ground that, as Halket Head is stated to have been on the east coast of Scotland, it would have been impossible to see the sun set among the waves in the manner described. But a visitor to the little watering-place, which stands on the Norfolk side of the broad estuary of the Wash, may see the same phenomenon repeat itself before his eyes evening after evening. For, as a matter of fact, Norfolk, with all its long expanse of eastern coast, has a few miles of shore with a

western aspect; and while Yarmouth faces east, and Cromer faces north, Hunstanton, more fortunately placed than either, faces the setting sun. And nowhere, it may be added, are the sunsets more varied and beautiful—indeed the description in the 'Antiquary' quoted above hardly does justice to their splendour and variety, especially when a storm is impending—with all the marvellous effects of light and colour, the amethyst, the purple, and opaline tints on the horizon, and the brilliant and fantastic cloud-forms, such as David Cox and Copley Fielding, or the great Turner himself, would have vainly tried to reproduce on canvas. It is to this western aspect, and comparatively sheltered position from the north and east, that Hunstanton owes the undoubted mildness of its climate; and as to the quality of its air, it does not need a chemist to detect the "ozone" in it. Crisp, fresh, and exhilarating, like the *genitalis aura Favoni*, it might have blown direct from the temple of the Goddess of Health: in short, it is as fine an air as that of Therapia itself.

The line of chalk hills, which runs towards the coast from Cambridgeshire, here strikes down abruptly to the sea, and forms the cliff with its curious strata of red and white, and is the characteristic feature of Hunstanton. The ruined building near the lighthouse on the summit is said to be the chapel built by St Edmund, the favourite East-Anglian saint, so frequently depicted on the rood-screens and painted glass in the churches of the county, carrying his arrows, the symbol of his mar-

tyrdom. But the local tradition, with all its picturesque incidents of the landing of the young king, of his two years' retreat in the cells of his chapel, and of his learning the Psalter by heart, unfortunately has no foundation in fact; and the myth probably arose from the circumstance that Ælfric—Bishop of Elmham in the days of Canute—left some lands at Hunstanton to St Edmund's Abbey at Bury. A chapel was probably built upon the spot by the grateful monks, and dedicated to, as well as named after, the martyred saint; the western headland was in turn named after the chapel, and, like Caieta's tomb on the Italian shore,—hallowed by a legend which is equally mythical,—St Edmund's Point is still associated with the imperishable memory of a pious and picturesque tradition:—

"Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus,
ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria,
signat."¹

There is a charming walk along the margin of the cliff, with a fine sea-view across the estuary to the Lincolnshire coast, where on a clear day the tall church-tower of Boston can be distinctly seen, a dark outline on the horizon. Half-way, in the mid-channel, a light-ship is moored, and the lantern is so contrived as to throw a broad red flame on the long shoal known locally as "the Roaring Middle." On the shore below the Point, huge masses of the under-cliff—the wrack and *débris* of centuries—stretch far out to sea. Some-

times these masses lie, mere shapeless fragments, in picturesque confusion; sometimes squared and polished by the incessant action of the waves, they form large quadrangular blocks, "succeeding one another with the regularity of table-tombs in a crowded churchyard." In summer-time, at low water, these are the happy hunting-ground of crowds of children, who leap from rock to rock with the aid of pointless wooden poles, hunting for crabs and sea-anemones in the pools and basins left by the receding tide. And on no coast is there a richer store or greater variety of zoophytes than in these unrivalled aquaria of nature. So far does the tide recede, and so shallow is the water, that, as an acute observer has noticed, if you chance to be watching the prospect from the cliff above, you might fancy the land was gaining on the sea, instead of the opposite being the case. You see a vast extent of level sand stretching apparently for miles, and dotted with the figures of cockle-gatherers, or carts and horses on their way to the huge mussel-beds near the low-water mark, formed by a most curious and interesting freak of nature:—

"On examining the largest of these living breakwaters, which extends in a circular form about half a mile, the whole mass will be found composed entirely of myriads upon myriads of small mussels from half an inch to an inch and a half in length, all firmly fixed in the sand with their broadest ends uppermost, and bound and matted together with their fibrous threads or 'byssus.' To tear up one is to remove a score, and so much are they thus supported by each other, that even tread-

¹ Caieta was the nurse of Æneas, and was supposed to have been buried on the headland above the modern Gaëta:—

"Still, glory haunts thy place of rest:
Marked by thy name, thy relics blest
In the great country of the west
Repose—if *that* be fame."

—VIRGIL, *Æn.*, vii. 3 (Conington).

down at the little club-house, far from the madding crowd, he will find himself on links which, though not too long or exacting for the moderate amateur, have earned the commendation of masters of the game like Herd and Vardon, who played an excellent match over the course last year. Like Rome and other great things, the club arose from small beginnings, and has gone through many vicissitudes; but, thanks to the well-timed liberality of one of its members, it is now on the high-road to prosperity. The obvious fault is that there are too many short holes—four in succession at one part of the course—and it is in this respect almost as bad as North Berwick in the old days, where the common complaint was that you were “always ‘approaching,’ and might as well leave your driver at home.” But though short, the course is full of incident, and requires both straight and accurate play; while the putting-greens (nearly all of which have been relaid) are mostly excellent. The rabbit-holes have been filled up and the rabbits themselves exterminated; and the coarse wire-grass—formerly the most objectionable feature—is slowly but surely being replaced by finer turf. We may add that the links are charmingly situated; and though (as has been said) golf is not scenery, it certainly increases one’s enjoyment of the game to play it in such fine air and amid such picturesque surroundings. On the right you see the church-tower of old Hunstanton embowered among the trees of the park; in the far distance are the red-tiled cottages of Holme; while the sandhills that fringe the shore are gay in summer with wild marsh flowers and purple strips of sea-lavender. But no stranger

should leave the spot without at least once visiting the noble church in the adjoining village, built in the Early Decorated style, with a spacious nave and chancel, and a south porch with elaborate carving and foliated tracery. It has perhaps been too thoroughly restored—a not uncommon fault—but the general effect is undoubtedly impressive; and it is worth a visit if only to see the tombs of successive generations of Le Stranges—the most conspicuous, though not the oldest, being the stately monument of Sir Roger le Strange (1506), squire of the body to Henry VII.

The hall—a moated grange of the fifteenth century—stands near the church, and though a disastrous fire in 1853 destroyed the Elizabethan rooms on the western side of the courtyard, much of the remaining building is interesting and impressive, more especially the red-brick gate-house (built by the Sir Roger mentioned above) with its muniment-room filled “with an unrivalled series of grants, charters, deeds, and family accounts,” with a priest’s room above it wainscoted with dark oak panelling, and with an oratory concealed in the thickness of the wall. The hall on the north side is lined from floor to ceiling with family portraits, and a Jacobean staircase of black oak leads to an oak-panelled drawing-room also hung with pictures, while round the cornice are emblazoned the armorial bearings of the illustrious families with whom the Le Stranges have intermarried—Vernon, Arundel, Grey of Ruthyn, Talbot, Calthorpe, Hastings, Ratcliff, and many more. The Le Stranges have been lords of the manor at Hunstanton since the Conquest—the estate passing direct from father to son, except in one

instance when it descended from brother to sister, for more than seven centuries—and few English families can show a longer or a more illustrious and untainted pedigree. “No Le Strange,” says a writer, “ever betrayed a trust or was suspected of betraying it.” Often, indeed, they were the champions of “lost causes and impossible loyalties.” During the great civil war, the Sir Hamon of the day undertook the hopeless defence of Lynn against Cromwell’s artillery; and his son Roger was probably the most virulent as well as the most profuse pamphleteer that ever put pen to paper.

“Five or six times was he arrested for loyalty or supposed disloyalty; twice or thrice he had to fly the country: but in spite of work that would have killed most men, and of a wife that would have turned them prematurely grey; with enemies innumerable clamouring for his blood, and hairbreadth escapes from losing his head for treason, he lived to a ripe old age, and has supplied us with an interesting study of the life and manners of the time in which he lived and played his part.”¹

His picture hangs at the head of the great staircase in the hall; but the grave countenance and sober dress hardly bear out one’s idea of the style and appearance of that political firebrand—“Noll’s fiddler,” as his enemies contemptuously termed him—whose reckless audacity in many respects might have suggested the wild Cavalier in ‘Woodstock’ who insulted Cromwell to his face—Roger Wildrake, Esquire of Squattlesea Mere.

To the north-east of Hunstanton, in the direction of Wells and Holkham, stretch the “Meals”²—ridges of barren sandhills—clothed and bound together by the ubiquitous “marrum grass,”³ which, according to a local tradition, it is death by Act of Parliament to root up or destroy. Here and there are salt-marshes, the haunt of wild-fowl innumerable. It was on the “Meals” near Holme that the sudden irruption of sand-grouse took place in 1863—six brace being shot in a single day in the summer of that year. Why these poor birds should have travelled 4000 miles from their home near the Caspian to this inhospitable coast, is a question which no naturalist has ever solved. But there was a constant succession of these Tartar immigrants for some months, and the pity is that they should have been so ruthlessly shot down wherever they appeared, without even a chance being given them to become acclimatised. We believe a special Act of Parliament was passed for their protection later in the season; but it was then too late, and the last of these poor little visitors had departed never to return.

About seven miles along the coast is the Bay of Brancaster, with its village and harbour, so secluded and remote from the world that it may well have been the outlandish spot imagined by Piers Plowman:—

“I have no Frensshe, in faith,
But of the furthest end of Northfolke.”

Certainly there is nothing in its present aspect to recall the fact

¹ This extract is taken from a most interesting paper on Hunstanton in the ‘Lynn Advertiser,’ May 2, 1896, by Mr Holcombe Ingleby of Heacham Hall.

² “Meals”=sandy hillocks; Anglo-Saxon *mæl*, Icelandic *möl*.

³ “Marrum” or “marum”=Danish *mare-halm*—i.e., “mere-haulm” or “sea-straw.”

that it was formerly Branodunum—one of the three great fortresses which the Romans built to overawe those terrible Saxon pirates who were constantly sailing up the estuaries on the eastern coast; but there is no doubt that it was strongly garrisoned by the best part of a legion, as well as by a troop of horse; and this little fishing village was probably then a settlement of some 4000 persons. Even the foundations of the camp are now hardly traceable, while the old tithe-barn and the great malt-house, 300 feet long, chiefly built of stones taken from the castle walls, have also disappeared. But if Brancaster offers few attractions to the antiquary, it has a decided interest for the modern golfer, for its links may be classed among the few first-class greens that exist south of the Tweed; and it was a fortunate day for the county, and for all concerned, when Mr Holcombe Ingleby made his famous discovery in 1891, as recorded by him in the 'Golfing Annual.' The club, once started, has grown and prospered; and though Westward Ho has undoubtedly finer turf, though Sandwich may afford a better test of the players' driving powers, and Hoylake may perhaps exact sterner punishment for a "sliced" or "pulled" ball—still, according to Mr Horace Hutchinson, Brancaster is the severest course (taking it altogether) that he has ever played on. There are no artificial hazards, but it has grand natural features of its own, partly in the formidable bunkers by which nine out of eighteen greens are guarded, and partly in the tremendous carry from the tee required in many of the others. One may add to this the exhilarating air, the sense

of space and freedom, the grand stretch of elastic turf, and the fine view towards the "Staithe"¹ with its fishing-boats that suddenly breaks upon you from the "high hole" at the turn, after you have toiled through the sandy marsh and the great bunker which guards the ninth green. Before you stretches the long yellow crescent of the bay, where, as you look seawards, your nearest neighbour (as the first Lord Leicester said) is the King of Denmark, and where the great waves come rolling in with a majestic swell not unworthy of Machrihanish itself. Then there is the primitive aspect of the little village with its ivy-mantled church-tower, surrounded by ancient elms; its old-fashioned cottages with hanging eaves and walls of flint and cobbles; the little harbour where the fishing-smacks bring in crabs and lobsters, sea-trout, and small oysters of excellent flavour, which one may eat without risk or fear of typhoid; and lastly, the comfortable "Dormy House" and the club-house on the links themselves.

The air is so bracing and buoyant at Brancaster, and the turf so springy and elastic, that unless he gets hopelessly adrift in the bunkers, which are neither few nor small, a golfer rarely feels fatigue, and may do his two, or even three, rounds with ease and comfort to himself. But there is one unpleasant phase of the weather—peculiar, we believe, to East Anglia—which is apt to perplex and exasperate a stranger. On a bright summer day, when the links are bathed in brilliant sunshine, there suddenly comes up from the sea a mist, cold and heavy, like a November fog, and blots out every feature in the landscape. This, in the native dialect,

¹ *Staithe* or *stathe* (Anglo-Saxon) = "wharf" or "landing-place."

is called a "roke" or "eynd" or "water-smoke," and is not unfrequently accentuated by a drenching shower of rain, which, though it may refresh the parched vegetation, is apt to damp a golfer's enthusiasm as well as to wet his jacket.

Owing to the great "variety" of soil noticed by Fuller in a well-known passage, Norfolk has always enjoyed a deservedly high reputation as a sporting county—"sport" in this part of the world being synonymous with "shooting."¹ In this respect it is, in fact, an epitome of English scenery. There are the spinneys and fir-plantations with sandy soil, offering an excellent cover to pheasants; the light barley lands, alternating with huge fields of swedes and turnips, beloved by partridges; the rushy bottoms of low-lying meadows, with small springs and "pulks," where snipe are wont to congregate; sheltered coppices, with a southern aspect, where woodcock repose and recruit their strength after their weary flight from the north,—and, above all, there is the long projecting coastline, where the sandhills form a gigantic rabbit-warren, and where the salt-marshes and oozy banks attract myriads of water-fowl, from the wild-goose to the widgeon, during the winter months. But the halcyon days of sport in Norfolk are past; the heaths and warrens have been enclosed in all directions; the steam-plough has transformed the "rabbit and rye country" into corn-fields; and (as Mr Lubbock complained patheti-

cally in 1847) "the marshes, where seven or eight years ago one hundred and twenty-three snipes were killed in the same day by one gun, are now as dry as a bowling-green."² Considering this was before the days of breech-loaders, Norfolk must indeed have been a very sportsman's paradise. We find continual references to the game in old documents, family deeds, and leases, as well as in history itself. James I. hunted frequently on the heaths near Thetford, where a warren of hares was kept for him; and his introduction of decoys for wild-fowl, the tradition of his ungainly figure, trussed on horseback, his drinking-bouts, and the story of his dog Jowler, long survived him. Poaching appears to have been a common offence, and heavily punished; and the game laws are more than once ridiculed by the old dramatists. "Searchum," says the squire to his bailiff, "get warrants immediately for seizing game-nets, and snares: let every dog in the parish be collected for hanging to-morrow morning: give them a taste of Norfolk discipline." Rare birds, which we only see nowadays in the glass cases of a museum, were common enough in wild life a century ago. Hawks and peregrines abounded on the sandhills near Holme; and in the cliff near Hunstanton there might always be found a nest of the "gentil falcon," whence "eyases" were taken to replenish the 'mews' at the Hall." The famous 'Household Book' of the Le Stranges, with entries extending over fifty years, contains many details of sport in

¹ "All England may be carved out of Norfolk, represented therein not only to the kind, but degree thereof. Here are ferns and heather, and light and deep, and sand and clay ground, and meadow and pasture, and arable and woody and (generally) woodless land, so grateful to this shire with the variety thereof."

² Fauna of Norfolk, Introduction.

the Tudor period; falcons being chiefly used, though occasionally the crossbow and spaniels come on the scene. In 1533 the bow seems to have been replaced by a matchlock for sporting purposes; but (as Stevenson remarks) the gunner of the period, with his unwieldy weapon and slow-match, probably went in for "sitting shots." There was much variety in the contents of the game-bag, which included teal, partridges, the crane, the heron, and the great bustard itself. This magnificent bird, measuring nine feet from wing to wing, was formerly so common in this county that a keeper is said to have killed seven at one shot; and an old clergyman, riding to his church in 1783, actually put up a flock of the same number almost from under his horse's feet.¹ The bittern also figures in the Le Stranges' 'Household Book,' but is now practically extinct, at least in Norfolk. The strange uncanny appearance, the skulking habits, and the harsh and discordant cries of this curious bird made it an object of terror to the natives who came across it in its marshy haunts.² Dr Jessopp once questioned an aged rustic on the subject:—

"'Were there any bitterns hereabouts when you were a boy, Mike?' 'I can't zackly make out what yer main.' Then, after much explanation and long digressions, he returns to it. 'Why, you must main *Bog-Bumpers*. It's over fifty years since I heard folks talk of them.' Then he proceeded to

say how some seventy years ago, when he was a small boy, he went with his mother over Thetford Heath, 'or that way,' and how they came upon the nests of the '*Bog-Bumpers* in a kind of a low mash like.' The two male birds 'roared and bellowed' over their heads, and the poor woman grew very much alarmed. The child sank in the ooze and clutched at a tuft of rushes to save itself. The two female birds rose startled—and moved off a yard or two. They looked like 'great hedgehogs all feathers, only they was as big as a sheep, and my mother scrome that loud she was fit to scare 'em. And they seemed to me to come a-rolling at us, and says mother, says she, "O Lord, they'll have my Mike's eyes!" I'd had enough of *Bog-Bumpers* arter that!' "³

But though rare birds such as the bustard and bittern have disappeared, game of all kinds is still plentiful enough. Pheasants and partridges have increased and multiplied; and in the county may be found some of the best sporting estates in England—such as Merton, Didlington, Melton Constable, Gunton, Sandringham, and above all Holkham itself, which stands on the borders of West Norfolk. The shooting here has been proverbial since the days of "Coke of Norfolk," who practically created this estate. Not only was he the first farmer of his time, but he was also a keen sportsman as well, and an excellent shot—killing on one occasion eighty-two partridges out of eighty-four in succession. He planted 1000 acres of woodland—including plantations and shrubberies—and went in largely for turnip-growing as part of the four-

¹ Lubbock's Fauna, p. 66.

² The bittern is also called a "butter-bump"—"bump" meaning its dull, hollow note. "And as a bittern bumbleth in the mire" (Chaucer). Sir Thomas Browne includes among his "Vulgar Errors" the idea "that a bittern maketh that mugient noise, or, as we call it, 'bumping,' by putting its head into the water" (Forby).

³ Dr Jessopp's Arcady, p. 56.

course system. We are not certain if Holkham can claim the credit of having originated the "battue"; but so far back as 1826, in Coke's time, the late Lord Albemarle (then Captain George Keppel) describes the shooting-parties here, which began in the first week of November and lasted without intermission for three months — battues taking place twice a-week, while on the other days the guests amused themselves with partridge-shooting among the turnips or went after the wild-fowl in the salt-marshes.¹ Since that time shooting at Holkham has been reduced to an art and a science, by the judicious arrangement of coverts, the careful and systematic rearing of pheasants, and the skilful management of the "beats" on field-days. It would be outside our limits to enter on the vexed question of the merits of the battue as compared with shooting over dogs. In theory there was a freedom and enjoyment in the old-fashioned mode which is wanting in the modern set field-day; but in practice, judging from Colonel Peter Hawker's Diary, the result must have often been meagre and disappointing. On one occasion he was out the whole day—beating his best covers—without getting a single bird; and the picture of the sportsman arrayed, like Mr Winkle, in a white tall hat, a green jacket, and kerseymere breeches on a cold November morning, fumbling in his pockets for the wads or vainly endeavouring to strike a spark from his damp matchlock, while the faithful Carlo or Ponto stands at gaze like the moon on Ajalon, is, it must be owned, hardly an exhilarating one. And even when game was plentiful and the colonel was at his best, the results seem to

us now lamentably small. "Some time after the dry summer of 1740-41," writes Gilbert White, "partridges swarmed to such an extent that parties of unreasonable [*sic*] sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a single day." One wonders what that eminent naturalist considered a "reasonable" bag; and what would he have said to the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh's performance, who in the autumn of 1876 killed 2530 partridges to his own gun in nine days! The battue certainly has its advantages—indeed, it is often a necessity in a dry autumn, if the birds are to be shot at all, when the cover (especially the turnips) is thin and scanty, and when the stubble has been so closely shaven by the reaping-machine that it would hardly conceal a titmouse. It is then obviously hopeless and impossible to try to walk up your game; and furthermore, just as the old cocks are the first to take alarm and fly out of range when the dogs are quartering a field, so they are the first to fall to the guns in a well-organised drive. The outcry raised some years ago against the wholesale slaughter of so-called tame pheasants probably originated (like most popular outcries of this kind) with cockneys and newspaper reporters, who had never seen a battue in their lives; and had certainly no conception of the nerve or the rapid and accurate aim shown by the crack shots posted to stop the "rocketers" in the "outer ring" at Holkham.

We do not know whether considerations of sport at all influenced the original purchase of Sandringham for the Prince of Wales; but probably no estate of the same size can show better mixed shoot-

¹ Fifty Years of my Life, vol. ii. p. 231.

ing. Pheasants abound in the fir-plantations near Wolferton; the great Kenhill Wood at Snettisham is famous for woodcocks—in fact, it is one of the three best covers for this capricious and migratory bird to be found in England, the other two being Swanton Wood near Holt (also in Norfolk), belonging to Lord Hastings, and Hepburn Wood on Lord Tankerville's estate at Chillingham. Then there is excellent wild-fowl shooting in the marshes near Babingley—only equalled on this coast by the preserved water at Holkham and Swanton Mere belonging to Lord Walsingham, in the direction of Thetford; and as an instance of the wonderful variety of wildfowl that may be shot in a single day by a first-rate marksman we may quote the following bag of game—some of the species being extremely rare even in Norfolk:—

“*December 18, 1878.*—One gun (Lord Walsingham): 10 pheasants, 1 hare, 2 woodcocks, 5 snipes, 1 goosander, 1 golden-eye, 7 widgeon, 18 pochards, 48 wild ducks, 1 gadwall, 10 tufted ducks, 2 shovellers, 1 smew, 8 teal, 13 coots, moorhens, &c.; total, 117.

Sandringham itself has been happily described as a “little bit of Scotland with heather and pines dropped down upon the Norfolk marshes”; and certainly the landscape near Snettisham and Wolferton, with its wild and broken ground, its yellow gorse and purple heather, with belts of fir-plantations, reminds one of the Highlands. It was to this strip of heather that Norfolk owed the occasional presence of grouse and black-game, which (if we may believe Stevenson) were common enough here early in the century. He states that a Colonel Campbell, while shooting with the former

owner of the estate, Mr Cowper Temple, saw no less than twenty blackcock in a single flight. Sportsmen who know the county are sceptical in the matter; but if the sand-grouse travelled here from the Caspian, there seems no reason why black-game should not have occasionally migrated from the north. An attempt was made, we believe, by the Prince to acclimatise grouse; but the stock of heather was too small, the enclosures too many, and probably the presence of other game in close vicinity defeated the experiment. Hares were formerly abundant here before the passing of the Ground Game Act; and Mrs Gerard Oreswell—the “Lady Farmer,” who was formerly tenant of Appleton—gives a pathetic account of the way in which these dainty feeders would destroy a crop of swedes or mangels in a single night. The keepers were perhaps not so considerate as they might have been, and farmers of the old type resented their fields being parcelled out and patrolled night and day by these ubiquitous watchmen. “They’re always a-spyin’ here and a-pryin’ there,” said one of these long-suffering tenants to Mrs Creswell, “and a-watchin’ everythink I du; and then when I go raound and see they kangaroos [hares] a-hoppin’ and jumpin’ about my crops it make me ill, it du.”¹ However, in West Norfolk, as elsewhere, the “merry brown hares” have long since succumbed to the guns of the sporting tenants and their friends. They have been ruthlessly shot down, and where formerly a hundred might have been put up in a single beat, the sportsman is now fortunate if he sees half-a-dozen.

¹ Eighteen Years on the Sandringham Estate, by the “Lady Farmer,” p. 65.

The group of little villages near Sandringham have an air of substantial comfort and wellbeing which is pleasant to behold; and many of the cottages, with their gabled roofs, their latticed windows, and their gardens gay with flowers, make a charming foreground in the landscape. Almost every hamlet has some tradition or interesting association with the past. At Babingley, for instance, Felix, the Burgundian (whose name survives in Felixstowe), first landed on his mission from Pope Honorius—some twenty years after Augustine—"to preach the word of life to the nation of the Angles," and it was here that he built a wooden church. At Gaywood—a few miles distant—there once stood Bishop de Grey's palace, where King John, who much affected this corner of Norfolk, was a guest in 1205. Middleton Tower—a fine relic of a feudal castle—is connected with the memory of Lord Scales, a gallant captain in the French wars, and of his daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, whose life was embittered by a series of domestic tragedies. Her father was murdered; her father-in-law and her brother perished on the scaffold; and finally her husband, Lord Rivers, the most perfect character of his time—brave, learned, accomplished, and chivalrous—was beheaded by Richard III. at Pontefract. Heacham Hall, the seat of the Rolfes, recalls the romantic story of Pocahontas, Powhattan's daughter. Readers of Bancroft's History may remember how she saved the life of the famous explorer, John Smith, by clinging to his neck and shielding him from the uplifted tomahawks of her tribesmen; how she was wooed and won by the ardent young enthusiast, John Rolfe; how

she was baptised, "the first Christian ever of her nation"; how she sailed to England and won all hearts by her beauty and charming character; and how sadly she fell a victim to our treacherous climate, "saved," says the historian, "as if by the hand of mercy from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprung—leaving a spotless name and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth."¹ Her picture still hangs at Heacham, and the owner, H.M. Consul-General at Naples, is, we believe, a direct descendant of the Indian princess. Appleton, again, is connected with one of the most famous Norfolk families, the Pastons, who had a stately mansion here; and lastly, Sandringham, which has passed through many hands and undergone frequent vicissitudes of fortune, has perhaps its most interesting association (historically speaking) with the misfortunes of Colonel Cobbe, an ardent Royalist, who supported a train-band at his own expense in the Civil Wars, and in consequence had his estates sequestered by the Parliament. He was almost reduced to beggary, while his sons died unmarried, and four out of five daughters took the veil in foreign nunneries. But more interesting than all (to the antiquarian at least) is the grand Norman keep of Castle Rising, standing in the centre of a moated embankment—the ditch being 80 feet wide. Traces of the great quadrangle still remain; but there is little besides to show its former strength and importance. It is chiefly remembered by its association with Isabella ("the she-wolf of France"), who lived here in semi-state half a queen and half a prisoner for fourteen years after

¹ Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. i. p. 112.

her paramour's death. A few miles distant, on the borders of the Marshland, stands King's Lynn, the market-town and railway junction for West Norfolk. It is full of interest to the archæologist, with its curious chapel of the "Red Mount," recalling in some respects that of St Hubert's at Amboise; its town-hall with its checkered frontage; its ancient South Gate; its quaint doorways and courtyards; its "Tuesday market-place"; and its "custom-house that might have been imported bodily from Flanders."

Of the natives of this pleasant corner of England it is unnecessary to say much here. Though we cannot altogether accept Dr Jessop's unfavourable view of their character, there is certainly a "dourness" and dogged obstinacy which is apt to impress strangers unfavourably; and if the Norfolk peasant has not the hard-headed shrewdness "of a Yorkshireman hippodamoio," he has at least strong common-sense and a sharp eye for his own interests. "He is a keen bargainer, suspicious, exacting, and mercenary," says Dr Jessop; and it may be added that he has no love for the stranger or tourist who invades his territory—"they Shere-men," as he contemptuously terms them—and he is always most reluctant to give his confidence or gratify what he considers unseasonable curiosity. Even to the most innocent inquiries he returns the most guarded reply, and he has the art of concealing his thoughts under vague figures of speech in a manner which a diplomatist might envy, and a Scotsman need not disdain. He is reluctant to commit himself to a decided expression of opinion, even if the subject be only the weather or his own dinner. "That's accordin'," and "Fares" (i.e., ap-

pears) "as if it moight be, loike," are two favourite formulæ. Moreover, our friend has a dogged obstinacy and a readiness to take offence, which has marked his character since the days of Chaucer—who makes his Norfolk reeve (or bailiff) "lean as a rake," and most irascible. And it may be added that "barratry"—the mysterious word that figures along with pirates and the "Act of God" among the perils of the sea enumerated in insurance policies—was originally a Norfolk term, the county having always enjoyed an unenviable notoriety for malicious lawsuits. So much so, indeed, was this the case that in Henry VI.'s time a special statute limited the number of attorneys allowed to practise in Norfolk to six, in consequence of their habit of "exhorting, procuring, moving, and inciting the people to attempt untrue foreign suits for small trespasses, little offences, or small sums of debt." This statute does not seem to have altogether had the desired effect, for Fuller (writing about 1642) tells us in his 'Book of Worthies' that Norfolk produced more lawyers than any county in England, and that the common people were so litigious that "they would enter an action for their neighbour's horse but for looking over their hedge."

But though often obstinate and surly, the Norfolk peasant is not easily surpassed as a seaman or a labourer. He is usually cast in a strong mould: large-limbed, deep-chested, with singular powers of endurance, he does his work slowly and phlegmatically it is true, but he does it thoroughly and excellently well, whether it be lopping a hedge, driving a furrow, or thatching a rick. He is comfortably lodged as a rule, at all events in West Norfolk, where the cot-

tages—especially on the estates belonging to Lord Leicester and the Prince of Wales—are roomy and substantial, with plots of garden-ground annexed to them; and he is also well fed, for though butcher's meat does not often appear on his bill of fare, there is no lack of flesh-forming substitutes in one shape or another—brown bread and milk ("ben-joltram," as it used to be called), "dannecks" or "froises" (pancakes with lumps of bacon in them), "Norfolk dump-lings" of dough and yeast, with occasional luxuries such as "furmety," "chitterlings," "gofers" (tea-cakes), "apple-jacks" (puffs), and "swimmers" (light pastry). In harvest-time, like the Suffolk labourer, he expects and insists on extra meals. "They consist of levenses, nooners or nunshens, bevers and foorzes; exclusive of sundry little interjectional stimuli [a most happy phrase for "pick-me-ups"] in the shape of whets, baits, snaps, snacks, and snatches, relieved by lowans of beer."¹ The Norfolk dialect, however, is fast dying out, and many of the words and expressions in common use when Forby wrote his dictionary some sixty years ago are no longer current; and except in the matter of accent and a few odd phrases (chiefly forcible terms of vituperation), the Norfolk peasant speaks as pure English as his Midland brethren; but the indescribable drawl and harsh pronunciation—intensified when (as often happens)

the speaker is carrying on a conversation with a friend some thirty yards off—still lingers among the farm-labourers, and is impossible to reproduce in print. Mr Rye quotes the fragment of a dialogue in shrill recitative between an ancient gardener and a "mawther" (girl), which gives a faint idea of the Norfolk "drant." The italics mark the accent:—

"As I was *jumping* t'holl [ditch] from farmer Thirkettle's little *pighdle* [enclosed field] *inteu* t'rhoed, she come up to me and say—

"Can I get trew *here*?"

"Iss," said I; "but it is no *matter* of a rho-ed."

"Whawt?" said she.

"It's only a *driftway* like," sed I.

"Eh?" sed she.

"Nobbut a *packway*," sed I.

"Oh," said she; "and which way *deu* I go?"

"Yew go as the rho-ed go, for tew or tree hundred *yard* till you come *teu* a *paryard*," sed I.

"Tew whawt?" sed she, &c., &c.²

It is a curious fact that in some parts of East Anglia ploughboys still shout "Heit" (left) and "Ree," or "Worree" (right), to their team as they did in Chaucer's time, and we may quote as an instance the terse vernacular of the "Freer's Tale":—

"The carter smote and cried as he were wode,

'Heit, Scot! Heit, Brock! What spare ye for the nones?

The fiend ye fetch (quoth he) body and bones.'³

¹ Quoted by Nall from Major Moor's Vocabulary. Much the same custom prevails in other counties. "In Dorset the agricultural labourers were accustomed some years since to say that in harvest-time they required seven meals in the day—dewbit, breakfast, nuncheon, cruncheon, nammet, crammet, and supper" (Barnes).

² Popular History of Norfolk, p. 308.

³ We are told on Major Moor's authority that "Scot" and "Brock" are still names given to cart-horses in Suffolk.

THE TWO TRAGEDIES—A NOTE.

BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

DISCUSSION about the more abstract and general principles of literary criticism has been for a good many years rather out of favour. In particular, the question of the laws and nature of tragedy, so constantly agitated for some two centuries, from the later Renaissance to the end of the eighteenth century, has long ceased to occupy much attention, except in more or less scholastic handlings of its great text, the *Poetics* of Aristotle. Perhaps this is a pity. It is quite true that, according to the great dictum of the Owl, the beauty of these things is that you never can find them out. But for that very reason, unless the attempts to find them out are constantly renewed, the sense of their importance and interest is deadened, and mistakes in detail arise.

One such mistake (or what seems to me such) may perhaps be worth a few observations in the "quodlibetal" manner. It is old of course; the genius of man will not, until it has been entirely reconstituted, run to the extent of making a new mistake about anything. But it seems to me to be rather especially prevalent just now, and to be worth noting and examining in one or more of the forms of its prevalence. It is, to put it briefly, a confusion of two kinds of pathos, both of which have, indeed, generally passed under the name of tragedy, and both of which appear in great and famous works of literature called by that name, but of which one is extremely distinct from the other, and even radically opposed to it.

I should propose to distinguish these kinds as "Tragic" and "Sentimental." In the first class, the connection between cause and effect in the misfortunes and misdeeds depicted by the artist is adequate, necessary, and just; in the second, it is, in greater or less degree, imperfect, arbitrary, and dis severed from that system of retribution and compensation which has acquired the name of poetical justice. This latter kind derives its pathos either from the mere painfulness of the sufferings portrayed, or from the innocence and helplessness of the victim, or from both combined. The most artless and ordinary instances of it are to be found in the practice of a certain kind of novelist, who without rhyme or reason kills off the good hero or heroine, just to relieve the book from insipidity and to make the necessary but otherwise difficult end. Some greater examples may be noticed presently, but it is worth while to observe at once that the more ambitious admirers of this kind of, as it seems to me, bastard tragedy are wont to shelter themselves under the great name of Greece. "Fate inevitable like that of a Greek tragedy," "in the toils of tragic Fate," and other phrases of the kind, are not unfamiliar.

It would be superfluous to urge on scholars, and still more superfluous to lay it down very elaborately for others, that this is an utter misreading of Greek theory and Greek practice. It is a very interesting accident, if it is an accident at all, that "the Ionian father of the rest" has at the very

opening of the 'Odyssey' put a formal protest against and denial of it, by the mouth of Zeus himself, in the famous line—

"σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον
ἀλγε' ἔχουσιν."

It cannot possibly be a mere accident that the greatest of Greek tragedians has flung the expression of the true tragic law, that "the *doer* shall suffer," in the very teeth of those who will have the tragic sufferer to be a mere helpless and innocent victim of fate. But in this short paper we must leave the Greeks and the Romans alone. Illustration enough can be found in English literature, and in a few of its greatest and most famous things.

For the adequacy, the necessity, and at the same time the justice of the true tragic connection of doing and suffering we need not go beyond Shakespeare. He gives them in perfection, and he never fails to give them. The chain is found (though *not* in perfection) even in such questionable and at best tentative things as "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus," the very presence of it being sufficient to distinguish these from the general run of Elizabethan terror-tragedy. And the occasional presence of it elsewhere (as, for instance, in the famous passages between Beatrice-Joanna and De Flores in "The Changeling") at once distinguishes the scenes where it comes from the other work of their authors. It is, for all the accompanying immaturity, thoroughly evident in "Romeo and Juliet." But it shows, of course, at its best in the great tragedies, "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," and that magnificent play, which deserves to be, though it too seldom is, ranked with them, "Antony and Cleopatra." Ade-

quacy, necessity, and yet justice—these three things govern all, though there is room for infinite difference about details. The tragedy of "Lear" is not in the mere physical hardships of the night on the heath, not even in the king's sense of filial ingratitude, not even in the hanging of Cordelia—these are mere signs, accompaniments, mutable decorations and means. It is in the retribution of Lear's petulant and self-centred impulsiveness, in the retribution which must have followed in some other way even if the king had never made his rash disposition of the kingdom, which could only be avoided by his correcting his whole nature, as he does not, in fact, correct it, till the final moment. The tragic object in "Othello" is not Desdemona, save in a minor degree, though here also Shakespeare has pointed to the truth in his royal laconic way, putting the whole thing in one line—

"She has deceived her father, and may thee."

It is the Moor himself, with his happiness wrecked and his nobleness rendered criminal by his admission of the enemy Jealousy.

Divide, readjust, enumerate the "points in Hamlet's soul" as you like; but over and above all the divisions and adjustments and enumerations there will remain the central tragic interest (independent even of, though reinforced by, the sorrows of Ophelia) of the conflict of that soul with circumstance, and of its admitted inability to conduct the fight to its own satisfaction. The gracious Duncan, "his silver skin laced with his golden blood," the base reward of Banquo's loyalty and friendship, the butchery of the Macduffs, are in the same way mere trappings

and externals in the tragedy of "Macbeth." The point, the tragic point, is the conversion by dint of ambition, and an unlucky habit of analysis that in a sort of gust of impatience puts an end to itself by the roughest and readiest issue, of a noble and gallant gentleman into a wholesale murderer—the conversion by ambition *plus* conjugal affection of a gentle lady into an accomplice and suggester of crime. All the butcher-work, and even all the witchcraft, are mere preliminaries to the sleep-walking scene and that marvelous soliloquy on the queen's death, the misinterpreting of which is the "farthest" of even commentatorial imbecility.

And so, in "Antony and Cleopatra," even "I am dying, Egypt, dying,"—even those ineffable penultimate words of Cleopatra, which attain the absolute perfection of pathos in verbal music, only put the seal to the tragedy of the action in each case—the tragedy of the retribution for passionate abandonment of everything but love in Antony's, for abuse of the omnipotence of charm in Cleopatra's. In all these cases the tragic sufferers are not mere victims of Fate: "Fate and metaphysical aid" only develop, help, guide unresisted, or with insufficient resistance, the tendencies of their own nature or temperament. They *could* avoid their doom; but they could do it by no simple, obvious, single expedient; and it is exactly in proportion to their acts and words and thoughts. In each "the doer suffers." The natural excess or defect, uncorrected, brings the natural punishment, and that punishment itself is not the mere suffering, still less the mere death, which comes to all, but the degradation, the loss, the failure of good qualities, great

chances, noble gifts, deeds, emotions. "The pity of it," with what always accompanies the pity—the irony of it—has only accidentally to do with the pillow, the sword of Macduff, the asp, the cord of Cordelia, and the like. Both centre really on the adequate, the necessary, and the just connection of doing and suffering.

It would, of course, be possible enough, and easy enough, to select many other examples, a good number of which would have nothing at all to do with blood and wounds, with death, or with physical suffering of any kind. I do not, for instance, know many greater tragedies than that "Tragedy of Henry and Beatrix" which is contained in 'Esmond' and 'The Virginians,' though both hero and heroine marry somebody else, live many years in comfort and affluence, and even die, making the proper allowances in each case, in a sort of odour of sanctity.

But we must pass to the other kind, the kind which seems to me to miss this tragic attainment of adequacy, necessity, and justice, and to be merely or mainly sentimental. And of this we may take three great and famous examples, one from each of the three last centuries—"Venice Preserved," 'Clarissa,' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor.'

The revolution of popularity in the case of "Venice Preserved" is notoriously one of the most striking things in literary history. From the first appearance of the play till a period probably within living memory, it was not merely the popular but to a very great extent the critical ideal of a tragedy. Generations after generations of actresses made and kept their fame in Belvidera: the author was coupled by convention with Shakespeare, and as a mat-

ter of genuine living probably preferred to him. Now, the play is but a name: I do not think it is any insult to the readers of *"Maga"* to doubt whether one in twenty of them has ever read a line of it beyond the usual beauties in the extract-books, though perhaps the late Mr Roden Noel's edition of *Otway* in the "Mermaid" Series may have reintroduced it to a few. Of course such revolutions of popularity prove, in themselves, nothing at all as to goodness. Marlowe was forgotten during nearly the whole time during which *Otway* was popular; and the fact, merely as a fact, is not evidence against or in favour of one or the other. And, further, there are many faults, putting aside for the moment the question of its tragic quality, in "*Venice Preserved*." Its comic parts are utterly despicable; it is enough to say that they are what French criticism, before the scales fell at least partially from its eyes, used to think Shakespeare's comedy to be. The general motive and conduct of the story are extremely unsatisfactory; for the original "*Conjuración des Espagnols contre Venise*" is (after excepting, of course, the *Gowrie Conspiracy*) the most unintelligible thing of the kind in history, and *Otway* has thickened the obscurity.

But these things and others—such as that Belvidera evidently owes a great deal to Desdemona, and that the famous Jaffier and Pierre scene is as obvious an attempt to outvie Brutus and Cassius—do not concern us. What does concern us is that in the tragic appeal of the play we find exactly the absence of adequate, necessary, and just connection of cause and effect—exactly the presence of causeless misery and inextricable victimising. Belvidera is good (for though she disobeyed she does not

seem to have deceived her father); she is pretty: she is unhappy,—and we are asked on these securities to issue a certificate that she is tragic. I think them but Bardolphian vouchers, and if I allowed her any tragedy at all, it would be on the score of having invited her fate by marrying the most despicable and idiotic of husbands. But it was the clear belief of the author, and of his five generations of admirers, that Jaffier is tragic too. Let us see. He begins by squandering his fortune, apparently for no other reason than that his father-in-law will not give Belvidera a dowry—a truly reasonable ground and starting-point of tragic action; then he humbles himself, in a fashion as unmanly as it is ineffective, to the old senator; then he becomes a conspirator, and risks not merely Belvidera's remaining fortune and her life but her honour with a gang of unintelligible ruffians, whose objects, whatever they are, he does not even pretend to share. Then he is persuaded by his wife (whose own motives are as unskillfully rendered that they seem to be less patriotism or humanity than personal resentment and fear) to betray his associates. Reproached by his friend Pierre, he is going to murder Belvidera, but (in a famous but most artificial scene) stabs himself and Pierre instead. Belvidera goes mad, in a fashion not at all like Ophelia's, and dies.

In all this, though there is abundance of "harrowing," though there is some real pathos, there is next to no tragedy in the sense in which I am trying to make the word good. Belvidera—the sport of fate, of a churlish father, and of a foolish and rather base husband—could, of course, be made most effective on the stage by an actress of physical gifts and trained skill.

But we are not now speaking of stagecraft or stage effect at all: we are speaking of tragedy in literature. In literature, where the intellectual working must always be considered rather than the merely stimulating and spectacular, she is a figure sympathetic, or at least pathetic enough, but not tragically pathetic. The connection of cause and effect in her sufferings, so far as it is adequate and necessary, is not just, and so far as it is just (that is to say, inasmuch as she has married such a creature as Jaffier), it has neither the adequacy nor the necessity of tragedy.

This is also the case in regard to 'Clarissa,' though at one time it would have been positively dangerous to say so, and I do not know that it is quite safe yet. But it is important to recognise that it is more partially the case—that there is an element of real tragedy about Miss Harlowe. This element is the element of justice. She does invite her fate; she rushes on it; she persists in remaining exposed to it long after both her intelligence and her virtue have warned her to what manner of man she is committing herself. There is no shortcoming here; and, so far as the point goes, Richardson has not stolen his fame. He has, on the contrary, amply deserved it by the skill with which he has contrasted and blended his luckless heroine's character and temperament. Unfortunately, when we pass from the justice to the adequacy, much more to the necessity, of the matter, things become very different. The fate of Lovelace himself is not exposed to this criticism, but the fate of Clarissa is. Long ago Sir Walter Scott put his finger on the blot in the words, "We are apt to blame Clarissa herself, who,

in her escape to Hampstead, did not place herself under the guardianship of a magistrate." It does not need Sir Walter's apposite as well as humorous suggestion, that Mr Justice Fielding himself would certainly have been equal to the occasion, to enforce this demurrer. It is fatally true that Richardson, in the very act of looking after the moral and poetical justice of his story, has neglected the logical requirements of real tragedy. He has, in fact, exemplified the well-known joke about the prisoner who languished for many years in a loathsome dungeon, fully equipped with chains, pitchers of foul water, mouldy crusts, and the rest, until it occurred to him that the door had been open all the time, and that he had only to walk out. The ingenious author of the fable may or may not have perceived its far-reaching character in regard to the most important questions of literary criticism. But it supplies an absolutely convincing argument by illustration in reference to the present point.

The third example which has been chosen has again points of difference from both the others. Like 'Clarissa,' it is rather dangerous to meddle with, and many amiable admirers not merely of Scott but of Donizetti are certain to ejaculate "Brute!" if any one insinuates a want of perfection in the subject of the novel and the opera. This, however, is not criticism. One may defy all comers in matter of admiration of Sir Walter, and be by no means insensible to the slightly Lydian but certainly dulcet strains of "Lucia," and yet question the strict tragedy of the Lammermoor story. Scott was perfectly able to give pure tragedy, though he did not very often attempt it on

a sustained scale. Constance in 'Marmion' is all right; so is Amy Robsart; so is Effie Deans; so would have been 'St Ronan's Well' if James Ballantyne had not spoilt it; so (to take an example of those true though bloodless tragedies which escape the grosser notice) is Prince Charles in 'Redgauntlet.' But I cannot think that the tragic action in the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' more particularly as it concerns Lucy Ashton, is wholly right.¹ Edgar, though not sympathetic and too much melodramatised, is nearer to true tragedy than his betrothed, the combination of inherited misfortune and peculiarities of personal temper equipping him promisingly enough. The fault, as far as he is concerned, exists, or does not exist, according to our answer to the questions, "Is his expectation of stanch fidelity from a girl like Lucy reasonable or unreasonable?" "Does it fall within the allowed limits (pretty wide ones) of lovers' delusions or does it not?" I do not think it does; but I admit that Edgar, though he is not congenial to me, might pass muster. It is with Lucy that, on the tragic score, I quarrel. Helplessness in woman is such an extraordinary attraction to some people that, provided they think it is present, they seem to ask for nothing more: it is with them a master-key to sympathy, tragic, comic, or what not. With such, of course, it is impossible to reason. Yet one of the most desperate Lucians I know once admitted in a moment of fatal candour that "She *might* have upset the tragic coach by

marrying Edgar in her parents' despite."

With this admission, I think, the question falls. We must not allow ourselves to be prejudiced by the undoubted quality of the three final scenes, as they may be called,—the denial of Edgar by Lucy, the funeral, and the death of Ravenswood, not to mention the actual catastrophe of the wedding. Each of these is admirable in itself; each is, with no flaws, or only the slightest, a triumph of art; and they go perfectly well together. But before we pronounce the whole a tragedy we must inquire how they go with what comes before. And this is where, as it seems to me, the case, if not for Edgar, at any rate for Lucy, breaks down. Scott has, indeed, done all he could, by detailing the machinations and persecutions of Lady Ashton, to obviate the charge that Lucy had only herself to thank; but he has not done enough. He has himself cut much of the ground from under his too zealous defenders' feet by telling us that "Lucy's spirit was *high*"—that she was not the mere creature of wax they suppose her to be; and thus, though her case was hard, it was not hopeless. In the first place, if the spirit was not quite high enough to encourage her to actual revolt and flight, it might surely have prompted her to insist, not on mere silence but on positive renunciation from Ravenswood. And in the second, what better opportunity could a spirit of even moderate height, and an intellect of even moderate quickness, have than the scene of his appearance? She had only to

¹ It would, indeed, have been odd if it were, considering that the author wrote it in a succession of trances of bodily agony, and had even less consciousness of what he had written than one has of the usual bad dream after waking from it.

start to meet him, to say, "They have deceived and persecuted me, have suppressed your letters and perverted your deeds; but I am yours and yours only—I am your wife if you will marry me," and the whole situation would have fallen right at once. Even if force had been used, which was hardly possible; even in the barely conceivable event of Ravenswood proving ungrateful or incredulous, *her* part was safe; she became at once the really, not the sentimentally, tragic heroine. And it was no extraordinary thing to do; it was what almost any girl of sense, heart, and, still more, of "high spirit," would have done. At any rate, I maintain that the failure to do it snaps hopelessly and irremediably the tragic chain as far as she is concerned, and leaves us with a situation pathetic, horrible, heartrending, anything you like, but not tragic in the true sense of the word.

It is, of course, open to any one to say that this is an arbitrary and unreasonable limitation of the term. It may be so; yet I think I have shown that it corresponds to a distinction which is certainly real, and which may not be use-

less. At any rate, it saves us once for all from a danger which the objectors to the limitation seem to me to forget, but of which they may find sufficient warning in almost any daily paper. When you begin by extending the word "tragedy" to things devoid of the special quality which it has here been attempted to adumbrate, I do not see how you can find much fault with the penny-a-liner who describes as a "Wapping Tragedy" a squabble between two coal-heavers, in which one happens to knock the other's brains out; and extends the term yet further to a railway accident or a crush on the stairs of a theatre. All these are painful and unpleasant events: it is very possible that any one of them, even the first, may by circumstance and concatenation be a real tragedy; but it is the circumstance, the concatenation, not the mere death, the mere pain, the mere untoward event, that makes them tragic. Otherwise the willow song in "The Mikado" and the willow song in "Othello" might be held as belonging to the same variety. The present note is a humble and occasional effort to distinguish between them.

BAYREUTH—1897.

THIS paper has no pretension to special knowledge of music: it is not for esoteric Wagnerians—but rather a few notes and impressions jotted down during a musical pilgrimage, which forms as complete a holiday for mind and body as any jaded man could desire. From the moment we stepped into the train at Ostend the holiday began—and the loss of a hat-box here or of an umbrella there mattered nothing, now that we were heading for Bayreuth. The charm of Nürnberg is a delightful introduction to such a rest; differing widely though it does, with its heavy walls, towers, and battlements, its picturesque streets and medieval associations, from the Bayreuth of to-day: a comparatively modern collection of buildings both in town and suburb, save for here and there a quaint corner or old-world building, linking the Wahnfried city of to-day with the town that was ravaged and harassed by pestilence and civil war in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Many will naturally long to linger in Nürnberg and try to glean some fragments of the art-history of South Germany and of Europe in the town where Dürer and Hans Sachs lived and worked—but for us the end is not yet. Another three hours in the so-called “Express” brings us to Bayreuth. The first glimpse is as satisfying as any; for, as the train nears the town and the eye wanders listlessly along the high range of pine-trees that clothe the horizon, it is suddenly arrested by the familiar face of the theatre, standing out triangular in red brick before its pine-green setting. I

confess freely to the liveliest sense of satisfaction and joy whenever this view meets my eye. I remember the thrills that I have experienced within its walls in past years, when Tristan or Lohengrin, god or man, have alike sung the story of their loves that pass understanding, and impatiently I count the hours until the trumpets shall summon me to the theatre.

But much has to happen first. In the first place, luggage has to be extricated from the usual confusion, which is here increased by a total absence of arrangements, according to preconceived notions: porters there are few, barrows none; but with luck, some kindly disposed man or woman will convey luggage in three or four lots from the platform to the vehicle that is destined to bring us to some primitive residence in the town. Outside the station is a clamorous crowd, licensed or unlicensed to drive carriages; boys willing for a few pfennigs to wheel *impedimenta*; vendors of programmes for the forthcoming performances at the theatre, as well as a gazing throng of inhabitants, anxious but unable to fathom this occasional influx of foreigners into their quiet little city.

There is a good deal of fiction, and a very little fact, talked at random about the Bayreuth lodgings, and the *train de vie* which one should be prepared for. The ordinary criticism is that “the accommodation is bad, the beds uncomfortable, the service impossible, and the food uneatable.” All this, in my humble opinion, is nonsense. As a matter of fact,

the first three objects of attack would pass without comment in any English sea-side town, whilst the food (if ordered with due regard to the possibilities of the place) is considerably better. The great mistake, of course, is to come to Bayreuth under the impression that there is any possible equality between the mental and material sustenance here provided: true, the bodily discomforts are yearly decreasing, but the balance is still considerably weighed down in favour of the musical excesses in which we are permitted to indulge. Why, then, order for dinner at some modest little restaurant a repast which the "Savoy" might serve, but which will *laisse à désirer* in the land where *blaue Forellen* and a *Wiener Schnitzel* are considered the delicacies of the daily *menu*. At the same time it is much to be wondered at that no enterprising manager has bought one of the antiquated buildings that do duty for hotels, and adapted it to modern requirements; also that the example of the benefactor who started here the Berliner restaurant, with such immediate success, has not raised the level of the ordinary *cuisine*; for it must not be forgotten that there still exist in the world, and still journey to Bayreuth, persons whose sentiments are summed up in the epigram of a gourmet, that "all the good music in the world is not worth one bad egg."

But all this is a digression: our evening meal may be taken anywhere, with varying success according to our skill in ordering and the cook's skill in obeying. Then to rest, having thrown the *duvet* (of the size and consistency of a feather-bed) to one corner of the room, and the triangular wedge which supports my pillow to another—thus withdrawing one or

two of the invariable drawbacks to a Continental bed.

Who shall describe the excitement, the childish excitement, of the first morning? What matters it that there is no bath—dearly as one would like to suggest that the bootjacks and spittoons which adorn every bedroom should be replaced by a few of those rare but necessary articles—especially as my bath, a tin one this time with a lid, which answers the purpose of portmanteau as well, has been "stove in" by some mischance, and the ablutions which I had contemplated performing in it are reduced to a sort of bedside paddle, as the water leaks merrily over the floor.

There are those who have never been to Bayreuth, but who fancy that the pangs of boredom suffered during the mornings are more easily imagined than described. Let me try and account for a few of the pastimes affected by the different classes of pilgrims.

To begin with the athletic class: this is yearly increasing, owing to the facilities afforded by the ubiquitous bicycle. These votaries of exercise disappear at any early hour in the morning, pursuing their different paths: either away through the forest behind the theatre and down the hill again to Berneck, a charming little village with beautiful natural surroundings, or else, if less energetically disposed, they may spin out to the cool and delicious parks of *Fantasie* or of the *Hermitage* for breakfast. Then there is the artistic class: their mornings are anything but dull, especially if they belong to that subdivision which I will classify as the "actives." These comprise, if not the largest, certainly the most evident, section of our pilgrims. As the *flâneur* (of whom more anon) passes down the street—any

street is typical of all—his ear is arrested by the sound of many pianos—a veritable musical Babel. At these pianos sit performers who, like their instruments, are of all ages and capabilities—some endeavouring, for the first time as it sounds, with untiring zeal to acquire an idea of the Wagner *motifs*, of which they have heard so much though they know but little; others, having mastered the technical difficulties of the Pilgrim's Chorus or the Prelied, seem bent on proclaiming the fact to the greater world outside, and with relentless vigour hammer out the notes until the tympanum of the wanderer's ear—nay, the very cobble-stones beneath his feet—seem destined to be shattered by the percussion. A softer and more pleasant harmony issues perhaps from a neighbouring house. Let us use the licence of the essayist and look in, as I have often done in past years, and find that gifted musician the late Clement Harris seated at the piano—an instrument of higher calibre than most that are to be had in the town. Few men of his time had mastered more in detail the complexities of the later Wagner operas, and none could unravel more delightfully the intricacies of the Sagas which the "Master" has selected for the Ring. Added to this with him was a power over the piano which enabled him to indicate, almost as an orchestra might, the musical themes and their developments, upon which books innumerable have been written, whilst his knowledge of the personalities of the artists and of the life behind the scenes invested his morning lectures with unwonted charm. What wonder, then, that around him we find seated devotees

of the Wagnerian school, following with handbook or full score the story as he tells it, and the music which translates into sound every phase of human life as Wagner knew it, every emotion of which the human heart is capable. Alas that the enthusiasm which he threw into all that he thought noble and good should have led him to meet his fate upon the battlefield!¹

Such mornings as these are a godsend to the serious artistic pilgrim—they are the touchstone that can show the real from the spurious musician. They are useless, for instance, to the lady who heard an accomplished vocalist singing her scales on the floor below, and then remarked to me how charming it was to hear the *leit-motifs* so well executed: nor are they of conspicuous advantage to the neophyte who took her seats for the opera near the door, under the vain delusion that if the music bored her she could easily get out. The artistic class do not shop much in the morning—that is the refuge of the unemployed. But still, when there is time, a few of its members (generally the oldest and the youngest ladies) make periodical descents upon the theatrical photographer: his portraits in the main depict the heroes and heroines of the operas in various attitudes and stages of elation or dejection, which never seem to me to fulfil the highest ambitions of art-photography, but are, nevertheless, greedily bought as souvenirs of the pilgrims' progress. For the third class, who take neither exercise nor music seriously, there remain the joys of the *trottoir* and of the shops. There is always the excitement, tempered occasionally by a sense of disillusion, of meeting the artistes in their every-

¹ Clement Harris was killed, fighting for the Greeks, in the last engagement of the recent Greco-Turkish war.

day attire: it appears to leave in many minds a sense of pride when discussing the merits of "Siegfried" to be able to say, "Oh, I saw Burgstaller yesterday in a *café* drinking beer"; or, when praising a wonderful impersonation of Brünnhilde, to remark, "Fancy meeting her this morning in a shop buying black ribbon." Whether it is meant to convey the idea of peculiar cleverness in detecting the artist disguised in ordinary costume, or whether it is the boast of a special Providence allocated to confer this rare glimpse more upon one person than upon another, I do not know; but I avow my sense of humiliation when I am confronted by such experiences, and am unable to balance them by similar recitals of my own. Then, as I mentioned before, as there are shops somebody must purchase something: this office is mainly left to our third class. But such joys are short-lived, confined as they are to visits to the jeweller to buy Holy Grails, life-size or in miniature; to the nondescript *Reise-Bazar*, where mugs and cups in china or glass are to be had, inscribed with a phrase from one or other of the operas—and all the other hundred and one articles of local interest which lose most of their beauty and all their interest when transplanted to the sterner atmosphere of an English drawing-room.

But do not forget, O Flâneur, if you are passing down the Opernstrasse to go and see the little theatre, whose doors are closed to performances during the *Festspielzeit*, though they are open to tourists—for a remuneration. It is well worth while to go and see its charming rococo auditorium, artistic and sumptuous witness to the past splendours of Bayreuth, where Italian operas, operettas, and even opera comique are con-

stantly played for those whose ears can still tolerate the lighter luxuries of earlier days. In these and in many other ways can the mornings be passed pleasantly enough to give an appetite for luncheon, the one square meal of the day; for "those who know" will wait till after the opera is over before again attempting seriously to sustain life.

Is good food and a quiet place enough for you? is economy a condition to be studied? then come with me up the hill past the station and toward the theatre. We shall probably pass many of the players bent on the same errand as ourselves,—Siegfried and Alberich, Parsifal and Amfortas, wending their way to a dinner-table either at the theatre restaurant, or still farther up the hill and deeper into the pine-wood to the "Bürgerreuth," where, at a ridiculously small price, we can breakfast *al fresco*, and then saunter into the shade to read and rest until the trumpet sounds the approach of four o'clock.

Then, down again to the "Platz" in front of the temple; quite deserted at one o'clock, it is now thronged with a cosmopolitan crowd of worshippers. Now, and in the *entr'actes*, are the only times to study this remarkable assembly; for once inside the theatre we are plunged in darkness until the last note has ceased to sound. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*: what an unending variety of motives bring them here—what a quaint divergence of impressions can be gathered from them—how different their attitudes—how marvellous their clothes!

Few things are more entertaining than to wander about among the little knots of folk drawn from every quarter of the artistic world, and to hear them discussing the performance of to-day or to-mor-

row—the merits and pretensions, future prospects and past lives, of the performers: to listen to some Wagnerian “Debrett” untying (so far as human being can) the tangled relationships of the gods and goddesses—and explaining or excusing where he may their inexplicable and unpardonable behaviour. In another corner one of a party is reading to his friends a slight sketch of the plot of the gigantic drama they are about to witness: this may be their first and only introduction to the “Nibelungen,” or it may be a “refresher,” which will recall to many an undergraduate the last half-hour before going in for “Smalls” or “Little-go.”

Heavy discussions on *leit-motifs* may claim some, the latest Paris scandal or London marriage may engross others; but at the last call of the trumpets the command must be obeyed, books are closed, scandal is silenced, knots are broken up, and now or never we must take our seats.

Now let me in a few sentences try to narrate something of the history of this wonderful theatre, generally but little known to the majority of those who are thronged within it. It was Wagner's great ambition to have a theatre specially built according to his own ideas, and adapted to the extraordinary scenic requirements of his operas. This he communicated to his great patron the King of Bavaria, who eagerly embraced it and promoted its fulfilment. At the outset the king wished to have such a theatre built at Munich, but Wagner declined. A further difficulty was the extravagant estimate for its construction made out by Semper the architect—a charge too heavy even for the royal purse.

Eventually in 1871 the site was found. It was a clear case of love at first sight, for Wagner on his first visit to Bayreuth declared that there and nowhere else should his ideal theatre be erected. Again the architect was summoned; the final cost was estimated at over £45,000, the final resolution taken that there and then the theatre should be begun. But how to pay for it? A large sum of money was at once granted by the king; and, for the rest, associations were formed all over the Continent and in England and America to collect subscriptions, the first performances of the Tetralogy complete were given in the great cities of Germany, Wagner himself toured about the country giving concerts and writing music, the proceeds of all to go to the Bayreuth *Caisse*. Slowly the money came in, and at last, after five years' incessant begging at high pressure, the theatre was opened, free of debt. Thus in 1876 the edifice dreamed of in 1836 was completed forty years afterwards, a fine object-lesson in resolution and perseverance. Of the theatre itself so much has already been written that I need not remind my readers of its arrangement in detail. Its originality consists in its fan shape, widening from the front row to the back in ever gradually rising tiers of chairs until at the back is a row of boxes. In a deep well, and divided from the auditorium by a broad hooded screen, bending over toward the stage, is the orchestra; the players sit also in fan-form, from the conductor at the top with strings on either side below him to the drums and heavy brass in a long row beneath the stage. The stage itself is enormous: there is room both above and below as well as on

both sides to remove and hide a whole scene in its entirety. I should advise everybody who is interested in such matters to go and inspect the stage arrangements, which can be done on days when there is no rehearsal. There is much to be seen and learned; and a homely visit to the lair of the Dragon (or the *Grosser Wurm*) or a swing on the Rhine maidens' trapeze is both interesting and exhilarating. Of the stage-mounting perhaps I ought not to speak—it would be presumptuous to criticise the details of such wonderful representations; but three points let me mention before closing this paragraph: first, the infinite superiority of the backgrounds and all the lighting over the tawdry scenery and unreal-looking properties in the foreground; second, the garish and wholly untempting effect in the "garden" scene of "Parsifal," which gives a general reminiscence of the illustrated cover of Sutton's Seed Catalogue magnified a thousand times; and third, the painful impression produced on nearly everybody at the conclusion of "Parsifal," by the raising of the curtain upon the sacred scene, in acknowledgment of misplaced applause, which should never be tolerated by the management. These are not, I hope, captious criticisms: they are certainly not written in any such spirit. But the danger of Bayreuth is, perhaps, that the glamour of the production as a whole is liable to make up for shortcomings here and there—the first impulse being to overlook palpable mistakes in detail as a tribute to the general perfection achieved. But it would be a thousand pities if the decay with which perfection is always threatened should be hastened for want of a little candid and *bona fide* criticism. If the directors

have their duty to perform in giving as artistic a performance as it is in their power to give, so also have those who are firmly convinced that, owing to altered conditions, certain effects are losing their hold over the emotions of the public.

The play is over. It is nearly ten o'clock, and the moon is full. Let us stroll into the forest and think of him who was the sole author of all that we have enjoyed. Surely, whether we understand the music of the Ring or not, whether we approve of "Parsifal" or not, we are all fascinated and overpowered by the greatness of Richard Wagner—fascinated by his misfortune and overpowered by his genius. "*Il fallait qu'il fût malheureux, car c'était un homme de génie,*" wrote Heine; and this may account for all the anxieties which attacked this Colossus, and seem to have dogged him to his declining days. Born at Leipsic in 1813, his early years were passed in Dresden, where he went to school, and showed at an early age an appreciation of literature as well as considerable powers of versification. The works of Sophocles and Shakespeare made a great impression upon his young mind, and under their influence, it is said, he sketched in early boyhood a five-act tragedy, in which forty-two characters lived *and died* during the first four acts, so that they had to be brought on as ghosts in order to complete the fifth! Many and various were Wagner's compositions between 1830 and 1840, amongst them some short pieces, a symphony, and three operas; but none of them achieved any measure of success. At the end of this period, however, "Rienzi" was ready for production—and, with his newly married wife and a large

wolf-hound called Robber, he set out in a sailing-ship from Riga for London, meaning finally to try and have "Rienzi" performed in Paris. During this voyage, which proved perilous in the extreme,—in the course of it death stared him often in the face,—we read, Wagner learned the legend of the "Flying Dutchman" from the sailors on board the ship; but at its conclusion success seemed as far from him as ever. Paris refused "Rienzi," and Wagner was plunged in poverty: even his indomitable courage availed him nothing. He wrote some vaudeville music which was too difficult for performance; he applied to join a small theatre chorus on the boulevards, but was refused on account of his voice. At length a ray of sunlight fell upon him, when some of his articles were published in the 'Gazette Musicale'—and paid for; and again when he accepted a commission to transcribe some operas for pianoforte, and to arrange others as duets for piano and cornet-à-piston.

In 1842 came his first great success—the production, amid great enthusiasm, of "Rienzi" at Dresden, followed by the "Flying Dutchman" in 1843. From then till 1849 Wagner held the post of *Hofkapellmeister* at Dresden, and raised the musical performances in that city to a very high level. "Tannhäuser" was there produced, but failed to please, and Wagner was deeply depressed thereat. In 1850 Liszt produced "Lohengrin" at Weimar with such tremendous *éclat* that from that year is dated Wagner's success as a prophet in his own country. Then followed his short political career during the troublous times which followed 1848: he allied himself with revolutionaries, and was practically exiled as

a dangerous agitator. Zürich now welcomed him as a citizen, and there he wrote "Tristan" and some slighter works, as well as some political articles upon the volcanic situations that seemed then to dominate the capitals of Europe. Between 1850-51 the poems of the Tetralogy were written, beginning, as is well known, with the "Götterdämmerung," and working backwards, and also the music of "Rheingold," "Walküre," and "Siegfried." Wagner's first public visit to London was in 1855, where he conducted eight concerts under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. But concert-giving was hateful to him, and he returned to Zürich to complete the musical portion of the "Nibelungen" and of "Tristan." This done, his ambition was to have his exile cancelled, and to be allowed to return to Germany. But this was not to be, so once more he dreamed of success in Paris. Here, however, his works were not appreciated; his name was barely known, and another voyage of failure had to be added to his already unsuccessful efforts to capture with his music the metropolis of art. Discouraged beyond the measure of most men, and in sad financial straits, the great composer lived on the proceeds of his operas, an exiguous allowance, till 1864, when he came under the patronage of King Louis of Bavaria. Thenceforward all was changed. Wagner became naturalised a Bavarian, and the *ami intime* of the king. Munich became the theatre of all his work: in 1865 "Tristan" was given to the world; in 1868 the "Meistersinger"; in 1876-77 the "Rheingold" and the "Walküre."

Now all seemed smiling, and the grudging sympathy bestowed upon the composer in his need was

turned to ungrudging jealousy of his success. But through this final ordeal his force of character brought him triumphant. Pecuniarily free, married to the helpmate of his life, blessed with a son, and surrounded by a brilliant circle of philosophers and musicians as intimates, he was now the centre of a great revolutionary movement. Peace succeeded penury; calm followed the storm. One fancies one can almost feel this transformation in the music

of "Parsifal," finished at Palermo in 1882, a few months before his death. Here we may look, and look in vain, for any trace of the jealousies that trouble "Lohengrin," the hopelessness that darkens "Tannhäuser," the passion that permeates "Tristan." Here we find the mystic story — the mystic music, and the conviction of Rest found in Truth, which was the ambition and the example of this great artist and philosopher.

IAN MALCOLM.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER AS A PLAGUE COMMISSIONER.

I.

As a veteran of the Indian army who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted at once with the British soldier in India, and with the Indian people from the highest to the lowest, I should like to contribute a few observations, bearing more or less directly on the deplorable misunderstanding between the benevolent and well-intentioned Government and the ignorant masses, of which the Bombay Presidency has recently formed the theatre.

And first with regard to the British soldier. Forty years ago it was my good fortune to serve in the war of the Sepoy mutiny as an ensign with an English, or rather Scottish, regiment. As the only ensign present with the battalion, it fell to my lot to carry either the Queen's or the regimental colours in almost every engagement. The carrying of colours in action now belongs, as Lord Wolseley has told us, to a past order of things. But in the days I speak

of the standard-bearer still formed the centre of the battalion. For him there was no falling out to mount his pony when the regiment marched "at ease." In his place in the ranks many a pithy and significant remark came to his ears; every wave and impulse, whether of incipient panic or of heroism, that swayed the column, was patent to him; and if he failed to gain an insight into the characters of his non-commissioned comrades, the fault was his own. My next opportunity of closely observing the British soldier was while serving as Cantonment Magistrate of the largest military station in India. I am speaking of thirty years ago. The many reforms which now elevate the private soldier were then only in the earliest stages. In one respect the European soldiers of the cantonment laboured under a disadvantage. Taking them as a body, an insatiable love of strong drink possessed them. Not

withstanding, or perhaps because of, the liberal rations of rum and malt liquor which their own too ready canteens afforded, horse, foot, and artillery were constantly on the rampage for arrack. In spite of all the old-fashioned preventive measures, "contagious disease," of the kind now exciting so much discussion, while continually present, would periodically rage like an epidemic, leaving the most careful commanding officers wonder-stricken; the explanation being, that women past the age for official notice, and apparently but petty shop-keepers, were in reality unlicensed drink-sellers, who, when visited by men having no other thought than arrack, so stole away their brains with poisonous spirits, that they imagined themselves in Mahomet's paradise.

And now the scene changes from India to Ethiopia, at the time of the "Abyssinian Expedition." A very large force of British soldiers took part, as every one knows, in the arduous march from Annesley Bay to Magdala which ended in the rescue of King Theodore's victims. This time I was not a combatant, but staff-officer to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief, for the Intelligence Department, a situation affording the best possible opportunities of observation. Again, as Resident, or Political Agent, in the Mahratta State of Gwalior, where a strong force of European artillery and infantry was quartered, I was able during a considerable period to watch the demeanour of our khaki-clothed countrymen towards the people. And lastly, as Political Officer with an important division of the British army in Afghanistan, I think I may say without boasting that my eye was ever on the European portion of the force.

And what is the net result of

these experiences? Why, that when Professor Gokhlee's stories about our soldiers playing the ruffian with native women began to be bruited, the cloven foot of racial-malignity and falsehood showed itself in a moment. Forty years ago our soldiers assaulted, captured, and partly pillaged cities like Lucknow and Delhi, without, so far as I ever heard, the commission of a single outrage on women. A little later, it befell an active subaltern to administer the civil affairs and direct the police of a large cantonment; and he cannot, in writing these lines, recall to mind an instance in which the family life of the people was treasured on by a British soldier. In Christian Abyssinia, where the women are unveiled and unsecluded, the same eye-witness thinks he may say with safety, no offence of the kind indicated was ever reported. Under the Residency flag in Central India nothing occurred to break the unblemished record. With the army in Afghanistan the case was in nowise different. From Peshawar to Kâbul our soldiers' tents were freely entered by both married and unmarried women with milk or fruit for sale. At one time my tent stood pitched for several months on a ridge at Gandamak. Near it was the bell-tent of a party of Sappers. Every word spoken under the one canvas made its way within the other. The group of signallers included a sprightly youth — from his speech a Londoner — who was equally strong in elocution and copious in quotations from Shakespeare. The refinement of his address to the lathesome milk-sellers would have done credit to a professional actor. For him one of these was Ariel; another Deedemonia; a third Juliet; and so forth. The verses which he spouted to

each in character, when she entered the tent on her morning rounds, seemed none the less pleasing to the honest women from their not understanding a word of them!

With memories of this kind crowding on one, it may easily be imagined how incredible appeared the Poona scandals. If our countrymen who take the shilling fail to become better fellows, and not worse, both morally and physically, than those of their class who remain civilians, then what account is to be rendered of the chaplain's and the school-master's labours; what virtue is there in the daily touch and discipline of a nicely graduated series of superiors; in the regimental or station reading-rooms, playing-fields, and workshops; and, last but not least, in the rifle-range and parade-ground? No doubt in every rank of life there are men who are "bad from the egg," as the expression is. Among such perhaps were the majority of those whom, in the bad old times, the grog-tub, the rattan, and the triangles qualified for the hulks and the gallows. What I for one believe to be the plague-spot in our civilisation—the intoxicant—still sets its mark on our army. How, indeed, could the case be otherwise? The crimes and misdemeanours and diseases of military as of civil life have to a large extent their origin in the liquor-tap. Never have I seen the British soldier so healthy and efficient, and so free from the tendency to drift towards the cells and the hospital, as during the second period of the defence of Lucknow, under Outram and Havelock, when our only drink was well-water; and again in the Abyssinian expedition, when, owing to the inadequacy of the baggage-train, it was decided not to carry

forward the barrels of rum and porter. The Turkish army knows nothing of a liquor ration; and under this system not only is a large percentage of efficient combatants added to every regiment of the Sultan's soldiers, but the sum-total of hardihood and valour is certainly not diminished. With regard, however, to our own gallant soldiers, it is needless to advert further to an evil the removal of which, by gradual rather than too drastic measures, is now being carried out so successfully. Keeping to the immediate subject of these remarks, it has always seemed to me that a great tenderness for women and children ranks among the martial virtues. I have known many a private soldier who, though not immaculate, desired no greater reward for trifling services than to be permitted to soothe and dandle an ailing infant. Since the day when the Bruce's warlike brother Edward refused to strike his tents till a wailing woman should be cared for, and doubtless long before that period, the bearing of arms for king and country has been much associated with gentle and chivalrous feelings towards the weak and defenceless. It is absolutely incomprehensible how any one who recognises this handed-down fact of history could have listened for a moment to the stories which were recently brought before the House of Commons, only to be retracted in the most abject manner when inquiry into them was instituted. Even supposing a brute in human form to exist in any regiment, how can flagrant crimes be committed by soldiers on duty, in the teeth of military discipline, and notwithstanding the vigilance of both commissioned and non-commissioned officers?

II.

The foregoing testimony to the true temper of our enlisted countrymen, by a soldier who has quitted the arena, while perhaps not ill-timed, should serve to remove all suspicion of prejudice. Nevertheless the opinion remains to be stated, with equal candour and deference, that the responsible Civil authorities of the Bombay Presidency committed a blunder in suffering the work of plague-suppression, in a city filled with Hindu priests and women, to pass more or less out of their own hands into those of the military. The urgency of the situation is granted. By all accounts the stricken inhabitants of Poona had wellnigh taken leave of their senses. Many thousands had simply fled, leaving the dying to die and the dead to rot. Those who remained were as helpless as sheep in a storm. Had the case been different indeed—that is, had these people been capable of self-help and manly exertion—the plague would have been promptly grappled with through their own action, and the Government would have been under no temptation to send soldiers to their rescue. We know how fully the best traditions of our army were sustained, by the alacrity and spirit of discipline with which this most repulsive and infectious work was undertaken; but all this is beside the present question, which is, how far any Government having a right apprehension of the character and conditions of H.M.'s Indian subjects would have employed foreign soldiers to deal with a pestilence deeply rooted in the civil population of an Indian Presidency. Speaking of the Indians generally, nobody but a doctrinaire

can have any doubt that, as compared with more Westerly populations, they are stamped with the marks of inferiority. The group of influences denoted by the word "climate" has formed them, both outwardly and inwardly, in a different mould from the Arab, the African, and the European. The worship, from time immemorial, of deities more correctly described as devils, though not universal, is reflected in the character of the masses. Unnumbered centuries of anarchy, variegated by frequent waves of foreign invasion and mastery, have added perhaps even darker shades to the picture. Even in exceptional Indians a defect in masculine understanding, not incompatible with many splendid qualities, but still a great impediment and imperfection, seems generally to underlie the character. This is not merely the European's way of depicting the Indian. In Constantinople one often hears India contemptuously called "England's Miracle," in allusion to the softness and facility with which the many there submit themselves to the few. Nay, even among the Indians themselves one occasionally meets outspoken persons, who do not hesitate to avow and deplore the unstable nature of their fellow-countrymen. Once in Asiatic Turkey I chanced to be present in a roomful of Osmanli Pashas, Arab chiefs, and others, when the burning question was mooted whether India, as now governed, was "*Dâru's Salâm*"—i.e., "Land of Peace," in the Islamic sense—or *Dâru 'l Harb*, meaning the opposite. Straightway a far-travelled Indian, now gathered to his fathers, Nawâb

Sir Ikbálu 'd Dowla, G.C.S.I., son of a king of Oudh, pronounced the caustic judgment that it was neither the one nor the other, but *Dáru 'l himákat*, or Land of Mental Weakness! Far be it from me to subscribe to this view without a good deal of necessary qualification and reservation. Many of the friendships with Indians, founded on the truest respect and sympathy, which it was my privilege to form half a lifetime ago, at Hyderabad in the Deccan, and elsewhere in India, have stood to this day the test of separation and distance. But at the same time, it must surely be acknowledged that, broadly speaking, the natives of India still exhibit several traits of character which belong essentially to the infantile stage of human growth and progress. Only two such traits can here be noticed—namely, credulity and distrust of Europeans. In regard to the former, it is enough to state briefly, that hardly any story can be too marvellous to be believed by Indians, provided only that it is not true. With respect to the attitude of the Indian towards the European, it scarcely requires mention that throughout large parts of India there is no greater obstacle to smooth and successful administration than the tendency of the coloured man to fear and hate the white one. In my tiger-hunting days in India, in spaces unvisited by Europeans whether for good or evil, within the memory at least of the oldest inhabitant, it was a wonder to see the herdsmen turning and running like scared rabbits at the first glimpse of the European sun-helmet. To be thus treated like a gruesome ogre was a little trying; but on thinking it over, I recollected how as a child in arms

in Scotland I had been seized with fright and horror at the sight of a faithful and affectionate black ayah! To what extent such fearfulness originates in nursery legend and demonology, and to what in mere unfamiliarity, is a complex question; but in this connection it may be mentioned, on the authority of Meadows Taylor, that Indian mothers are at no small pains to imbue their children's minds with the most revolting stories regarding the manners and customs and appetites of Europeans. All that is now being brought forward admits of easy application to the question of how far it consisted with sound policy to introduce our soldiers into the heart of one of the most caste-bound cities in India, for the purpose of waging war on microbes, and halving men and women to new-fashioned hospitals. Were not these two results—to name no more—sure to follow in the wake of such a measure: first, the fabrication and ready credence of all sorts of sinister and preposterous stories; and secondly, the creation of a new panic? English statesmen do not need to go to India in order to become acquainted with the salient features of the native character. In the 'Times' of August 6 a speech of Lord G. Hamilton's is reported, in which occurs the passage: "India is the land of exaggeration, of romance, and of imagination. Ordinary prosaic acts are there expanded, by high-flown exaggerated language, to proportions which, to our commonplace minds, seem almost incredible." Exactly so. How, then, was it that H.E. the Governor of Bombay failed to realise beforehand all that was involved in the far from "prosaic act" in question; in consequence of which, in a city of the dead

and dying, the robust personality and energetic action of the British soldier were ignorantly imagined to import fresh horrors into the situation? Whatever may have been the effects produced by despotism and otherwise on the character of the Indians, there are at least two causes for which among the honourable classes every man of them is ready to die the death, and these are, the family life and the caste or the religion. It is quite a mistake to think that Hindu women, because under an antique custom they confine themselves behind walls and curtains, are in any true sense "shut up" or suppressed by their male relations. On the contrary, it is they who are the tyrants. Especially are they the depositaries and guardians of religion; and no one beneath the rank of a Brahmin, if he would pass his days quietly, dares to oppose his wife, or his mother-in-law, or even his own daughters, on any point of caste-law or ceremonial. This being so, any one can imagine how the consternation produced among the women by the intrusion of Europeans would infect and influence the male population.

Under the long series of Governors and administrators who have made and kept the Indian empire, the characteristics of the subject races have, on the whole, been assiduously studied. When the case has been otherwise, mischance has sometimes followed: witness the events of 1857, when, owing to the extreme carelessness of the chief military authorities in the Bengal Presidency, the Sepoy army was deluded into believing that a new kind of cartridge, besmeared with the fat of the cow and pig, was about to be forced on it. H.E. Lord Sandhurst, to do him justice, has not been slow

to avow his responsibility for every method of plague-suppression which was resorted to in the Bombay Presidency. But this statement leaves the public uninformed how far his Excellency's Council was consulted on the question of employing British soldiers; and how far it was his Excellency himself who too easily sanctioned this proceeding. An energetic military commander disposing a fine body of troops, naturally considers that there is nothing like leather; and with the precedent on record that fatigue-parties of the Hong-Kong garrison assisted not long ago in checking the spread of cholera in China, General Gatacre may be pardoned for jumping to the conclusion that what was done in the Celestial Empire had only to be repeated in Western India. But heaven save us from routine of this description! Indeed, if the fiasco which has occurred under Lord Sandhurst's administration were to be quoted as an argument in favour of political centralisation in British India, it would not be surprising. An Eastern sage has it, that the more numerous the Governors, the more frequent the blunders. That depends, of course, on the Governors. But seeing that the strength of every structure is that of its weakest part, it is worth considering whether Madras and Bombay should not be brought more fully under the guidance of the Government of India. It occasionally happens, when a Governor has to be nominated, that there is a great scarcity of eligible candidates: witness the history of Mr Gladstone's appointments at a time when his policy had thinned and weakened the ranks of the Liberal party. To find a good Lieutenant-Governor is an easier matter. Moreover, an impractic-

able Governor, once he is seated in office, must either be put up with or recalled at the cost of a scandal; whereas a Lieutenant-Governor can, when necessary, be transferred or kept in order.

The diabolical inclination to resort to assassination which is by no means absent from the Indian character scarcely falls within the scope of this article. For the same reason have been passed over the manifestations of "unrest" and the movements towards sedition, which, partly owing to sensational journalism, are always being imputed to large classes of her Majesty's Indian subjects. For acts of tiger-like ferocity the condign and exemplary punishment of every individual implicated may not exactly constitute a *remedy*, but it is none the less a duty and necessity. The angry passions of the first murderer naturally are at their highest in the earlier stages of civilisation; and the only influences which will mitigate them, in India as in Ireland, are the reduction of the priestly classes and the spread of knowledge, the lapse of time and the advancement of material prosperity. As for sedition, it only stands to reason that India must contain the seeds of it. It has also to be admitted that every misunderstanding or disagreement tending to bring forward prominently the feeling of race-antagonism between the governing and the governed classes, especially when such is made the occasion

of resorting unnecessarily to one-sided legislation, materially favours the growth of mutual unfriendliness, to use no stronger term. But after long experience, I desire to give my testimony for what it may be worth, that all the country to the south of the Indus is at heart wonderfully loyal. For the further development of this favourable feeling two separate lines of duty seem prescribed to us. First, it is necessary to remember the teaching of a very high authority, who, if we may judge from his writings and recorded actions, would have made an ideal Governor, and who, when he admonished children to obey their parents, added the injunction that parents should not provoke their children. And next in order, but hardly second in importance, when warlike tribes beyond the frontier rise up against us, we should not be slow to adopt the policy now being pursued so brilliantly of smiting them hip and thigh. It does not take much knowledge of human nature, and of the political situation in India, to inform us that the loyalty of the subject Indian nations, and in the autonomous States, of the native princes, must always be more or less dependent on the promptitude and prowess exhibited by their common protector, the imperial British Government, in counteracting the designs and repelling the assaults of foreign enemies.

W. TWEEDIE,
Major-General.

HER SILENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh jamais ! tu es un mot plus grand que la mer !"
—*Cantique de Bretagne.*

"THANK you," she said quietly, and began to fasten the bodice of her dress, with fingers which trembled a little.

He laid his stethoscope upon the table, and looked at her keenly, pitifully.

"I wish you could have been saved this knowledge," he said, after a moment's pause ; "it can do so little real good, and may do harm by depressing you. Why did you come alone ? It would have been so much better in every way for me to have told some friend or relation," and the doctor's voice had a tinge of that irritability which is born of impotent sympathy.

With all the dainty care of a fastidious woman, she gave the finishing pats and touches to her attire ; then lifted a pair of calm grey eyes to the clever, lined face opposite.

"I am quite alone," she said, "except for an aunt with whom I am now living, but she is very old, and a confirmed invalid. So, you see, I had no choice but to come alone to consult you," and her deprecatory smile was rather wistful. "Tell me," she went on quietly, "you are quite sure that this form of heart-disease is fatal ? There is no possibility of mistake in your diagnosis ?"

"Humanly speaking, none," replied the specialist. "It seems such a brutal thing to say to you, but, as a doctor, I am bound to speak the truth."

"Shall I suffer much ?"

"Only occasionally, and that

not more severely than you have already done. You will probably find that, as time goes on, you will feel weaker and less capable of exertion ; but otherwise you will be much as usual."

"And the end, will it be sudden ?" The lovely voice was quite clear and steady, and the grey eyes looked him through and through.

Dr Walton had had many trying moments in his long and arduous career, but not often had he felt so thoroughly puzzled and sorry as he did under the quiet questioning of this woman, who had just received her death-warrant.

Tears, exclamations, swoons he was well used to in that oak-furnished, Turkey-carpeted consulting-room, but his present patient's calm was almost inhuman.

"Yes, quite sudden," he answered, with a nervous little cough.

"When ?" And as she laid the guineas on a corner of the writing-table, she took up her sable muff, and smoothed the glossy fur mechanically with her slender gloved hand.

"That no man can say. Try not to brood over the subject."

The January sun was trying to stab out the fire with its pale gleams, and brought out clearly the rather superficial loveliness of a Greuze which hung above the mantelpiece.

A tiny shudder shook her.

"You are *certain* it will not take long, just at the very end ?

No pain, either? I do so hate pain!"

"Only those could say who have been through the ordeal themselves; but I should fancy it will be a sudden dizziness, a confused, deadened consciousness of sight and sound, a rush of thought, and then blankness."

"One comfort is, that it is such a clean death to die!" And she held out her hand as she spoke, with frank unconventionality.

He pressed it warmly, with fatherly kindness, and said—

"Come and see me again if any fresh symptoms show themselves, or if you get frightened—probably you do not wish to tell your aunt, as she is old and delicate?"

She gave him a grateful look.

"No, you are quite right: I must keep it to myself. I shall tell no one."

"Well, get that prescription made up, and remember to take the medicine regularly. Follow my directions about diet, and, above all, try to avoid any mental worry. I dare not tell you that you can ever recover, or that your life will be a long one—the mischief is too deep-seated for that—but, with exceptional care, you may live for some years yet."

She gave a slight smile, having a shrewd suspicion that he was trying to administer a mental tonic for the depression which he feared.

Then she went out into the winter afternoon. At first, as she walked down the grey length of Harley Street, Anne Savile felt numb and dazed, and only dimly conscious of her surroundings, but presently she roused herself, and beckoning to a passing hansom, told the man to drive to Paddington.

She leant back against the leather cushioning, with a sen-

sation of physical relief which was almost pleasure. She might allow herself the blessed luxury of not thinking, during the short drive to the station: there was no time just now to unfold the bundle of hideous thoughts which must be faced and reasoned out, one by one, before she reached Colthurst that evening, and her mind was so tired that it was good beyond words to rest.

To rest, yes, to rest the aching, quivering brain by idle noting of the objects fleeting past, the tall, narrow houses, the gaudy shop-fronts, the stream of passers-by, the tired horse's head bobbing up and down against the dwindling perspective of drab-coloured street.

But then, she must think about Paul—hush, hush! Not yet, not till she was safe in the quiet railway-carriage, with a couple of hours' journey before her, in an express train. She must see about her parcels, too, which she had arranged to call for at the cloak-room—those parcels which were the ostensible reason for her day's expedition to London. That would keep her busy at the station, and for the present she would force herself to take an interest in the outer world.

What a dear little girl that was, all fluffy and white in her winter furs, and such a clever-looking man just behind her—so like Paul!

Was it *no* use, then? Could she not have this one short respite from torture? She felt very cold, and the face reflected in one of the little side-mirrors looked white and drawn.

A few minutes later she was seated in an empty compartment of her train, and the guard locked the door with that assiduity which is tip-produced.

There lay her parcels, large and

small, on the dusty blue cushions opposite; the overheated foot-warmer tainted the air with an acrid smell, and she mechanically let down one of the windows. It struck her as rather odd that she should object to a stuffy atmosphere, when she was going to die so soon, and was moreover going to plot and plan for Paul to marry Effie. But then Anne had always had a mania for fresh air and cleanliness. Well, the Fates were not altogether cruel: as she had said to Dr Walton a while ago, death from heart-disease was a clean way to die.

How odd it was to watch the people on the platform, those happy people who had not received their death-warrant, and who hurried or lounged, smiled, scolded, and fussed, in the grey gloom of the crowded station.

Anne wondered if that handsome, ulster-clad young man was the husband of the fragile little woman whose bag and wraps he was so carefully carrying; he looked as if he would keep the very winds of heaven from blowing on her too roughly, and just as they passed the carriage, she glanced up at him with a look in her big dark eyes which made Anne wince. So many, many happy people in the world, and she would have been quite content with a very few years—with Paul—and then she would have gone quietly.

But now, she was going to have no years at all, and Effie Alleyne was to have Paul.

The dull suburban streets and terraces slipped past, the cold winter light filled the carriage, and Anne set open wide the door of her thoughts.

She saw herself, now nearly two years ago, taking up her life again

when it seemed broken by the death of her idolised father in the dear North country home, and choking back her tears, to smile upon the poor old aunt into whose lonely days she meant now to bring cheerfulness and love. She felt anew the peace and growing content of the first few months, and then the stealing warmth and sweetness when Paul Heriot came back from India, and began to drop in for tea at Gable-Ends, and the friendship grew and strengthened.

Then the sharp pang when local gossip told of an attachment between him and Effie Alleyne, before the fever for shooting big game seized upon him, and he set off on the modern equivalent for the Grand Tour. Bright, happy Effie, with her rosy face and curly hair, her cycling and golf, her thorough enjoyment of this world, and unwavering belief in an even more enjoyable future state. The Squire's eldest daughter, her mother's right hand in all things domestic, the stay of the rector, the prop of the Sunday-school. And now, this one more thing was to be added to her store of joys, to her, already so richly dowered with love and youth and health—Anne was going to give back Paul to her. If, indeed, he had ever really loved her.

But if Anne proved cold and distant, if he deemed her fickle, and her manner froze the fatal words upon his lips—if he never told the love, of whose existence she was as certain as her own—then no rapture would have to be buried deep in the damp earth of her grave, and he would find happiness in the arms of Effie Alleyne, his first, and, as manlike he would think, his only love.

What did it matter if Anne's

heart broke in the process? In any case it could not last much longer, and her loss would be Paul's gain. Any suffering, any trial, only to save him from pain.

The train was in the heart of the country now, and the brown ploughed lands lay to left and right. A misty purple which tinged the distant mass of beechwood told how the sap was swelling, and the sky to westward began to redden for the sun's setting. A dull calm seemed to take possession of her, as unlike peace as morphia-dreams are to healthy slumber. The bitterness of death was past: she knew the worst, and her mind was made up. While she had desperately hoped that the odd fainting-fits, the occasional spasms of tearing pain, which had been easily hidden from the loving but dimmed eyes of her old aunt, were but some passing indisposition, and not symptoms of the fatal complaint which had carried off her father, so long had she kept at bay the possibility of parting with Paul; but now that all doubt was at an end, she would be brave for his sake, and carry

out her plan with all the resolution of which she was mistress.

The speed of the train was beginning to slacken, a chilly twilight shrouded the landscape, and Anne sat upright with a slight shiver.

The dreaded journey was ended, and the victory over self won. It remained to be seen if her strength would hold out to the end.

The old-fashioned brougham, with its fat brown horse and grey-headed coachman in his sober livery, was waiting for Miss Savile outside the station of the country town; the man touched his hat respectfully as she came out of the lamplight into the dusk, followed by a porter carrying her bulky parcels.

"Has my aunt been well all day, Stevens?" she asked, with her foot on the carriage-step.

"Yes, m'm," answered the old man, and touched up the lazy horse with his whip.

The carriage rolled leisurely along between the dusky hedges towards Gable-Ends, and Anne closed her tired, strained eyes in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

"Since nothing all my love avails."

—*The Last Ride.*

The butler gave it as his opinion that Miss Savile was with her aunt, and departed to let her know of Mr Heriot's visit.

Paul strolled over to the fireplace, and let himself drop into his favourite arm-chair. It stood near the hearth, well within the cheerful glow of the logs; and with his head resting against its high-cushioned back, Paul could survey the dear old room at his leisure.

The warm light, partly that of the wintry sunset outside, and partly ruddy firelight, fell softly on the quaint Japanese birds and flowers on the walls, and beautified the tender, faded tints of the old brocade curtains and hangings, which might have looked shabby in the white glare of noon. The glazed chintz coverings of couches and chairs, the groups of stiff silhouettes and indifferently painted

family miniatures which dotted the walls, the heavy buhl cabinets and marble consoles, all told of a bygone generation, but Anne's taste and presence had made themselves felt here and there in modifying touches.

A tall slender glass filled with copper-coloured chrysanthemums stood on a clumsy claw-footed table, violets made a dim sweetness on the low Cairene stool near her chair, the furniture had been skillfully disarranged from its original stiffness of position, and some downy frilled cushions, and new books and magazines, gave the finishing touches of comfort.

It was a room which had been lived in, where men and women had talked and laughed, dreamed and worked—perhaps, sometimes, sorrowed and wept.

Paul Heriot loved the drawing-room at Gable-Ends for its own sake, for that intangible charm which such old rooms possess for sensitive natures, but chiefly he loved it as a harmonious background for Anne's sweet personality. It seemed so admirably to suit her gentle dignity, her low voice, her refined tastes; its very incongruities were pleasing, not jarring.

How many quiet talks he and she had had in it, by winter fire-light, amid summer scents and sounds; and now, he was hoping to take her away, to transplant her to the bareness of his bachelor home. But if she would come, if the gentle friendliness in her kind eyes should ever brighten into love, if indeed she could give him a tithe of the devotion which he was ready to pour out at her feet, then she should work her sweet will at Rushcote, and all his life would be transformed.

He could not tell if she loved him—Anne was too self-contained

and self-respecting to wear her heart upon her sleeve; but he dared to hope.

The opening door made him start up. She came in quickly, quietly, as was her wont.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was writing a rather important letter for my aunt, which had to go by the afternoon post. It is finished now, and we will have some tea."

"How is Mrs Lorraine?"

"As well as usual, thank you, but of course that is not saying much. Her patience is marvellous, and her gratitude for the tiniest services sometimes brings a lump into my throat!"

He looked at her keenly, across the ruddy hearth, whose glow the gathering twilight seemed to intensify.

"You are tired," he said, almost abruptly.

"I think not," she replied nervously, and began to pour out the tea which had just been brought in, making quite unnecessary inquiries about cream and sugar, with evident intent to divert his attention from herself.

But Paul was not to be baffled. He crossed over to the tea-table, and drawing up a low chair near her, began to stir his tea absently.

"Why do you prevaricate? It is so unlike you. You *are* tired, and you know it. I believe you got fagged out yesterday—what took you up to town?"

"How did you know I was in London?" with a startled inflection in her voice.

"I was informed of the fact when I called yesterday afternoon. I was much disappointed, as I had not seen you for nearly a fortnight."

"What a good memory you have! I am afraid I could not boast such accuracy as to dates."

Her laugh was a little forced, and a pained look crossed his face. She saw it, the first pained expression *she* had ever brought to the face she loved so well, and her heart ached at her own success.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte:" that is not always true—not when the way to be trodden lies over a loving woman's heart.

Her cup rattled a little as she set it down in the saucer, but her voice was quite even as she said—

"Have you been hunting this week?"

"No," a little shortly. Then, as if conscious of his ungraciousness, he added, "I have been rather busy over that article which you encouraged me to write. I found it entailed a good deal more expenditure of time and trouble than I had expected."

"What article?" she inquired, in a voice which sounded horribly insincere in her own self-conscious ears.

He started up angrily.

"Upon my word, Anne, you are odd to-day—I cannot make you out at all! Why, I should never have dreamed of spoiling paper, and courting editors' snubs, with my futile scribbling, if you had not urged, almost commanded, me to try and write out some of my experiences of sport in India, and send the result to Maga, and now you coolly ask *what* article? It is hardly kind or fair," and striding hastily to the big west window, he stood looking out at the fading glories of the cloud-barred sunset, with angry eyes which recked nothing of its beauty. It was the first time that he had called Anne by her Christian name, but they were both too much agitated to notice it. She clasped her little thin hands till the knuckles showed

white beneath the straining skin, but she sat rigid, silent. *His* pain was nothing to *hers*, and she was but hurting him a little now, to save him from future agony.

"Oh, I remember now, of course—how very stupid of me to forget! And so you find it troublesome to write? I am *so* sorry. Won't you have another cup of tea? I don't think the sunset is worth looking at now; it was glorious when I was in my aunt's room. I could hardly attend to my writing for watching it. But now it has almost faded, so do come and amuse me."

He pulled himself together, already more than half ashamed of his outburst, and left the window. Only he did not seek the low seat near Anne's tea-table, but sat down in the arm-chair opposite. She took up her knitting, and began to knit rapidly, seeking, by the mechanical movement of her fingers, the poor feminine substitute for that mental sedative which men find in tobacco.

True to her sex, she made the first attempt to break the oppressive silence. Often before had there been quiet, restful pauses in their happy talk, but never this strained and conscious stillness.

A piece of charred wood fell noisily on to the tiled hearth, and Garry, the old Skye terrier, moaned uneasily in his sleep.

In desperation Anne uttered the first triviality which occurred to her.

"The Wilsons are going to Florence this spring, I believe, and want to let their house for six months."

"So I heard," rather stiffly; "I cannot imagine any one being foolish enough to take a place like The Beeches during that half of the year when there is neither hunting nor shooting. The Wil-

sons must be very optimistic, if they really expect to get it off their hands!"

"I fancy they will go abroad in any case: the girls have never been out of England, and their mother, quite rightly, thinks it only fair to give them a chance of enlarging their minds."

"Not before it was needed—I don't think I ever met a duller girl than May Wilson, and her younger sister is almost as bad."

"But they are *so* good-natured," said Anne vaguely.

Such dreary vapid talk between Paul and her! It could not go on. Both seemed to feel it. He got up, and crossed over to his old seat.

"Put down your knitting," he said peremptorily, and the look in his dark eyes belied the tone of his voice.

A sudden fear seized her. It was coming now, the moment which she dreaded, which she had been striving so hard to ward off; it would be upon her immediately, unless she proved herself brave, prompt, cruel.

Her resolution triumphed over her weakness, and she raised her eyes to his, with a well-feigned glance of unkind surprise; she knew only too well how the look would cut him.

He reddened in the dim light, and sat awkwardly watching her busy fingers.

Bewilderment, pain, anger, even a species of fear, were all tugging at his heart, and confusing his brain: was this indeed Anne Savile, his gentle, courteous Anne, so uniformly sympathetic and gracious, and in whose grey eyes he had of late hoped that he saw a response to his love.

Must he bring himself to believe that it was merely a cold reflection of his own devotion, that there was no real warmth below their

clear surface. Twice already had she wounded him by word and look, during this short half-hour, and he felt sore and ruffled.

Paul Heriot had that hasty temper and easily roused pride which often accompany much manly gentleness, and in the first access of hurt feeling he almost resolved to rise and go, to try if some weeks of his absence might not bring Anne to a kinder frame of mind. But his love for her was very warm and eager, and he resolved to stay a while longer, and see if he could not win back his gentle lady. Perhaps the fatigue of the day before had in truth been too much for her: it was always a source of regret to him to notice that Anne's will often outstripped her physical strength, and probably this strange alteration in her manner was merely the result of overtaxed nerves. So he resolutely tried to be his usual cheery self, and racked his brain to think of interesting topics, but Anne did not change: perfectly polite, but obviously bored, she took her share in the stilted conversation, while her knitting-needles clicked and glittered in the firelight, and her heart felt like a stone in her breast. It ached so maddeningly that she feared lest, in truth, the pain might be partly physical, and the latent dread of possible illness in Paul's presence still further froze her lagging thoughts. He must not, should not, guess her secret—the wall of her resolve would never stand against the rushing flood of his love and pity.

"What are *you* going to do this spring?" she heard herself asking; "are you going to emulate the Wilsons, and go abroad also? You once mentioned something of the sort."

"Ah! you remembered that,

then?" he exclaimed eagerly. It was good to find that he had not lost all interest in her eyes.

"Yes; why not? Effie Alleyne reminded me of it the other day, when she was regretting the possibility of your not being at their annual picnic to the Dene Woods—you know they always celebrate her birthday in that way, if it is fine weather."

Her words fell coldly and clearly; no trace of personal interest lurked in their chilly tones. He caught his breath in what was more a sob than a sigh, and stooped to pat Garry, who was now awake, and looking up at his troubled face with kind doggy eyes, the colour of the sun-flecked shallows of the Highland river whose name he bore.

Heriot moistened his dry lips before he spoke. Then he said, in a low, curiously tense voice—

"That plan was made months ago; I think it must have been as long since as last August that I first spoke of it. Lately, the idea of going away has grown very vague."

Anne gave an imperceptible start, and her cold, nervous fingers dropped a stitch.

Weeks afterwards she found that unheeded slip grown into a veritable "Jacob's Ladder," and she smiled bitterly as the irony of the connection struck her: if she took sufficient pains, she could pick up the material stitch, and restore order again to her work—but what pains or striving would bring back her happiness, hopelessly spoilt and ruined by her own act, that winter afternoon. And yet, even then, in the dreary calm of her accomplished sacrifice, she knew that she would not have recalled the past, even had it been possible.

"If I thought," went on Heriot, and Anne gazed at him as if fascinated, unable to formulate any

interruption, "that my going or staying would be of the very least interest——"

His speech remained for ever unfinished: the sudden opening of the door let in a flood of lamplight and a slight girlish figure.

"I've exactly *two* minutes to spare, dearest Anne," exclaimed a fresh young voice, and a fresh young cheek, cool from the outer air, was pressed against Anne's tired face.

"Oh, how do you do, Paul? I didn't see you at first in this dim light—how fond you are of keeping blind-man's holiday, Anne! Oh, *do* give me some tea, darling; I am simply famishing, and there are some of those dear little cakes I like so much!"

Effie Alleyne sat down on the rug at Anne's feet, and turned up a rosy face to meet her smile.

"I think you are always hungry, Effie," said the elder woman, as she handed her guest a cup of tea, and placed the dish of little cakes at her elbow. How young and fresh the girl's face looked, in the light of the tall lamp which the butler had just brought into the room.

"I believe I am," said Miss Alleyne, with her frank laugh, "but I really have some excuse to-day: I have been frightfully busy all morning, and ever since lunch mother and I have been paying calls. I don't think I know anything more exhausting."

"To one's temper," said Paul Heriot, with a rather rueful smile. He had felt desperately annoyed at first by Effie's sudden interruption, but he could not long resist the charm of her bright manner, and her merry laugh seemed to clear the overcharged atmosphere. Besides, perhaps after all it would be wiser to defer speaking of his hopes to Anne, until she had become her own serene self again.

"Mother dropped me at the lodge, and is to call for me there at a quarter to six; I promised to be punctual, so as not to keep the precious horses waiting. She owed a call at Mrs Coventry's, and I persuaded her that she could quite well pay it alone. It seemed such ages since I saw you, dear," and the girl laid a plump, capable-looking hand on Anne's knee.

"Last Sunday, was it not?" looking down at Effie affectionately.

"I suppose it was, but it seems longer somehow. But what have you been doing, you dear thing, that you look so tired? Paul, doesn't Anne look worn-out?" Heriot looked doggedly at his boots, as he replied—

"The same thought struck me, but I fancy Miss Savile does not like comments on her appearance."

Anne flushed, and Effie looked puzzled.

"Well, at all events I shall say what I think, and that is that Anne has been overtiring herself, and ought to be petted and cosseted till she is well again."

"I think the art of petting is one you rather excel in, Effie," said Paul, "judging from my recollection of how you used to spoil the small brothers and sisters, and put yourself as a buffer between them and righteous retribution."

"The Manor would get on badly without Effie, I think," said Anne softly; "some more tea, dear?"

"Half a cup, please—'just for a drink,' as Bobby and Sue are so fond of saying. Have you been away from home, Paul? Father says you have not been hunting lately, and regretted that you should miss such capital runs."

"Mr Heriot has been occupied with literary work, Effie: he is

busy over an important sporting article.

"Paul turned author! Dear me, I shall feel quite frightened of you. Oh, Paul! I did not mean to vex you," exclaimed Effie in distress, as she caught sight of his quick frown. "I am really immensely interested, only I am such an ignoramus that I can't help feeling a little in awe of any one who *writes*!"

"Miss Savile is under a misapprehension," said Heriot coldly, not even glancing towards Anne as he spoke. "I foolishly began an aimless effusion regarding some of my Indian experiences, and still more foolishly had the fatuity to mention the fact to Miss Savile. But I have not the least intention of continuing now."

The emphasis on the last word spoke volumes to poor Anne, but she held her peace, as Effie said, with laughing censure—

"Oh you very indiscreet person! I believe Paul wanted to keep the whole matter dark, and then suddenly to surprise us all by appearing in print!"

Effie never doubted, in her loyalty and ignorance, that Paul's contribution would be thankfully received by the most obdurate and critical editor.

"If he had confided in *me*," she added rather reproachfully, and looking full at Paul with her honest brown eyes, "I should have been as secret as the grave!"

"I fancy the question of respecting a confidence depends very much upon the importance one attaches to it, Effie," said Paul Heriot, and he rose as he spoke. He felt that he must go: the warmth of the wood-fire and the scent of violets oppressed him,—he wanted to be outside in the crisp winter air.

Anne had been cold and indifferent and bored, and he had tried to be patient; but this unkind, almost mean, violation of confidence was so utterly unlike the act of the woman he had known and loved, that he felt oddly out of place in the familiar drawing-room. It was as if some uncongenial stranger were clumsily trying to entertain him in Anne Savile's absence.

He would feel better outside, walking down the avenue beside his little friend Effie, with the grassy borders crisping in the frost, and the low moon just swinging into sight over Rushcote Beacon.

She at least was frank and true, always the same reliable, sympathetic companion: their eyes met again just then, and a little warmth seemed stealing back to his chilled heart.

"I must be going now, Effie, and if you don't want to keep Mrs Alleyne waiting, I think you ought to be moving too. If you will let me, I will walk with you as far as the lodge."

"Oh, thank you, Paul, I shall be only too glad of your company! There is such a dark, creepy turn in the drive, just after you pass the old oak, that I always dislike passing through alone," she added hastily, trying ingenuously to account for the gladness in her voice.

Anne rose also, and fastened the girl's furs carefully under the round white chin. The grey eyes and the brown met and rested for a moment; and the man, who stood just outside the yellow circle of lamplight, noted with an odd reluctance how the vivid colouring and youthful curves of the younger seemed to accentuate the pallor and fragility of the older woman.

He felt sure that Anne was ill, but she evidently would have none of his sympathy.

Well, time would show what were her real feelings, and it was worse than useless to linger now.

"Are you ready, Effie?" he said almost curtly. She kissed Miss Savile impulsively on either cheek, and caught up her muff.

Paul held out his hand to Anne. She laid her ice-cold one in his for a second, then let it drop wearily at her side. For a moment he hesitated, as if about to speak; then with a hasty "Good-bye, Miss Savile," he joined the now impatient Effie, and next minute the ponderous hall-door slammed after them.

Anne stood quite still for a moment or two, a tall, slender figure in the silent room; then a sudden impulse drove her to the window which commanded the drive.

She was just in time to see the two figures crossing a wide patch of moonlight, before disappearing into the black shadows cast by a belt of trees, and something hard and cold seemed to grip her heart as she gazed.

The man looked so tall and strong, so fitting a life-companion for the girl who walked briskly beside him, her warm furs and winter gown appearing of a uniform tint in the blanching moonlight.

Doubtless the charm of her sweet reasonableness and happy vitality was already at work, smoothing away the furrowed irritation caused by Anne's unkindness, and insensibly renewing the old habit of confidential intercourse with the friend of her childhood and youth.

The tree shadows suddenly blotted out the couple, and Anne pulled down the blind with a nervous jerk.

She was beginning to clearly realise what it means to "toucher le fond du fond de la douleur."

CHAPTER III.

"Sate down beneath the beech
Which leans over to the lane."
—*Bertha in the Lane.*

The July sun was very powerful that warm afternoon, and Anne was glad to turn from the glare and dust of the highroad, into the green shade of the little lane which led down to the river. She had been visiting an old *protégé* of her aunt's who lived in a cottage about a mile from Gable-Ends, and the stuffy atmosphere of the one-roomed dwelling and the brooding heat of the day had sorely tried her failing powers. A year ago Anne would have laughed at the idea of being overtired by a two-mile walk, but for the last few months she had been conscious of the slow on-coming of that lassitude of which Dr Walton had warned her. It had been creeping over her slowly but surely, here a little and there a little, while her old occupations and interests dropped from her one by one.

Now and again the grey lethargy in which she lived would be rent asunder by the tearing flash of sudden pain, and she would creep to her room to battle with the agony alone: of the fainting-fits which sometimes overtook her she had sternly forbidden any mention to her aunt. And Miss Savile's word was law at Gable-Ends. She had not repeated her visit to the London doctor, for her malady was following precisely the course which he had foretold: almost as undeviatingly as Paul and Effie had been walking in the way that she had marked out for their feet.

Anne reached the end of the lane, where the dry cart-ruts sloped down to the ford and lost them-

selves amongst the pebbles which lined the shallows; she sought and found the spot which she had been longing for during her hot walk through the parched meadows and along the dusty road, which had indeed for days been haunting her sick fancy like a mirage. "I should like to die here, if I might choose," thought Anne to herself, as she felt the cool softness of her mossy seat and leant back against the smooth grey curve of a low-growing beech bough.

The fierce sunlight was here filtered into a golden rain, which flecked with shining splashes the tawny carpet of last year's leaves at her feet and the mossy bank on either hand. The placid river slipped along in shining reaches, or babbled lazily over the shallows of the ford, and the lane rose steeply again on the farther side.

Anne sat so still that quite a number of wagtails kept up their erratic hoppings on some stones at the river's edge, and a little field-mouse stopped for a minute and peeped at her with bright inquisitive eyes. It was too hot for the singing-birds to make themselves heard, but the tireless grasshoppers kept up their monotonous creak, and seemed thereby only to increase the feeling of solitude and peace.

Anne took off her hat, and pushed the ruffled waves of hair from her heated forehead.

She felt herself slipping back into the accustomed groove of thought, to which her mind always reverted when alone,—that obsession of the *idée fixe* which is but

too well-known to certain temperaments, and which is so much more torturing than physical suffering. The nerves ache, the brain is unutterably tired, but back come the pricking gadflies of morbid thought, and the very effort to ignore only makes their existence more real.

Paul and Effie, Paul and Effie . . . and herself outside.

Ah! she was a good diplomatist, a capital manager: she had carried out all she had planned, and her puppets danced as she decreed. Only a well-feigned coldness, a wilful misrepresentation of herself, her feelings and views and interests, a resolute maintenance of the strange behaviour which had marked that miserable January afternoon, and the rest followed.

Paul Heriot's visits to Gable-Ends shortened and dwindled, and finally ceased: an opportune blank came when his stay in town coincided with the Alleynes' six weeks at The Grand, and since his return he had contented himself with an occasional groom-sent basket of the famous Rushcote strawberries, and inquiries for the health of Mrs Lorraine.

Anne had seen Effie two or three times since she had come back to the Manor, and on each occasion Paul's name had somehow crept into the conversation, with a brightening flush on the girl's cheek, and a happy consciousness in her eyes. He seemed to have been constantly with the Alleynes while in town, and in almost every account of Effie's festivities some mention of him occurred, but always with that shy, smiling hesitation which tells so much. To Anne it had felt, each time, like the turning of the knife in the wound. All was going so well, and yet the bitterest pang of all

was caused by the thought of how easily Paul had been deceived,—how soon he had sought, and found, comfort in the sunshine of Effie's familiar companionship.

A rustling among the dry beech-leaves made her look up, and there before her, a very incarnation of her insistent thoughts, stood Effie Alleyne. She wore a cool-looking blue linen dress, and her broad hat made a sweet shadow above her brown eyes and curly hair.

She held out both her hands to Anne with a glad gesture.

"So *here* you are! How glad I am to have found you. I was on my way to Gable-Ends, and just as I was passing the top of the lane, I saw old Garry hunting about among the trees, so I guessed you could not be far off. Isn't it hot to-day?"

She dropped upon the moss beside Anne, and laid a quick kiss upon the pale cheek.

Anne submitted quietly, though a strange dull anger was troubling her: could she not even have this quiet refuge undisturbed,—must Effie invade it also? Then shame at her unreasonable fancy took hold upon her, and made her voice very sweet and kind as she said, "Were you coming to see me, Effie? That was good of you, and I am glad we did not miss each other after all. I turned aside to rest a little after my hot walk from old Pollard's cottage—this is a favourite nook of mine."

She had given up so much to the fresh young creature beside her, that after all this little green hollow of silence might as well be surrendered too: probably next time she came there, she would find Effie ensconced on her own mossy seat, with sketch-book, dogs, and—perhaps—Paul.

Effie did not speak for a moment or two, but sat idly trying to plait

three blades of grass together: the blades were short and brittle, and the fingers a little nervous, so her attempt was unsuccessful. She tossed them away abruptly.

"Anne?"

"Well, dear?"

"Do you think? Do you suppose——" she broke off in confusion, and began to wantonly pick and throw away the trefoil leaves and tiny lilac-veined flowers of the wood-sorrel which starred the moss.

Anne laid a restraining pressure upon the destructive fingers, and asked gently, "Do you want to consult me about something, dear?"

"Oh, I don't know—it seems so silly and egoistic when I try to put it into words—but *do* you think I could make Paul happy? Does he really love me, or is he only *fond* of me because he has known me all my life? I wish I knew, because——"

"Because what, Effie?" The knife hurt badly, as Effie's dimpled hand turned it in the raw wound.

"Because he said something to me yesterday, and I told him I could not answer right off; so he gave me till to-morrow to make up my mind. Oh, Anne!" and the curly head dropped to Miss Savile's knee, "I don't feel as if I had any mind to make up: I only know that I love him!"

A passing breeze shivered in the beech-boughs overhead, and sank into silence. Anne rested a gentle hand on the bent head, waited till a drifting patch of foam had slipped out of sight down the stream, and she could trust her voice, and then said—

"If you love him, and he says that he wants you, why should you hesitate? Don't trifle with your happiness, Effie—don't fritter away with morbid scruples what many women would give their right hands to possess!"

Her low voice sounded almost harsh from intense feeling, and Effie sat upright and gazed at her with astonished eyes.

"*I* morbid! Oh, Anne, what an odd thing to accuse me of! All that I am afraid of is lest Paul should ever feel disappointed in me. I'm practical enough, and all that, but I'm not a bit intellectual. I used to think that you and he had a great deal in common."

"Even our liking for you, non-intellectual young person though you are," smiled Anne with white lips.

"Yes, I know. I can't imagine what he sees in me!"

"Can't you? I think *I* can. If bright unselfishness and sympathy and tactful common-sense are worth nothing, then I confess I wonder at Paul's choice; but I do not think they are a worthless dower, Effie."

"Oh, Anne dear, you do not know how horrid I often am: you think that I have a good temper, and I boxed Bobby's ears this morning!"

Her tones were tragic, and through all her misery Anne could not repress a smile.

"No doubt he richly deserved it. But it does not follow that you will box Paul's ears."

Effie looked rather shocked, and the other's quick sympathy warned her that the girl thought her flip-pant.

"I was only joking—it was foolish of me; you ought to know by this time that it is an old bad habit of mine. But seriously, you have asked me for my advice, and most seriously, most solemnly, I give it to you: put away your conscientious fears, and take your happiness in both hands. *Both* hands, Effie!"

She held out her own, with

pathetic realism, as if to grasp the joy which had fled very far away.

Effie's eyes filled with sudden tears, as she seized Anne's little trembling hands in her own warm clasp.

"Oh! you are so good to me, so good," she said brokenly, as she kissed the cold fingers. "How I wish——" She checked herself hurriedly, and began to straighten the crumpled ribbons of her hat.

"What?" said Anne, sharply.

"Nothing, nothing; my stupid tongue runs away with me."

"Nay, Effie, but I think, having begun, you ought to finish your sentence."

Effie gave a little nervous gulp, and then the words came in a soft rush.

"I was only wishing that *you* had some one to love you and take care of you, dear Anne: your loneliness makes me feel selfish."

Perhaps this was the hardest moment of Anne Savile's martyrdom: the feminine impulse was strong upon her to tell the girl beside her how she owed all her happiness to the woman whom she pitied, and that even now, if she so willed, Anne could win back Paul to her side. But her selfless love for him, far more than her fondness for Effie, mastered the fierce impulse: she would not allow a moment's weakness to render valueless the self-control and slow torture of the past months.

"Don't worry yourself about me, Effie. I have dear Aunt Felicity to look after; and besides, I think I am a very self-sufficing sort of person. Shall we be moving? I fancy it must be nearly tea-time."

Effie felt a little chilled and cast back upon herself, but she was too sweet and cheery for the feeling to last, and during their homeward walk she talked so

busily that Anne had small need to speak. A word here and there kept the stream flowing. And it was not foolish talk, either: just the frank outpouring of a happy girl, full of home news and interests, and flavoured by a little harmless gossip.

That deeper, nearer subject was not touched upon again, but each woman was conscious of it in her own way: Effie felt as if some jewel of price lay hidden in her breast, to be taken out and gloated over when alone; and Anne, poor Anne, was living over again that dread quarter of an hour in the Harley Street consulting-room, when the Greuze simpered down upon her, and she heard Dr Walton's grave voice pronouncing her doom.

Once again she had received her sentence of death, and this was even harder to bear than the former. But still she felt it was well, very well: Paul would be saved from pain, and the rest mattered little.

Effie accompanied her most of the way to the lodge-gates, merely for the pleasure of being with her, for the Manor lay in the opposite direction: when the old wrought-iron gates etched themselves against the green background, she kissed Anne affectionately, and turned back along the white, dusty road.

Anne walked wearily up the shady avenue, with dragging, languid footsteps, and a strange feeling of aloofness, as if she were watching the actions and pitying the sorrow of some other woman.

When she reached the house, she went straight to Mrs Lorraine's room, where the patient invalid was lying in the shaded quiet, and roses made the cool air odorous. The old lady held out a feeble hand of welcome, and Anne knelt

down beside her sofa, and laid her aching head on the soft silken pillow.

"Tired, darling?" said the dear old voice, and the dim eyes peered anxiously at the loved face.

"A little, auntie: it is such a hot day outside, but here all is so cool and quiet."

A pause, while a big bee blundered in at one of the open windows and filled the room with his buzzing hum. Anne nestled her cheek a little closer to the softly withered face so near her own, and asked tenderly—

"Have you missed me, dear? Have I been too long away?"

"I never want you to hurry home on my account, darling; but you know well how glad I am when you are with me."

"How did you manage before I came, Aunt Felicity?"

"It was lonely, Nannie, very lonely. I am selfishly glad that I am so much older than my child—I could not do without her now," and with difficulty the little old white hand was raised, and Anne's face softly patted.

A new pang shot through Anne's soul: only now did she realise that she could not save *both* her dear ones from suffering.

Effie's love would more than make up for the slight regret that Paul might feel at her own death, the faint remorse which might assail him as he remembered past days; but who would prevent the old aunt from feeling "lonely, very lonely"?

Anne rose to her feet, as if to escape from the new pain, and saying, "I shall be back directly to pour out your tea, auntie—I am just going to take off my hat," she left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

"Apaisé soudain par l'Éternel Oubli."

—*Fort comme la Mort.*

"I think I shall go into Colthurst this afternoon, Aunt Felicity; there is some shopping which I must do, for Mrs Benson came to me this morning with a list of portentous length."

Anne was filling the flower-vases in her aunt's room, and she glanced at Mrs Lorraine as she spoke.

"Very well, dear, but be sure you take the landau; don't attempt such a long walk. You have been looking tired lately, Nan, and I do not like to see your cheeks so pale."

"I am always pale, auntie, and I think this thundery heat is trying for everybody. I used to be laughed at when I was a girl, for revelling in Kingsley's 'Ode to the North-East Wind.' You know

how I enjoy, and flourish in, cold weather. But I promise that I will drive into town, darling, so don't bother your dear head about me. There," and she laid a fragile, long-stemmed white rose upon Mrs Lorraine's silken coverlet, "that *Niphotos* is too lovely and sweet to be crowded into a glass with other roses: it deserves to be admired and enjoyed all by itself."

It was a close August day, nearly a month since Anne had sat beside the river in her little green bower, and Effie Alleyne's engagement to Paul Heriot was now an established fact. She had been over several times to Gable-Ends, to confide her raptures to Anne, and had been received with kindness and sympathy; but each visit

had left Anne a little paler and wearier, a step nearer the end of her journey.

Paul she had not seen—that at least had been spared her. He had called once since the announcement of the engagement, but she was out at the time, and the visit had not been repeated: a little note of congratulation from her had elicited a polite reply from him, and he had remained “hers sincerely.”

Anne looked at her own tired face in the glass, as she dressed for her drive into Colthurst, and the thought crossed her mind that the end could not be very far off now. The mental worry, against which Dr Walton had so earnestly warned her, had been busy at its hurtful work, but it had been fatally aided by a deeper, surer cause than any worry: with the final loss of Paul’s love, Anne felt her feeble hold on life slacken and slip.

And now came those brooding August days of thunderous heat and drought, when her very soul sickened for a breath of crisp, cool air, and a feeling of dust and hot discomfort crept even into the wide grounds and gardens of Gable-Ends, all parched and dry beneath the late summer sun.

Each morning Anne woke to the renewed hope of hearing the cool patter of rain on the broad leaves of the magnolia outside her window, and each return to consciousness only made her aware of the oppressive warmth, and the irritating brilliancy of the shaft of sunshine which pierced the opening of her window-curtains, lay in a bright band across the carpet, and sent quivering reflections from the water in her wide bath to play upon the ceiling. “Oh, to live till the cool autumn comes,” she used to think, as she buried her

face in her pillow, “just to feel cool again, and to see the beeches golden against the blue—the deep, cool blue of October, so different from this misty haze of heat!”

And then a little creeping whisper would make itself heard, and suggest that as the longed-for autumn days would probably see Paul and Effie made man and wife, perhaps after all life might hold worse possibilities than to die in the hated heat.

Then Anne would rise from her bed, and go about her daily duties: but still the haunting fancies crawled and crept.

“I shall not be long, auntie,” she said, as she looked into Mrs Lorraine’s room to say good-bye. “Sarah has taken her sewing into the next room, so you will not feel deserted, will you?”

Somehow the little shrunken figure looked more pathetically lonely than usual in the large, flower-scented room, and Anne felt loth to leave her; but the sweet patient smile lit up the old face, and dispersed Anne’s nervous scruples.

So she kissed her aunt again, with lingering fondness, and drove away in the antiquated landau, drawn by the fat brown horse.

She stopped at the lodge for a few minutes to speak to the woman who lived there, the down-trodden wife of one of the gardeners, an excellent workman, but surly and selfish in his home. Anne knew that matters had, of late, been worse than usual in the little cottage, for Reuben had begun to frequent the “Harp and Crown” half a mile down the road, and his sullen temper sometimes alternated with bursts of passion.

Both Mrs Lorraine and she felt that the man ought to be dismissed; but their sympathy for his miserable, delicate wife tempered

their justice, and he had not yet received warning to leave.

Anne tried to speak a few comforting words to the poor sobbing woman, and took the puny baby into her tender arms, while the elder child came and leant against her knee, and stared up fearlessly at her with round black eyes.

"And he used to be so kind-like once, miss," wailed poor Mrs Smith, "and would do many a hand's turn for me if I was tired—but now it's all so different!"

Anne softly hushed the fretting infant, and tried to cheer the mother by diverting her attention to her children; but the weak tears only flowed the faster.

"Ah, they might be some sort o' comfort to me if they was strong and hearty, but what can you expect of children whose mother is always ill and miserable? Baby, he does naught but fret, and little Maggie there is *that* nervous that she creeps out of sight when her father comes home."

The sloe-black eyes filled with sudden tears, and the baby-lip began to quiver, as the little lassie heard her mother's words.

Anne laid her hand on the pale, thin hair, and said, cheerfully—

"If Maggie looks in that little basket on the table, perhaps she will find some nice biscuits."

The little creature trotted off contentedly, with the quickly restored serenity of childhood, and Anne said to the mother with gentle reproof—

"You must be careful what you say before Maggie: she is very intelligent, and it is a pity to increase her fear of her father."

"Ay, she's sharp," said Mrs Smith with weak pride, and ignoring Miss Savile's gentle censure. "I'm sure I thank you kindly, miss, for bringing her the biscuits," she added.

"I thought they would be a treat for the dear little maid, and you will find one or two little trifles for yourself in the basket; you might fill it with some of your beautiful sweet peas when you return it, Mrs Smith," she said hastily, trying with delicate tact to remove any feeling of obligation. "You have quite a hedge of them at the back of the lodge, and they are almost over up at the gardens—ours were so much exposed to the sun."

The woman's poorer intelligence could not appreciate the feeling which prompted Anne's words, but she was dimly conscious of the charm of her manner, and clumsily tried again to thank her.

"It's not many ladies, who have everything that they can want in this world, as would bother themselves to think of a poor woman's troubles, like you, miss! I don't mean no offence, but sometimes, as I sees you going past the lodge, I can't help thinking how lovely it must be to be *you*! Nothing to trouble over, from morning till night—except your poor aunt's health, miss," she added hurriedly, as if afraid that Miss Savile might feel her wanting in respectful sympathy.

Anne smiled vaguely, murmured something about not keeping the horse waiting any longer, and left the cottage.

As she drove away, some words of Gustave Flaubert's flashed into her mind, and dwelt there: "*Nous sommes tous dans un désert. Personne ne comprend personne.*"

Old Stevens drove very leisurely, and Anne had ample time for thought as the carriage rolled along the dusty roads, but her mind felt strangely blank; only that dreary little French phrase obtruded itself with odd persistency.

She was very tired, more tired

than her slight morning occupations should have left her, and she could have fancied that her large sunshade was an oppressive weight to hold up, if the thought had not been too absurd.

The old horse's hoofs made a rhythmical thudding upon the hard road, and "*Personne ne comprend personne*" set itself to the sound with maddening iteration.

Paul would never understand her, never look at her again with the old kindly light in his eyes—never any more.

Had she done well, had she indeed acted wisely? Could Effie ever satisfy him? The thoughts came thronging now, though Anne tried vainly to stem their rush. They seemed to have broken loose in her tired brain, and the merciful blankness was fast becoming a confused whirl of kaleidoscopic thought.

"Stop!" she cried aloud in her agony, and Stevens looked round inquiringly.

"No, no—it is all right! Drive on, Stevens," she said hurriedly, in answer to his unspoken query.

This calmed her a little, for the momentary lapse warned her of her danger. Anne was a proud woman, and she was resolved not to betray herself. Bodily weakness she could not prevent, but while she lived she would control her mind.

The road had been winding up a rather steep hill, and as the carriage topped the rise two figures on horseback appeared close at hand: they were Paul and Effie.

The girl made as if she would rein up, but her companion merely lifted his hat and rode on; so she contented herself with a beaming smile and a wave of her gauntleted hand in Anne's direction.

The latter turned her head and hungrily watched the two till they

disappeared down the hill; then she leant back again, and sat very still.

As the coachman drew up before the first shop he had been told to stop at, a low mutter of thunder was heard in the distance, and he respectfully remarked to Miss Savile that it was a good thing that old Dobbin did not mind a thunderstorm. "For a storm is coming up, miss," he added, with an uneasy glance towards the east, where a livid rampart of cloud was slowly rearing itself against the hot blue sky. His mistress did not seem to hear, but walked slowly into the little stationer's shop. The old man shook his head gravely as he flicked the flies from patient Dobbin's ears, and a puff of dry wind raised the dust and bits of straw on the uneven pavement, and blew them into whirling eddies which sank as rapidly as they rose.

"Miss Savile ain't been looking herself, not this long time past," he soliloquised sagely. "She'd ought to have been in her bed to-day, instead of driving out in this infernal heat—it's neither good for man nor beast."

He thought regretfully of his cool harness-room, and nodded once or twice drowsily.

Anne's light returning footstep made him start, and as she looked up to give him her orders, the kindly old servant was struck anew by her strange pallor.

The lumbering Gable-Ends carriage called at the butcher's, corn-dealer's, and ironmonger's; then it drew up at the principal draper's of the little town, and once more Anne wearily descended, crossed the pavement, and passed between the huge bales of striped flannel and malodorous linoleum which flanked the shop doorway.

Mr Thomson himself was out,

but his shopman bustled forward, eager to have the honour of serving Miss Savile, and one or two unoccupied assistants hung idly about, making believe to be busy with piles of coarse dusters and bundles of tape; while farther up the counter an old country-woman laboriously chose a piece of stuff for her Sunday gown, and two girls giggled awkwardly over a crude mass of artificial flowers. Their whispers and giggles jarred on Anne's nerves, and the flaring colours of the flowers made her eyes ache: she turned to the obsequious shopman and asked to see some ribbon, with an odd hesitancy in her usual clear tones.

The box was brought out, and she began mechanically to turn over the coloured rolls of ribbon, but she seemed to forget why she had asked for such a thing; all her attention was concentrated on the curious thumping of her heart, and her hands felt strangely clammy.

She held a roll of light blue satin ribbon between her finger and thumb, and gazed at it vaguely; the shopman coughed apologetically, and began to praise the article in question.

"Such a beautiful colour, madam, quite the newest shade, I assure you; and then the quality! Why, that ribbon will last for ever, so to speak!"

"Yes, yes," said Anne, softly, hesitatingly. Surely the shop felt very hot, and why did the floor sway up and down? The man's voice sounded very far away, very far and faint . . . and she *hated* to see the dusty motes dancing in the sunbeams! They were dancing now, madly, dizzily dancing in the broad flood of scorching sunshine which streamed in through the fly-spotted window-panes.

Anne longed to go, to hasten

out of the oppressive atmosphere, but though her head felt odd and light, she seemed glued to her chair; she could not move her feet, only her hand idly played with the glossy blue ribbon.

The old woman put down the length of claret-coloured merino which she had been anxiously examining, and moved a pace or two nearer the pale young lady; but the two girls kept up their chatter over the flowers, and indulged in subdued chaff with the youth who was serving them.

Anne saw green boughs waving now, and heard the water flowing; surely she was back again in her beechen bower, and Paul was coming towards her through the shade. What did it matter if she was too weak to rise and meet him? A glad smile was on his dear face, and she would nestle very close at last.

Close, close, as she had never even allowed herself to fancy in the bad days that were past.

She stretched out her hands towards the vision, and the old woman caught them in her horny clasp.

"Poor lady, she's fainting! Bring water, water," quavered the kindly old voice; but Anne's eyes opened wide and grey upon her, and the slender hands wrenched themselves away with a violence their gentle owner had never been guilty of before.

The spell was broken, and for one moment, one lightning-flash of consciousness, Anne realised all: she was dying. This was the moment foretold so long ago by the specialist's grave voice, and it found her—in no cool green solitude, with only the trees and the sky overhead, but in a stuffy draper's shop, with the shopmen staring at her open-mouthed . . . and the motes dancing in the sunshine.

She reeled and fell, and her

dying hand clutched the nearest object, the roll of ribbon: she lay her length upon the dusty floor, and yards upon yards of the gaudy blue ribbon coiled and settled upon her prostrate body and startled dead face.

It was only one more example of Fate's squalid ironies.

Late in the afternoon of the following day Paul and Effie stood together in the library at the Manor. His arms were round her, and her head rested on his shoulder. She had been crying, but her tears were dried now, and Paul's close clasp was very comforting.

"Poor, poor Anne," she murmured, sadly; "I cannot bear to think of it, Paul. *Anne* to die in a vulgar little shop, with all the shopboys gaping at her! Oh, it is *too* horrible," and her eyes brimmed over anew.

Heriot stooped and kissed each reddened eyelid, and his heart was very full of love as he did

so. How wise he had been to find out, before it was too late, how sweet and good and true was the girl whom he now held in his arms.

Poor Anne Savile, hers was a sad fate, and a strangely reserved nature: it seemed to him almost unwomanly never to have confided her secret to any one. And yet she must have been ailing for long.

He gave an impatient sigh, and then began to stroke back the little soft curls from Effie's forehead.

The sun suddenly emerged from behind a cloud, and flooded the book-lined room with its golden evening light. Beyond the open window all looked green and refreshed after the storm and rain of yesterday; now and again a sleepy thrush let fall a few clear liquid notes, and the clean scent of mignonette rose from the border just below the window.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," said Paul Heriot, softly.

F. A. HOWDEN.

DURING THE ARMISTICE.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR.

CORRECT as are, as a rule, the reports in the public press regarding warfare, they are necessarily almost entirely confined to the actual scene of war, or the political situation; and it is not often that the daily papers can find space to contain, or will supply the funds for telegraphing, many of the incidents and impressions which must fall to the lot of every man who travels in regions where war is the order of the day. As long as description is confined to the scene of the campaign and the account of battles there cannot be too much of it. But there are the thousand and one incidents of war—not necessarily dealing with bloodshed and horrors—which are never reported, which are perhaps scarcely worth reporting. Yet one who has time to look around him and take note cannot but be struck most forcibly by the ever-changing scenes with which he is surrounded. Sometimes these little incidents rival in pathos even the more terrible sights and experiences; sometimes the innate humour of an individual finds an outlet amongst surroundings of the most depressing nature, and turns tragedy into comedy. Often the latent enthusiasm which every Englishman possesses more or less is raised to its highest pitch by the sight of great numbers of massed troops, by the sound of the music of war; often deep compassion and pity, which are common to all men, are stirred by the tragedy and suffering which surround one.

The writer has nothing to tell here of great battles or of great panics, of the roar of artillery or

the howling of the shells as they wing their flight overhead. Rather it is his desire to narrate some of what may be called the byways of warfare, the little events and incidents of travel that must fall to the lot of one and every man who finds himself with an army in time of war.

About half-way between Avlona—a port on the Adriatic about seventy miles north of Corfu—and Janina, the capital of Epirus, and about forty-five miles distant from each, stands the town of Argyrocastro. It is a place of some little importance, the capital of a large district, and the residence of a *mutaserif*. It was from Avlona that I commenced my journey on May 23rd to the front, riding over the high hills that rise to the south-east of the little town, and ascending the valley of the Viosa to Tepelëni, with its old fortress and the ruins of the summer serai of Ali Pasha. Here it was that Byron visited the famous Albanian chieftain, of whose *entourage* he gives so graphic a description in "Childe Harold." Tepelëni is certainly deserving of remark even to-day when its former glories have disappeared, from its grand situation on a rocky cliff dominating three valleys.

A ride of six hours or so the following day brought us to Argyrocastro. Although we had been able from a distance to catch a glimpse now and again of the town, it is hidden as one approaches it closer by intervening spurs of the mountain-range on which it is situated. It is not, in fact, until one has reached the ravine up which it lies that one

can obtain any view of the place. Of all the towns of Epirus and Albania, Argyrocastro is said to be the most picturesque, and certainly its position is very fine. It is built at the upper end of two steep ravines, running parallel to one another, and divided only by the ridge on which the great castle and fortress are situated. Opposite on the other side of the valley rise great grey cliffs of rock, with villages scattered here and there, where the nature of the soil can give them a foothold. The most prominent object in the place is the fortress, strongly built of well-squared stone, with its great tower stretching out between the two portions of the town and dominating the valley beneath and the entire position.

With the exception of the steep streets of modern shops and caravanserais, which form the bazaars of the place, Argyrocastro is a straggling town, nearly all its houses being surrounded by gardens or enclosed yards. Strange picturesque dwellings they are, the lower storeys constructed of stone and the upper of wood, with roofs tiled with flat stones, and with great overhanging wooden windows, for all the world like some medieval building of England. Peeping from amongst their groves of walnut and plane trees their effect is picturesque in the extreme, and gaze at Argyrocastro from whatever direction one may choose, one cannot fail to be struck with the landscape. But it is the human interest perhaps which comes more largely into play, for the streets and caravanserais and *cafés* of the place cannot fail to please. Civilisation has not to any great extent set her stamp upon the place, so that much remains that in the larger towns, such as Janina, has almost disappeared. Here still the Albanian,

Christian and Moslem, stalks and swaggers in his *fustanella*, with its thousand folds, and gold-embroidered jacket, sauntering up and down the bazaars to the admiration of his fellow-townsmen. With his red fez and his sash full of arms, his legs neatly cased in embroidered gaiters, and his pointed scarlet-toed shoes ending in tassels, he forms indeed a picture. As we sat in the street sipping our coffee, we were given ample opportunity to see and admire, though it took all the exertions of an officer and two gendarmes to keep the inquisitive crowd at a distance. Seldom indeed is it that Argyrocastro is visited by a European, or that the rare exhibition of a hat is seen in streets where the fez alone is worn.

There were no signs of the war here, and everything seemed so peaceful and quiet that one could scarcely believe he was so near the scene of so much bloodshed and fighting. Moslem and Christian, Turk and Greek, seemed to share the town and its small trade without any feeling of distrust and inquietude, and the little *café* that we sat in was the common resort of both.

From Argyrocastro almost until we arrived at Janina two days later we saw little or nought to remind us of war. Driving—for we had found a road and a carriage there—through lovely scenery amongst forests of oak and walnut trees, through valleys and ravines full of violet and yellow sage and pink cistus, between fields of green corn and vineyards bursting into leaf, one could not have imagined a scene of more perfect peace. At a spot where our road joined that which leads to Janina from Monastir, the terminus of the railway, some 200 miles to the north, the scene

their justice, and he had not yet received warning to leave.

Anne tried to speak a few comforting words to the poor sobbing woman, and took the puny baby into her tender arms, while the elder child came and leant against her knee, and stared up fearlessly at her with round black eyes.

"And he used to be so kind-like once, miss," wailed poor Mrs Smith, "and would do many a hand's turn for me if I was tired—but now it's all so different!"

Anne softly hushed the fretting infant, and tried to cheer the mother by diverting her attention to her children; but the weak tears only flowed the faster.

"Ah, they might be some sort o' comfort to me if they was strong and hearty, but what can you expect of children whose mother is always ill and miserable? Baby, he does naught but fret, and little Maggie there is *that* nervous that she creeps out of sight when her father comes home."

The sloe-black eyes filled with sudden tears, and the baby-lip began to quiver, as the little lassie heard her mother's words.

Anne laid her hand on the pale, thin hair, and said, cheerily—

"If Maggie looks in that little basket on the table, perhaps she will find some nice biscuits."

The little creature trotted off contentedly, with the quickly restored serenity of childhood, and Anne said to the mother with gentle reproof—

"You must be careful what you say before Maggie: she is very intelligent, and it is a pity to increase her fear of her father."

"Ay, she's sharp," said Mrs Smith with weak pride, and ignoring Miss Savile's gentle censure. "I'm sure I thank you kindly, miss, for bringing her the biscuits," she added.

"I thought they would be a treat for the dear little maid, and you will find one or two little trifles for yourself in the basket; you might fill it with some of your beautiful sweet peas when you return it, Mrs Smith," she said hastily, trying with delicate tact to remove any feeling of obligation. "You have quite a hedge of them at the back of the lodge, and they are almost over up at the gardens—ours were so much exposed to the sun."

The woman's poorer intelligence could not appreciate the feeling which prompted Anne's words, but she was dimly conscious of the charm of her manner, and clumsily tried again to thank her.

"It's not many ladies, who have everything that they can want in this world, as would bother themselves to think of a poor woman's troubles, like you, miss! I don't mean no offence, but sometimes, as I sees you going past the lodge, I can't help thinking how lovely it must be to be *you*! Nothing to trouble over, from morning till night—except your poor aunt's health, miss," she added hurriedly, as if afraid that Miss Savile might feel her wanting in respectful sympathy.

Anne smiled vaguely, murmured something about not keeping the horse waiting any longer, and left the cottage.

As she drove away, some words of Gustave Flaubert's flashed into her mind, and dwelt there: "*Nous sommes tous dans un désert. Personne ne comprend personne.*"

Old Stevens drove very leisurely, and Anne had ample time for thought as the carriage rolled along the dusty roads, but her mind felt strangely blank; only that dreary little French phrase obtruded itself with odd persistency.

She was very tired, more tired

than her slight morning occupations should have left her, and she could have fancied that her large sunshade was an oppressive weight to hold up, if the thought had not been too absurd.

The old horse's hoofs made a rhythmical thudding upon the hard road, and "*Personne ne comprend personne*" set itself to the sound with maddening iteration.

Paul would never understand her, never look at her again with the old kindly light in his eyes—never any more.

Had she done well, had she indeed acted wisely? Could Effie ever satisfy him? The thoughts came thronging now, though Anne tried vainly to stem their rush. They seemed to have broken loose in her tired brain, and the merciful blankness was fast becoming a confused whirl of kaleidoscopic thought.

"Stop!" she cried aloud in her agony, and Stevens looked round inquiringly.

"No, no—it is all right! Drive on, Stevens," she said hurriedly, in answer to his unspoken query.

This calmed her a little, for the momentary lapse warned her of her danger. Anne was a proud woman, and she was resolved not to betray herself. Bodily weakness she could not prevent, but while she lived she would control her mind.

The road had been winding up a rather steep hill, and as the carriage topped the rise two figures on horseback appeared close at hand: they were Paul and Effie.

The girl made as if she would rein up, but her companion merely lifted his hat and rode on; so she contented herself with a beaming smile and a wave of her gauntleted hand in Anne's direction.

The latter turned her head and hungrily watched the two till they

disappeared down the hill; then she leant back again, and sat very still.

As the coachman drew up before the first shop he had been told to stop at, a low mutter of thunder was heard in the distance, and he respectfully remarked to Miss Savile that it was a good thing that old Dobbin did not mind a thunderstorm. "For a storm is coming up, miss," he added, with an uneasy glance towards the east, where a livid rampart of cloud was slowly rearing itself against the hot blue sky. His mistress did not seem to hear, but walked slowly into the little stationer's shop. The old man shook his head gravely as he flicked the flies from patient Dobbin's ears, and a puff of dry wind raised the dust and bits of straw on the uneven pavement, and blew them into whirling eddies which sank as rapidly as they rose.

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Mr Thomson himself was out,

changed. Turning a corner suddenly, we drove into four battalions of Turkish troops, reinforcements for the front, who were resting for their mid-day meal in the shade of a grove of plane-trees. From there on to Janina our road was all bustle and noise of dust, for 4000 men were on the march. Five days from the date of my landing on Turkish soil—viz., on May 26th—I found myself in Janina, the capital of Epirus. The town presented a curious spectacle, for, added to the usual population of Albanians, Greeks, Epirotes, Turks, and Jews, there were thousands of troops, whose dark-blue uniforms and crimson fezzes formed the principal touch of colour, go where one would. The population, which had been expecting murder and loot at the hands of the Turkish soldiers, and especially at the hands of the Albanian irregulars, were recovering from their groundless fears, and had already discovered that an army formed of the representatives of most of the wildest divisions of the Turkish empire was as capable of discipline as the best-regulated European army could be. The shops were reopened, the absurd little barricades which the consular body had erected to protect their quarter of the town were pulled down, and with them disappeared all outward and visible signs of fear. The main street which leads down to the bazaars, and in which all the better shops of Christian, Turk, and Jew are situated, presented perhaps the most typical scene to be found in Janina, for here between handsome magazines with huge plate-glass windows filled with every class of goods that would be most likely to tempt the Turk or Albanian to loot, passed and re-passed an ever-flowing stream of soldiery. Good-natured, cheerful fellows one and all, mak-

ing way for one to pass; never, in spite of the crowd, pushing or jostling, but strolling to and fro, engaged on business or pleasure, or hand in hand, as is their wont, flattening their noses against the shop windows for all the world like girls in Bond Street. Even the swaggering Albanian irregulars, capable as they are of savagery at times, caused no disturbance whatever, but stood aside and watched with interest the rarely seen sight of a hat—for, with the exception of the European consuls, all the population wear the fez. About these Albanian irregulars one anecdote must be given. The wife of the able Russian consul at Janina was returning one evening from a walk accompanied by a *kavas*, or consular guard, when she saw half-a-dozen of the irregulars banging at the door of a breadshop. Fearing that some attempt to loot the place and murder the owner, who was Christian, was taking place, she pluckily sent her *kavas* to order them to desist. This they at once did, explaining to the lady that they only wished to buy bread, and showing her their money. She, fearing a repetition of the attack on the shop, offered to provide them with food if they would come to her house. On their arrival they were rewarded with a good solid meal. Before departing they asked how much there was to pay, and were half pleased and half annoyed to find that they were guests. The kindness of their hostess, however, made such an impression upon them that they assured her that, no matter what disturbances, what massacres even, might occur, she and her property were safe. Nothing, happily, did occur, but her house was always guarded none the less by Albanians, not necessarily her former guests, and had any disturbance broken out, would have been at once put

into a state of defence, and defended, against whoever the attackers might have been.

Here and there amongst the narrow streets and lanes of the bazaars of Janina are open spaces, shaded by gigantic plane-trees, where the enterprising *café* men had spread tables and chairs. The crowd of officers and soldiers was always thickest at these spots, for here they loved to sit and drink their coffee and discuss the war. What a running to and fro of the boys who served the coffee, what a bubbling of their *narghiles*, what clouds of cigarette smoke! Here and there the predominating blue of the uniforms was broken by an Albanian in white, or a Macedonian in scarlet, or by the *fustanella*, with its thousand folds, of a peasant of Epirus. Through the moving leaves of the plane-trees the sunlight danced and shimmered over the ever-changing scene.

Down through the narrow bazaars, along the moat of the old fortress, even on to the landing-place with its overhanging wooden houses and its boats, great and small, the crowd of soldiery extended. The lake swarms with fish, and many of the townspeople earn a livelihood by supplying the market with huge carp and eels, while almost the only relaxation of the townspeople is their boating.

Entering a *caïque*, a few strokes of the oars freed us from the surrounding craft and the quay with its crowds, and we glided away noiselessly over the clear water toward the island which lies opposite to the town. Here at least there was peace and quiet, and nought to remind one that this was a seat of war, except far away the glimmer of the tents of the Turkish camp to the south of the town.

There is no view of Janina more picturesque than that from the lake, for as a foreground to

the long low town with the undulating hills behind it rises a promontory of grey rock, the cliffs half hidden in clusters of trailing creepers. On the two points of this promontory rise mosques, with their domes and minarets and tall dark cypress-trees. Between them peep the ruins of the serai, or palace, of Ali Pasha, the famous independent chief of Janina and friend of Byron. So smooth, so still the lake, that every detail of rock and mosque and cypress stands out as clearly in its reflection as it does in the reality above.

A short row and we reached the island, skirting which, in channels cut amongst the giant rushes, we arrived at its eastern shore, where the village of the fisher-folk is situated, the houses of wood and stone, standing close along the water's-edge, half hidden in vegetation. The short journey from the town to the island had changed one's surroundings from war to peace, for instead of soldiers there were children, playing in boats or paddling in the lake, driving their flocks of white geese and ducks or setting the eel-traps. And ashore such plane-trees! half hiding with their drooping boughs the ivy-clad walls of the little convent, in an upper room of which old Ali Pasha, deserted by his friends, was shot by his own soldiers. Here we landed, and two old nuns, the sole existing inhabitants of the place, and who looked as though they might have been there since Ali Pasha's days, took us round, and showed us the strange little chapels with their frescoes, and pointed out the upper chamber where Ali Pasha sought refuge, and where he was shot through the ceiling of the room below. Even to-day one can see the bullet-holes in the rotten boards, which have never been changed since those days,—not, it is true, from the interest of the

place, for seldom is it visited, but rather from neglect and carelessness, and the building is quite uninhabitable to-day. It seemed to take but a few minutes to row back again to Janina, and to be landed once more in the crowd of soldiers. It had been a glimpse of peace—in the midst of war.

Between Janina and Philipiada, of which more anon, we spent a night at the wayside caravanserai of Chefik Bey Khan. It was but one of the ordinary khans, built for the comfort of the traveller and the profit of the proprietors, along all the highroads of Turkey. It was evening when, with a final spurt, our carriage with its four horses cantered into the courtyard of the building. On alighting we found every available corner, and a good many that could scarcely be considered available, in the occupation of Turkish soldiers. Even the little *café* which occupied one side of the archway leading into the courtyard was in the hands of a couple of privates, who would have been making a good thing out of their occupation, except that as the troops are so seldom paid, the business seemed to be on the credit system. However, I doubt whether they had paid much for their stock-in-trade, for the original occupiers of the caravanserai had fled on the approach of the troops,—the most foolish thing possible to do, as there is less compunction in seizing the private effects of an absentee landlord than of those whose complaints might reach headquarters and bring down punishment upon the raiders.

The arrival of Europeans created no little excitement amongst the Albanians, and a crowd issued from every room to obtain a glance of the strangers. Great, finely built men they were, some in uniform, some still in the

dress of their native mountains, and others again in a mixture of both. Of all the regiments of European Turkey there is probably none that numbers so many brigands and suchlike amongst it as the 38th Ishtib Regiment. But in spite of the fact that we were the cynosure of all eyes, not a remark was passed concerning us, and the soldiers looked on in respectful silence. We inquired after the officer in charge of the battalion, in the hopes of his being able to find us quarters, when suddenly the gentleman in question appeared, wildly gesticulating his welcomes and shouting to his men to bring up our baggage to his own quarters, the most comfortable room in the khan. A minute or two later we found ourselves and our belongings safely lodged in a large square room, which, happily for the sake of ventilation, had no glass in its windows, the panes having proved too tempting as revolver-targets to the Albanian irregulars, who are never happy unless they are letting off firearms, generally at considerable danger to the world at large, each other, and themselves.

When our host had done shouting, and he seemed to have directions to give to every single man in the battalion, he flourished his arms, dropped his voice to a lower key, seized us by the hands, and introduced himself as Kemil Effendi, a lieutenant in the service of H.I.M. the Sultan, at present commanding a battalion of the Ishtib Regiment, though he himself hailed from the neighbourhood of Smyrna. He was a typical Turk of the old school, speaking nothing but his own language, and caring little or nought about the outside world. His black hair, parted in the middle, was drawn back over either ear, where it stood out in a sort of fringe from

underneath his fez. His high cheekbones and narrow eyes showed his Turkman origin, while he seemed also to have inherited from his wild ancestors a remarkable love of colour. We had surprised him before he had found time to put on his tunic, though I fancy that he was loath to do so, in order to allow us to catch an uninterrupted view of his yellow creton shirt, with festoons of purple and blue roses climbing over a green trelliswork. A pair of scarlet socks peeped from under the trousers of his uniform, and his pocket-handkerchief displayed colours and stripes that could put a veritable rainbow to shame. Seated on an equally gorgeous cotton-covered mattress, which was stretched upon the floor over an aniline-dyed carpet, with a picture of a creature somewhat resembling an apparently intoxicated lion with a wicked leer in his eye, Kemil and his surroundings formed an admirable picture, a very kaleidoscope of cottons and cretons, from which peeped his pleasant good-natured face with its narrow, black, twinkling eyes. Nothing could have exceeded his kindness, from his helping us to stretch our beds to sharing his supper of a roasted lamb, around which we sat on the floor and ate in true Turkish style with our fingers. Kemil had seen a world of service, and his body was literally covered with scars, mementoes of the Russian, Servian, and Montenegrin wars. But he had been forgotten, and having no influence in Constantinople, had remained, and was still, a lieutenant. I am glad to be able to state, however, that, through the influence of one of our party, he afterwards received the promotion to which his long service and his wounds entitled him. I believe he is now a major. Cigar-

ettes and coffee, coffee and cigarettes, and good Kemil going it the whole time, telling us of his fights and his battles, and of his imprisonment in Russia, for he was one of those taken at Plevna. It was to his remembrance, no doubt, of the courtesy and kindness shown him in Moscow, &c., that was owing not a little his civility and hospitality toward ourselves. He had been long at the Chefik Khan, and the weariness of the place seemed to have added to his contentment in narrating his many battles. He would jump up from his mattress, execute a sort of war-dance, and suddenly seat himself again, only to rise once more and shout and gesticulate. He was delightful, and kept us all the while in fits of laughter, in which he heartily joined. The man seated next to him was a great contrast, a young Albanian officer of Ishtib, slight and handsome, with blue eyes and a small yellow moustache. He scarcely ever spoke, but sat there in silence, his eyes alternately wandering from Kemil to ourselves. A quiet, most gentlemanly man, with delightful manners, and rather a sad thoughtful expression. It was his first campaign, and as yet he had seen little or nothing of the war, being wearily quartered at Chefik Khan, to forward the transport trains on their journey to the front.

In all we were a most friendly party—half-a-dozen officers and non-commissioned officers, good kind souls one and all, who watched our every movement on the chance of being able to render us some further comfort. The last I heard of them as I dropped off to sleep—for we all shared the one room—was a great discussion in progress as to whether the little paraffin-lamp ought to be turned out or not. Opinion was divided: some thought we might be afraid in the

dark, others that we might not be able to sleep with a light, so a compromise was arranged, and it was turned down very low!

We had at Chefik Khan a good example of the want of interest the Turkish soldier takes in his own surroundings. Born a soldier, there is no better fighting man in the world than the Turk, and he needs only to be told what to do and how and when to do it. But beyond this he thinks but little for himself. One of my companions was compiling a list of the Turkish regiments engaged in Epirus in the war, and had reason to ask Kemil Effendi the name and number of his regiment. The name he knew, but confessed to being in utter ignorance as to the number. Nothing daunted, he asked his fellow-officers with no result, and then tried a sergeant-major and a corporal, neither of whom was any wiser, but the corporal said he thought the private who brewed the coffee *used* to know, and he was sent for. He used to know, he said, but had forgotten, but he thought it was either the 28th or the 38th Regiment, and eventually decided on the 28th. It was the 38th as a matter of fact. Since the reorganisation of the Turkish army, and the introduction of regimental numbers, the greatest vagueness has existed, which would no doubt result in confusion if officers and men alike did not altogether ignore the numbers and refer always to the names.

Only a week or two later I came across again another good example of the absolute obedience and the want of interest in his surroundings which is so largely found in the character of the Mohammedan soldier. In this case they were Arabs. I had walked up a steep incline on the road, and reached the top some little time before my carriage. Seating myself on

a stone, I commenced to smoke. While thus engaged a group of fierce-looking soldiers passed, one of whom called out to the others in Arabic, "What can these infidels, wearers of hats, be doing here?" which is a very ordinary way of describing Europeans. Before the others could reply, I called out in their own language, "They are watching the infidels, wearers of fezzes, go to the war to be shot." A peal of laughter burst from the group, who one and all approached and shook hands with me, delighted to find some one who could speak their tongue. They were Syrians who had volunteered for the war, of which they were already heartily weary. On my questioning them, they had no idea where they were, who they were fighting against, or why. They simply stated that they had volunteered and been sent, and that when the war was over they hoped to return home again. They had no idea that an armistice had been existing for some time, and that the war had practically ceased. They had not been well treated, they said, by the Turks, and it is seldom indeed that there is any good fellowship between Turk and Arab, and since they had left their homes they had received no kindness except from the captain and officers of an English steamer on which they had travelled. One, a tall handsome youth, seized my hand and implored me to take him away from a country he found so inhospitable—anywhere, he would serve me as a slave, and the tears of his home-sickness glistened in his eyes. My carriage arrived, and as I looked back I saw him standing in the road gazing after it.

At Philippiada we found ourselves at the front, and within a few miles of the scene of nearly every battle that had been fought in

Epirus. The house that the Turkish commander had provided for our habitation was situated a little way from the unfortunate town—unfortunate in that it was burned by the Turks when evacuating it, looted by the Greeks on entering, and again fired by them on their flight into Greek territory only a few days later, to be eventually looted by the Turks of all the stores and munitions left behind in the panic. Our house, however, was one of the few that had remained intact, though broken panes of glass and bullet-holes through the walls clearly showed that it had not escaped altogether free. It was a pleasant enough place, perched on a hill high above the great plain that extends from Philipiada to Arta and the gulf, and was surrounded by groves of trees and small gardens. It was not long before we were installed and our dinner cooking in the big Turkish kitchen, with its wide divans of polished wood and its gigantic fireplace, for all the world like that of an old cottage in England. A guard of soldiers had been sent to minister to our wants and to see that we were not bothered by intruders, and with their aid our house was soon swept and cleaned and rendered not only habitable but even comfortable. In front of our living-room was a little closed-in balcony with large glass windows from which one could obtain an extended view of the surrounding country. Away in front of us lay the level plain, across which rose the mountains of Greece. To the south stretched the gulf of Arta, with the hills on the southern side plainly visible. Almost opposite, some seven or eight miles away, lay Arta, the Greek frontier town, and headquarters of the Western Division of their army. Above the town on the summit of a hill was visible

the great fortress of the place. To our right, and on the slope of the same range of hills on which our dwelling was situated, stood Philipiada itself, half a mile distant. From this point of view but little of the damage which the town had suffered was visible, for the red-tiled roofs peeped up from the foliage of trees and gardens, and hid the portion of the town which had been partially destroyed. A long, wide, yellow road led from almost beneath our windows to the town, and this road was always gay with soldiery, mounted or on foot, from the dull dark uniformed regulars to the scarlet or white of the Albanian *redifs*. Carriages, waggons, trains of pack-animals and artillery, were passing and re-passing all day long, forming an ever-changing scene of life and activity which one never wearied of watching.

But it was beneath, almost straight in front of our house, that the view was most interesting, for here, beyond the willow-banked meandering Luros river, lay the Turkish camp, the hillside white with tents. Every minute some bugle sounded, every hour some massing of troops took place. Away near the gaunt barracks at Strevina one could distinguish the main portion of the Turkish artillery, with the horses picketed near by. Near this spot too were the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, Osman Pasha, with his large tent in the centre, where I spent more than one pleasant hour chatting with his Excellency and his aides-de-camp.

There was an inmate of our house at Philipiada about whom something must be said. She was an old woman, a Serb, who had apparently seized possession of the house, and everything to be found in it, on its being vacated by its original owner. She was very ill

and very old, but by means of stimulants we revived her a little. In spite of the pity that her weakness and her age awoke in one, it was only too apparent that she was one of the hags, so well described by the correspondents who entered Philipiada with the Greeks, who had seized the opportunity of looting everything she could lay her hands on after the Turks had evacuated the town. She had, she told us, earned a livelihood as a laundress and charwoman—by no means a lucrative profession in such a place as Philipiada; yet in spite of this she was possessed of an enormous quantity of most suspicious-looking baggage—huge bundles of bedding and carpets, enormous baskets and hampers full of heaven knows what, a gigantic assortment of cooking utensils, many portmanteaux of sorts, and packing-cases. To these belongings she clung with all the tenacity of her closing life, clutching them now and again in frenzy, as if, in her weakness, they would escape her. Our guard of soldiers, Albanians for the most part, treated her kindly enough.

The second day of our stay we found on our return from a visit to the camp that she had been ejected, bag and baggage, by order of the Turkish commander, and that our guard had installed her in a hut near by. Here I visited her and learned that she had everything with her, the soldiers who had carried across her goods not having taken the opportunity to steal anything. We sent her food and stimulant from time to time, but it was clear that her old age and the excitements of the war—and looting—were telling upon her. The day of our departure we found her dead, still clinging in grim mockery of her life to her bundles and boxes. We ordered the soldiers to bury her, and as she had

no relations in the place, we hinted that they were her residuary legatees. No doubt they inherited it all.

One evening, having arrived at our destination earlier than usual, we sauntered out to fish in the mountain torrent that flowed through the valley in which the wayside khan, at which we were to pass the night, was situated. It was a lovely spot, a wooded valley shut in on either hand by high mountains, the precipices of which rose cliff above cliff until they ended in pinnacles like the spires of old cathedrals. The river's banks were lined with fields of green ripening corn, and everywhere was heard the music of the stream as it tumbled and tossed over its boulder-strewn bed, overhung with giant plane-trees.

Round the grey stone caravanserai were pitched the tents of a battalion of troops, and a little higher up the slopes of the mountain was a straggling village standing in a grove of trees.

A small crowd had gathered round us at the door of the khan, watching in respectful silence the fitting up of a fishing-rod, an article they had never seen before. When at length everything was completed we made a start, followed by a dozen or more Turkish soldiers, who shyly kept at a distance, as if their sauntering in the direction of the river had nothing at all to do with our excursion. Arrived at a spot where stiller water allowed of fishing, the line, its float, and tempting worm were dropped into the pool. The soldiers, more and more interested, approached and stood silently watching us. Up and down bobbed the float, and a moment or two later a little mountain trout lay struggling on the bank. The soldiers, unable to restrain their curiosity, drew nearer and

began to whisper amongst themselves. Another and another fish, now a large clean-run carp, now a small trout. Our crowd of on-lookers increased. One by one at first and then in little groups the soldiery approached, and then an officer arrived. One man held the tin of worms, another pointed out where he had seen a fish, and conversation became general. The officer implored us to let him fish, and we gave him the rod. He was very red and very fat, his uniform was much too tight for him and his fez too large. A pair of small twinkling eyes glistened under shaggy eyebrows, and a large grey moustache half covered his purple cheeks and ruddy chin. Round him stood the private soldiers, one and all intent upon his success, but the officer was doomed to disappointment. Fish he never so carefully he caught nothing. Whether they were frightened at the view of his lurid form squatting on the bank I do not know, but no success attended his efforts. Every time the float moved he, using all his strength, would jerk the line and hook out of the water with force sufficient to pull the head off any ordinary fish. He gave it up in disgust at last, and surrendered the rod to its owner.

In an hour or two we had caught quite a load of fish, and we delighted the hearts of our soldierly friends by bestowing the larger portion upon them. We got credit, it is true, for more generosity than we deserved, for we gave all the large ones away and kept only the small. The men hesitated to accept such a sacrifice on our part, but we insisted. They did not realise that the big ones were carp and the small ones trout!

Salonika! At the railway-station a crowd of men, women, and children of every nationality and

every class. Pashas in gold-lace and decorations, private soldiers in rags, Albanians and Greeks in *fustanellas*, Macedonians in scarlet suits, Walachs, dirty and unkempt, in their heavy awkward garb, and Jews and Jewesses by the score. It is to the last race that Salonika may be said almost to belong, for they possess all the trade, property, and wealth of the place — all that is best and most of what is worst. Everywhere in the hotels and *cafés* and bazaars, on board the ships and on the quay that stretches along the seaboard from end to end of the town, one hears their adulterated Spanish, for the Jews of Salonika are one and all the descendants of ancestors expelled from Spain at the time of the Hebrew persecutions in that country! The innate tenacity of their race has maintained throughout all these centuries not only their character and their religion but even their language and dress.

But the sight of sights at the railway-station was not the arriving train, or the crowd on the platform, but rather the inspiring exhibition of the big siege-pieces taken by the Turks at Larissa, and but lately arrived at Salonika. There they lay on heavy railway-trucks, turning their noses up to the sky — a veritable trophy of war. True, their breeches had been removed before the evacuation and panic of Larissa, but that is soon remedied.

Away we rattled from the station in a landau through the streets of the town, with their crowd of buyers and sellers, for the trade of Salonika seems to cease neither by day nor night save for the two or three hours at noon when all the world sleeps. Through streets of shops we passed, the driver cracking his whip and shouting the while, until, suddenly turning a corner, we emerged upon the quay.

What a bizarre scene; what a change after the rural aspects of Albania and Macedonia! Crowds flock on all sides, taking the air in the cool of the afternoon. Pashas in carriages, officers on foot, Greeks, Jews, Turks, and representatives of a dozen or more European nationalities; sailors of all lands from the men-of-war lying in the bay; negroes and Arabs; shoeblacks by the dozen, talking broken English and most annoying in their tenacity; Jewesses, the necks and general arrangements of whose dresses exposed more of their charms than even a court-gown in England, gaudy in jewels and furs and gold lace—in fact a zoological gardens of humanity. And *cafés*! dozens and dozens of *cafés*, with orchestras, male and female, fiddling away for dear life, full of lights and music, gorgeous in Louis XVI. decoration of white and gold, and crowded with sippers of coffee and absinthe. As a strange incomprehensible mixture of East and West Salonika stands alone.

Long, long into the night, almost until dawn, the quay presents a scene of brilliantly lit *cafés*, full of oriental-looking men in frock-coats and fezzes, and a crowd of humanity in the costume of almost every country in the world. It is only when one seeks the long, cool, covered arcades of the bazaars that one is free from the noise and bustle of the quay. There in the half gloom of the shaded streets one wanders amongst the booths and shops, all of them gay with the coloured stuffs and tinsel finery that the East demands from Europe. Scarcely a sound there; even trade seems carried on in an undertone, and the shopmen to be under a subtle spell of silence. What a contrast to the quay, with its plate-glass windows and its gay bedecked and bedomed buildings,

are these quiet dull bazaars where even the commercial interest of the Jew shopman seems to flag. Then one wanders out again into the street, and lo! troops are marching by, bugles are sounding, a newly arrived man-of-war is saluting the Turkish flag, and one realises that war—the spectre that hangs over Turkey and Greece alike—is all around one.

From Salonika I proceeded to Volo, now in the hands of the Turks. The town seemed partially deserted, but the refugees who had fled to the islands were quickly learning that under the Sultan's rule they were as free to come and go and to attend to their affairs as they had been under King George; and every hour the small steamers plying between the port and the neighbouring islands were bringing back hundreds of those who had fled. Quiet and order reigned everywhere, from the deserted custom-house to the extemporised barracks of the Turkish troops, and had it not been for the befezzed soldiers whom one now and again met in the streets—the whole Turkish garrison did not number 400 men—one would never have known that the place was anywhere in the vicinity of war. No description of Volo is needed here, for enough was written at the time when the Greeks abandoned it and the Turks peaceably took possession; but two experiences fell to my lot there which are perhaps worth recounting.

On entering the telegraph office to send a wire to England I found on the wall of the inner office, where the Turkish clerks were busy with their machines, three picture-frames. The centre one contained a large photograph of the Queen of Greece, the other two were empty. Guessing—and rightly—that the two from which

the pictures had been removed had contained portraits of the King and the Crown Prince, I asked why the picture of the Queen had been left by the Turks when the Greeks themselves during the crisis had destroyed nearly all the portraits of their own royal family. Glancing up from his telegraphic machine, the young clerk exclaimed, "We are warring against the King and his son. We bear no enmity against the Queen." It is perhaps an anecdote scarcely worth repeating, but it shows that at least some little chivalry exists amongst the Turks—more at any rate than that found amongst the Greeks, who deliberately destroyed and tore to pieces all the portraits they could find of their Queen, whose untiring efforts to relieve the sufferings of the wounded saved many a life.

The other and more forcible recollection that I bore away with me from Volo is one that would be difficult ever to forget—that stirred one to the very depths of one's being. Lying alongside the quay was a large hospital steamer, the *Asia*, ready to start on her third voyage of conveying the Turkish wounded to Constantinople. The greater part of the wounded were at Larissa, and were being brought down in relays from there. I visited the ship, and was shown over with that extreme courtesy which seems to be the birthright of so many Turkish officers. Nothing could have been better than the arrangements which had converted the cargo steamer into a hospital ship. Clean and new bedding, fresh clothes, soft mattresses and pillows, an able staff of officials, and ample supplies of all the necessities for such a voyage, were there, and accommodation for over 300 men arranged for.

The same evening the wounded men arrived, having been conveyed

by train from Larissa and driven in private carriages and carts from the station to the quay.

Long suffering had reduced the appearance of the Turkish wounded soldier to a type of refinement and delicacy. The deep sunken eyes, the pallid faces, the perfect silence in which these brave men bore their agony, all impressed one more than is possible to describe. Not a cry, not even a groan, as the long line of stretchers bearing their freight of wounded men—many dying, one or two already dead—passed from the carts up the gangway of the ship. Turk or Greek, Christian or Mohammedan, what matters it when men are suffering. Three hundred or more, bearing their burning fevers and the agony of their wounds with a stoicism more terrible to witness almost than death itself. As one stood and watched them pass in the bright sunlight of that summer afternoon, one tried to realise the sufferings of a single man alone, and by this means to gauge the suffering of the 300. And then to think that this was only a small contingent, that thousands of others lay thus in Greece and Thessaly suffering as these did. It is then that one realises the horrors of warfare, not in battle when shell and bullet scream and whistle overhead and all is confusion and excitement, and I wished in my heart of hearts that those Englishmen who shared in the glory of this slaughter by their encouragement of Greece had been there to see their handiwork. There is many a member of Parliament who would have thought twice upon his action could he have witnessed that scene of unutterable pain and suffering. You who stay at home and make wars from your cushioned seats have no idea of what war is!

A week later I was at the headquarters of the Crown Prince of

Greece, whose guest I was in his three-roomed cottage at Agia Marina, a small port near the town of Lamia. Opposite to us in the bay lay the Greek fleet, while a few miles to the south lay the Pass of Thermopylæ, where the army was engaged in throwing up earthworks preparatory to making a last stand in case of need. Of the state of the Greek army I have nothing to say here: its condition has already been sufficiently described by numerous correspondents.

Driving from Agia Marina to Lamia, I spent a day in the little town, and in visiting the outposts of the two armies. Lamia crowded with soldiers, with its *cafés* and restaurants full of officers, seemed to have entirely recovered from the panic it had suffered after the battle of Domokos. The shops were open, and the influx of such a large number of officers and men seemed to have given a considerable impetus to its bazaars. Early in the afternoon I drove out, accompanied by one of the Crown Prince's staff, along the shady road that leads towards Domokos. On either side at intervals were camps of Greek soldiers, though the road itself offered but few signs, in the way of traffic, &c., that so large a force lay in the immediate neighbourhood. Passing the Greek sentries, we found ourselves upon the neutral strip of ground which lay between the Turkish and Greek armies. Perhaps of all the varied sensations of warfare there is none more strange than that experienced in such circumstances as these. A

small narrow ravine separated the lines of Turks and Greeks, a ravine scarcely 300 or 400 yards across. Along the crests right and left stood the sentries of the two armies, so near to one another that from the Greek side I could distinctly hear a Turkish officer giving instructions to his men as he changed the guard. Face to face in grim silence stood Greek and Turk, resting upon their rifles, while here and there along either line little white flags announced the existence of the armistice, and marked the frontier of the two forces. From the centre of the ravine—for I descended—the effect was most curious, as on either hand the long lines, stretching almost to a vanishing-point, stood on against the scorching sky. The Turks, like the Greeks, had posted their men close together, and there was scarcely a gap of 30 yards between sentry and sentry.

The stillness of the hot afternoon was oppressive in the extreme, and the motionless figures of the men, as they stood gazing at one another across the narrow ravine, added a tragic figure to the otherwise peaceful landscape. Here face to face, yet restrained by honour and obedience from flying at one another's throats, stood the victorious Turks and the defeated Greeks. The strains of a band playing in the Turkish camp floated in the still air across to us, and told plainly enough that beyond the long thin line of Turkish sentries lay the great army.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

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DARIEL: A ROMANCE OF SURREY.¹—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER LIII.—A RUTHLESS SCHEME.

WHILE these men were arguing thus (failing with all their ingenuity perhaps, to hit upon the true state of the case) a scene which they would have been glad to behold was taking place some twenty miles away, and not far from the banks of the Ardon. Here that river (on its way to join the Terek below Vladikaukaz) rushes through a rugged and desolate country on the further side of Kazbek, where the fall of the land is towards the North, and the long shadows lie in snowy stripes, even to the suns of Midsummer. This was the melancholy spot where Rakhan owned that hunting-lodge, to which the poor Princess Oria had turned for refuge, when the snows of Autumn blocked the track. Here it was that Imar (furious at her appar-

ent guilt) found her most unhappily, at the very moment when the faithful steward—whose presence would have proved her innocence—was gone to the nearest hut in search of provisions and help to clear the road. And here it was that she breathed her last, slain by her own hand, according to the ordinance of her ancient race, to expiate the intolerable insult of the man she loved and worshipped.

But now the woman who had caused her death, or led up to it so cleverly by her own malevolence, felt no misgivings about that. Betwixt twins, even of the kindest nature and clinging from their birth to one another, a fungoid growth is apt to spring, as it does in a tree cleft down the centre, but not allowed to

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part in twain. Either member of the impaired union believes that the other belongs to it; and both are ready to close the grip against all who would divide them. But as years go on, and diverse attractions draw them more and more apart, each begins to form and thicken cuticle against the other; at least if they are of equal strength. And then the stuff that vainly came to close the gap grows venomous.

Jealousy, like a yellow toadstool, sprang up in young Marva's heart, when her brother dared to love another woman better than herself. She had fallen away from the twinship first by giving herself to Rakhan, without a word to her brother, and sacrificing to passion all the tender ties of kindred love. None the more could she endure that her brother should do likewise; and she would not believe, although she knew it, that her lover had murdered her father. Then when her husband made a grievance of Imar's just refusal to pay marriage-portion to that murderer—unless he would come and take the oath—she made a grievance of it too, more and more bitter as Rakhan began to make more and more spite of her poverty. And so it went on, with the crust of sullen temper thickening year by year, and the faith of married life turned sour by her husband's faithlessness, until her brother slew the wretch who had ruined him and outraged her.

Fair fight it was, and if ever one man has the right to stop another from his evil deeds below, and give him chance of mercy ere his black account grows blacker, the one might plead that right, and the other accept the relief with gratitude. But reason is less than a drop in the ocean of a

tempestuous woman's heart. Marva's ill-will towards her brother deepened into bitter hatred, and nothing but his exile saved him from her brooding vengeance. And now she had found a chance of wreaking her wrath upon him to heart's content, and with the same blow satisfying her lifelong thirst for wealth and rule.

Therefore now her black device was on its last bound towards success; and we, who rejoice in lawful acts, and tricks that can be justified by solid legal argument, must bear in mind that her scheme was well in accordance with the local law.

To save all risk of being late for the ceremony of the morrow, she had quitted the stronghold where she allowed us the honour of that interview, and crossing the mountains west of Kazbek by the Ardon watercourse, had put up at this hunting-lodge, as the only suitable dwelling near the Valley of Retribution. About seventy armed men of the tribe, and a dozen village elders had been despatched to the Roman jail to keep guard, and prepare the trial; while she had only a few men with her, including the gentle Hafer, and the thoroughly savage Hisar.

But the lady as yet had no suspicion of our rapid counter-plot, which we never could have formed without the tidings and the help of Usi the Bear-slayer, whom she had corded to the rock for wolves. And if we could only have foreseen her sojourn at this hunting-lodge, what a dash we might have made with the mining force alone, and held our haughty captive as a hostage for her prisoners! But as yet we knew not where she was; and as to what may here be told it is scarcely needful to observe that it came to my knowledge afterwards. And often on

our road we doubted, in spite of all we heard of her, whether any woman in her right mind, and acting with cool intention, would compass a crime almost beyond the conception of a man soever vile. Although it was not for the sake of the horror, but an indispensable part of her scheme, that her brother should be slain by his own, and only son!

"Hafer," she said to this noble-looking youth, who believed himself the only son of her injured husband Rakhan, "at last the time is come for you to vindicate your father. To-morrow his murderer will be condemned by the verdict of the elders of our tribe—the men who were faithful to your father, the great Prince Rakhan of the Ossets. Your father died, as you know too well, in the assertion of your mother's rights. Your uncle Imar, my own brother, was gifted by heaven with no sense of justice. He was not content with robbing me, your dear mother, of my rightful share in my father Dadian's inheritance; but when your own brave father Rakhan vainly made suit after many years to obtain a small share of my rights, what did your uncle Imar do? You know, you have heard it a thousand times; he slew your father in cold blood, taking mean advantage of superior strength. He left me a widow, a helpless widow, with you my only child almost a babe. Instead of remaining, like a man, to face the consequence of his crime, and trying at least to make compensation, he fled to an island in the west called England, where all malefactors are sheltered and fed. There he lived in luxury for many years, receiving all the revenues which of right were mine. Now he has returned, without a word of sorrow to me, to rob me of the

little I have tried to save. You know how hard I have striven against fortune, labouring to keep the scanty relics of my rights, and to take charge of small affairs that have chanced to lose their owner. Even you I have been compelled sometimes to deprive of enjoyments to which your birth entitled you. Is it not the truth, my child?"

"Mother, it is indeed the truth. I have often been ashamed of my desire for more food. And yet it has been a pleasure to me to behold you never famishing."

"A barley-cake has been enough for me. There are some who can so deny themselves. But justice comes to those who wait, and bear their sorrows patiently. The murderer of your father has, even through his own bad designs, fallen into the hands of those to whom he owes so long a debt. We have him beyond all power of escape. To-morrow he will be justly tried by those who know what he has done. The elders of this noble race, the race of the white sheepskin, will have him placed before them. He will be forbidden to poison the air with any lying speeches. His sentence will be death, and you—according to the law of ages—you are the man to execute it."

The young man fixed his large and gentle eyes upon her face, in doubt whether she could mean in earnest to enforce such a cruel task. Even the worst of tyrants threatens a great deal more than he means to do; and when it is a female tyrant, deeds can scarcely equal words, however strong the whole may be. This youth had received enough of both—the blast of words, the lash of deeds—and a heart that was both just and tender had confused the brain by pouring vain emotions into it.

The lady met his eyes with more than the every-day contempt in hers. It was not in her nature to make allowance for the result of her own work. Studiously from his infant days she had crushed all free-will out of him; and yet she scorned him for having none. As fine a specimen of manly growth as could be found in all the world was towering over her dark head, tall and stately though she was. She hated him for doing that, and she scorned him for doing it in stature only.

"Am I to speak again?" she asked, with a gaze from which his mild glance recoiled. "I have set your duty before you, Hafer; if you are coward enough to refuse it, another will discharge it for you; and according to the ancient laws you will be imprisoned and starved to death. What will become of Lura then? She will love you, if you are a man. If not, she will turn to Hisar, who is longing to prove himself more worthy, and all her beauty will be his."

"What has Hisar to do with this? He is always seeking to supplant me. You speak as if I were a coward, because it is not my desire to shed blood of man or beast; those who have done no harm to me, why should I do harm to them? Neither do I take heed of words, being brought up with reproaches daily, which it becomes me not to answer. But of Hisar I have no fear. It is the feminine voice that scares me, because it has always held dominion, and is too rapid to contend with. You have never allowed me to obtain any skill in weapons, such as a full-grown man should have; neither have I desired to fight, which is worthy of wolves, and dogs, and hogs. But if Hisar thinks to take my place in the things which he is coveting, Hisar

is of ignoble breed, let him come and make trial of me; and let Lura come and see it, if her gentle nature does not shrink."

Hafer tossed his golden curls, and tried to look fierce; but nature had not gifted him with that expression, neither had practice supplied the lack. And then he smiled at his own attempt, having much of his father Imar's vein. No woman, worthy to be called a woman, could have looked at him without admiration, and pity for all that he had suffered to take the bold spirit out of him. But the woman who had crushed his life was enraged at this slight outbreak.

"Something more than vaunt is needful to establish claim to courage. Hisar is brave; the maidens admire him, the fighting men are afraid of him. If thou art too liver-hearted to avenge thy father's wrongs, a braver youth will take thy place, and do thy duty for thee. It will not be worth while to starve thee, Hafer, and to listen to thy craven shrieks. On thy forehead we will brand *Coward*, and expel thee from a tribe of men. Hisar shall be the Lord of Ossets, with Lura for their Lady."

"For the Lordship I care not. Thou hast done thy best from my birth to make me what thou art not—a woman. Hisar is more to thee than I am, though he is but a stranger. But he shall never be Lord of Lura; for I know that she hates him, and he would grind her into dust. For her sake, I will do this thing; loathsome as it is to me, since it must be done by somebody. But remember one thing, if I am forced to this—never more will I call thee mother."

"Poor fool! Does he think he will have the chance?" she muttered, as he strode away repenting already in his soft young

heart of words that might have been too harsh. "Child of the detested Oria, better for thee to have died than led my own dear little one to his death. Thou hast escaped the precipice, but the Russian mines shall be thy doom. Hisar, where art thou, my son? Heardest thou what that spoon-pap said? This hut shall have a golden door, and walls of lapis-lazuli. Within it Oria slew herself; and within it her first-born has sealed himself for Siberia."

Hisar came forth from the inner room, so fateful to Sûr Imar, and for once his surly face looked bright. Since his return he had thought scorn of his native land and all therein, but he durst not show his mother that.

"Madam, it is nobly designed," he said, "and all in strict accord with law. Pedrel first, he shall have his wages, for which he has dared to follow me hither, and to plague me about marriage with his sister. Then to see that pious Imar fall by the hand of his sanctimonious son; to explain to that sweet saint what he has done; and then to deliver him to the Russians to be tried for Parricide! It is high time to be quit of him. He begins to show cheek, as the men of England say. I could have stabbed him yesterday, if it were not for spoiling your noble scheme. Oh mother, the eagles of Rakhabat alone can have brought thee such counsel from the clouds above. I am clever, and full of great devices, but never could I have invented this."

"My child, it is but one of many that have entered into my swift mind. When I was a girl among the nuns, to pass the winter nights we used to relate delightful stories, far more ingenious than this. The difficulty is not to think them, but to do them, to make a great suc-

cess of them. This we have not accomplished yet; but I see not how it can slip from our hands. So far things have worked well for us. Even the weather has taken our part. That spy of a Svân is wolf's meat ere now, and there is not a Lesghian this side of Karthlos. No fear of that meddlesome Briton, I trow, or of Stroke, the drunken traveller, who threatened to come after thee."

"Would that I could catch them in our valleys, mother! George the farmer would have small chance then of swinging his gun, and singing psalms with the angelic Dariel. How I scorn and hate soft women! And they love me not. All love and liking hath gone to the meek and milky Lesghian 'Hafer'; as thou hast chosen to call him. Therefore, to the Russian hell with him! But of one thing I would warn thee, much admired and beloved mother. When we have torn the red cross down, and cast it beneath the white sheepskin, and filled our belts with the gold of Imar, not long will I tarry in these dens of rock fit only for the hermit and the huntsman. Of Selina I am already weary, and soon as my heart is weary both of Dariel and Lura—since the ancient law allows us twain, which is less than the wisdom of the Moslem—I shall leave thee to command this savage race, and take their tributes for me. Yearly will I come to see thee, and my two devoted wives, when the harvest-time is on, and cities are too hot to dwell in. But London and Paris, Paris and London, will be the delight of Hisar."

The Princess had heard this more than once, and it did not distress her. She had none to love or plot for now, except this savage Hisar, her own, but unacknowledged son. Forsooth when

Rakhan proved himself both brutal and faithless to her, and quitted her before the birth of the genuine Osset Hafer, and wandered with a light-of-love, the outraged wife took her revenge, according to the manner of the country, by encouraging a Khabardan chief, a bold and haughty Mussulman. Hisar, born of this transmontane sally, about two years after the true Hafer's birth, but before his death at Karthlos, was of necessity kept from sight during every return of Rakhan. That strong-willed savage, like many others, allowed unlimited action to himself, but

passion only in the passive form to those who might have saved his soul, if there had been any heart behind it.

"Thou art not fit to govern men"—the Princess Marva looked at Hisar with a smile of mild contempt, which would have been anything but mild to any other woman's son—"but there is time enough to learn all that. Fierce enough thou art; and that is the understreak of all government. All the needful frauds will flow into thy noble spirit, when thy truest friends and warmest loves have shown thee what the onyx is."

CHAPTER LIV.—THE VALLEY OF RETRIBUTION.

Usi, the Svân, came up to me, in the first gleam of the morning, when the valleys were spiral snakes of white, and the peaks were horns bedight with rose, as in a Roman sacrifice. We had struggled and scrambled, by Stepan's guidance, under the weak help of the moon, until jaded legs and burdened arms were like branches that droop with their own weight. Strogue most of all, after resting so long at the fountain of the *London Rock*, felt need of refreshment beyond the supply, and found tumblers less cheerful than tumblers. However, whenever we could stop to feed, he was as brisk as the youngest of the party.

Then Usi, as I said, came round a crag with the light step of a mountaineer, and touched me on the elbow. I followed him into a piece of thicket, and there found our interpreter, a man of many accomplishments, and perceptive of their value. The Bear-slayer carried a long dull gun, of ancient make and heavy substance, with the barrel stained by smoke and fire, and the carving of the stock turned black. Waving it proudly he began to

speak; and what he said was rendered thus, though interpretation was growing needless as between his hits and mine.

"I am a man of piety not common among soldiers, and never yet heard of among the Svâns. For this cause hath the Lord preserved me from wolves, and daggers, and Marva. And not only me hath he preserved, but also this long pipe of Shamyl, this instrument of justice, renowned for laying low the sinners who have persecuted Usi. From the blazing of fire and the hands of thieves the Almighty hath restored it for a holy purpose. I will not boast; that now remains for the young man, or the coward. But I have seen in a dream of the night the proud eyes, and the swelling breast laid low.

"I have a scheme of my own devising, by which perchance the Lord of Christians, the greatest officer of Shamyl, and his dear child may keep their breath. Know you not that the murderers will guard their dungeon-gate in force, and as soon as we assault

the valley, they will rush in and slay the prisoners? Of what avail will it be then, for us to pour our strength in after them? Rather let the captain, and his brave men, lie dark at the mouth of the valley, until the chief who hath justice in his eyes is brought forth for the death pronounced. Meanwhile, if there be any man young, and strong, and fearless, to whom the lives of the prisoners are as precious as his own life, let him descend and lie hidden in the valley between the murderers and the prison-gate, with an implement such as I have seen, but know not how to handle, for it was not discovered in our war-time, a fire-arm which contains the death of four men in close combat. Also let two men of straight pipes—I myself will be one of them—lie in the wrinkle of the cliff, which is behind the prison-gate looking over it, and up the valley. I know how to get to that hole unseen, for every crag is known to me. Also we two at the crafty minute can lower from the rocks the man who is to hide in the valley; if a man can be found bold enough. I have spoken to this young son of the West, because he is strong and nimble, a lover of Sûr Imar also, and a worshipper of woman-kind. But if his courage abide not with him to go down into the place of death, there is a young Lesghian of better courage ready to encounter it. But he is not well skilled in fire-arms. With wisdom have I spoken, as befits a son of Shamyl."

The danger thus foreseen by the veteran sharpshooter had long been in my thoughts. Our attack upon the rear of the enemy far away from the dungeon-gate would avail the prisoners not a jot, and only cause their instant death, if

the savage horde rushed at them first, as their leader would probably command. Some one must be there to face them, at the first signal of the fight: for the straight course of the glen (which resembled in shape a drawn-out horse-shoe) was nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and our appearance at the further end would leave plenty of time to stab those inside. But one man hidden in the glen itself, and two upon the cliffs above, might check the rush for a minute or two, until our main force dashed up behind. Yet to have six rifles on the cliff, and six revolvers in the valley—how much more effectual would that be, as well as so much safer!

"Is there no room for more than one to lie concealed near the prison-gate, and for more than two upon the crag above?"

When the interpreter put my question, Usi shook his head, and turned his back upon me, as if he cared to hold no further converse with a craven. "I would go myself," he muttered, "if I had ever been taught to shoot with pipes that are no longer than the honey-comb."

"Hearken unto my words," I spoke in the style of his own oration; "Oh slayer of bears, the English heart hath as much endurance and contempt of peril, as ever was bred in the Lesghian or the untamed Svân. From this adventure I will not turn back, by reason of terror, or the love of life. Do thou consider these things apart, while I hold counsel with the Captain of brave men."

Forty-two of us there were in all, without counting old Kobaduk or the fluent interpreter—the one disabled by length of years, the other by prolixity of tongue. Time had failed us to muster more than twenty-two Caucasians,

and eighteen British miners, with Strogue and myself to make up the force; but a match as we thought for twice that number of Ossets, or any other savage tribe. And we had the advantage of knowing much more about their proceedings than they could know of ours; for Usi (who had left us the day before to search his burned hut for the celebrated gun) had made the best of his time in other ways, skirting the highlands round the valley at a prudent distance, and learning from a goat-herd's boy what the proceedings of the morrow were to be. All these things I put plainly before Strogue as the commander of the expedition, and he fell in at once with the Bear-slayer's plan; while Jack Nickols (as the best rifle-shot among us, and a first-rate climber) volunteered to be Usi's partner in the dangerous enterprise among the cliffs. So we three, Nickols, Usi, and myself, made every preparation we could think of, and set off with a quick step right early, in advance of the main body.

In some of his tempers, Strogue was a very provoking and irritating fellow, and he knew it, I think; or he must have known it, whenever he looked at Bat Strogue in the glass. But now I thought more of him than I had ever thought before, because he behaved so kindly to me. For it must be remembered that I had not always put up with his brag, and his cynicism, and contempt, or pretended contempt of women, and many other little ways that rasp the quiet Briton.

"Let Jack Nickols go; don't you go, George," he said to me, I daresay a dozen times; "what matter if he gets a prod through the lungs? Take a lot of gabble out of him, if he ever came round

again; if he didn't, one coxcomb the less. He does think Treble X of himself; while you are always so ready to learn—it's a pleasure to hold a conversation with you. And when a man comes to know you, George, he finds you not half such a fool as he thought! That is my experience at any rate, although I have seen too much of men to pretend to know much about them. But nobody need look twice at you, to understand you thoroughly. I am wanted here of course; but let that cock-headed young Nickols go; nobody would ever miss him."

"Captain," I replied with emphasis, for I knew that he loved the title—all the more perhaps as being of home-growth—"should I be worthy of your friendship, if I allowed a young fellow quite a stranger to the case to undertake my duty?"

"Well, well! God bless you! I shall never see you alive again. But I'll make a rare example of the fellow that runs you through, dear George. I wish I had bought a six-shooter in London; however, the Lord be with you. Be sure you kill four of them, before you drop. That sham Hafer belongs to me, mind, after all the tricks he has played me."

This was not encouraging; but there seemed to be no way out of it. Neither was there any genuine pluck in my volunteering; for as a mere question of selfishness, Dariel's life was worth to me a hundredfold as much as mine. Another thing was, that I had never felt sure whether nature had afforded me a decent share of that British pith, and presence of mind, and calmness, of which the father reads in the despatch, and says, "Thank God we are not going down the hill yet," while

the mother's eyes run over, and the brother wonders whether he could do the like, if the pinch came to his own short ribs.

Some people declare that dreams will tell us, when we can remember them, what our genuine nature is. If so, I have been told both ways; in some visions, running like a niddering, in others standing firm as a pyramid. And now I found myself quite at a loss, although my mind felt firm enough, whether the body would toe the mark, stand steadfast, and act to orders.

Happily there was not much time for dealing with speculative terrors, for we had to keep on at a rapid pace, to do any good with our ambushade. The sudden snow-fall of the Sunday morning had not been so heavy on this northern side, but the track was very rough and crooked, as well as steep and slippery. So that Nickols and myself were ashamed to find the supple vigour of youth no match for the wiry endurance and practised precision of that ancient mountaineer. Then, at the crown of a terrible defile, he looked back, and ordered us to lie close, while he crept down a narrow channel flanked with trickling combs of snow.

We were glad to have a breathing time, and Nickols proposed a quiet smoke; but I would not hear of it, for the vaporious curls might be seen from below.

"Wonderful old buffer," Jack whispered with his hand to his mouth; "I believe he could out-walk us both. I shall take to bear's grease, when I grow old. But I would like to shoot a match with him for his best bearskin, if the Amazon has not burned them all. By George, I shouldn't like to be that lady though, with the long pipe bearing upon me. Have

you seen how his eyes flash and his lips twitch, at the very name of that woman? I do believe he has arranged all this for his private satisfaction. But there goes the signal; we are to creep on carefully. Mind you don't send a stone down hill."

Taking our caps off, and stooping low so as not to jut out against the sky-line, we descended the shallow seam of rock, until we stood in a stony and briary hollow, as long and as wide as a sawpit. At the further end, brown Uai lay flat on his breast, and peered securely through a wattle of budding bush into the depth of the glen below. We joined him, and found ourselves in full command of the whole of the savage solemnity.

A heavy stone chair was planted near the middle of the valley, with a black tent just behind it. On either side about a dozen dirty but distinguished grey-beards were squatting upon blocks of granite, wearing the sheepskin head-dress, and the smock with fluted cross-belt, and holding long white rods, as if in trial or in council. There was no one in the high chair as yet, but a young attendant stood on guard, smoothing now and then the pile of leopardskin thrown over it. Further up the valley I could see a lot of Osset warriors, lounging in their usual way, some even squatting down and smoking, and scarcely any two dressed alike. Reckless fellows, and rough as wolves—it was difficult to count them; but at a guess I set them down as from eighty to a hundred, gallant men, no doubt, but looking better trained to rob than fight.

"Take it all in; shape it all to know every inch of it in your mind," Jack Nickols whispered kindly; "now is your time, George Cranleigh. It may save your life,

when it comes to the rush. Did you ever see anything more lovely?"

"Very fine for the fellows who are safe up here," I answered less politely, and knowing (without advice of his) how much I had to think of.

But even in that nervous state, one could not behold without thinking about it the strange way in which the hand of nature had cut and shaped and almost furnished a theatre of the mountains here. The sides of the glen were of yellow rock, or rather perhaps of a dun colour, nowhere less than a hundred feet in sheer height, or beetling over; while the level spread of the bottom was, like a frame drawn by a tapestry-worker, soft and rich and tissued smoothly, only of the brightest green, shot here and there with play of gold, like a carpet woven of lycopod. Usi said that the people told him snow would never lie down here, neither would any coarse weed grow, but only moss and the dews of heaven, for magnanimous heroes who slept below. And he said that the grey rocks, standing forth at the broad end we looked down upon, were tomb-stones, which had sprung like mushrooms where the Captains of those heroes lay.

"Imar and the lovely maiden," he said, as he struck his heel on rock, and Nickols told me what he meant, "are a hundred feet beneath us now. If you could drive an iron down, it would pierce the roof above their heads. But lo, one man has been slain already, condemned in the holy weeks and kept till now. A traitor, and an extortioner, by the black stake driven through him. The corpse is out of sight from the judgment yard, though I can see it plainly. By the dress he was of the Western races, such as you yourselves are;

but a small man, weak, and of no account; perhaps an English slave purchased for his own use by Hisar.

"Now see, my son, where that horn of rock stands forth. When the wise men put their heads together, by this rope we will let thee down, if trembling cripple not thy strong limbs. The fighting men will not behold thee, because of the folding of the crag; the heads of men that are white with wisdom will be bowed into that of the wealthiest, while they whisper to one another *death*. And the woman will abide unseen within the tent. Therefore do thou quickly thus. As soon as thy feet are on the moss, cut the rope, stop not to untie it, fall on thy breast, and crawl into that hole—my finger shows it now—where slab of stone leans unto stone, and the body of a large heart may lie hidden. I saw it in the twilight before they caught me; but like a fool I went not in. Within twenty yards, thou wilt see the iron bars where Sûr Imar will be shackled to receive the death. Keep thy head below the brim, even as the salesman scrimps his bushel, and thine eyes as deep as his, when he seemeth to heed nothing. Thine own strong head and heart will guide thee, when it comes to stabbing. At the sight or the sound of thy downstroking we will shoot; and the Captain's force will rush up the valley. Bear in mind that thou hast chosen this; and death comes only once to man; and by the God on high, thou shalt be avenged on the wicked men that slay thee."

This ought to have been warm comfort to me, according to all great writers, and the general practice of mankind. But it failed to kindle one fibre of my system, and I dropped my eyes

that the heartless slayer of many bears and men thrice as many might not behold the affliction in them which he would be sure to take amiss. It was not terror (I would wish to think) so much as pity for my father and dear mother, and Grace, and Harold, and the farm, and the horses, and the dogs I loved, and most of all for Dariel; also a good deal for myself, who went hand in hand with her in every thought of mine. But the less I thought and felt, the better; for the time was now to act.

We crept unseen to the spur of rock, which Usi had called a "Horn"; and there they made the rope fast around my chest, and I passed a handkerchief round the breech of my revolver, and slung my kinjal and *toorak* securely, for I had taken kindly to that native weapon, made of the long horn of a mountain-goat, laden with lead, and bound with leather. Then at the proper moment when the judges or the jury—whichever they were—had gathered in a ring to consummate their farce, from the lip of the cliff I was let down softly, and lowered so skilfully in the buttress corner of a crag, that I reached the bottom with both feet ready, and only a little skin gone from my thumbs. There I cut the rope, and fell flat among the moss, which grew to the very plinth of cliff, and wormed my way, with the slab for a screen, until I dived into the hole at its base. Here I rubbed my knees, which had received a bruise or two, and began with great caution to survey the scene. For the little pit into which I had crawled was scarcely more than a yard in depth, but protected at the top by a smaller slab of stone, which rested with a wide slope against the upright rock, as the spur of a wooden fence is reared above the

ground, and splayed against the post, to steady it.

At the lip of my refuge a gray plant grew with woolly leaves, something like mullein, and although it had not got much growth yet, it afforded me precious shelter, when I raised my head to peep around; for it partly closed the three-cornered gap, between the upright and the sloping stone. It is not in my power to make a list of all that I saw, being in so quick a terror; but the things that I was able to twist my neck to were enough to make me sorry for the colour of my hair.

In the butt-end of the cliff, which I had just dropped down, I beheld a wide door of dark metal, and the gleam of it was more of bronze than iron. What the metal truly was, no man would stop to ask himself, but rather stand in wonder, and be overcome by the solid mass and magnitude, and the strength of ancient times. All the sons of Caucasus might have come together, and done their very best for a century—if nature allowed them such length of strength—but even with the Genoese smiths to help them, they could never have built such a door as that. A door I call it, though I may be wrong; others would take it for a gate perhaps. But being all in one plane, and flat, and having no frame in sight, to me it was a door, and a marvelous door, beyond our power to make or even to break open. On either side of it were two long loop-holes, like the lancet-windows in our church at home, but carved in the solid rock, too narrow for even a child to squeeze his little shoulders through. And I knew that in the chambers (quarried thus by Roman steel eighteen centuries ago) waiting for their doom were the Chief whom I

admired, and the lady whom I loved.

There was nothing more to be made of that; not even a sign that Sûr Imar knew what the savages outside were doing. But as I thought of him, labouring for years, girding up the slack folds of a life, from which all the glad-

ness of the world was gone, simply for the benefit of these wretches, —genuine indignation filled me, and I longed to shoot a tribe of them. This it was, and no true courage, which enabled me to regard the whole, with a calm heart and a solid head, like the Oak, which is our emblem.

CHAPTER LV.—AT THE BAR.

How long those ragged elders carried on with their pretence of trial, is beyond my power to say. I only know that my joints began to stiffen with cramp, and to ache with crush, and my brain to hum like a factory wheel. Even the relief of descrying Usi or Jack Nickols, on the bristly brow of cliff a hundred feet over the dungeon gate, was more than they dared to afford me now; though I tried to persuade myself once or twice that I espied the glint of metal there. Neither was there sound or sign of life within the rocky jail, so far as watchful eyes and ears could learn; while the cackle of the greybeards some fifty yards behind me resembled a drone of bagpipes enlivened by a cherry-clapper.

At last I beheld a stately woman advance from the cover of the private tent, and take her seat in the chair of law, to receive the verdict of her puppets. Then some hypocritical farce ensued, as if she were shocked, and pleaded with them, and mourned to find them so inexorable. My heart burned within me, and my fingers tingled to pull trigger at some of them, such a fierce and dirty lot were they; but I said to myself, "Let Hisar come, the fellow that broke the love-bird's leg." Then as if the scene that could not be avoided was unfit for such gentle eyes, the Prin-

cess, with a bow of resignation, retired into the sable tent.

I lay close, and drew my head in, while four or five of the fighting men followed the hoary villain, who had acted as Chief-Justice, to the door of heavy metal sunk in the dark embrasure of the cliff. The old man drew forth a key as long as a toasting-fork and much bigger, and with brawny arms thrusting in both directions, and a screech as if from wounded rock, the valves of the door slid back into their bed, as the damper of a furnace slides. But one broad bar of metal spanned the opening horizontally, about five feet above the iron threshold. The Oset warriors stooped their white head-dresses under this heavy bar, and disappeared in the gloom inside. That they would not slay their prisoners there I knew, from Usi, and from Stepan's tales.

Presently they appeared again with a figure in the verge of sunlight, towering over their woolly gleam.

I saw Sûr Imar's noble face, as calm as when he smiled on me, and blessed me with his daughter. His hands were roped behind his back, his silvery curls uncovered, and his broad white chest laid naked; except that the red cross hung upon it, in which he wore some of his dead wife's hair. Two of the men stretched spears behind

him, as if he would shrink from the steps of death ; but he walked as if he were coming to welcome some expected visitor, bowed his head without a word, and laid his breast against the bar. There they cast a broad shackle round him and made it fast behind his back ; while a pompous dotard stood forth the door, and read (or made believe to read) the verdict of his brother idiots. As he finished, my pistol muzzle lay true upon the foremost of them ; the man who first put hand to kinjal would never have put it to his mouth again.

Then to my surprise, they all withdrew, cackling in their crowsaw throats, while that old fiend showed his gums like a rat-trap, grinning through his rheumy scrub. And the sound of tongues up the valley ceased ; and the blowing of horns, and the shrilling of fifes ; and the only thing that I could hear was the slow beat of a sheep-skin drum, to call the savages to the death, and the rapid thumps of my own heart.

Listening for the fatal step, I fixed my eyes once more upon the bound and helpless victim. Perhaps to reduce his well-known strength, or to lower his high courage, the affectionate sister had kept in his body just life enough to last till he should be killed. His ribs stood forth, and his cheeks were meagre, and the eyes looked worn and sunken ; but there was not a sign of fear or flinching, no twitch or quiver in the smooth white forehead, and not so much as a palpitation in the broad breast laid against the bar. Like a fool I raised my hand a little, and tried to attract his notice, but he kept his calm gaze towards his foes ; until a low heart-broken wail from an inner cell of the caverned rock told of a sorrow beyond his own. Then for

a moment he turned his head, and spoke some words of comfort perhaps, or of love and long farewell, to the one who could not come to him, or perhaps not even hear him ; and I hoped in the Lord of mercy that she could not see her father. At the thought of that possibility even, hot as I was, my blood ran cold. Could any woman exist who would set such a sight before a woman ?

Suddenly a glow of deep amazement shone in Imar's haggard eyes. With a wrench of his mighty frame he shook the steel bar like a ribbon, the shackles on his chest gave way a little, and his grand face issued from the gloom of granite into the testimony of the sun. Then the strong aspect and vivid lines—as firm as the cliff to confront their doom—relaxed and softened, and grew bright, as if memory forgot its age, and went back upon its years, to have a play with tender visions.

"Oria, come at last !" he cried, with a smile to tempt her nearer ; "my Oria sent to call me home ! The God, who has done this for me, will take care of my daughter !"

Before him stood—betwixt him and me, although I had heard no footsteps—a tall young figure in a long white robe, timid as a woman, and as graceful ; but with supple strength quivering for the will to man it. On the left hip hung a heavy sword ; but the right hand had fallen away from the hilt, and the shoulders lay back with the sudden arrest. "My son, my son, it is just," cried Imar ; "slay me, as I slew thy mother."

Then the shackled man turned his head away, that his eyes should make no plea for him, and nature's dread could be seen in nothing but the quiver of his long arched throat. But the young man stood as if carved in stone, with both arms stretched to his father, unable to

take another step, unable to do anything but wonder.

But betwixt their gaze a dark form leaped, quivering with fury, and wild for blood, too ravenous for slaughter to have formed a proper plan of it. And this was a very lucky thing for me.

For while he danced between them thus, with his hateful face on fire, in the voluptuous choice of murder, there was time for me to leap out of my hole, and get my cramped limbs flexible; not a moment, however, for any kind of thought, and whatever I did was of instinct. What it was I know not, nor does anybody else; it can only be told in a whirl as it befell.

Hisar, I think, made a jump at Hafer, before he saw me, and smacked his face (as if he had been a child) and tried to snatch his sword, but was thrust back, and then drew his own, and flew with it at the shackled Imar's heart. But another was there—thank the Lord in heaven—I caught the flame of Hisar's eyes on mine, as his blade went straight for Imar's breast, and dashed it into splinters with my *toorak*. Then he hurled the stump at me, drew his kinjal, and sprang, as if he were made of wings, at my breast. I stepped aside quicker than I ever moved at cricket, and as he passed me he ran against so hearty a whack upon his wicked temples, that no more sin was concocted there.

Down he went, like a thistle at the ploughshare, and threw up his long legs, and lay dead, with a tuft of bloody moss between his teeth. I took the stump of his sword, which had struck me in the breast, and cut Sûr Imar free, and hurried him inside (for he was lost as in a vision), and stood with my revolver in the doorway, ready for the onset of the fighting men. These being taken with astonish-

ment hung back, as if they had none to lead them; until the great lady appeared from the tent, to receive the tidings of her brother's death.

Marva came forth in her majestic manner (having turned away her face perhaps with sisterly compunction) sweeping her black robe along the ground, and framing her handsome features to the proper expression of regret. Now the desire of her life was won. Paramount of the Eastern Ossets, and the Western Lesghians; quit of the brother who had thwarted her, and his son whom she had stolen for revenge and guile; nothing remained but to make her own son the heir—for he was born in wedlock, though not of it—marry him to the Lesghian heiress, and herself enjoy all the power and the wealth, while he took his pleasure in the western world. She despised all the ignorance and superstition round her too loftily to act down to it; and perhaps looked down upon herself a little, as she took her seat in the chair of stone. None the less she did it with a royal air, more impressive to us from a woman, than from man.

To recover my breath, and be ready, I drew back in the shadow of the prison entrance, where Hafer was standing by his prostrate father; and much as I longed to see all that happened, for the moment I was out of it. Not that I should have been much wiser even in the midst of them, knowing nothing of the Osset tongue, which sounds like a chorus of bull-frogs, bagpipes, pigs under a harrow, a cock in the roup, and a hooter at the junction, even when the men are calm and keep the women silent. However, those who understood them tell me that they reported thus.

"Oh lofty lady, mother of thy

tribe, widow of the great Prince Rakhan, the sentence hath been given according to thy will, and carried out even as the heaven hath decreed."

"Wise men, speak not of any will of mine; whatever hath been done is good and righteous, to establish justice, and avenge the wrong. The barb of the arrow of the Lord flies straight; never can it fail by any crookedness of men. Yet the great Prince who has fallen was the nearest of all flesh to me. I will be content with your testimony. I cannot gaze upon him."

"But—but we know not how to say it, so as to mingle truth with pleasure. Oh lofty lady, it is not our enemy, Imar of the Kheusurs, who is dead. Rather is it sorrowful indeed for us to speak. Would that the Lord had made us liars, when He hath cast the truth into the breast of evil!"

"Wise men, what is it? Or am I to call you fools, if ye could not even execute your own decree aright?"

"It is no deed of ours. It is a spirit from the tombs, the tombs that were made before the world itself. Let the high lady come and see."

She was girding up her long robe while they spoke, and the jewels on her shapely feet flashed forth. With a gesture of disdain she waved the old men back, but a score of wild warriors followed her, as she strode towards the dungeon, to see her brother's corpse. Instead of that, she stood before the body of her son, and a loud shriek proved that she was still a woman. From the gloom of my shelter, I saw her proud eyes aghast, and her arms thrown up, and her tall form quivering. Then she controlled herself, and looked around.

"To weep by - and - by — to

avenge him first," she shouted (as they told me afterwards), and such is the power of another's passion that I felt like a murderer, and went forth with an impulse of shame to surrender myself. For I had never slain a man till now.

"Idiot, get back!" cried a voice from the cliff, the voice no doubt of Jack Nickols.

"Slay him—shoot all of you, shoot, shoot, slay him," the lady called out, and herself seized a gun, "Shoot him, though it be through my own body."

This order was beyond my understanding; but I saw at least a score of muzzles looking at me, and I had not even the wit to move.

"Which will first reach me, the sound, or the bullets?" That I should thus ponder shows clearly enough that fear had overcome all sense of terror.

"Now then; cut it short," I said, according to Jack Nickols—though I cannot remember a word of it—and the fellows were surprised, and drew their clumsy fingers back, and went down on their knees with superstition. But the Princess Marva drew near to me, and the butt of a gun was against her hip. She saw that I stood unarmed and nerveless, and she could not help playing with the joy of her revenge. To be shot by a woman! I had no power left. I could only stare, and wait for it.

"But I know him, I recognise my dear friend," she exclaimed in French, while she fingered the trigger, with the muzzle not two yards from my breast, "it is the gentleman desirous of my emeralds. Ah thou shalt have them. How many? Ten?"

To prolong my agony, she began to count, with glittering eyes and a courteous smile, tapping my time on the trigger; and would you believe that I could not stir, and

could only keep my gaze fixed on her? Then as she cried *Seven*, a white spot leaped—as it seemed to me—from the palpitant surge of her bosom. Her dark robe opened, and her musket dropped, as the roar of a gun rang overhead, and the Princess sank, with her lips still smiling, as dead as a stone, into low-born arms.

"Usi, the Svân, hath his revenge," a shrill cry from the crags proclaimed, "Wolf's meat hath choked the Queen of Wolves."

Fear fell on all of us, as if the sky had opened; and the warriors grounded their guns upon the moss, and crowded round one who had an image on his breast. Then with one accord they began a mournful howl, of a quality to come from the bowels of the earth, or send all her inhabitants into them. My presence of mind was restored by this; and with scarcely a wound I leaped back into my shelter, recovered my weapons, and determined to die hard.

CHAPTER LVI.—HARD IS THE FIGHT.

What right had I to be out of breath, after standing stock-still no one knows how long, like a cardboard dummy to be shot at? But there seemed to be a hollow, where my heart in its duty should have been staunch and steadfast; and my brain (having never been wrought up like this) must have lost its true balance and standard. Otherwise could it have shocked me to know that a career of cruelty and wickedness was brought to an ignominious close?

"Marva is dead," I kept on saying, "the greatest woman of the age is dead! Not the best, not the purest, not even a true woman. But how grand was her attitude, and how she disdained me! And now a wretched Svân has shot her."

Let any one despise me as he likes, with reason on his tongue and humanity in his eyes. For the world at large it might be better to have such a woman stretched beneath the turf; but a man with his heart in the right place—which the muzzle of her musket knew too well—could not help feeling for her grandeur.

However it was not for me to lay down the law, or even to

stand up for it against this crew of savages. To keep out of their way was my one desire, and at first there seemed to be some chance of it, with their leader a corpse, and superstition frowning at them from the dungeon-gate. Hoping thus I stood back in a niche of granite, while a bullet or two sang along the vault, and I strove to recover the spirit of a man, by thinking of my country and the luck we have in turning the corner of situations, where others would lie down and breathe their last.

The bar to which Sûr Imar had been bound was still in place; but he was not in sight, neither could I see his son, the gentle youth sent to assassinate him. Then I heard the sound of heavy blows, and concluded that the younger man was striving to release his sister, while the father lay half-conscious still from brutal cruelty and want of food. There was none but myself to guard the entrance—for Usi and Nickols had not appeared—until our friends at the valley's mouth should have time to come to the rescue.

Glad was I to think, as I did at first, that the savage warriors,

scared and puzzled, and without a leader, would now hang back; as they had done when the Lesghian chief brought their Prince Rakhan to account. And so it would have been, by their own confession, but for the ferocity of one young man, Karkok the brother of Lura, and the chief friend of that Hisar, whom I had struck down. Karkok cannot have been stirred up by love, or loyalty, or any other noble motive—for who could have regretted Hisar?—but by ambition of the meanest sort, and a dash at the mastery of the tribe, for he was now the last relative of Rakhan.

This upstart fellow brought the fighting men together; and they laid aside the bodies of Queen Marva and her son, in fear of their being trampled on; and then (with a screech that must have set all the teeth of the flintiest echo aching) at the prison-gate they rushed, and the valves being back there was only my poor body between them and the helpless inmates.

When I saw those fellows advancing upon me, capering, and flinging hairy arms about, and tossing white sheepskins, and flourishing long muskets, beyond any denial I was frightened, and would have given every penny I was worth to be in my own little saddle-room once more. My hand shook so badly that the blue revolver revolved without any mechanism; and the prudence which has been implanted in us all suggested that the bravest man must value his own bacon. When a friend assures me that I was gloriously brave, it would be a rude thing to contradict him; but what a different tale my conscience tells!

In a word, just presence of mind enough was left me to show that I must fight it out. To make a bolt of it was useless, for whither

could I go? Anywhere across the cave would bring a bullet into me; and as for slinking along the dark wall, where would that take me, even if I could contrive it? Into the very arms of Dariel—a truly sweet refuge, but not for a coward. All I could do was to say to myself that the lines were hard, but the Lord had made them so, and I must trust in Him to deliver me.

Whether it were faith, or sense of justice, or the love of woman, or something far lower than any of these, the brute element inborn in the sons of men—no sooner did I see hateful eyes agoggle with lust for blood glaring at me, and great mouths agrin for a grab at me, than the like spirit kindled in myself.

“Blood you shall have, but it shall be your own first,” I shouted in English, and leaped at them from the mouth of the cave, like the demon of Kazbek. They took me for that great power, and fell back, while a ball slit the tip of my ear off, and before they could rally there were two as dead as stones with bullets in their heads, and two more fell upon them with their skulls cracked by the swing of my *toorak*. “Want any more?” I asked, having two charges left, and many of them showed the better part of valour. But a *kinjal* was thrown at me down a lane of cowards, and stuck in my breast, and that rallied the crowd. Three or four made at me from behind, and I know not how it was, but down I went from a terrible whack on the back of my head, at the very same moment that I shot their new Chief.

A very lucky shot, and one that governed all the issue. But of that I knew nothing until weeks had passed, my latest sense being of a white flash across me, and a plunge into a bottomless abyss of

some one, who might be anybody. "There let him lay," as a great poet says—and never would he have stood up again, if his skull had been of Norman growth.

But a mighty champion just in time had rushed into the thick of it, and scattered a storm of sword-flash, as the lightning fires a forest. Two ruffians, poised for the final stab at my defenceless body, swung backward with their arms chopped off, and the blade that should have drained Sûr Imar's blood revelled in the gore of his enemies. For the fury of the mild and gentle "Hafer" (now that he had learned his wrongs, and guessed his father's) swooped on those sheep-clad fiends, as a whirlwind leaps upon a drying-ground of tallow candles. Would that I had only kept sufficient sense to see, for they tell me that it was magnificent. Heads that are full of hate should have some of it let out, and several of the worst were stopped for ever from receiving any more misanthropy. All who knew anything about it said that Rakhabat himself, the worst man-hater of all the demons of Kazbek, was seen to come down with the wings of a black eagle, and enter the vesture of the white "Lamb-angel." That was the Osset name for this poor Prince; and now having broken bounds he proved the irony of his claim to it. For soon the Chief-

Justice of the Court went down, and so did the foreman of the Jury, and a pair of clerks who sought nothing but their living, and others who had come to see things out without any view to their own exit. Among them raged "Hafer," like Hector of Troy, with twenty years, and more than that, of goodness to let out; and no man could shoot straight at him, because he was in the right, while all their guns were crooked.

Nevertheless the force of numbers must have been too great for him, for the conscience of Ossets still requires to be formed—but for the rapid and resistless charge of Stepan and Strogue, and the Lesghians, and the miners, down the long valley, and over the moss reeking already with more blood than it could staunch. At the same moment Usi the Svân, and Jack Nickols, who had been hampered by some tangle of the rope, shouting to their comrades fell in upon the flank; and the noble tribe of Ossets, or at any rate that branch of it, split up and fell asunder like an unroped fagot. There can be no certainty of justice in this world; but even the races connected with them by the tenderest ties of co-robbery found it in their hearts, when the facts could not be altered, to pronounce the only verdict—"Served them right."

CHAPTER LVII.—BUT NOT IN VAIN.

In recounting my little adventures—as I am begged sometimes to do—upon coming to this particular part my general practice is to stop, as if I had no more to say. Whereas it is only that I want to know in which of the persons concerned my friends appear to take most interest. And to my pride, more perhaps

than to my credit, their first question always is, not "What became of you, George?" but "What became of Dariel?" And that is more than I could tell for many a long day afterwards.

When the door of her cell was beaten in, she came forth as in a dream or trance, without any wonder, or fear, or question, pos-



sessed by one purpose alone—to share the fate of her dear father. In the gloom of the tunnelled rock she glanced at the tall form of her brother, but the light even there was enough to show that this was not the one she wanted. And he, having reason from very early days to give a wide berth to the feminine form, drew aside gladly for a strange young lady to go her way without compressing him.

For this young fellow, Prince Origen, the son of Imar and Oria, the child who escaped by his fall into the drift (when Marva's genuine Hafer perished), being substituted for him, and brought up with plenty of chastisement, and strict privations, and a candid absence of affection, had never been encouraged to think, or act, or even to feel for his poor young self.

What then could be expected of him, when in a moment at one blow the whole of his world was cut from beneath him, his own identity plucked away, and not even a quiet corner left for considering who he was, or how he came to be? In such a case is it surprising that his head went round so rapidly that he might fairly be said to have lost it? Instead of attending to his new-found father, he had simply stood staring at the prostrate form, till moans of despair from that inner cell were brought to his ear by the chilly draughts of rock. Thereupon he rushed in, and while I kept the entrance, he used his great strength to such purpose that his unknown sister glided past him and hurried to their unconscious father. And truly it was a great mercy for me, as well as a glory to this grand young fellow, that instead of waiting longer where he was not wanted, he ran out at once to obtain fresh air, and get some light shed upon

so many marvels. Rapid action, and muscular exertion, for which he found ample cause at once, probably saved him from congestion of the brain, and certainly saved me from perforation of the heart.

For why should I make light of my defeats, any more than extol my victories, which latter it would be hard to do by reason of their nonentity? Those Ossets had performed an exploit declared to be impracticable by all the bravest sons of Wykeham during my generation. That is to say they had cracked my skull, which was not a piece of biscuit china, but of solid and heavy metal, sounder I trow than its contents. And those who have studied the subject tell me that the thicker the pot is, which nature has provided for our poor brains to boil in, the more ticklish the job is to make good the splinters. What tinker can patch an enamelled saucepan? And a queer saucepan must our brainpan be, if after all the smut shed round it and the slow smoke under it, any steam of self-conceit still has a puff to lift the cover. Let any man who thinks himself a wonder get a bit of his skull (too small perhaps for a chick to pick up for the good of his gizzard) crumbled in upon the brain he is so proud of; and if he has the luck to meet with a friend who can get it out again, when he comes to know his own name once more, will he count it worth remembering?

But as for myself—because perhaps I had never thought wonders of it—trouble beyond belief was needful ever to make it sound again. When I came to know the facts—as I did at last—it may appear a singular result, but as true as I sat up in bed, the salt tears ran into my soup so fast that they had to give me another

basin. Not through any weakness, as an ill-natured man might fancy, but just because I was so happy to come home to a world where loving folk were living, and people better than myself, who wished to keep me with them.

Perhaps I ought not to talk about it, and yet it seems shabby and ungrateful not to say how much they had done for me. Here was my sister Grace, together with her husband Jackson Stoneman, rushing from the honeycomb of their blue moon among the soft Italian lakes into the "horrid Caucasus"; and bringing with them by telegraph to Surrey that wonderfully clever Dr Hopmann, to whose skill I owe it that my reason was restored as good as ever it was before, and perhaps even better, for when it came back it had slept in the dew of humility.

But the doctor's humility was not increased, neither deserved it so to be. Because the most eminent physician at Tiflis, a Frenchman of vast renown, being called in at once by my host Sür Imar, had pronounced all surgical operation futile, and declared that the owner of that battered brain might linger on for weeks, until inflammation kindled, but could never be better than an imbecile, even if he failed to satisfy science by ending as a raving madman.

"Shorge, my poy," were the first words passed by my ears into any superior part, "now you let your tongue come—very slowly. Put a good soup at the back of him, then put him in his house quietly, and go to shleep again."

"But you haven't finished cooking the partridges yet; and I want to have the one that is over."

This cupidity might scarcely seem to prove the possession of high intellect, yet Hopmann de-

clares that the noblest utterance has never afforded him so fine a moral. "Zat Frenchman! Vot he know, to talk so quick? No fear for a prain with a memory like zat. Shorge, they kill bairds all the year round here. Go to shleep while I cook you four bartriches."

For another week he took good care to keep me in a state of body which wanted no motion of the mind inside it, nor even any quick heart-action, except at the sight of a knife and fork. But I feel ashamed to say how long the disabled body was the lord of all, and the nobler elements of our existence were not allowed even to speak to it.

"I have dishpelled his ahister and his sweetheart off," I heard Dr Hopmann say to some one whom I could not see, after he had attended to my straps one day. "Vot they want? I tell you no. I let you help, because you not care. His leettle prain stand nothing yet."

"But I do care, because it was all through me;" the reply was in a sweet low voice, as I caught a glimpse of a fair young lady, dressed in black and retiring towards the door; "you may have got rid of his sister, doctor, but there is one you will never get rid of, so you may just as well give it up. How much longer? And I am sure it would do him good. Why only yesterday I knew——"

"Ach, you be off! I am ze master here. We are not in England, where ze vimmen rule the roast."

The lady departed hastily, as if she had found that over-true, while the German bolted the heavy door, and came back with a grin on his solid ruddy face.

"Am I never to see any one again," I muttered, for gratitude does not flourish and abound with a man who has spent two months

on his back, "nobody but a confounded German, who bolts everybody out!"

"Zat is shoost vot I vant to hear. Shorge, zat proves how you come round. If you say, 'Dank you, Tochtor Hopmann, you have saved my life, I shall never forget it, how can I ever hope to recompensah you?' then I know that your prain is very weak, not fit for healthy Englishman's at all. But when you call him a 'confounded Sherman,' he know, he see, that the nation have come up, which is the most obstinate of nature not to die. All the same, you lie down again. The world go on very well without you, Shorge."

It came into my head that this was not quite right, and that as an honest man I ought to try to stop it; but torpor overpowered my sense of justice, as it has a right to do, when the case is not our own. "I only want to know who that lady was," I mumbled.

"Zat gal was nothing of your concerns," Hopmann replied, as he sat down by the table, and began to rub some cake-tobacco he had sliced, "little English Fraulein of the name of Pezzeril. Zat bad fe-loe you knock worse than they knock you bring her from England with a heap of lies, and make sham to marry her; then he throw her off, and drive long black stick through her brother, because he haf desire of too moosh money. Englishmans often make mishtakes zat way."

"But I want to know about some one else, somebody different altogether, somebody who never thinks of money——"

"Ach zen, what fool can it be? Sometimes leetle gal not think of money; but boys do, vimmen do, men obliged to follow zem."

"Nonsense, doctor. The men set the example. But you know

well enough what I want to know. I want to know where I am, and all about it."

The German came over and looked at me, and turned up one of my eyelids, and then did the same to the other, while he blew his smoke over his shoulder; and then he said "No fear. Shorge, you are a brick, and your prain go the way to belong to him. One leetle drop I give you shoost to clear both ears, and zen I tell you everyzing."

Oh double-dyed villain! With my usual faith, I accepted and made the most of his kind offering; and when I awoke again where was he? Perhaps in a boat at the mouth of the Rion, listening for the mill-wheels of a paddle-steamer to grind the slow grit of distance. For a telegram had reached Karthlos that the vegetable Earl, the good Melladew, lay at the last twist of our mortal coil internal, through travail on a bicycle with a County Council lecturer who had taken crab-apples to be synonymous with crabs.

When this abandonment was first brought home to me, my behaviour was not what it should have been. We are all too apt to suppose ourselves neglected, and doubly so when the system has been lowered, and the action of the heart restricted. To my shame I confess that a miserable pessimism—such as manhood should scorn on its own behalf, even without higher thoughts to lead it—invaded and began to vanquish me.

"What is the good of anything? All nature is cruelty; all life a curse. Every one for himself, and for none of us a God. Bitterness, and contempt of mankind, and a reckless fight for one's own hand—those are the only solid things black destiny has left us. There is no choice before us. As for sense of duty, or the stuff we

call honour, or patriotism, or the absurdity called love——”

“My dear young friend, my directions are precise and I cannot depart from them. You may talk as much as you like about flowers, or food, or sport, or the hills and valleys, or anything in fact that you know anything about. And while you do that, you may refresh yourself and grow stronger and stronger with these good things here.” Sûr Imar, who had risen from behind a curtain, pointed to a table which was laden with fine import of exceedingly attractive fragrance. “On the other hand, if you insist upon wandering into difficult and unpleasant subjects, which no man has ever yet made head or tail of, my orders are to anticipate the inevitable injury to the poor head and enfeebled system by prompt administration of these two doses.” My host laid his hands upon a large flat bottle nearly full, but with room below the cork to shake up a profundity of horrors at the bottom, and a box of pills as big as bullets. But before he could approach me, my heart and stomach, and every other organ that can influence opinion underwent a fundamental change.

“I did not mean it. You must make allowance. Only think of what has been done to me. Sûr Imar, you are not a small-minded man. You can see how a fellow gets driven to sing out. Emptiness must bear a great deal of the blame. I entreat you to look at the matter largely. I am ready to vow that the world is good, and everything contained in it, except—except that bottle, and that box.”

“Hasty conversions are not worth much. But from you, George, we accept anything. I hope to confirm you in the better faith, with these little proofs that

the world produces one or two things not entirely bad; and after that, somebody—well, never mind, unless you are inclined to be amiable.”

The Chief was now in full Lesghian dress, a very magnificent affair to look at, stately, and graceful, and impressive; but he proved himself worthy of apparel even grander, by putting away all disrelishing sights, and waiting upon me like a Hospital Nurse. Until I could compass not a dainty morsel more, and then he said, “Shut your eyes, and perhaps you will have a little dream.”

Was it a little dream? If so, I pray you tell me of a great one. Expecting nothing I lay back upon the quiet pillows, quite content, as young men are—for age destroys that comfort—to fancy that the world is good, and governed by a gentle Lord, who waves a hand when we drop our eyes, that we may try to look up again. When the pride of strength is crushed, and violence of the will lies low, and a man is able to take himself at his proper insignificance, sometimes a little flow of calm glides in upon his nature, so that all is soft and bright, and his undulations multiply the silver and gold of heaven.

For behold, as I was gazing with a sweet and tranquil wonder, caring not to enquire even where I was, or who I was, but taking as it came to me the good-will of the time, and welcome of the friendly air—behold there came (as it were a vision, not to be enquired into, but accepted with the smiles of sleep) the form and face that had never left me—though never could I see them clearly—the presence without which my own presentment was all absence.

It was not for me to be certain yet, played with as I had been by visions that cry advantage of the

brain, when even a pennyweight thereof is gone; neither was I clear enough to indulge in bright aerial doubt, as adolescent genius may. All I knew was "here I am"; and nature needed no more proof, when I had given myself a substantial pinch. "Is there any one here or there at all?" I seemed to say, but could not be sure of uttering or thinking anything.

Then, as sure as I am sitting here this day, the last thing that ever I could have believed was done concerning me and to me. Dariel came, and I knew nothing, except that here was Dariel. I feared to look direct, or even glance as if I meant it, being now little more than a lump of patches, with gingery tufts among them; and fool enough in my heart to think that love would be ashamed of me. I cannot say another word to teach any one who does not know, or do good to one who does. At such a time is there any man, or even any woman, who notices the tint of cheeks, the curve of lips, and eyebrows, the guidance of the breath, or even the quick and tremulous enquiries, and lingering watches of the eye? My love was looking at me thus, with a sad and piteous misgiving, whether there might be any hope that I was large of heart as she was—for now she felt it trembling—and yet with some cold arm of pride and maiden fear thrown round it, to hold it back from being offered till it had been asked for. And I was looking at my love, with nothing but abasement, that anything I had ever done could make her feel afraid of me; and yet with some victorious hope that it was because she loved me.

"Yes, I do, I do," she said, as if she saw the very thing I wanted to be sure of. "With all my heart I do. But how shall I make you

believe it? After all that I have done, how can you ever believe it?"

This made me look about and wonder; for all I wanted was her voice—to listen to its soft sweet tones, and feel that it was full of kindness, and know that it was meant for me; and then to see the smile perhaps that came so often with her words, and never failed to follow them if ever they forgot themselves.

"You are not to me as you were; you think me of no value now, because I have not been as true, and obstinate of truth against all signs and symptoms and testimony, as an English lady would have been. If you have in your mind decided so to estimate me, there is nothing more for me to say. Only that you must not think, because you will not let me show it, that I am base enough not to feel the wonderful things you have done for us. For me it is nothing, for I am not worth it; but for my father, and my brother, and for stopping cruel wickedness—and now they have nearly killed you, so that you do not even know me."

She had tried to make her meaning clear, by keeping herself a good way off, and looking at the mountains more than me, and speaking as if her words came one by one from some type-writer; until the thought of my mishap and long disablement brought her near. Then I saw how she was trembling, and withdrawing her hands to hide it, and striving to make her eyelids proof against the shower inside them. With that the power of my love arose, and I said, "Dariel, look at me."

"It is impossible any more, after all that I have done."

Even while she spoke she did the impossible thing to such effect that I partook of the miracle. It

seemed to me, as I met that soft deep gaze of boundless love and hope, as if Heaven had now so gifted and endowed me with the richest wealth, that humble as my powers were, henceforth I could do anything.

"I am afraid, I am afraid;" she whispered, as she saw my joy. "Love of my heart, it is not right that you should care for me any more. It is right for me to love you, and to be your slave for ever. But for you to hate me, to hate the Dariel you loved once, because she so requited you. Here you have been worse than dead, worse than dead for weeks and weeks, after saving all our lives! Through whom? Through me, that could not trust you, but measured you by my paltry self. But now I know all from that sly traitor who sent the letter to her wicked brother. Alas how wicked I am too, when he is dead, and she—oh George, I ought to hate her, but I cannot, because of her misfortunes. Tell me, George, do you feel like that? do you feel that you ought to hate me, because I have destroyed your poor, poor mind?"

"Well perhaps I shall, when you have done it. But not till then, my Dariel. And I think that Dariel owes me something for her compliment to my intellect."

"Hush! My orders are to keep you perfectly quiet and stupid. I like that very much because it appears so soft and easy. But I must not take advantage—hush! You want to talk; it is not right."

She laid one sweet soft finger on my lips, and when I closed them, obedience had its due reward; such as is well known to those who have been true and faithful, through every doubt and trouble, to the one they love better than themselves.

"I am the master now," she said, "and I shall make the love to you, and you will have to put up with it, because you are so helpless, and because I have robbed you of all chance of doing it to me, when you could. But one thing I shall insist upon—you must not want to know anything about yourself, or even me, or anything that you can think of, until your poor mind restores itself."

Then I said a thing worthy of Tom Erricker, "I will leave myself in Dariel's hands, if she will take me into her arms sometimes."

Being so treated I should have shamed England among races who think well of her, if I had allowed a mere knock on the head to dwell too much upon my mind. Strogue came to look at me, and spoke with his usual lofty confidence.

"My son, you have done well and wisely. I fell among a tribe on the borders of Thibet, who make a point of taking out a piece about the size of half a crown from the skull of every strong male infant. The folly of the earth goes out, and the wisdom of the air comes in according to their traditions. But I was not allowed to verify their views, and I found more vigour than wisdom there, for they kicked me over their border. But you may hope the best. Who knows! You may begin to say something good at last, and we shall know how you got it."

This was all very well for him, who had not received a single scratch, and was living now in clover. Let good friends try things for themselves, and comfort us with their own distress. "Optimism" is a lovely gift, and comes direct from heaven, chiefly when the sun shines on ourselves. But Strogue never listened to argu-

ment. "You are the luckiest fellow," he proceeded, "that I have ever come across. Here you have had your sister crying over you for days and days, putting her husband on the shelf, although he is made of money; and then the best doctor in the world, the only one that ever did any good; and now you have the loveliest girl ever seen waiting upon you hand and foot; and more than all without a bit of pain, without even knowing it, you are made a wise man for the rest of your life, at the age of six-and-twenty. Stop out here, my boy, stop out here. Your father will have heaps of money now, from your brother's grand discovery. Sûr Imar has made up his mind to keep "Farmer George" for the coffee-growing; you can shoot all sorts of mountain game, and people the Terek and the Kur with salmon, and winter at Tifis or Patigorsk."

As yet I was not in a clear condition to care where I was, or even to inquire at all about it, so long as the one my whole heart looked for came for it to dwell with every day. But gradually (I know not how, and probably none can tell me) a power, almost as strong as love of the finest and sweetest of our kind, began to grow in my heavy nature. Everything is now explained, even when a man knocks his brother on the head, as a piece of hereditary tendency. To enter that plea appears to me to cast an ungraceful reproach upon those who have gone before us and done their best according to their lights which we disparage, and without receiving any credit for the wonderful goodness we derive from them. Let me blame no one but myself for that unreasonable pining and hankering for my native land.

"Look at the glory of the sky,

look at the mountains and the woods," several people said to me, who never looked twice at them when they could smell their dinner; "look at the grand peaks robed with snow! Can you see anything like that in England?"

"No. But I can feel the things I see there," I used to answer meekly; "there may be little grandeur in them, but I love the things I know."

Moreover it came into my jarred and wearied mind, that the gentle satisfaction—the only solid form ever taken by human happiness—is seldom or perhaps never to be found, when nature is too great around us. We see perpetual change of form and colour, and a fleeting majesty, and possibly our puny selves are incited to hopeless rivalry. Or even if there be nought in that, the sense of danger and wild elements and powers altogether beyond our control is at enmity with placid thought and the quiet course of duties; so that it is a sweeter thing, at any rate for an Englishman, to watch the plough on a gentle slope, or the cows in a meadow with their hind legs spread ready for the milking-pail, or the harvest-waggon coming to the rick, than to gaze at all the rugged grandeur of the Alps or Caucasus.

"My dear friend," Sûr Imar said, when I tried to make him see it so, "you were not born here, but I was; and that makes all the difference. I see no more of majesty, or menace, or sublime oppression, when I look at a peak growing up against the sky, than you find in a tall poplar-tree. And behold how calm is your Captain Strogue, a man of the world, who takes nothing amiss."

"Because he has no strict sense of right. He will do what he thinks honourable, which every

man judges by his own side-lights. Forgive me, Sûr Imar, for speaking so. You have your own standard, and you keep to it; and it is as much higher than mine, as Kazbek is than a Surrey hill."

"There you are wrong," he answered gently; "the proof is always in the practice. And I am proving myself as selfish, and as thoroughly ungrateful, as if I had always been prosperous. George, you know too well what I mean. Through you alone, and your wonderful"—it would not become me to repeat all he said—"I now have not only my life and my rights, but also a very grand son of my own, whose nature is that of the sweet one I destroyed; and soon he will help me in the work I hope to do. Yet I am so mean and small, that I grudge you the one love of your life, if you insist upon taking her away."

For a moment, as I looked at him, and perceived the sparkle of tears in his eyes, although his voice was clear and firm, it came home to my heart that here was a contest of generosity, wherein it would be ignoble of me not to show some valiance. But a sense of yearning, and perpetual loneliness, and an empty life, coupled with a doubt of my duty to the Power which has ordained true love, proved too much for my nobility.

"If you really think, Sûr Imar," I began with a dismal voice, "if you can reconcile it with your duty as a father to keep your dear child all to yourself—for she has vowed, I may tell you that, fifty times she has pledged herself never to have any one but me—and of course I know that I am poor." This was very mean of me, and I never meant to say it; but love is mean, as well as grand.

"Then let us settle it this way,"

he answered, with a proud paternal smile: "I have been so long in England that I will follow English usages. Let us leave it to the lady. I will send for Dariel, and she shall choose between us."

"I pray you not. It would be such a pain and trial to her."

As I spoke, he looked at me with a warmth of true affection.

"George, you love her even more than her own father does," he said; "you deserve a decision in your favour. But I doubt whether you will get it. If you do, I resign without conditions. But poverty there need be none, unless you insist upon it. Mr Stoneman, your brother-in-law, entreats me to accept £10,000 for the valley of St Winifred. Three railway companies there are, according to his account of it, railing and raving at one another for the possession of that part of Surrey. They all declare that such a line can never pay for making, but they would spend their last shilling upon it, rather than see either of the others there. Mr Stoneman is in what you call the bench, the chair, the throne of the wealthiest of the three; and if he can make purchase of that track, the rivals will have no chance to pass. I have felt much scruple about accepting so much for land that cost me so little; the justice of the matter is not clear to me as a stranger to the English equity."

"Oh Sûr Imar," I exclaimed with great surprise, "the largest and noblest of all the Angels, if he got the whip-hand of a Railway Company, would be compelled by self-respect to take it out of them, to take it out of them, to their last penny."

"So I have been told on every side," the Lesghian Chief replied with calm decision; "but I waited for you to confirm it, George. I

perceive that they are the civilised form of the bandit. Well, that sum which seems considerable to us, though in England you think nothing of it, will pass at once to my Dariel, as the strict justice of the case demands. Of that she knows nothing, and if she knew it her decision would be just the same. But here she comes, as I arranged."

The chief window of the sitting-room to which I was now promoted faced westward over the table-rock on which the great house stood; and further to the west, beyond deep chasms and dark precipices, arose a mighty Tau, the rival of Kazbek in this eastern range, and mantled with perpetual snow. This being flushed with ruddy thrills from the glances of the evening sun shed a rich tint through the room, as if the rugged mountains vied with heaven to bring their sweet Princess a tribute of bright roses. Then as she passed the black walnut panels, which looked as old as the ark itself, I took it for a good omen that she wore a dress which I had praised—not such a thing as we see here, but graceful, elegant, flowing softly, docile, ductile, and yet expressive, simple though full of harmonious contrasts, zealous—if there were any hope of that—to enhance the beauty it contained; as a great poet's thoughts are clothed sometimes in language that transcends themselves.

She glanced at me as I rose, for now I could stand once more without giddiness, and by that passing glance she told me that she knew the time was come, when her long choice must be made. Then she

went on to her father's side, and took both his hands and looked at him, as if there was nobody else to look at.

Over her bowed head he gave me a smile, which I interpreted—"Behold the vanity of human wishes! Be satisfied with Nature's laws. A dear child loves her father best. Young men may long to rob him; but the Lord forbids it. I grieve for you. But how could it be otherwise?"

There was nothing more for me to say. I made the best bow of which a true-born British back is capable; and with all the dignity left in me by the beating of my foolish heart, I walked away from both of them towards a little door which opened on a quiet gallery, where I might sit down and think it over with myself alone.

But before I could turn the handle, trembling arms were round my neck, and a quivering breast arose to mine, and a face that shone with rolling tears looked up for me to comfort it, and sweet lips whispered close to mine—"My love, could you believe it?"

Then I felt myself all right again. The strength (that had been shattered by big Osset clubs, and long prostration, lonely wanderings of bloodless brain, feeble doubts of woman's truth, and the crush of furious doctors) all flowed back, and filled my heart and life with the joy of this great love.

I led his beautiful daughter back to Sâr Imar, and I said—"You see."

"Yes, I see," he answered softly. "And there is no more to be said."

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

ATHEIST, Antichristian, and Immoralist are the titles with which Nietzsche most fondly decorates himself, and they do not of themselves suggest that the man who thus describes himself is worthy of serious attention. But though Nietzsche's paradoxes and epigrams are hardly likely to take an important or permanent place in the movement of modern thought, it cannot be denied that his literary gifts, combined with ethical and social conclusions so extreme as to pique even the most jaded appetite, make him, in some sort, what he claimed to be, a European phenomenon. In Germany he has succeeded to the vogue of Schopenhauer and the more temporary popularity of Von Hartmann; the sober occupants of philosophical chairs complain that he is at present the philosopher *à la mode*. Nietzsche has been writing since 1872, and has been aggressively before the public since his attack on Strauss in 1873, but it is only since he became insane, in 1889, that he has become more widely known, and something like a "Nietzsche-cult" has sprung up among certain circles in Germany and France. In this country a knowledge of his bizarre genius is still more recent. But within the last eighteen months a complete translation of his works has been announced, and two volumes have already been published. Although these may not have been widely read, they have been reviewed in various quarters; and the crass diatribes of Max Nordau's 'Degeneration' have doubtless introduced him to many readers. Nietzsche's name has accordingly begun of late to flow from the pen of the ready writer. It might be

rash, however, to assume that this measure of fame necessarily implied any very exact acquaintance with Nietzsche's ideas or their relation to the main currents of contemporary thought. An attempt at greater precision is made in the following pages, in the belief that, however preposterous Nietzsche's theories may be, his conclusions and the steps by which he reached them form an instructive chapter in the history of ideas.

The first volume of a Life of Nietzsche was published in 1895 by his sister, giving an account of his early years till his appointment to a classical professorship in Basel at the age of twenty-four (1844-68). Within the last few months a second volume has been added, continuing the story till 1879, when ill-health compelled him to resign his professorship. Only sisterly devotion to an idolised brother can excuse the profusion of detail with which a by no means very remarkable childhood and boyhood are here recorded. The main facts may be shortly stated. Friedrich Nietzsche was born on the 15th October 1844, in the village parsonage of Röcken, near Lützen in Saxony. His father had been tutor to the princesses of the duchy of Altenburg, and owed his appointment at Röcken to the personal influence of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, whom he had met and favourably impressed. The 15th of October, as coincidence would have it, was the king's birthday, and the happy father christened his eldest son Friedrich in memory of the pious monarch who had been his patron.

The early years of the future "Antichristian" philosopher did

not belie so exemplary a beginning. His father died in 1849, and the family removed to the little town of Naumburg on the Saale, where the family circle consisted of his mother and sister, his grandmother, and two aunts. In this exclusively feminine environment, Nietzsche developed into a pious and slightly "old-fashioned" child. Passages from an autobiography written in his fourteenth year confirm the general impression left by his sister's narrative. When he went to school he did not easily make friends with the boys. "From childhood," he says in his autobiography, "I sought solitude and felt myself happiest when I was left undisturbed to my own devices." "The serious, thoughtful child with his dignified politeness was so strange to the other boys," says his sister, "that neither from his side nor from theirs were friendly approaches forthcoming." But they told wonderful tales of him at home: "He could repeat texts and hymns with such expression, that you could hardly help weeping." They called him the little parson, and in his presence would often instinctively repress a coarse remark. One of the older schoolboys writes in later years that Nietzsche used to make him think of the twelve-year-old Jesus in the temple. As he grew a little older, music and poetry became his chief interests. He cultivated music with passionate ardour and with much success: it was as a musical composer that he first hoped to make a name for himself.

In 1858, by invitation of the rector, the promising boy became a founder of the old grammar-school of Schulpforta, where the arrangements for teaching and boarding the boys were not unlike those of an English public school. Here again, we are told, the boys

found him rather too serious and reserved for his years. He remained at Schulpforta till 1864—from his fourteenth to his twentieth year. At fifteen he describes himself in his diary as "seized by an uncommon thirst for knowledge, for universal culture"; and another entry at the same time records how he saved his money to buy 'Tristram Shandy.' His comments are rather quaint. "I am now reading the first volume, and constantly read it over again. At first I did not understand the greater part of it; indeed, I regretted my purchase. But now it attracts me uncommonly, and I make a note of all the striking thoughts. I have not yet encountered such a universal acquaintance with the sciences, such an analysis of the heart." A literary society or brotherhood, of which he and two Naumburg friends were the sole members, gave him an outlet for his musical enthusiasm, which overflowed in numerous compositions of his own. He had in the meantime become an ardent Wagnerian. Poems and essays were also contributed by the three friends, and criticised at their meetings. He was beginning to weary of the monotony of school-life and the jog-trot course of prescribed study. After passing his seventeenth birthday he was, by his sister's admission, no longer the exemplary pupil he had been till then; but he pulled himself together again before the close, and left Schulpforta with credit and a high standard of classical scholarship, in the autumn of 1864.

His first two semesters as a student were spent at Bonn. Here he enrolled himself as a member of one of the "Corps," or fraternities devoted to beer-drinking and duelling, which play so great a part at the German universities. But

of caution in the buying of books. When I reached home, I flung myself on the sofa with my treasure, and began to submit myself to the influence of that vigorous and sombre genius. Here every line cried renunciation, denial, resignation; here I saw a mirror in which I perceived the world, life, and my own nature in terrible grandeur. Here there met me the full, unselfish, sunlit gaze of art; here I saw sickness and healing, exile and a haven of refuge, hell and heaven."

Two of his friends soon became converts to his eloquence. "Our Schopenhauer," "our philosopher," they call him in their letters; and when family bereavement overtakes one of them, Nietzsche refers him for consolation to certain pages of their philosophical Bible. "To-day, on Schopenhauer's birthday," is the beginning of another letter, in which Nietzsche tells how by the kindness of a friend he has become possessed of a photograph of "our master." Schopenhauer, as his sister says, was for him not a book but a friend. Speaking of a gathering of young Schopenhauerians, he himself half-seriously compares their enthusiasm and closeness of fellowship with the sentiments which inspired the first Christian communities.

At Leipzig, too, he met Wagner in the flesh, and the acquaintance afterwards ripened into intimacy. Wagner, as is well known, was an ardent adherent of Schopenhauer's philosophy. These two—Schopenhauer and Wagner—represent the two influences which moulded Nietzsche's thought in its earlier phase. There is little in his first two books that is not directly traceable to the one or the other; and two of the four essays which form his 'Unseasonable Reflections' are devoted to them by name ("Schopenhauer as Educator," and "Wagner in Bayreuth").

These constitute a pious acknowledgment of his own indebtedness to the thinker and the musician; and though he afterwards attacked Wagner immoderately, and criticised Schopenhauer freely, as merely the John the Baptist to his own Messiah, he never ventured to disclaim their determining influence upon the course of his own development. For the rest, he became increasingly impressed by the pettiness of the work on which many classical scholars spent their lives—the uselessness of their results for any vital human purpose.

"Historical study," he begins to insist in his note-books about this time, "requires to be kept within limits; above all, it requires to be enlightened by an ideal of humanistic culture, otherwise we are in danger of being buried under an accumulation of dead facts devoid of any significance for life. The mere fact that something has existed is no reason why we should investigate it—only if it was better than the present, and capable, therefore, of acting as an ideal. . . . Most philologists are hodmen in the service of science. The desire to embrace a larger whole or to give the world fresh points of view is dying out."

In such sentences we catch the prelude to the suggestive essay which he published in 1874, "On the Advantage and Disadvantage of History for Life"—one of his best and soberest pieces of work. Writing to a friend on the eve of his departure to assume the duties of his professorship at Basel, he alludes to the inevitably dulling influence of specialism, and adds that he believes himself freer than most philologists from this danger.

"The true and essential problems of life and thought have been shown me too clearly by the great mystagogue, Schopenhauer, for me ever to

these vulgar delights soon palled upon his fastidious spirit ; and in the end his openly-expressed dissatisfaction with the "beer-materialism" and the general tone of his companions led to relations so strained that he was glad to leave Bonn for Leipzig at the close of his first year.

"From these first experiences in Bonn," says his sister, "there always remained with him a strong aversion to smoking, drinking, and the whole so-called *Biergemüthlichkeit*. He always maintained that people who drink beer and smoke pipes every evening were absolutely incapable of understanding him : such people *must* lack that delicacy and clearness of perception which was requisite to grasp and think out problems so profound and subtle as his."

The year at Bonn was in other respects a turning-point in his life. He matriculated as a student of philosophy and theology, having not yet abandoned his original intention of studying for the Church ; but he parted about this time with all his old theological beliefs, without apparently supplying their place by any new creed. At Leipzig he devoted himself with marked success to philological studies, chiefly under Ritschl, who had been his old professor at Bonn. He developed a fine critical talent, and when the death of an aunt left him with a small annual income, he felt justified in looking forward to the honourable but unremunerative career of *privat-docent* and university professor. In the autumn of 1867 his studies were unexpectedly interrupted by the necessity of serving his year as a soldier. He had hitherto been exempted on the ground of his short-sightedness, but new and more stringent regulations came into force after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. He served

several months with the mounted artillery at Naumburg, and in springing on his horse one day he injured himself so seriously in the breast that for a time it seemed as if a dangerous operation would be necessary. After some months, however, the wound healed ; and in the autumn of 1868 he returned to Leipzig, to carry to a conclusion the philological and critical investigations on which he had been engaged. His papers had already attracted attention in the philological journals ; and early in 1869, on Ritschl's recommendation, he was appointed Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Basel. The distinction was an unusual one for so young a man, who had not served as a *privat-docent*, and had not even formally completed his degree. Nietzsche was considerably elated, and his family were in the seventh heaven. The first volume of the biography closes with his departure for Basel in April 1869. He was then in his twenty-fifth year.

His student years in Leipzig had introduced him to the chief intellectual influence of his life. Schopenhauer was then just coming into vogue in Germany, after nearly half a century's neglect ; and Nietzsche, whose mind had been emptied of positive beliefs at Bonn, was ready to welcome the new evangel. It was a case of elective affinity : from the first moment of acquaintance he yielded his allegiance without reserve. He describes the occasion on which he found 'The World as Will and Idea' in a second-hand Leipzig bookshop. The book was quite unknown to him, but he took it up and began to turn over the leaves.

"I know not what 'dæmon' whispered to me, 'Take this book home with you.' My doing so, at all events, ran quite counter to my usual habits

of caution in the buying of books. When I reached home, I flung myself on the sofa with my treasure, and began to submit myself to the influence of that vigorous and sombre genius. Here every line cried renunciation, denial, resignation; here I saw a mirror in which I perceived the world, life, and my own nature in terrible grandeur. Here there met me the full, unselfish, sunlit gaze of art; here I saw sickness and healing, exile and a haven of refuge, hell and heaven."

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fear a disgraceful apostacy from 'the Idea.' My desire, my daring hope, is to transfuse my science with this new blood, to convey to my hearers that Schopenhauerian seriousness which is imprinted on that sublime man's forehead."

If we add to the characteristics already suggested an intense love of solitary nature, especially in her aspects of grandeur and might, the picture of Nietzsche's mental equipment and constitution at this time will be fairly complete. In the following passage, from a letter written in 1866, the future author of 'Zarathustra' speaks:—

"Three things are my recreations—rare ones however—my Schopenhauer, Schumann's music, and, lastly, solitary walks. Yesterday there was a glorious thunderstorm, and I hastened to a hill in the neighbourhood. On the summit I found a hut, and a man who was killing two kids; his boy was with him. The thunderstorm discharged itself with great violence, accompanied by hail and tempest. I felt an incomparable elevation of spirit, and I saw how true it is that we only then understand Nature properly when we are forced to flee to her from our cares and harassments. What was man to me and his restless will? What did I care for the eternal 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not'? How different the lightning, the tempest, the hail—free non-ethical forces! How happy, how strong they are, pure will, untroubled by the intellect."

His attitude towards his fellow-men, on the other hand, was marked now, as later, by an inborn fastidiousness, which developed later into a savage contempt for "the common herd." In his own person, this physical fastidiousness showed itself in an almost painful cleanliness and neatness of person and attire, and (to judge from many passages of his writings) a hyper-sensitive-ness of the olfactory organs. Such a temperament was the natural basis of the aristocratic doctrines

which he afterwards preached; and perhaps we may understand better the vehemence of Nietzsche's anti-democratic polemic, becoming at last almost maniacal in its violence, if we bear this organic basis in mind. Even as a boy he dwelt fondly on the tradition which derived the family name and stock from a Polish nobleman, who had been driven from his native country by religious persecution. Writing in 1883, he congratulates himself on the comparatively small admixture of German blood in his veins, and records with satisfaction how often he has been taken for a Pole.

"The Poles were for me the most gifted and chivalrous among the Slavonic peoples, and the endowment of the Slavs seemed to me superior to that of the Germans. Indeed, I thought that it was only in consequence of a strong infusion of Slavonic blood that the Germans had become a gifted nationality. I thought with pleasure on the right of a Polish nobleman by his simple veto to overturn the resolution of an assembly. The political unruliness and weakness of the Poles," he adds characteristically, "were for me rather proofs of their capacity than the reverse."

The second instalment of the biography covers his life at Basel (1869-79), and is largely occupied with the story of his relations to Wagner, which passed during these years from the phase of adoring discipleship and closest intimacy to artistic hostility and a complete breach of friendship. During these years Nietzsche also abandoned his earlier Schopenhauerian philosophy, and began to work his way to his later views. But it cannot be said that the domestic details and indiscriminating idolatry of his sister's narrative throw much light upon his mental history. Of outward event there is little to record. He appears to have been a successful and popular professor;

but latterly his ill-health interfered more and more with his academic duties. The break-down of his health is traced by his sister to his experiences in the Franco-German war of 1870. On his appointment at Basel, Nietzsche had been obliged to naturalise in Switzerland, and was consequently excluded from active service; but his German patriotism led him to obtain leave of absence from the university authorities for medical and ambulance duty. He soon, however, succumbed to a dangerous attack of diarrhoea and vomiting, accompanied by diphtheria. The illness and the sharp remedies which it was necessary to apply appear to have gravely injured his constitution. From this time onwards he was subject to constant recurring attacks of migraine, with indigestion, insomnia, and pains in the eyes. Chronic catarrh of the stomach, with enlargement of the stomach, was the medical diagnosis. Things were made worse, according to his sister's regretful testimony, by Nietzsche's habit of dosing himself with powerful drugs. In 1876 his symptoms became so painful and continuous that he found it necessary to apply for a year's leave of absence. This brought only temporary alleviation, and in the spring of 1879 he resigned his professorship. In the year 1879, says his sister, his sufferings were at their worst. He lost hope, and it seemed as if the end must be near; but partly by strength of will the crisis passed. From 1880 onwards he divided his time chiefly between the health-resorts of Italy and the Engadine, and though not free from his old attacks, enjoyed at times (especially in the Engadine, which he was wont to say had given him back to life) a fair measure of health, which enabled him to produce his chief works.

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As already mentioned, Nietzsche had made Wagner's acquaintance in Leipzig in 1868. Wagner was now living at Tribtschen, a villa charmingly situated at the foot of Mount Pilatus, on the Lake of Lucerne. Nietzsche took an early opportunity of calling upon him there, and he was soon on terms of affectionate—almost filial—intimacy with "the Master" and his wife (Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, whom he had recently married).

"I have found a man," he writes after his first visits, "who reveals to me, like no one else, the picture of what Schopenhauer calls *das Genie*. This is none other than Richard Wagner. In him there prevails such a perfect ideality, such a deep and touching humanity, such a lofty seriousness, that I feel myself, when near him, as if in the neighbourhood of the divine." "Dearest friend," he writes again, "what I learn and see there, what I hear and understand, is indescribable. Schopenhauer and Goethe, Æschylus and Pindar, are still alive, believe me."

Lucerne was near enough to Basel to admit of Nietzsche's spending many a Saturday to Monday at Tribtschen during term-time; at Christmas, too, he was more than once a guest. His sister shared his intimacy; and long after the friendly bond was broken, these visits remained like days of cloudless happiness in the memory of both. Reviewing his life in 1888, shortly before his mental collapse, Nietzsche accounts them his most precious seasons of refreshing. "I hold the rest of my relations with men cheap; on no account would I lose the Tribtschen days from my life. I know not what others have experienced with Wagner; over our heaven there never passed a cloud." Yet in that same year, this strange being had published the savage lampoon which he calls "The Case of Wagner"! "Wag-

ner," he there tells us, "belongs to my maladies." He is "a disease. Everything he touches he makes morbid." "The problems which he brings upon the stage are nothing but hysterics." "The Wagnerian heroines, when one has only stripped them of their heroic trappings, are like counterparts of 'Madame Bovary.'" "In his art there are mingled in the most seductive fashion the three great stimulants of the exhausted—*brutality, artificiality, and innocence* (idiocy)." In 1871 after hearing the "Siegfried-Idyll" for the first time, he writes to a friend, "What are all other artistic memories and experiences compared with my last? I felt like one whose boding is at last fulfilled. For just that and nothing else is music; just that, and nothing else, is what I mean by music, when I describe the Dionysian in art." According to his later verdict, "Wagner's name typifies the ruin of music." In sum, "Wagner is a seducer in the grand style. There is nothing fatigued, nothing decrepit, no mortal peril in the things of the spirit, no calumny against the world, which would not be secretly taken under protection by his art,—it is the blackest obscurantism which he conceals in the luminous garments of the ideal." The key to these sweeping denunciations is supplied, to some extent, by his later creed—of which more afterwards. But the mere juxtaposition of these ecstasies of admiration and of repulsion is instructive, for the light it throws upon Nietzsche's mind and character. Measure, restraint, critical justice, are qualities which we need not expect to find in a man capable of such violent revulsions, such intemperate loves and hates.

In the last days of 1871 Nietzsche

published his first book, 'The Birth of Tragedy,' or, to give it its full title, 'The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music; or Hellenism and Pessimism.' The book is dedicated to Wagner; it concludes, in fact, by pointing to Wagnerian opera as the true successor of the tragic drama of the Greeks. Though vitiated in its main contention by the author's determination to see all things in Schopenhauer, the work is an exceptionally brilliant handling of the much-discussed question of the origin of Greek tragedy. But regarded as an attempt to solve this specific problem of history and æsthetics, the argument of the volume cannot be considered here. It is enough to note the antithesis—on which Nietzsche lays so much stress, and which forms the key-word of the book—between Apollo and Dionysus, the two deities with whom the development of Greek art connects itself; between the Apollonian world of dream ("clear dream and solemn vision"), corresponding to the epic, and the Dionysiac world of intoxication, giving rise to the dithyrambic lyric, the primitive germ out of which Greek tragedy developed. These terms became part of Nietzsche's philosophical dialect. The term Dionysiac, in particular, became his favourite term to designate his own view of the world and of human life, in contrast to all previous religions and philosophies. 'Dionysus' was to have been the title of the concluding part of the *magnum opus* which he had planned, and little more than begun, when his mind gave way.

'The Birth of Tragedy' was received with enthusiasm by Wagner and his wife. Outside of the Wagnerian circle, however, the book was more coolly received;

the professional philologists regarded it with undisguised suspicion. The Wagners were engaged at the time in removing their household to Bayreuth. There in May 1872 Nietzsche was present, in fitting temper, when the foundation-stone was laid of the temple of the new art. "I believe," he writes a year afterwards, "these were the happiest days I have had. There was something in the air which I have felt nowhere else, something quite impossible to name, but opulent in hope."

Nietzsche may be said to have first attracted more general attention by the four essays entitled, 'Unseasonable Reflections' ('Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen'). The first of these, on "David Strauss, Confessor and Writer," appeared in 1873, the second and third in the following year, and the last, on "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," in 1876. The pamphlet on Strauss is a deliberately planned attack upon an established reputation, in which Nietzsche pours contempt upon the German culture of the day—the self-satisfaction engendered by success in war, the absence of ideals, the want of distinction either in thought or style. Taking as his text Strauss's newly-published volume on 'The Old Faith and the New,' he subjects to merciless analysis the bourgeois outlook and beer-garden optimism of the book—the cheap materialism of the thought, the shallow contentment of the mood which shrinks from everything strenuous even in art, the looseness of the style. "These be thy gods, O Israel"—such is the *Bildungs-philister* whom orthodox and heterodox, with one consent, applaud as a classical writer. There is a great deal of truth and timeliness in this protest, and it required courage, three years after

Sedan, to suggest that the German empire might prove fatal to German genius. The pamphlet, in the provocativeness of its language, is in some respects the production of a young man determined to make a sensation; but it is also genuinely felt. The scorn and repulsion are real; for, whatever may be thought of his ideals, Nietzsche's life was always a pursuit of an ideal of some sort. In so far, he undoubtedly belonged to

"The children of the Second Birth
Whom the world could not tame."

The second essay, "On the Advantage and Disadvantage of History for Life," is also, as he points out, "unseasonable," inasmuch as it attacks the very thing of which our time is proudest, its devotion to history, its accumulated stores of information about the past. Nevertheless it is one of his sanest and most satisfactory pieces of writing. He works out in a more general reference the ideas which we have seen him expressing in his student-time about the abuses of classical study. History is useful so long as it is cultivated in the service of life; but pursued as an end in itself, it may bury the present under a mass of irrelevant facts. The use of history may be threefold: it has a *monumental* value, in so far as it preserves the memory of great deeds, and those who wrought them. History is in this respect a Temple of Fame for "those who succeeded in giving a larger meaning to the idea of 'man,' and in giving it a nobler fulfilment." To the man of action in the present, to every one who is fighting a great fight, they serve as gleaming examples, as teachers and comforters. The danger with lesser minds is that the admiration of the heroes of old becomes a weapon for the depreciation of the

leaders and pioneers of to-day. Secondly, history has an *anti-quarian* value, in so far as it cultivates in a community or a nation a feeling of piety for its past, which knits its members closer together, and inspires a fond contentment with the sometimes rude conditions of their life. The danger here is lest the spirit of reverence for antiquity pass into an obstinate conservatism, which resents every reform because the abuse is old. Hence the need of a third method of studying the past—the *critical*. The critical examination of the growth of any institution, caste, or privilege is sure to show how unjust its continued existence is. This is, therefore, another use of history in the service of life. Apart from these uses, the accumulation of historical knowledge tends to paralyse the energies of the present, by making men believe that they live in an age of *epigoni*, when the day of noble deeds is past, and all great things are impossible. "Forget this superstition," cries Nietzsche, "steep your souls in Plutarch, and through believing in his heroes, dare to believe in yourselves."

Above all, he insists that it is not in the movements of the masses that the significance of humanity is to be found, but in great individualities. Hence "the goal of mankind does not lie at the end of its course, but only in its highest types." "These do not continue a process; they live together as timeless contemporaries." In this "great-man" theory, and in the frankly expressed contempt for the masses—these "copies on bad paper, and from worn-out plates"—we have already the attitude of mind which finds such exaggerated expression in his later works.

Of the other two essays—on

Schopenhauer and Wagner—less need be said here; for though intended as the constructive supplement of the criticisms we have just considered, they contain no clear outline or characterisation of what is distinctive in Schopenhauer and Wagner. These two are taken as the types of the ideal philosopher and the ideal artist, and a great deal of rather vague enthusiasm is expended upon them in that capacity. Nietzsche said afterwards that he had used Schopenhauer and Wagner in these essays as Plato had used Socrates. "The essay 'Wagner in Bayreuth' is a vision of my future; in 'Schopenhauer as Educator,' on the other hand, my innermost history, my *Werden*, is inscribed." "All his life," writes his sister, "he looked upon this third essay as a token of his gratitude for what Schopenhauer had been to him as teacher and educator. He always said that the paper had nothing to do with the philosophical doctrines of Schopenhauer, but only dealt with the influence of Schopenhauer's personality upon himself." This is largely true, but if we do not get the distinctive features of Schopenhauer and Wagner, the forecast we get of the future Nietzsche is also indistinct.

The last of these 'Reflections' appeared in the summer of 1876. Written in the previous year, it had been left unfinished, owing partly, it would seem, to a vague consciousness that it no longer represented his inmost convictions. The publication was then hurried forward in order to be in time for the opening of the Bayreuth Theatre and the first performances of the "Ring des Nibelungen." Nietzsche himself went to Bayreuth in July to be present at the rehearsals, but the reality did

not correspond to the spirit of his dream. It was no gathering of the *élite*, of the artists and thinkers of the future, as at the laying of the foundation-stone four years before. Under the patronage of the Emperor and the German princes, the spectacle had become a resort of fashionable society, and of curious crowds, to whom art meant nothing more than a passing sensation, or a novel subject of conversation. Nietzsche felt profoundly out of sympathy with his surroundings. Wagner seemed to him vulgarised by success; he had lost his ideal glamour. Perhaps, too, Nietzsche felt a little piqued that, in the rush of preparations, and the crowds who claimed Wagner's attention, he was not such an important person as formerly. At all events, physically ill as he was, and mentally at odds with himself and the world, as he felt himself breaking away from his old anchors, the strain became too much for Nietzsche's nerves, and he hastily left Bayreuth for a solitary walking-tour in the Bavarian Highlands. Writing of this episode at a later date, he says: "I carried about with me, like a disease, my melancholy and my contempt for the Germans—not, however, without writing a sentence from time to time in my notebook, sheer bits of unsparing psychology, which may perhaps still be recognised in '*Menschliches Allzumenschliches*.'" Although he returned to Bayreuth for the performances, his mood remained the same.

The winter of 1876-77 was spent by him at Sorrento, for his health's sake. The Gulf of Naples and the whole charm of the south laid hold of him with an extraordinary fascination. As already mentioned, the whole of the ten years from 1879 to 1889 were spent in Italy, or in the Engadine; and the clear out-

lines and sunny atmosphere of the south seem to pass into his style. Always eloquent, his early style has still a certain German turgidity and gush. His later style, in its clearness and epigrammatic brilliancy, has many of the qualities of French prose. Even the rhapsodical prose-poetry of '*Zarathustra*' has nothing of the vagueness of northern skies and northern moods.

The Wagners were also in Sorrento during the autumn of 1876, resting from the fatigues of the festival, and outwardly all remained on a friendly footing. But Wagner was already at work upon "*Parsifal*," and to Nietzsche the religious mysticism of that work was the convincing sign of the gulf that had opened between them. *Parsifal*, he afterwards said, is Siegfried become a Christian; or, as he afterwards put it in the preface to a second edition of '*Menschliches Allzumenschliches*': "It was indeed the highest time to say farewell: I soon had a proof of it. Richard Wagner, to all appearance the most victorious of leaders, but in truth a despairing romanticist, inwardly rotten, suddenly sank down helpless and crushed before the Christian cross." It is not unadvisedly that Nietzsche signalises hostility to Christianity as the main point in common between his earliest and his latest views.

Nietzsche's whole mind was undergoing a revulsion at this time from the cloudy and sentimental ideals of an altruistic pessimism in the direction of a cynical realism. He had broken away from his old metaphysical moorings, and had begun to call in question the fundamental virtues of modern civilised morality. Writing himself of this turning-point in his life, he says: "I saw myself quite lean and starved; the *realities*

were altogether wanting in the circle of my knowledge, and as for the 'idealities' they were not worth a brass farthing. A burning thirst took hold of me; from that time onwards I have really studied nothing but physiology, medicine, and the natural sciences." Nietzsche's chief associate at Sorrento—living in the same house—was Dr Paul Rée, who had published a volume of 'Psychological Observations,' and was then engaged on a second work, published in the following year, 'On the Origin of the Moral Feelings.' This is an attempt at a natural history of the moral sentiments on utilitarian and evolutionary lines, and Nietzsche found the keen psychological analysis and the purely empirical and historical treatment of ethical ideas congenial to his mood. Rée was also able to put him in touch with the modern literature of the subject, especially the English utilitarians and evolutionists whom he mainly followed. Nietzsche became an ardently appreciative student of these writers; he speaks of them in a letter to Rée as "the only good philosophical society that one can be in." In strange contrast to his later depreciatory remarks, "English" becomes for him at this period one of his most complimentary epithets. It is the adjective he uses in signalling the qualities in Schopenhauer which he still finds admirable—"his hard sense for facts, his desire for clearness and reason, which often makes him appear so English." The English psychologists divided his admiration with the French moralists and aphorists of an earlier age—Montaigne, Laroche-foucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, Chamfort. He names these six as the authors of "European books"

—books "which contain more *real thoughts* than all the books of German philosophers taken together." Nietzsche, in short, flung himself with all the impetuosity of his temperament into the analysis and history of the moral sentiments, and in a savage reaction against his former self gloried in stripping man of every ideal glamour and dragging to light the animal impulses and selfish motives to which a cynical naturalism reduces human feeling and action. This is the meaning of the title, 'Human, all too Human,' which he gave to his next book. In this volume, as Frau Andreas-Salomé points out, there are, accordingly, as it were two constituent parts, one in which Nietzsche does little more than retail what he had learned in his new school, and the other in which he reveals to us his personal history by the bitterness of his attacks upon his former idols. The ideas of the book are less fresh and characteristic than in his other works, and the air of novelty with which they are put forward makes an impression of crudity. Frau Wagner was not altogether wrong when she condemned the book for the superficiality of its matter and the pretentiousness of its manner. On the whole, apart from its documentary value as indication of a mental crisis and transition, it is the least interesting and the least independent of its author's works.

In the winter of 1877-78 Nietzsche was again at his post in Basel, and with the help of his disciple, Peter Gast, the manuscript of the book, or at least of what now stands as the first volume, was ready for publication early in 1878. Nietzsche's first idea was to publish anonymously, from a desire to avoid hurting the feelings of his

friends, especially Wagner and his wife; but the publisher would not hear of it. The book appeared in the beginning of May, designated on the title-page as "a book for free spirits." The centenary of Voltaire's death happened to be close at hand, and that there might be no mistake as to the spirit in which he had written, Nietzsche dedicated his volume to the memory of the great freethinker. The consternation among his friends was great. Even the faithful sister, much to her distress, was unable to follow him unreservedly on his new path. Wagner's complete silence was a sufficiently eloquent indication of the mortal offence which the book had given in Bayreuth. In the following spring (1879) another instalment of the book appeared, and did not tend to heal the wounds the first had dealt. Then came the crisis in his health which led to the resignation of his professorship. A sojourn in the Engadine, which he now visited for the first time, proved most beneficial, and while there he composed the last part of *'Menschliches Allzumenschliches'* entitled "The Wanderer and his Shadow." But an attempt to pass the winter months at Naumburg with his mother and sister proved a disastrous experiment, and in the early days of 1880 he set out for the south, in which he was to spend a wandering existence in quest of health for the next ten years.

At this point the biography ends for the present. But the main facts of his literary activity during these years may be shortly indicated. His works now succeeded one another rapidly. *'Dawn (Morgenröthe), or Thoughts on Moral Prejudices,'* appeared in 1881, and was followed in 1882 by *'Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft (la*

gaya scienza).' These two volumes bear a general resemblance to *'Menschliches Allzumenschliches,'* not only in their aphoristic and unsystematic style, but also in their philosophical standpoint and general spirit. The three together exhibit him in a transition stage between his earlier Schopenhauerianism and his later Zarathustrianism (as his final doctrine may be conveniently designated). They have been described as constituting his second or "positivistic" period, inasmuch as he writes in them, in the main, from the standpoint of an agnostic empiricism; and critics who are by no means at one on other points agree in this, that there is more in common between the ideas of his first and his third period than between the second and either of the other two. His most characteristic doctrines were adumbrated in his earlier writings before being elaborated on an independent basis in *'Thus Spake Zarathustra'* and the works which succeeded it. But in the intervening period—from 1876 to 1882—they are to a certain extent in the background, while Nietzsche is chiefly engaged in negative criticism and in assimilating the doctrines of naturalistic evolution. In one of the instructive prefaces with which he furnished the second edition of these volumes in 1887, he describes himself during this time as "at work underground—boring, digging, undermining." They are books of quest, he indicates, and he lays great stress on the loneliness of the time. He speaks of it again as a time of sickness, from which he celebrated his recovery in *'The Joyful Science.'* A gradual growth of new ideas—or perhaps rather a revival of the old ideas in a new setting—may indeed be traced, as we pass from *'Human, all too*

Human,' to 'Dawn' and 'The Joyful Science'; and in the last-mentioned work there is already a forecast of his final positions.

In 'Menschliches Allzumenschliches' Nietzsche adopted for the first time the literary form of the aphorism, which he uses in most of his subsequent works. His books give no continuous argument, but consist of carefully polished aphorisms and detached paragraphs, each complete in itself, but arranged in groups for the printer, according as they are more or less closely related in subject. They read consequently more like the commonplace-book of an erratic genius than a connected treatise. This method of writing was partly forced upon him by the nature of his illness, which cut him off to a large extent from books and made prolonged application impossible. It was his custom to jot down his ideas in the course of his long solitary walks, while the evening would be devoted to perfecting their literary expression. But the form was also natural to his genius. "My sense for style," he tells us, "for the epigram as style, awakened almost instantaneously on coming into contact with Sallust." His more immediate models were the aphorisms of Laroche Foucauld and other French moralists whom he studied carefully at this time and never ceased to admire. He spared no pains to combine perfect lucidity and fitness of phrase with the utmost compactness of thought. "My ambition," he writes, "is to say in ten sentences what every one else says in a book—what every one else does *not* say in a book." "Aphorism and the sentence, in which I, as the foremost among the Germans, am master, are the forms of eternity." The boast is overstrained, but it contains more truth than most of Nietzsche's self-

appreciations. He is not a systematic thinker, but as a moralist in the old sense, a student of human nature, and as a critic of literature and art, he is constantly fresh and suggestive. The style has the virtues of transparent clearness and assured ease, heightened from time to time by a piquant phrase and by epigrammatic sallies that recall Heine by their wit and malice.

These writings prepare the way for the allegorical prose-poem 'Thus spake Zarathustra,' which is probably the most characteristic, as it is certainly the most sustained, product of his genius. Here the idea of the *Uebermensch* or higher being of the future, who is to supersede our poor humanity, is fully developed.

'Zarathustra' appeared in parts between 1883 and 1885; but of the fourth part, which differs considerably in character from the first three, only a few copies were printed for circulation among friends. It was published in 1891 by Nietzsche's relatives and literary executors, and incorporated with the others. It is difficult to give an idea of the structure of the book, or of its literary qualities. It has no connection whatever with the personality or the doctrines of Zoroaster (Zarathustra). Zarathustra, the hermit and mountain wanderer, is simply the mouth-piece for Nietzsche's ideas on men and things, and the exponent of his aspirations after a new race and a new civilisation. In his habits and his tastes he is a glorification of Nietzsche's personality. But the choice of name indicates the archaic literary manner of the book. It is an imitation of the prophetic and allegorical style of an Eastern prophet. A slender thread of narrative introduces a series of rhythmic chants, in which Zarathustra expounds the gospel of the new Atheism that is to lead

men on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things — namely, to the advent of the *Uebermensch*, and a consummation which he symbolises as the Great Noon. The virtues and the glorious freedom of this race of demi-gods are illuminated by contrast with what, from the Zarathustrian point of view, are the inherent vices and weaknesses of our present civilisation and its ideals. The “Thou shalt” of duty, and the altruism of current morality, which seems to sacrifice the strong to the weak, will alike be spurned, and left behind by the “laughing lions” of the new dispensation. “What is the great dragon which the spirit may no longer call lord and god? ‘Thou shalt’ the great dragon is called. But the spirit of the lion says ‘I will.’” And with the impeachment of the old morality goes the passionate denunciation of every form of religion hitherto known among men. Religion is to Nietzsche essentially a cult of the Beyond and the Hereafter, which depreciates and impoverishes the present life; while the acknowledgment of God in any form seems to him an assault on human independence, an unworthy enslavement of the will. “I am Zarathustra the Godless.” His maniacal pride of will finds, perhaps, unmatched expression when he places the following syllogism before his disciples: “To lay bare to you, friends, my inmost heart; if there were gods, how should I bear it not to be a god? *Therefore* there are no gods.”¹ In this logical gem it can hardly be doubted that Nietzsche has revealed half defiantly, half involuntarily, the guiding motive of all his thought, the intense and boundless egotism

which eventually shattered him to pieces. As yet, however, it is only at times that he lapses into the hysterical violence which grows upon him in his latest writings. In the fourth part there is already observable a greater want of self-control, showing itself in those gratuitous offences against good taste and feeling which are often dignified with the name of blasphemy. But in ‘Zarathustra’ as a whole his artistic conscience holds him in check. From a literary point of view the book has been hailed in Germany and France as a masterpiece of style, even by many who dissent most strongly from its teaching. In Germany, the home of invertebrate prose, the work was indeed a striking apparition; and even judged by a more cosmopolitan standard, the qualities of the style command attention. Nietzsche possessed a fine ear for the harmonies of language, and he had likewise studied closely in classical models what he calls “the goldsmith’s art” of the fitting word.

In the less purely didactic and controversial sections of the work there are passages which in their lucid simplicity seem to reflect something of the serenity and purity of the mountains and the stars; and when, more rarely, an elegiac mood is touched, the words fall with a haunting beauty of cadence. But it is impossible to claim for the work that it is in any sense an artistic whole. The amount of direct exhortation and controversy — the number and length of the “Discourses” — are out of all proportion to the framework of episode and allegory in which they are set. Zarathustra in such circumstances is a mere lay-figure; and the archaism and poetic elevation of

¹ P. 120. He had already expressed a similar thought in ‘Menschliches Allzumenschliches’: “The idea of a God is disturbing and humiliating, as long as it is believed” (I. 138).

the language ceases to be appropriate, and tends to become monotonous. And to these artistic defects most readers will be inclined to add the want of ultimate sanity and coherence in the subject-matter.

Here is the beginning of this strange rhapsody:—

“When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home, and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. Here he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years he did not weary of it. But at last his heart was changed within him, and one morning he rose with the dawn, stepped forth to greet the sun, and thus he spake:—

“‘Great star, what were thy happiness, if thou hadst not those on whom thou shinest. Ten years thou didst rise over my cavern; thou wouldst have wearied of thy light, and of this path, but for me, my eagle and my serpent.

“‘But we waited for thee every morning, relieved thee of thy superfluity, and blessed thee therefor.

“‘See, I am surfeited with my wisdom, like the bee which has gathered overmuch honey; I require hands stretched out towards me.

“‘I would fain make largess and distribution till the wise among men have joy once more of their folly, and the poor have joy once more of their riches.

“‘For that I must descend, as thou dost at even, when thou goest behind the sea, and bringest light to the under-world, thou opulent star.

“‘I must, like thee, go down, as men term it, the men to whom I go. Do thou bless me, then, thou steadfast eye, that canst behold without envy a happiness all-too-great.

“‘Bless the beaker which is ready to overflow, that the water may flow from it with a gleam of gold, and may carry into every land the reflection of thy rapture.

“‘See, this beaker will become empty again, and Zarathustra will again become a man.’

“Thus began Zarathustra’s descent.”

The first person whom Zarathustra met, in the woods on the lower slopes, was an aged hermit, who

sought to dissuade him from going among men. But when the hermit mentions the praise of God as his chief occupation, Zarathustra passes on his way. “And when he was alone, he spake thus to his heart: ‘Is it then possible! This old saint in his wood has not yet heard that *God is dead!*’”

When he came to the nearest town he found much people gathered together in the market-place, for it had been announced that a rope-dancer was to perform that day. Without further prelude Zarathustra began at once to deliver his message.

“Zarathustra spake thus to the people: ‘I teach you the higher man. Man is something that must be overcome. What have ye done to surmount him?’

“‘All beings hitherto created something greater than themselves: and would ye be the ebb of this great flood, and rather go back to the beast than surmount the human?’

“‘What is the ape for men? A laughing-stock or a painful disgrace. The same shall man be for the higher man—a laughing-stock or a painful disgrace. . . .

“‘See, I teach you the higher man.”

Or take as an example of his more melancholy cadences the following apostrophe to the broken friendships of the past:—

“There is the island of graves, the silent isle, and there are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen garland of life.

“With this resolve in my heart I sailed across the sea. O visions and apparitions of my youth, O all ye looks of love, ye moments divine, how did ye die so soon! To-day I commemorate you as my dead.

“From you, my dearest dead, there comes to me a sweet odour that dissolves the heart in tears. Truly it shakes and loosens the heart of the lonely sailor.

“Yet still I am the richest and most enviable—I the most lonely. For I *had* you once, and ye have me still; tell me, to whom did there

ever fall such rose-apples from the tree, as fell to me? . . .

"Of a truth too quickly ye died, ye fugitives. Yet ye fled not from me, nor did I flee from you: despite our broken faith, there is no guilt between us.

"To slay *me*, they strangled you, ye singing-birds of my hopes. Yes, at you, ye dearest, malice ever shot its bolt—to pierce my heart."

The fourth part, as already mentioned, is pitched in a somewhat different key from the first three. Its relation to them has been compared to that of a satyric drama, to the preceding tragic trilogy. The proportion of allegorical narrative is much greater here than in the earlier parts, but the purport of the allegory—in detail at least—is far from clear. It is in the main devoted to a travesty of the various types of disciples—would-be "higher men"—who seek Zarathustra in his solitude; the old soothsayer, the two kings and the ass, *der Gewissenhafte des Geistes*, a magician, a pope on the retired list, the ugliest man, the voluntary beggar, the Shadow. By the end of the day these are all gathered together in Zarathustra's cave, and after supper (the title of the chapter—*das Abendmahl*—as well as various allusions, suggest a parody of the scene in the upper room in Jerusalem) he harangues them on the characteristics of "the higher man." When he has finished his discourse he escapes from his guests for a little into the open air.

"Oh, pure smells round about me," he cried. "O blessed stillness! But where are my beasts? Hither, hither, my eagle and my serpent. Tell me, prythee, my beasts, is it the case that these higher men, one and all, have no good smell? O pure smells about me! Now, for the first time, I know and feel how I love you, my beasts. And Zarathustra spake once more, 'I love you, my beasts.' But the eagle and

the serpent, when they heard these words, pressed close to him and looked up to him. In this wise the three remained silently together, and sniffed the good air with one another, and drank deep draughts of it. For the air here outside was better than among the higher men."

In Zarathustra's absence the old magician (who is perhaps intended for Wagner) debauches the minds of these converts by a melancholy song. They fall to disputing with one another, a second song is sung, and presently sounds of mirth and revelry are heard from the cave. Zarathustra is inclined to rejoice that they are casting from them at least the spirit of heaviness, the obsession of the past, when a sweet-smelling savour, as it were an incense of burning pine-cones, assails his nostrils, and on looking into the cave he finds them all on their knees adoring the ass, who punctuates each verse of their litany with a bray. In this and the following section on "The Feast of the Ass" Nietzsche touches his lowest levels of taste. The book closes with the advent next morning of a laughing lion, who scatters the higher men in all directions. The lion and a flock of doves join themselves to Zarathustra, who recognises the sign. "The lion came, my children are near, Zarathustra became ripe, my hour arrived: This is *my* morning, *my* day begins; up, up now, thou great Noon." "Thus spake Zarathustra, and left his cave, glowing and strong, like the morning sun rising out of dark mountains."

Such is the book of which Nietzsche afterwards wrote with an engaging modesty, "I have given to mankind the profoundest book it possesses, my 'Zarathustra.'"¹

His leading ideas stood now

¹ The Twilight of the Idols, p. 221.

clearly before his mind, and his remaining works simply expound and apply them. There is no further development of thought to be traced. His next book, which bears the characteristic title 'Beyond Good and Evil' (1886), continues his attack upon existing moral "values" or standards, and formulates the distinction between two systems of morality — the morality of the masters and the morality of the slaves (*Herren-Moral und Sklaven-Moral*). In his next publication, 'The Genealogy of Morality' ('Zur Genealogie der Moral,' 1887), an attempt is made to substantiate the distinction by reference to etymology and history, and it now becomes central in his teaching.

The rest of Nietzsche's story is soon told. He had by this time a certain following. "I have my readers," he says, "everywhere, in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and Stockholm, in Paris, in New York, but not in Europe's Flatland, Germany." New editions of his earlier works were called for, which he furnished with prefaces, sometimes of considerable biographical interest. In 1888 he published the pamphlet on Wagner, already referred to, in which a serious intention and impish malice are strangely mingled. This was followed by a fresh bundle of aphorisms, and paragraphs, entitled 'The Twilight of the Idols' ('Götzendämmerung'), in parody of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung." The manner of the book may be surmised from its sub-title, "How one philosophises with the Hammer." It appeared in 1889. The preface is dated from Turin, "on the 30th of September 1888, the day on which the first book of the Transvaluation of all Values was completed." The work thus re-

ferred to was to be his *magnum opus*. 'Beyond Good and Evil' had been advertised as "A Prelude to the Philosophy of the Future." This was to be the philosophy of the future itself, in systematic and mature presentation. "I have given to mankind their profoundest book in 'Zarathustra,'" he had said; "I shall shortly," he adds, "give them their most independent one." The title of the work was to be, 'Der Wille zur Macht' ('The Will to Rule,' or 'The Desire of Power'), and it was to consist of four books. The first, which has since been published in his collected works, bears the title "Antichrist, or an Essay towards a Criticism of Christianity." The second was to be called "The Free Spirit, a Criticism of Philosophy as a Nihilistic Movement"; the third, "The Immoralist, a Criticism of the most fatal kind of Ignorance — namely, Morality"; and the fourth, "Dionysus, or the Philosophy of Eternal Recurrence"; but the last three were never written. Early in 1889, about the time when 'The Twilight of the Idols' issued from the press, Nietzsche's long nervous derangement suddenly culminated in hopeless insanity. He was confined for a time in a lunatic asylum, but has lived latterly under the care of his relations at Naumburg.¹ A "Nietzsche-Archiv" has been founded there, in which every scrap of writing from his pen, and everything illustrating his life, is carefully treasured. As if the collected edition of his works in eight volumes were not enough, a second series of four volumes is in course of publication from this mass of unfinished essays and sketches. His life is being written with pious care and minute

¹ In July, according to the Berlin papers, he was removed to Weimar.

detail; and a regular Nietzsche cult has grown up in certain circles in Germany, in Paris, and elsewhere. But the unhappy object of all this solicitude and admiration, dead while he yet lives, and moving, unconscious of it all, towards an early tomb, is a figure in which many elements of tragedy are combined.

The final collapse, however, can hardly be matter of surprise to students of his latest works. Two features of these must strike the most casual reader. On the one hand, the colossal egotism and self-assurance, characteristic of Nietzsche from the first, now attain proportions not to be distinguished from mania. On the other hand, there is a growing loss of self-restraint in his controversial utterances; denunciation degenerates into foul-mouthed abuse; and the hysterical violence with which he dashes himself against the greatest names and ideals of human history seems to resemble nothing more than the impotent fury of a naughty child. The titles of the successive books of his projected *magnum opus* just enumerated are a piece of bravado in this style; and, for the rest, it is enough to quote the concluding sentences of the "Anti-christ"—the last sentences probably which he wrote:—

"With this I am at the conclusion, and pronounce my sentence—I *condemn* Christianity. It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions, . . . drinking out all blood, all love, all hope for life, with its anæmic ideal of holiness; the other world as the will to the negation of every reality; the cross as the rallying sign for the most subterranean conspiracy that has ever existed—against healthiness, beauty, well-constitutedness, courage, intellect, benevolence of soul, *against life itself*. I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of

revenge, for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, *mean*; I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind."

What could match the insane egotism of his "I pronounce my sentence—I *condemn* Christianity"? In other passages Nietzsche burns incense publicly before his own transcendent personality. In an autobiographical fragment written about this time, and pointing out the germs of his later ideas in his earlier works, the contrast between his former and his present self moves him to this outburst: "O how far was I still at that time from what I am to-day, from where I am to-day—at an elevation where I speak no longer with words, but with flashes of lightning!" And whereas he had proudly described 'Zarathustra' as "a book for all and none," this is his preface to his latest volume:—

"This book belongs to the select few. Perhaps even none of them yet live. It is only the day after to-morrow that belongs to me. Some are born posthumously. . . . Well, then, these alone are my readers, my right readers, my predetermined readers; of what account are the *rest*? The rest are merely mankind. One must be superior to mankind in force, in loftiness of soul—in contempt."

"Sovereign contempt," "unsparing contempt," are his own words elsewhere to express his attitude towards his fellow-men. Our Puritan forefathers would have seen the just judgment of God in the melancholy fate which overtook him. It is more consonant with modern charity to regard such distempered utterances as themselves the harbingers and symptoms of the growing cerebral tension that was soon to snap the thread of reason and plunge their author in mental night.

ANDREW SETH.

OUR NATIONAL COLLECTIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

THE HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

WHEN Robert Harley laid the foundation of his magnificent library in 1705, so many collectors were already in the field that the prospect of getting together any large number of choice manuscripts did not seem promising. But, contrary to expectation, this very fact proved fortunate; for whereas Cotton¹ had built up his library, book by book, laboriously, Harley had the advantage of forming his, to a great extent, by the purchase of other well-known collections, either at the death of their original owners or after the manuscripts had passed through successive hands. Of these larger acquisitions may be noted the library which had belonged to the famous antiquary Sir Symonds D'Ewes, Cotton's friend, the greater number of the Grævius MSS., the twenty-three bulky volumes of the Baker collection, many of the papers, originally belonging to Nicholas Charles, Lancaster Herald, which at his death Camden had purchased for £90, and the collection of Stow, the historian of London. Charles's library consisted chiefly of epitaphs, drawings of monuments and arms, and an historical catalogue of the officers of the College of Arms. Some of these are now in the Heralds' College, one is in the Lansdowne collection, and the others were bought by Harley. On Strype's death, in 1737, the

majority of the papers of Foxe the martyrologist, which had been in the annalist's possession, also passed with others into Harley's hands; they form vols. 416 to 428 and vol. 590 of this collection. Some few are in the Lansdowne Library. By means of great exertions, and a lavish expenditure, Harley became within ten years the possessor of about 2500 old MSS., and in 1721 had accumulated 6000 volumes, 1400 charters, and 500 rolls, besides about 350,000 pamphlets. His entire library afterwards numbered over 20,000 volumes.

Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, was descended from an ancient family, existing, it is pretended, in Shropshire, at the time of the Conquest, and closely allied to the French family of de Harlai. He was the eldest son of Sir Edward Harley, member for the county of Hereford, in the Parliament which restored Charles II., was born in 1661, rose to a high position in public affairs, and was created by Queen Anne a peer of the realm by the style and title of Baron Wigmore in the county of Hereford, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.² Soon afterwards he was made Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain, and Prime Minister. He was twice married, — first to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Foley of Whitley Court, Worcestershire,

¹ See "Our National Collections of Manuscripts: The Cottonian Library," *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1895.

² The earldom of Mortimer was added, because, although Aubrey de Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford, had died without leaving male issue in 1702, it was necessary to guard against possible claimants among remote descendants of the de Veres.

by whom he had three children—a son, Edward, who succeeded him, and two daughters. His second wife was Sarah, daughter of Simon Middleton of Hurst Hill, Edmonton, who survived him some years.

Swift observes that Robert Harley was educated at Shilton, a private school in Oxfordshire, remarkable for having produced at the same time a Lord High Treasurer (the Earl of Oxford), a Lord High Chancellor (Lord Harcourt), a Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas (Lord Trevor), and ten members of the House of Commons, who were all contemporaries as well at school as in Parliament. From both his father and grandfather he had inherited a taste for books, and, as Speaker of the House of Commons, had taken considerable part in organising the Cottonian Library, when it was bequeathed to the nation. It was on this occasion that his notice was first drawn to Humphrey Wanley, who offered some valuable hints with regard to the arrangement of the Cotton MSS., and subsequently proved himself to be the model of librarians. Wanley was the son of a country parson, had received a university education, and had already achieved success and some fame as a scholar by his catalogue of the Anglo-Saxon MSS. preserved in the principal libraries of Great Britain. He would gladly have accepted the custodianship of the Cotton Library, in the place of Dr Smith, and wrote to Robert Nelson, a learned writer and philanthropist, who apparently possessed some influence with the Government, to solicit his good offices in procuring him that post. Nelson's answer, interpolated by a remark in Wanley's beautiful, scholarly hand, is interesting as an illustration of

the rivalry that existed between the two foremost librarians of the day.

"Were I as able to advise Mr Wanley as I am desirous to offer what might be most advantageous for his interest," wrote Nelson, "I should immediately have answered your last letter, which requires some queries to be resolved before I can well determine how you ought to proceed. For if there is any friendship between you and the Dr [Smith] will give a different aspect to your endeavours to supplant him."

Here there is a mark in the original letter, referring to a note written across the margin by Wanley as follows:—

"This is about the Cottonian Library, the custody whereof I did then, and many years after, most ardently desire. As to friendship between Dr Thomas Smith (here meant) and me, there was but little, his conversation being not suitable to mine by reason of his jealousies and peevishness extreme. I always allowed the doctor's pretensions to be much better grounded than mine; but if he, being a non-juror, could not swear to the Queen's government, or being much in years, should happen to de cease, as he did after some time, I desired that employment, when the trustees should please to regulate that noble collection."

"Otherwise," continues Nelson, "I can see no reason why a man that is qualified for an employment may not fairly offer himself as a candidate for it without injury to others that may pretend to it, and if you should want success, it no way diminishes those qualifications you were endowed with, for the discharge of the employment. If the Sir Robert Cotton you mention be of the Post Office, I believe I can find a way of applying to him.—I am, your faithful friend and servant,

"NELSON.

"2nd Octr. 1702."

Wanley's ardent desire was not destined to be satisfied, but a still more honourable position was in store for him, for not only did he become ultimately custodian of the Harleian MSS., but, as we shall

see, by his zeal, learning, and discrimination, he deserves to be considered with Lord Oxford the joint founder of the Harleian Library.

It was entirely owing to Wanley's energy that the D'Ewes collection, purchased for £6000, was secured by Lord Oxford, and it formed the basis of what may be termed our second great national collection of manuscripts. The acquisition of this celebrated library was the determining point in Wanley's destiny and in that of the Harleian Library itself. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, had bequeathed all his books and manuscripts to his grandson, another Sir Symonds, but without antiquarian or literary tastes. Wanley having discovered that although, according to the antiquary's will, his books might not be dispersed, they might still possibly be bought, wrote to Harley as follows :—

"Sir Symonds D'Ewes being pleased to honour me with a peculiar kindness of esteem, I have taken the liberty of inquiring of him whether he will part with his library; and I find that he is not unwilling to do so, and that at a much easier rate than I could think for. I dare say that it would be a noble addition to the Cotton Library; perhaps the best that could be had anywhere at present. . . . If your Honour should judge it impracticable to persuade her Majesty to buy them for the Cotton Library—in whose coffers such a sum as will buy them is scarcely conceivable—then, Sir, if you have a mind of them yourself, I will take care that you shall have them cheaper than any other person whatsoever. I know that many have their eyes on this collection. I am desirous to have this collection in town for the public good, and rather in a public place than in private hands, but of all private gentlemen's studies, first in yours. I have not spoken to anybody as yet, nor will not till I have your answer, that you may not be forestalled."

The D'Ewes collection was a

curiously miscellaneous one, containing much trivial matter side by side with learned treatises, transcripts of important cartularies, monastic registers, public and private muniments of the most varied description. A list of them is to be found in the Harleian MS. 775. No subject seems to have been void of interest for the great antiquary: he treasured up his school exercises as carefully as any ancient Greek manuscript or Roman charter. With the purchase of this library begins Wanley's term of office as librarian to Lord Oxford, which continued till his death in 1726. He supplied what was lacking of knowledge and literary acumen in his patron; for, like Sir Robert Cotton, Harley, despite his love of books, was by no means a man of letters. Even the insignificant pamphlets once ascribed to his pen have since been proved to be the work of others. His verses, some of which were printed in the sixteenth volume of Swift's works, are condemned by Macaulay as being "more execrable than the bellman's." But with Wanley at his side he surpassed even Cotton as a collector, for the librarian possessed an intimate knowledge of the contents of every foreign library of note, and Harley was always ready to spend in a princely fashion whenever Wanley considered that a manuscript was worth buying. On the sumptuous bindings with which he adorned these acquisitions he expended as much as £18,000. His principal binders were Thomas Elliott and Christopher Chapman of Duck Lane, who are the objects of some severe remarks in Wanley's *Diary* on the subject of their negligence and extravagant prices. On inspecting Mr Elliott's bill, he finds him "exceeding dear in all the works of Marocco, Turkey, and Russia

leather, besides that of velvet," and he is constantly reprimanding both men for their "negligence in executing my Lord's work."

Perhaps the best merited praise that has ever been bestowed on the founder of this celebrated library is Macaulay's tribute to his "sincere kindness for men of genius." However much the first Earl of Oxford may have transgressed politically—and he is accused of having been unscrupulous, weak, and incapable as a Minister—his service to literature, in the protection which he accorded to the learned, has won for him a high place in the estimation of his countrymen. Even as a politician he acquired some literary reputation, as being the first Minister who employed the Press for ministerial purposes; while amid the cares and passions of public life, and aims more or less worthy of a statesman, he occupied his scanty leisure with the altogether worthy object of gathering together under his own roof, for the benefit of students and scholars, as much as he could attain to of the lore and erudition of past ages.

The correspondence between Harley and Defoe preserved at Welbeck Abbey has been lately published by the Historical MSS. Commission, and reveals "the intimate relations which existed for public purposes" between these two remarkable men.

Of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, much praise and very little blame have been recorded. He has been quaintly described as "indeed rich but thankful, charitable without ostentation, and that in so good-natured a way as never to give pain to the person whom he obliged in that respect." He was, in truth, indolent and extravagant, faults which did not,

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however, detract from his popularity. He was the prey of adventurers, and the providence of impecunious poets such as Pope and Swift. All the learned men of the day were allowed access to his library. Oldys drew therefrom his materials for his *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*; Joseph Ames and Samuel Palmer had recourse to it in their black-letter studies. Pope was his adored friend, with whom he kept up a lively correspondence; and Swift was always welcome at his table. He had many tastes, of which book-collecting was not the least expensive; and of the fortune of £500,000 which his wife brought him the greater part is said to have been sacrificed to "indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wisdom." In 1740 he was obliged to sell Wimpole in order to clear off a debt of £100,000, a sacrifice which failed to appease his creditors, and, a prey to carking care, he found the downward path from conviviality to inebriety a rapid one.

It was during the life of the second Lord Oxford that the Rev. Thomas Baker bequeathed his works in manuscript to the Harleian Library. A memorandum prefixed to these MSS. states that, in consideration of one guinea (to satisfy his executors) paid by Mr Humphrey Wanley, he bequeaths the twenty-three volumes above-mentioned to his friend and patron the Earl of Oxford, being a part of his collection towards a history of the University of Cambridge, of which he was a member. The remaining volumes he left to the university. For industry and observation of men and manners, as shown in these materials, Thomas Baker is not unworthy to be compared with Anthony à Wood, the historian of Oxford.

Another important addition to

the library had been made in 1716 by the purchase of Dr John Covel's books.

The bequest of Matthew Prior, who died at Wimpole in 1721, consisted of nearly three hundred books from his own library, to be chosen by Lord Oxford himself. The selection which he made speaks for his (or Wanley's) extensive knowledge of rare editions. It included, among other choice specimens, the *Ausonius* printed at Bordeaux in 1575, and the *Aldine Commentary of Aristotle* issued in 1504, Blackwood's 'Martyre de la Roynie d'Écosse, Douairière de France,' 1587, and the 'Apologie ou Défense de l'Honorable Sentence et Très-juste Exécution de Marie Stuard,' 1593, besides many other scarce books, the whole being valued at the absurdly low price of £71.

The Harleian, like the Cottonian Library, was originally intended by its founders to furnish materials illustrating the history of Great Britain. It contains valuable copies of Gildas, Nennius, Alfred of Beverley, the Abbot Benedict, Florence of Worcester, and of many other early writers; it is rich in chronicles and histories of abbeys, in documents relating to the domestic policy of the kings of England, beginning with Edward the Confessor; in lives of the English saints, such as St Anselm, St Aidan, St Alban, St Thomas of Canterbury, the Venerable Bede, St Outhbert, St David, St Dunstan, &c. There are many letters from kings and other royal personages; papers relating to the dissolution of religious houses and the establishment of the Protestant religion; there are statutes, charters, let-

ters-patent, heraldic and armorial books, maps, original manuscripts of works which mark the dawn of English literature, such as unique copies of Chaucer and Lydgate, and of those intermediate poets who led up to Shakespeare. Volume 2278 contains Lydgate's *Life of St Edmund*, with many miniatures, which, if something crudely executed, are of great interest on account of their subject. The collection is extremely well provided with subject-matter for a history of the domestic policy of Queen Elizabeth; volume 6998 comprises letters from Topclyffe, the notorious spy in the pay of the Government, and from William Lee, the foreman of the jury who sat on *Campion's trial*, depositions of witnesses, lists of persons suspected or denounced as recusants, and warrants from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Keeper to apprehend them. There is, in the same volume, an account of the state of Wisbeach prison, teeming with "seminary priests and Jesuits," to whom the Catholics of the neighbourhood had free access, so that the writer complains that the prison resembled "a Catholic commonwealth in the midst of a Protestant country," and that Popery was spread, instead of being extinguished. Volume 6265 contains letters from Walsingham, the arraignment of *Campion*, an account of *Babington's conspiracy*, and other interesting papers belonging to that period. Volume 5106 consists mainly of notes made by Sir Francis Bacon, from the year 1594 to 1596, or thereabouts. They form the chief basis on which rests the theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works.¹ Five large volumes

¹ See the *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies*, by Francis Bacon, illustrated and elucidated by passages from Shakespeare, by Mrs Henry Pott, with a preface by E. A. Abbott, D.D.

of letters from nearly all the learned men of his time are addressed to Wanley; most of them are in Latin. The numbers in the catalogue are, however, misleading, the letters being now arranged alphabetically, according to the names of the writers.

The Harleian Library abounds also in materials relating to the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. It possesses a remarkable transcript of the 'Scotichronicon' of John Fordun; an original copy of Baston's verses on the battle of Bannockburn; a fine one of the Chronicle of Mailros; the life of King David, written by the Abbot of Rievaulx; copies of charters between Scottish and French kings, and transcripts overlooked by Rymer and John Harding, touching the lordship of England over Scotland. There is a contemporaneous transcript of a document concerning the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to the Dauphin, and various letters from the same queen. We also notice Papal Bulls enjoining the Scottish bishops to pay obedience to the Archbishop of York as their metropolitan, and the king's recognition of that archbishop's right, besides many other important papers too numerous to mention. Wales and Ireland also are well represented.

But, like the Cottonian, the Harleian Library spread its borders far beyond the limits of British history. As early as 1697 it had been Wanley's opinion that it would conduce very much to the benefit of learning in this country if some fit person or persons were sent abroad, who might make it their business to visit the libraries of France, Italy, and Germany, and to give a good account of the most valued MSS. therein. "The Papists," he adds in his memoran-

dum to this effect, "are communicative enough for love or money of any book that does not immediately concern their controversies with Protestants."¹

In accordance with this opinion is the commission given by Lord Oxford to Mr Andrew Hay in 1720 to proceed to France and Italy in order to buy MSS. for him. Wanley's letter of instructions on this occasion shows such an intimate knowledge of the contents of all the great libraries of those countries that, long as it is, we cannot forbear quoting it in its entirety:—

"MR ANDREW HAY,—You being upon your departure towards France and Italy, by my noble Lord's order, I give you this commission, not *now* expecting that you can execute every part of it in this journey, but yet hoping that you will dispatch those articles, which are of the greatest importance, and put the others into a proper posture against the time of your next return thither.

"In Paris Fr. Bernard Montfaucon has some Coptic, Syriac, and other MSS. worth the buying. Among them is an old leaf of the Greek Septuagint, written in uncial or capital letters. Buy these and the leaden book he gave to Cardinal Bouillon, if he can procure it for you or direct you to it. In the archives of the Cistercian monastery of Clervaulx I am told there are some original letters or epistles written by the hand of St Hierome upon phylira or bark. One or more of these will be acceptable, if not too outrageously valued. The Duke of Savoy has many Greek MSS., as also the Egyptian board or table of Isis, adorned with hieroglyphics, being those which have been explained by Pignorius, Richerus, &c. Let me have some account of these.

"At Venice buy a set of the Greek liturgical books printed there—I mean a set of the first edition, if they may be had; if not, let us have the other. Buy also Thomassini Bibliothecæ

¹ Harl. MS., vol. 5911, fol. 2.

Venetæ in 4to. Get a catalogue of Mr Smith's MSS. there, and inquire how matters go about Giustiniani's Greek MSS. In the booksellers' shops, &c., you may frequently pick up Greek MSS. which the Greeks bring from the Morea and other parts of the Levant. Remember to get the fragments of Greek MSS. you left with the bookseller who bought Maffeo's library. The family of Moscardi at Verona have many valuable antiquities, and among the rest, four instruments of the Emperor Theodosius, junior (now imperfect), written upon phylira. These must be bought, and especial care taken of them, &c. The first begins 'dem relectis'; the second, 'ius vir in ast'; the third, 'ius vir in'; the fourth, 'ni Siciliensis.' At Florence the Dominicans or Franciscans have a large collection of Greek MSS. You may see them and get a catalogue of them if you can. Buy Ernstius or some other catalogue of the Grand Duke's MSS.

"At Milan, in the Ambrosian Library, is a very ancient Catullus, part of Josephus, in Latin, written upon bark; a Samaritan Pentateuch in octavo, part of the Syriac Bible in the ancient or Estrangele characters; divers Greek MSS. in capital letters, being parts of the Bible, with other books of great antiquity, both Greek and Latin. You may look upon them and send me some account.

"At Monza (about ten miles from Milan) is an imperfect Antiphonarium Gregorii Papæ. It is all written upon purple-coloured parchment, with capital letters of gold. Buy this if you can.

"The family of Septata, at Milan, have a Latin writing upon bark. Buy this if it will be parted with.

"In the archives of the church of Ravenna are divers instruments written upon bark. You may see them.

"At Rome, the Greek monks of St Basil have very many old Greek MSS. written in capitals, particularly a book of the four Gospels, and some pieces of St Gregory Nazianzen upon St Paul's Epistles. Buy as many as you can, for I hear they are poor, and therefore they may sell the cheaper. They have likewise a Greek charter of Roger, King of Sicily, in five

pieces, with some other instruments in Greek, written upon bark or vellum. Buy these also if you can.

"The Fathers of the Oratory at Rome have many very ancient MSS., both Greek and Latin. See them at least, even supposing that they will not sell. In the Cathedral Library at Pisa are many ancient MSS. Let me have some account of these also.

"The monks of Bovio, near, if not in, Pavia, have many very ancient MSS., and among the rest a book of the Gospels in Latin, wherein St Luke is written *Lucanus*. They have many old deeds in their archives. Buy what you can.

"At Cava (about a day's journey from Naples) is a Benedictine monastery. In the archives or treasury is a Greek deed of Roger, King of Sicily, with his golden seal appendant. Buy this if you can. In the library are some old MSS.; see them at least, if you cannot buy.

"At Naples, in the library of the Augustin Friars of St John de Carbonara, is a Greek MS. of the Gospels (or of homilies upon the Gospels), all written in capitals, with letters of gold upon purple parchment. This must be bought. There is also a Dioscorides in Greek capitals, being a large work with figures of the planets, &c. This must also be bought. There is also a good number of other ancient MSS., both Greek and Latin. Among the latter is an Hieronimus de Scripturis Ecclesiasticis, in Saxon letters, and the Gospels in Latin, where St Luke is called *Lucanus*. Buy of these what you can.

"If the Greek MSS. of the monastery of St Saviour, near Messina in Sicily, or any of them, do remain there yet, or in that neighbourhood, as it is probable they may, notwithstanding the late wars, they will doubtless come exceeding cheap. You will inquire, however, how this matter stands.

"Pray, sir," he goes on, "all along in your journey, endeavour to secure what Greek MSS. and Latin classical MSS. you can, provided they come at reasonable prices, and let me be favoured with an account of your proceedings as often as may be convenient."

And he adds:—

"Mr Hay, in executing this commission, my noble Lord cannot give you positive directions how to bid upon every occasion, by reason of this his great distance from those parts, and must therefore rely upon your fidelity, your prudence, your usual dexterity in business, and your personal affection to him. You will be sure always to buy as cheap as you can, for I foresee that some of the things his Lordship chiefly wants or is desirous of, will not come for a small matter. In most of the monasteries you will be able to buy for ready money; but it may be at a cheaper rate with the Greek monks of St Basil's monastery at Rome, whose MSS. are good, and themselves in want.

"I beseech God to bless and prosper you all along, in this so long a journey, and to bring you back again with safety and good success; and you may be sure that you will be more welcome to but very few than to, good Sir, your very hearty well-wisher and most humble servant,

"HUMPHREY WANLEY.

"26th April 1720."¹

Wanley, it may be observed, added to his knowledge of manuscripts a certain fondness for driving a bargain. He was extremely desirous of obtaining the treasures which he describes with so much minuteness; but he was almost as much bent on getting them cheap as on getting them at all. This may have been the result of solicitude for the pocket of his patron, who was ruining himself to enrich his library; but at all events, in this matter nature and grace seem to have gone amicably hand in hand. Wanley's only comment on the death of the Earl of Sunderland in 1722 is to the effect that it will make rare old books more accessible, from the fact of their being less in demand, "so that any gentleman

may be permitted to buy an uncommon old book for less than forty or fifty pounds."

Mr Hay's expedition was not entirely successful. Some of the MSS. mentioned in the above letter, which Wanley insists "must be bought," are clearly *not* in the Harleian collection, and notably the Greek and Latin MSS. written with letters of gold upon purple parchment. This library contains among its choicest treasures no manuscript entirely written upon purple vellum, the Codex Aureus being only partially thus stained. During the early ages of Christianity the Greeks and Romans were in the habit of writing their most precious books in letters of gold and silver on purple-stained vellum, that colour being the distinguishing sign of royalty and greatness. Purple was only worn by princes, and in this manner of distinguishing the Scriptures was shown the high degree of reverence in which they were held. The practice was continued during the fifth and three following centuries; although it was so little known in England that when, towards the end of the seventh century, St Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, gave a copy of the Gospels ornamented in this manner to York Minster, his biographer describes the book as a thing almost miraculous. Manuscripts entirely composed of leaves of purple vellum are of the greatest rarity, and many are described by palæographers as purple-stained when they are only partially so. The age of a manuscript may sometimes be determined (among its other characteristics) by the fineness and whiteness of the vellum, and sometimes by its purple colour. The MSS. numbered 2788, 2820, and 2821 in the Har-

¹ Printed in the Preface to the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS.

leian Library are described by Astle as purple-stained, whereas they are only thus painted in places intended to receive the golden letters. Frequently only the most important parts — such as the title-pages, prefaces, or a few pages at the beginning of each Gospel, or the Canon of the Mass — are written on vellum which has been prepared in this manner.

Number 2788 is the famous *Codex Aureus* or *Golden Gospels*. Its acquisition by Lord Oxford is chronicled in Wanley's *Diary* in the year 1720. On the 14th May he writes :—

"Yesterday Mr Vaillant (a bookseller) brought me a specimen of the characters of that Latin MS. of the Gospels which is to be sold at the approaching auction of Menare's¹ books at The Hague. These characters are all uncials, gilded over with gold, and appear to be formed in very elegant manner. Among them I observe A, G, V, M, and E so shaped, which is not commonly seen in the body or text of old MSS., although frequent in the title or Rubrics. In my opinion this most ancient and valuable book should be purchased at any rate."

Lord Oxford gave orders for the *Golden Manuscript* to be secured, and commissioned Mr Vaillant to buy it with all secrecy and prudence. There are several entries in Wanley's *Diary* concerning the negotiations for this purchase, and on the 27th June all is brought to a happy conclusion: "This day the *Codex Aureus Latinus* was cleared out of the King's warehouse and delivered into my custody." On the 29th its solemn entry into the Harleian Library is recorded, and on July 13th of the following year we find that "Mr Elliott having clothed the *Codex Aureus* in my Lord's marocco leather, took the same from home

this day in order to work upon it with his best tools, which he can do with much more conveniency at his own house than here." Wanley makes a note of this fact, because of his "speedy journey to Oxford in case any ill accident should happen."

This celebrated MS. is written throughout in gold letters upon vellum, with the exception of the first lines of chapters in the Gospels, and the first lines of the subsidiary articles, which are in red. The paintings of the four Evangelists are extremely interesting, and the title-pages are stained purple. It is described by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson as French, of the time of Charlemagne, and we may add that its position in the Harleian may be compared to that of the *Durham Book* in the Cottonian Library.

The MSS. numbered 2820 and 2821 are further examples of partially purple-stained vellum, in imitation of earlier work. They are of German workmanship of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The execution of the miniatures is condemned by Sir Edward Thompson as "very rude" and "hard"; but with all deference to so great an authority, we must put in a plea for them, on the score of their extreme naïveté and candour. A medieval roll of great interest, one of the treasures of the collection, consists of a series of beautiful outline drawings, known as the "*Guthlac Roll*," representing scenes out of the life of St Guthlac. These drawings, which date from the twelfth century, are contained in eighteen *rondeaux*, intended perhaps as a design for a stained-glass window in honour of the saint, at Croyland Abbey. They quaintly describe, with exquisite delicacy of form and colour,

¹ Jean Jacques Charron, Marquis de Menars.

how Guthlac, after taking leave of his parents, renounces the profession of arms, and receives the tonsure at the hands of Bishop Hedda. Then, sailing away in a boat to Croyland, he builds his oratory with the help of two companions, Becelin and Tatwin, and an angel converses with him. No sooner is he launched in his new career of prayer and penance than demons assail him, carry him to the roof of his oratory, and scourge him with knotted cords. But he scares them away with the white scourge given to him by St Bartholomew. He is then ordained priest, instructs Ethelbald in the Christian religion, and prophesies that he will be king. The last six rondeaux show the death of Guthlac, the burial of his body by his sister Pega, his appearing to Ethelbald and his attendants, who are weeping round the tomb of the saint, and his blissful state in heaven among the benefactors of Croyland Abbey.

We have already referred to Wanley's *Diary*,¹ a chronicle of the purchases made by Lord Oxford during the greater part of Wanley's custodianship, and of the principal events which happened with regard to the library. It begins on the 2nd March 1714, when Wanley had been librarian for about six years. Some of the entries are extremely curious, as showing the energy with which old MSS. were traced, discovered, and purchased, and the tact and discretion employed in order to induce their owners to part with them. A fine MS. of part of Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History' in Saxon, and two other valuable Saxon MSS.—King Alfred's translation of Ossius and a copy of Ælfrick's Grammar—are discovered in 1714, in private hands, besides the Psal-

terium Gallicanum of St Jerome "with the * and ÷, written about the time of the last King Æthelred, with the Litany and some prayers, being one of the most beautiful books that can be seen."

There was, moreover, a constant activity in the library itself. All who had any kind of MS. for sale came to Wanley, and he notifies the arrival of books in Chinese, Armenian, Samaritan, Hebrew, Chaldee, Æthiopic and Arabic (both in Asiatic and African letters), in Persian, Turkish, Russian, Greek, ancient and modern, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Provençal, High German, Low German, Flemish, Anglo-Saxon, English, Welsh, and Irish, in all about 940 MSS.,—

"which is," he remarks, "a great parcel, besides which my Lord hath got many other MSS. remaining at Wimpole. . . . My Lord hath not only other MSS. in this room, written in almost all those [languages] above enumerated, but also in those that follow, which I call to mind on the sudden—viz., Chinese, Japanese, Sanscrit or Hanscrit, Malabaric, Syriac, in the Nestorian, as well as in the common characters (some few specimens of Coptic letters), Slavonian, Wallachian, Hungarian, Courlandish, Francic or old Teutonic, Biscayan, Portuguese."

On one occasion a person who had some books for sale, which he was anxious that Lord Oxford should buy, offered Wanley a *douceur* in the hope that the librarian would effect a purchase,—"not knowing," he says, simply, "the kind of man I am." Wanley refused the bribe, but advised his patron to buy the books, which he did. At another time—

"A French sort of droll came to my lodging, saying he was sent to me by Mr Bu-Pis of Long Acre. He pulled out a 4to paper MS., dedicated

¹ Lansdowne MSS., 771, 772.

to Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, treating of Geomancy and other like nonsense, being written mostly in German. Monsieur stumped up the value of it, and often swore it was the finest thing in the world. I asked him the price of it, and looked grum and gravely, which he saw with satisfaction; but as soon as his answer of fifty guineas was out, I replied that was the book mine, he should have it for the hundredth part of a quart d'écu. The droll would, however, have made remonstrances, but I would hear none; *il ne vaut rien* being my word. So I waited on him downstairs, which he took as a piece of ceremony; but indeed it was to see him out of the house without stealing something."

One of the most important negotiations chronicled by Wanley relates to the purchase of the Grævius MSS. in 1724-25. Johann Grævius was a German classical scholar, born in 1632, and chiefly known by his '*Thesaurus Antiquitatum Romanorum*,' and his '*Antiquitatum et Historiarum Italia*,' in 45 volumes. His library, one of the most remarkable in Europe, was sold, at his death in 1703, to the Elector Johann Wilhelm, for 6000 reichsthaler. The Elector presented all the printed books to the university of Heidelberg, but kept the MSS. —119 in number—in his own library at Düsseldorf. They were accounted such treasures that travellers interested in antiquities were taken to see them. The German scholar Uffenbach, who visited the Elector's library in 1711, says:—

"Among the few MSS. that were shown to me, the most remarkable was a beautiful old quarto codex of Horace, which Grævius once lent to Mr Bentley, who could not be prevailed on to restore it till forced into it by the threat that the Elector would appeal to the Queen. There

were several volumes of autograph letters from learned men, collected by Grævius, and several very beautiful breviaries, among which was one in duodecimo, bound in silver, and containing as many beautiful figures as I have ever seen in such books. Mr Le Roy also showed me the '*Officia Ciceronis*,' printed by Schæffer in 1466—namely, the books *De Amicitia et Senectute*."

The above MSS., together with others not mentioned by Uffenbach, subsequently found their way into the Harleian Library, and have been identified by Mr A. C. Clark, who has made a careful study of them, aided by the dates written in Wanley's hand on the first page.¹

The manner of their disappearance from the Elector's library illustrates the more than questionable dealings to which book-collectors were often subjected at the hands of their librarians. There is a remarkable correspondence preserved in the Bodleian Library, consisting of autograph letters which passed between Büchels, the Elector's librarian at Düsseldorf, and Zamboni, the resident at the British Court for the Landgraf of Hesse Darmstadt. In appearance it is innocent enough: Zamboni has MSS. for sale on behalf of persons abroad. But there is more than meets the eye, and the correspondence is, almost beyond a doubt, the disguised and detailed account of how the Elector was robbed of his MSS., and how Zamboni defrauded the fraudulent librarian. The whole history of the Grævius MSS. seems to be one of speculation until they came into Lord Oxford's possession. Grævius himself is by no means irreproachable in the matter of restoring borrowed books to their rightful owners; Büchels, a Latin scholar

¹ See his interesting paper in the '*Classical Review*,' October 1891, "*The Library of J. G. Grævius*."

and bibliograph of some merit, has a suspicious tendency to appropriate his master's goods; and Zamboni, had he lived in these days, would certainly have been prosecuted for fraudulent bankruptcy, if indeed the whole transaction were not too dishonest to risk exposure.

Büchels, in writing to Zamboni, August 13, 1717, maintains an air of mystery about the books which he offers to him for sale, professing to get them from various monasteries, and describing the difficulties which he has in obtaining them. There are English dealers about, too, who raise the price of everything. By degrees he sends lists of what he has to dispose of, and shelters himself behind a mysterious friend, who is obliged to sell such and such a book. Sometimes this friend is travelling about, sometimes he is in the country, but is always the source of difficulties. But Zamboni is not deceived to the extent that Büchels wishes to deceive him, and he knows full well that the manuscripts offered to him all formed part of the *Codices Græviani*, and he tells Wanley so, but does not, of course, mention Büchels. Meanwhile there is much bargaining between Büchels and Zamboni; but it is certain, from the correspondence in the Bodleian Library, that Zamboni never paid for the MSS. he sold to Lord Oxford in anything but promises. The bills which he gave were never met, and if the Elector was the loser, his librarian cannot be said to have profited by the fraud.

Wanley's part in the transaction—a strictly honourable one—is fully recorded in the *Diary*. On the 26th December 1724 he writes:—

“The last night Mr Mattaire came to me, and said that he had seen Signor Zamboni, and nine MSS. which

are lately come to him from Italy—that they will soon be sent to his house, without being shown to any other, and that then I shall see them forthwith. And further, that this Signior expects a little parcel of Greek MSS., not yet arrived.”

Then three weeks later he adds:

“This morning I went to Mr Mattaire, with whom I saw fifteen old Latin MSS., or fragments of MSS., belonging now to Signor Zamboni, but formerly to the Dutch Professor Grævius.”

He opens a negotiation, and after some months writes thus:—

“Signor Zamboni sending a very kind letter to me, and desiring to visit me, either here or at my lodgings, I desired he would please to call here, my lodgings being out of order, by reason of my maid's being married yesterday. Signor Zamboni came hither about 2, and I showed him many more of my Lord's MSS., to his great satisfaction. At length he desired that I would go along with him to an ordinary where he was to dine with some foreign persons of distinction. I complied with his request, as thinking I might do my Lord some service; and after dinner was over, and the rest of the company gone, he assured me that as to the price of the MSS. which he hath sent hither, he will leave it entirely to my regulation, and accept of whatever I shall think an equitable price for them: only, he desires a dispatch as speedy as may be, lest the owner should send for them back. He further said that the owner chiefly values the two volumes of learned men's Letters, the Saxon *Spiegel*, and the Prayer-book of Solymán the Magnificent.”

Three days later, September 27, 1725, the *Diary* further records:—

“Yesterday Signor Zamboni came to me, and was entertained to his own content and satisfaction. He conferred with me about the MSS. here in my custody, and will stand to my award, between my Lord and him. He says that as to the things my Lord formerly had of him, that

he was no gainer ; but that in one of the parcels he of himself lowered the price twenty pounds less than his commission ran for. I hope I shall be able to separate the two volumes of Letters, the Saxon Spiegel, and Solyman's Prayer-book, although they are very curious and valuable things, and so my Lord may have the others very cheap. This done, I believe that the same Letters and two MSS. may in time fall into my Lord's hands, at a price far lower than they are now held up at. Signor Zamboni, who proves to be a good-natured, and is (I believe) an honest gentleman, mentioned 4000 more original Letters in the possession of his correspondent, which may soon be brought over into England."

On the 2nd October he says :—

"I waited on Signor Zamboni yesterday, who is daily teased by his Dutch correspondent, about the chest of MSS. lying here."

There is a further delay of nearly a fortnight, and then Wanley writes to Zamboni to the effect that Lord Oxford has at last seen many of his MSS., which he is not unwilling to buy at a reasonable price, and willingly forgoes the two volumes of learned men's Letters, the Saxon Spiegel, and Sultan Solyman's Prayer-book, "if held up too dear." He asks for the Greek MS. of Hesiod which he formerly saw among them, but which has since been withdrawn. Ultimately he sends back the books, for which "this greedy Signor" asks "the most horrible price." His hope that they may subsequently come to the library for less money is fulfilled as far as the Letters are concerned ; they are volumes 4933, 4934, 4935, and 4936. Among them are a few other letters, which were already in the Harleian Library when the Düsseldorf MSS. were purchased, and which Wanley had bound up with them.

The MSS. bought by Wanley from Zamboni number eighty-four, and comprise nearly all the important books mentioned in the Grævius catalogue. The Hesiod is the only valuable Greek MS. missing, and the principal Latin MS. of this collection which did not pass into the Harleian Library is a Terence. It is also to be regretted that Wanley did not secure the Prayers of Solyman and the celebrated Saxon Spiegel. Of the eighty-four other MSS., two have a special historical interest : the Cicero (2682) and the Quintilian (2664), both of which can be traced to the Cathedral Library at Cologne. Grævius borrowed the Cicero in 1663 from the authorities, and never returned it. The Elector Johann Wilhelm bought it among his other books which were sold at his death. It consists of a folio of 192 leaves of coarse vellum written in a German hand of the latter part of the eleventh century, and has been the subject of much learned criticism. It was collated a few years ago by Mr A. C. Clark, but until he identified it as one of the books that had formed part of the Grævius collection, very little attention had been paid to it. There is no trace of it before the sixteenth century, beyond the fact that its first collator was Modius of Cologne, who was allowed to use the Cathedral Library, to which the Cicero then belonged. The acquisition of these MSS. was the last important purchase made by Wanley : he died a few months later, aged fifty-three.

Besides the above-mentioned treasures from the Düsseldorf Library, the Harleian possesses among other Greek classical MSS. some that are unique in character. Sir E. Maunde Thompson, in his 'Catalogue of Ancient MSS. in

the British Museum,' calls attention to three in the Harleian collection which appear to him of superior merit. These are: (1) The Greek-Latin glossary of the seventh century. This MS. is of extreme interest, both for language and palæography: it consists of 277 leaves of vellum, varying in thickness, some of it being very coarse. At the end, on a fly-leaf, is some scribbling in what is described as a "Merovingian hand." (2) The Greek MS. of the ninth or tenth century, imperfect in the beginning and in several other places, described by Wanley as the *Codex Prusensis*. The initial letters, some of which are ornamented, are generally red. (3) A volume numbered 5694 in the catalogue, and containing a part of Lucian's works, on 134 leaves of fine vellum, dates from the tenth century. On the second fly-leaf are these words in an Italian fifteenth-century hand: "*Libro de Jo. Chalceopylus Constantinopolitanus,*" and at the bottom of the page, "*Atonnii Seripandi ex Henrici Casolle amici optimi munere.*" Wanley says that this MS. was supposed to have been carried from the old Imperial Library at Constantinople to the monastery of Bobi, near Naples. He considered it "the finest old Greek classical MS. now in England." According to Sir E. Maunde Thompson, the library of Seripandus was preserved in the Augustinian monastery of St John of Carbonara at Naples, but a part of it was sold to Jan de Witt, who took it to Holland, and this MS. was among the number, and included in the sale catalogue of De Witt's library in 1701. Jan van der Mark of Utrecht bought it, and on this account it is described in the Amsterdam edition of Lucian as the *Codex Marcianus*. Later on it came into the possession of John Bridges of Northamp-

tonshire, who sold it to the second Lord Oxford.

The earliest Latin MS. in the Harleian Library is a copy of the four Gospels of the sixth or seventh century (1775). It was bought by the first Lord Oxford from Jean Aymon, who stole it, together with eight other MSS., from the Bibliothèque Royale in Paris in 1707. It still bears on folio 2 its original press-mark. Another MS. in Lord Oxford's possession having been identified as one of these, was restored to its rightful owners in 1729. It consisted of thirty-five leaves of the Epistles of St Paul, the canonical Epistle, and the Apocalypse, written in gold letters on vellum and dating from the early centuries of the Christian era.

Jean Aymon was a renegade French priest who had retired to The Hague, married, and become a Lutheran pastor. He enjoyed a considerable reputation for learning and piety among the Dutch; but wearying of his monotonous, uneventful life, he resolved on returning to France, under pretext of offering to M. Olément, the king's sub-librarian, a certain book which he had discovered. He accordingly wrote to Olément asking him to procure him a passport in order that he might present the book in question and reveal some important matters to the king. Olément obtained the passport, and Aymon returned to France, where in order to ingratiate himself with the librarian he declared that he wished to be restored in religion. He was advised to retire for a time to the seminary of Foreign Missions, in order to study his position and prepare for his rehabilitation as a priest. But he complained bitterly of the treatment which he received at the seminary, and paid frequent visits to Olément, who with astounding simplicity allowed him to remain

often quite alone in the royal library. Here he employed himself in making selections from valuable manuscripts, sometimes cutting out pages from the middle of a volume, where the theft would be less easily detected. When he had gathered in a considerable harvest, he cleverly obtained another passport and escaped to The Hague. He accounted for his absence by saying that he had been to seek documents important for the defence of religion, and made no secret of having brought back rich trophies. It was thus, through public rumour, that Clément became aware that the king's library had been robbed; but Aymon's method of pilfering had so far succeeded that it was some time before it could be ascertained what number of manuscripts he had stolen. By degrees, however, the list was completed and sent to Holland. The Abbé Bignon was the king's librarian at the time when it was discovered that one at least of the stolen MSS. was in the Harleian Library. As soon as Edward, Lord Oxford, became aware of the fact, he hastened to restore it, and received in exchange a very polite acknowledgment of his courtesy from Cardinal Fleury on behalf of the king.¹

In 1725 Wanley enumerates the Greek MSS. in the Harleian Library as 173. Among the illuminated ones, that numbered 1810 calls for special attention. It is an Evangelia executed in Greece in the twelfth century, and written in black and red characters on the finest vellum. Some of the miniatures have suffered considerably, the paint having cracked in parts, but the faces are still full of life and beauty. One that has suffered the least represents the death of the Virgin. The Apostles sur-

round the bed on which she lies extended, the aged St Peter lifts up his hands in an attitude of grief, St John is leaning over her left side, another bends forward and embraces her feet. In a lozenge-shaped medallion, on a gold background, our Lord holds her soul in His arms, in the form of a little child. A crowd of people are in the background, and a figure at the head of the bed swings a censer. Three women are contemplating the scene from a small window—the two in the background representing perhaps those who are present at the scene by means of meditation. Another remarkable miniature, the last in the book, is a good deal cracked, but still extremely interesting for the force, and at the same time the delicacy, of its touch. Our Lord appears to the apostles after the Resurrection. St Thomas is in the act of placing his finger in the wounded side. The print of the nails is seen in the hands and feet. Sir Edward Thompson distinguishes this MS. with his by no means frequent encomium "Very good."

The Greek Evangelium of the ninth or tenth century (5787), with its ornamental initials and borders, and St Jerome's Latin version of the Psalter (2793), with a preface addressed to Sophronius, and written in a tenth-century hand, should not be entirely passed over.

Another Psalter (2904), executed in England at the end of the tenth or beginning of the eleventh century, has a fine drawing of the Crucifixion, and grand initial letters. Westwood, in his 'Facsimiles and Miniatures,' considers that this drawing is the finest of the kind, and the initial B ("Beatus vir qui non abiit in consilio impiorum") the noblest with which he is acquainted. This MS. has most

¹ L. V. Delisle, *Le Cabinet des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale*.

of the characteristics of the later Anglo-Saxon school—the hunched-up shoulders to express grief, the attenuated lower limbs, and the manner in which prominence is given to the central figure by drawing the others smaller. On a scroll which St John holds are the words: “Hic est discipulis qui testimonii perhibet.” The arrangement of Pilate’s superscription—“Hic est Nazarēn IHC rex judæor”—is unusual, but not without precedent.

The Harleian Library contains no fewer than 300 MSS. of the Bible, or parts of the Bible, written and illuminated between the seventh and the fourteenth century. Of the later copies we may note one of the whole Bible, written in the thirteenth century, and described in the ‘Catalogue of Ancient MSS. in the British Museum’ as “remarkable”; and a Psalter written before 1339, beautifully illuminated, and further interesting as having belonged to Philippa of Hainault, and as bearing the arms of England without France. There is also a fine series of Talmudical and Rabbinical books, nearly 200 volumes of Fathers of the Church, as well as Liturgical books of the different Latin and Greek Churches. The polite literature of the Middle Ages is admirably represented, among other examples, by the famous ‘Roman de la Rose’ with its brilliant fourteenth century miniatures, its wonderful figures gorgeously attired, its wide borders richly decorated with flowers, fruit, birds, and insects, of which the rose is the most prominent feature. One of the most fascinating miniatures represents—

“Comment Narcissus se mira
A la fontaine et souspira”;

and after a long but delightful

pilgrimage by flowery meads and limpid streams, amid curious medieval gardens—

“La conclusion du rommant
Est que vous voiez ez lemant
Qui prent la rose a son plaisir
En qui estait tout son desir.”

This necessarily short glimpse into the treasures of the Harleian Library will at least account for the great celebrity it attained within a comparatively short time of its foundation. Wanley was careful to enter the names of visitors into his diary. On the 15th January 17½, he writes:—

“Dr Fiddes came and communicated to me his intention of writing the life of Cardinal Wolsey at large; and desired me to transcribe for him all such materials in this library as I should find for his purpose. I showed him divers things here, and gave him notice of many others in the Cottonian Library, &c., but as to transcribing for him, begged his excuse, &c.”

On the 22nd December 1721, he says:—

“Mr Bowles, the Bodleian Library keeper, came, and I spent most of the time showing him some of the rarities here, to his great wonder and satisfaction.”

And on the 28th:—

“Mr Bowles came and saw more of the rarities here.”

Two more visits from Mr Bowles are chronicled, when he saw “yet more of the curious books, papers, and parchments here”; and shortly after Wanley writes, “Many come and tarry long.” A visit from David Casley, keeper of the Cottonian and Royal Libraries, on the 4th November 1725, is suggestive of a certain amount of friction between the rival librarians. It is nearly the last entry:—

“Mr Casley came to collate my Lord’s MSS. of Titus Livius for Mr D’Orville, by my Lord’s order. I am

civil to him, but when just now he offered me a South Sea bond as security to let him carry one of the said MSS. home, to collate it there, I would by no means hearken to such a proposal."

Perhaps Wanley would have regarded him with still greater suspicion if he had known that Casley was to be his successor in cataloguing the MSS. which he kept with so jealous an eye. The talents of the two men were very different, as the catalogue itself shows. That part of it for which Wanley is responsible contains a description and an abstract of each MS.; but Casley, whose knowledge of the age of MSS. has never been surpassed, contented himself with fixing their dates, without any reference to their contents.

The work of building up the library does not seem to have deteriorated after Wanley's death. The search for precious MSS. was still actively carried on, and a copy of a large collection of original royal and other letters and State papers in the Lansdowne Library furnishes us with an example of Lord Oxford's unabated zeal in the pursuit of books. Appended to these papers is the following note, written on the first leaf by Mr J. West, and dated May 2, 1742 :—

"*Mem.*—I went with Edward, Earl of Oxford, to view these MSS. at a barber's shop, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when we were carried up two pair of stairs, and an old woman asked £300 for the MSS., which was thought exorbitant, but which would have been given, if she would have declared any lawful title to us as owner of them."

After Casley, Hocker, deputy keeper of the Records in the Tower,

undertook to continue the catalogue, but only completed it as far as the number 7355. When the collection was brought to the Museum, after the death of the second Earl of Oxford, Dr Brown, Professor of Arabic at Oxford, and Dr Kennicott, Fellow of Exeter College, added titles to such of the Arabic and Hebrew MSS. as needed them. Gomez, a learned Jew, was employed to do the same for the rabbinical books without titles. In 1800 the Rev. Robert Nares was appointed to continue and revise the catalogue. In a letter from Nares to Bishop Percy, dated "British Museum, Jan. 19, 1801," he says :—

"I am just now deep in old MSS., correcting all that part of the Harleian Catalogue which was left unfinished by Humphrey Wanley, and very imperfectly executed by Mr Casley."

The work of Nares was supplemented by Stebbing, Shaw, and Douce, and the Rev. T. Hartwell Horne added a series of Indexes, and published the catalogue in 1812.¹

On the death of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, in 1741, his widow,² who is described as a "dull, worthy woman," cared to retain few of her husband's treasures. His various curiosities were sold by auction; his printed books, pamphlets, and engravings disposed of to Thomas Osborne, a bookseller of Gray's Inn, for £13,000—several thousand pounds less than the cost of their bindings. A selection of scarce pamphlets and tracts found in the library was made by Oldys, and printed in eight volumes in 1746 under the title of the '*Harleian Miscellany*.' Dr Johnson wrote a preface to this work. The best edition of the '*Harleian Miscel-*

¹ Nichol's Literary Illustrations, vol. vii. p. 591.

² She was Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter of John, fourth Earl of Clare, created Duke of Newcastle.

lany' is that of Thomas Park, in ten volumes, published in 1808-13.

There still remained the precious manuscripts, and it had been the wish of Lord Oxford that books so carefully collected might not be dispersed. In accordance with this wish, Lady Oxford sold them to the nation in 1753 for the inconsiderable sum of £10,000. They then consisted of 7639 volumes, besides 14,236 original rolls, charters, deeds, and other documents; and these were removed to the British Museum, where they found a safe and suitable resting-place.

But although, fortunately, the Harleian MSS. have been preserved from the fate of so many choice volumes in the Cottonian Collection, they have suffered to some extent from the carelessness or dishonesty of borrowers. Edward, Lord Oxford, was generous to a fault in lending, with the inevitable result. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the only one of his literary friends whom Lady Oxford tolerated,¹ wrote the following letter to her husband from Avignon in 1745, at the time when, probably, the MSS. having been removed to the British Museum, attention was called to the fact that some were missing:—

"I perfectly remember carrying

back the manuscript you mention, and delivering it to Lord Oxford. I never failed returning to himself all the books he lent me. It is true, I showed it to the Duchess of Montague, but we read it together, and I did not even leave it with her. I am not surprised, in that vast quantity of manuscripts, some should be lost or mislaid, particularly knowing Lord Oxford to be careless of them, easily lending, and as easily forgetting he had done it. I remember, I carried him once one very finely illuminated, that when I delivered, he did not recollect he had lent it to me, though it was but a few days before. Whenever this is, I think you had need be in no pain about it."²

Two years after the removal of the Harleian Library to the British Museum, Lady Oxford died, leaving an only daughter, Margaret Cavendish, married to William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland. She was the "noble, lovely little Peggy," sung by Prior. As she had inherited none of her father's and grandfather's tastes, it was fitting that the grand collection of MSS., for the sake of which they had impoverished themselves, should go to enrich an innumerable multitude of scholars and students of all nations, and for all time.

J. M. STONE.

¹ "It is a common remark that people of brilliant parts often have no objection to relax or *rest* their understandings in the society of those whose intellects are a little more obtuse. Here was an instance: the gods never made anybody less poetical than Lady Oxford; and yet Lady Mary Wortley, though in general not over tolerant to her inferiors in capacity, appears upon the whole to have loved nobody so well. And there was an exception equally striking in her favour; for Lady Oxford, heartily detesting most of the wits who surrounded her husband, yet admired Lady Mary with all her might—pretty much as the parish-clerk reverences the rector for his Greek and Hebrew. Lady Bute confessed that she sometimes got into sad disgrace by exclaiming, 'Dear mama! how can you be so fond of that stupid woman?' which never failed to bring upon her a sharp reprimand and a lecture against rash judgments, ending with 'Lady Oxford is not shining, but she has much more in her than such giddy things as you and your companions can discern.'"—*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, second ed., vol. i. p. 66.

² *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, vol. ii. p. 147.

THE CALENDAR OF SCOTTISH CRIME.

I.

DISCUSSIONS on Sir Walter Scott's rank in literature generally hinge only on his poetry and romances. His work as a historian has been eclipsed by the brilliancy and profusion of his novels. But the aid he lent to the right understanding of history, especially to the domestic history of his own country, must not be measured merely by what came from his own pen. He was the guiding spirit of more than one literary and historical society—his favourite Bannatyne Club, to wit—through the publications of which every ordinary reader has the means of attaining a general, or, if he chooses, a minute impression of the social state of the country and the habits of different classes during the progress from the middle ages to modern times. The true spirit of history can never be drawn from professed chronicles, which in early times were nearly always composed by clerics, strongly biassed and often irredeemably contradictory. Materials for a true picture must be gleaned, here a little and there a little, from official records and correspondence, family muniments and private letters. Perhaps Scott never performed a more lasting service to the cause of Scottish history than he did in prevailing on Mr Robert Pitcairn, Writer to the Signet, to undertake the systematic examination and editing of the earliest recorded criminal proceedings in Scotland. It was a prodigiously arduous enterprise, — one from which Scott himself, though he contemplated it at one time, had

been obliged to turn aside. In the fifteenth century the beautiful and precise caligraphy of an earlier age had given place to a more rapid, and infinitely less legible, current penmanship. Should any one desire to emulate it, he may arrive at a very fair imitation thereof by writing with a stylograph pen while he is driven rapidly in a waggonette over a bad road. *Experto credite.* It is full, moreover, of the most distracting contractions; and when it is considered that much of the huge mass of material which Pitcairn undertook to render into print consisted of notes rapidly jotted during the proceedings of a court (sometimes the evidence screeched forth by witnesses under dreadful tortures), some idea may be had of the nature of the task to which he applied himself. These labours were given gratuitously; for although the Maitland and Bannatyne Clubs, and a number of private individuals, subscribed towards the expenses of printing and publication, he is obliged to confess in his preface that he is confronted by "the extreme probability of suffering considerable pecuniary loss," besides the sacrifice of his professional duties during upwards of four years.

Such is too often the meed of those who bring the most useful contributions to the storehouse of knowledge. Posthumous gratitude is a cheap commodity, yet it is all that we have in our power to offer in return for these four volumes in quarto, wherein are reflected the very acts and words of our forefathers, without the

interference and glosses of some officious partisan. They are enriched, however, by the insertion of numerous original documents, collected from a great diversity of sources, supplementing the narrative where the Justiciary records are broken or defective. Besides these, the diligent compiler supplies a running commentary, which is far from being the least readable part of the volumes; and one is often amused by the half-apologetic tone of the sober Edinburgh lawyer, who seems appalled at the effect upon "every well-regulated mind" (a favourite phrase of his) of the horrors through which he conducts his readers.

Thus these selections from the criminal records are far more than a mere calendar of crime—than which nothing can be more dreary. They are revelations of family life in town and country—peeping-holes into the secret councils of statesmen and prelates—a diary of the difficult advance of a community from darkness to light.

The earliest volumes of the Criminal Records of Scotland having been lost, it is impossible to trace to their commencement those abuses which, it is too obvious, had become common in the judiciary system before the reign of James IV., to which the earliest surviving volume pertains. That monarch, in spite of a somewhat shaky private morality, showed a laudable activity in his desire for the right administration of justice, and was diligent to fulfil to the letter an Act passed by his first Parliament, "anent the furthputting of justice, throw all the Realme, that our Soverane Lord sal ride in proper persounes about to all his aieris [assizes]." It is well known to what interesting entries in the Treasurer's accounts these journeys, as well as the king's numer-

ous pilgrimages, gave occasion. What price might not be brought at auction now for the "sang bwke" (song book) which "Willeam Sangster of Lithgow" sold to James for ten pounds Scots? It was a cheaper bargain than the fee of 18s. paid "til a man that come to Lythgow to lat the King blud and did it nocht"; cheaper even than the 5s. paid "til a fallow brocht the King ii wolfis at Lythgow." But it is a rash thing to begin quoting from the accounts of James IV. (though Pitcairn sets the example in his delightful notes and appendices), because it is so difficult to leave off. This chivalrous monarch was so versatile in his pursuits, as liberal in offerings at a saint's shrine as in gifts to a mistress, as ready to lose large sums "playing at the cartis with Lord Dakir" (with whom he was so soon to be at deadly war), as he was to pay small ones to patients who volunteered to let him practise the amateur leechcraft of which he was so fond.

"Feb. 9, 1512.—*Item*, to ane fallow,
because y^e King pullit furtht
his twtht xiijs.
Feb. 25.—*Item*, to Kynnard, y^e bar-
bour, for tua teith drawin
furtht of his hed be y^e King. xiijs."

Or, again, to assistants in field sports, as—

"Nov. 15.—*Item*, to ane man passit
in ane loch, and rasi dukis
[wild ducks] to y^e halkis
[hawks] be y^e Kingis com-
mand iis. iiijd."

The books of adjournal and minutes during this reign are very fragmentary. They have the disadvantage, moreover, of being written in abominable forensic Latin, though here and there occur passages of refreshingly vigorous vernacular. But it is easy to trace in the proceedings that vicious system of taking surety

for prisoners, which is one of the least reassuring features of fifteenth and sixteenth century justice in Scotland. In theory it was well enough, corresponding to the modern practice of accepting bail, avoiding possible injustice in detaining innocent persons, and the inconvenience of maintaining a vast number of prisoners until the next assize. But inasmuch as it applied to persons charged with the most heinous as well as with trivial offences, it acted enormously in favour of the wealthy and powerful, and of their *protégés*, and with cruel prejudice to poor men who had no influential friends. Take a case at random from the reign of James IV.

Peter Hall, in Newbigging, was charged at Jedburgh assizes with stealing a sword and hide target from John and Edmund Hall of the same place; *item*, for art and part of the slaughter of John Henrisoune in Lintonlee; *item*, for stealing six ewes from Thomas Henrisoune in Jed Forest; *item*, for the slaughter of the said Thomas; *item*, for common theft. Here was a case, surely, deserving condign punishment. Not according to fifteenth-century lights. David Ainslie was accepted as surety "to satisfy the parties," and Peter was free to set out on a fresh career.

This mode of defeating justice became more frequent as time went on. An example of the advantage easily derived therefrom by a wealthy baron occurs in the trial of Gilbert, second Earl of Cassilis, who is not to be confounded with his grandson Gilbert, fourth earl, the notorious "King of Carrick," of whom the anonymous author of the 'Historie of the Kennedyis' (supposed to be the infamous John Mure of Auchindrane) observes that he "was

ane particuler manne, and ane werry greidye manne, and cairrit nocht how he gatt land, sa that he culd cum be the samin." This second Earl of Cassilis, then, together with nearly every leading man in the numerous clan Kennedy and their allies, was arraigned before the Earl of Argyle, as Justiciar-General, and a jury of fifteen gentlemen, in 1525, charged with the slaughter of Martin Kennedy, laird of Lochland.

Now, having in view the result of this trial it is not pleasant to remember that Cassilis was brother-in-law to Argyle, having married his sister Isobel. Cassilis and four others were put upon their trial first. It would have been a bold jury that had dared to convict the chief of this terrible clan.

"Twixt Wigtoun and the towne of Aire,
And laigh down by the Cruves o' Cree,
Ye shall not get a lodging there,
Except ye ride wi' Kennedy."

Cassilis was acquitted, and forthwith was accepted as surety for the rest of the accused, whose names fill a very lengthy catalogue. Had the earl been called on to pay the full sum pledged by him for each of his followers, even his great wealth might have proved inadequate to liquidate his liability. But he was too formidable a subject to be driven into a corner. King James V. permitted him to compound on easy terms, and there remains extant his Majesty's letter to the Justice-Clerk, advising him that his "weil belouit cousing and counsalour, Gilbert, Erle of Cassilis," had settled with him for the non-entry of his brother and followers "to haue vndyrlyin our lawis for Slaughtiris and crimis quhairof thai wer delatit," and directing that the "unlaws" be discharged.

Cassilis did not survive his pardon long. He was slain in 1527 at the Pow of Prestwick by Sir Hugh Campbell of Loudon, Sheriff of Ayr, in some affray of which the particulars have not been preserved.

This important dignitary, Campbell, had himself received respite only a few months before (July 1, 1526), to last for nineteen years, for all his "tresonis, slauchteris, etc., in ony tyme bigane," and does not seem to have found much difficulty in purchasing immunity for this fresh crime, for on July 1, 1528, a new remission is granted to him for the slaughter of Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis.

The fact is that the monarch's purse and the public revenue (which were one and indivisible) were dependent for a great part of their supply on these "compoundings" by wealthy misdemeanants. The resources of the country had been drained to the utmost by two centuries of almost incessant war with England; the coinage had been debased till the pound Scots was worth little more than a shilling English or sterling; it would almost seem as if national bankruptcy would have been the first result had all the barons and country gentlemen suddenly become virtuous and law-abiding.

Campbell of Loudon was not the only sheriff who derived advantage from his high office in dealing with his neighbours and evading justice. A scandalous instance of this is afforded by the proceedings before Lord Gray, Justiciary-General, on November 4, 1509. Patrick Agnew, Sheriff of Wigtown, was convicted of having, under colour of justice, submitted Thomas Porter to the judgment of an assize for the slaughter of John M'Myane, and then, as judge in the trial, to have

taken "feyis"—bribes—to acquit him. Agnew was sentenced to a fine of five merks (about 10s. sterling)! In horrible contrast to this mockery appears the doom of Patrick M'Clellan, laird of Gelstoun, who on the very same day was convicted by the same court of stealing a score of oxen from Sheriff Agnew, *and was be-headed*. On the other hand, when, four years later, the Sheriff was convicted of cattle-lifting from Thomas Cuninghame, in Carrick, he was allowed to compound; convicted again, on the same day, of oppressing certain lieges during five consecutive years and plundering them of horses, swine, and barley, he was allowed to find surety "to satisfy the parties"; convicted a third time, on the same day, of attacking Sir David Kennedy with a party armed with "jakkis and splentis," and hindering him from holding his court, he was fined 10 merks (about £1). Dugall and Patrick Macclenochan, convicted on the same day of stealing *one* cow and a few miscellaneous articles which would not have been worth the Sheriff's while to annex, did not get off so cheap. They were hanged.

Again, before the same court and on the same day, notwithstanding that this invincible Sheriff had been three times convicted of theft and violence, when a relative of his own, Nevin Agnew, was convicted of similar crimes—horse-stealing, cattle-lifting, assault, and "common oppression of the lieges"—the Justiciar did not hesitate to let him go, accepting Sheriff Agnew as surety "to satisfy the parties."

Pretty satisfaction they would get! All this took place in Wigtown, within the jurisdiction of the Sheriff himself. What possible hope of security could be enter-

tained by those who desired to be law-abiding and honest? What possible respect could they have for the dignitaries representing the Crown?

But the misdeeds of the Sheriff of Wigtown pale before those of John Gordon, Sheriff-Depute of Aberdeen, more than a century later. Frances Hay was alleged to have slain the brother of the Sheriff-Depute's kinsman, Gordon of Geicht, to oblige whom the said Sheriff-Depute, in 1616, seized and imprisoned the said Frances, put him on a mock trial, condemned him to death, and handed him over to the said Gordon of Geicht for execution. This gentleman shut Frances up in his own "privat prissone," and next morning had him led forth "to ane hole betuix tua mottis, quhair thay crowned thair tragidie," as the official "dittay" expresses it, "with so boutcherlie mangling and demaning [treating] the puir gentill-man, be geving him sex seuerall straikis vpone his schoulderis, heid, and nek, as the lyk hes nevir or seldome bene hard and sene." Geicht, the Sheriff-Depute, and their accomplices were put on their trial for this inhuman murder, but they got off on Gordon of Rothiemay standing surety for them.

And so the sickening chronicle proceeds. It seems to have been possible for any man, no matter what his degree or the atrocity of his guilt, to secure immunity from all punishment except a fine, provided he could produce friends to go bail for him. If the bail were forfeited, so much the better for the Exchequer. Thus, to go back to the reign of James IV., at an assize held at Selkirk in March 1495 William Clerk, arraigned for the slaughter of Robert Hay, Gilbert Cokburne, Thomas Lovel, and Gilbert Kermichel, produced

a remission, David Pringle of Torwoodlee offering himself as surety *to satisfy the parties!* But it went ill with law-breakers who were neither influential nor useful enough to command the good offices of friends; and the record shows many entries similar to that of Robert Haw in Hevesyde, who was convicted at Jedburgh in 1510 of art and part in stealing horses, cattle, and sheep, and a quantity of miscellaneous property, including a bagpipe, from a number of persons; and, being unable to find surety, was condemned to be ward by the Sheriff for forty days, at the end of which time, if no security were forthcoming, he was to be hanged. At the same assize a similar sentence was pronounced on John Dalgleish, who had brought in Black John Routledge and his gang from over the Border to burn Branzholm, and the Armstrongs from the Debatable Lands to burn Ancrum. Had it been worth the expense to any baron to buy off these fellows, no doubt they would have saved their lives and liberty.

Sometimes, however, for causes not mentioned in the record, a mysterious leniency was exhibited to prisoners of humble rank, leaving the disagreeable inference that they were only the instruments of powerful persons whose names were not allowed to appear. Of such nature is the remission awarded in 1539 to Thomas Sinclair and his wife, Elizabeth Nesbitt, who seem to have committed an atrocious deed in the *mutilatio et demembratio Roberti Hendirsoune de suis testiculis*.

But however repugnant to the spirit of justice may be the influence of wealth and station in protecting criminals against punishment, the evil sinks into insignificance beside the corrupt con-

viction of innocent persons at the instance of those in high places.

No more odious example of this has been brought to light than the infamous persecution of Janet Douglas, Lady Glamis, by direction of James V. the "Red Tod"; and the credit of having rescued this lady's memory from undeserved obloquy is due to Mr Robert Pitcairn.

Lady Glamis was the daughter of the Master of Angus, and granddaughter of the famous earl "Bell-the-Cat." Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus, was brother-german to Lady Glamis, and, it will be remembered, had married Margaret of England, Queen-Dowager of Scotland, within eleven months of the death of her husband, James IV., at Flodden. Nevertheless, as soon as James V. had escaped from the custody of Angus in 1528, he swore in his wrath against the Douglasses that not one of that house should find refuge in Scotland while he lived. Parliament met on September 4 of the same year, and decreed the forfeiture of Angus, his uncle, and his brother. Lady Glamis, a true Douglas, regardless of her own safety, afforded help and shelter to her outlawed relatives, and, four years later, her lands and goods were forfeited on account of her intercommuning with them—"our souerane lordis Rebellis."

This was not enough. Her husband, Lord Glamis, had died in December 1527, and she had married subsequently Archibald Campbell of Skipnish, second son of the Earl of Argyle. An assize was summoned in 1531 to try her on a charge of having destroyed her first husband *per intoxicationem*—that is, by deadly drugs and enchanted potions. But the trial never took place, owing to the difficulty of finding any gentle-

men willing to serve on the assize of such a beautiful and deservedly respected lady. The lairds of Ardoch, Braco, Fingask, Abernethy, Pittferran, Lawers, Carnock, Moncreiff, Anstruther, Lord Ruthven, Lord Oliphant, and many others, were fined for absenting themselves from the jury. Therefore this preposterous charge failed,—for lack, it may be assumed, of a vestige of foundation.

But Lady Glamis's great beauty, her youth and illustrious descent, availed her nothing: she had committed the unpardonable offence of being born a Douglas, and the king was implacable. A new charge was trumped up against her, upon which, six years later, in 1537, she was tried before Justiciar-General Argyle and an assize of fifteen jurors, comprising the Earls of Atholl, Buchan, and Cassilis, the Lords Maxwell and Sempill, Home of Cowdenknowes, Maclellan of Bombie, and other persons of good standing. We have seen above how Chief-Justice Argyle dealt with his brother-in-law Cassilis: he did not prove so lenient a judge when his sister-in-law, Lady Glamis, was arraigned before him. According to one historian, the origin of this new prosecution was as follows: Lady Glamis had been exposed for some years to the amorous importunity of William Lyon, a relative of her first husband. This creature, exasperated by her resolute rejection of his addresses, at length resolved on vengeance, and secretly denounced her to the Government as having plotted with one John Lyon, an aged priest, to poison the king. The informer, it is said, afterwards confessed his guilt, fled from Scotland, and died in great misery in Flanders. But whether this traitorous lover ever really existed, or was invented to screen

the dastardly rancour of a more illustrious individual, it is certain that on July 17, 1537, Lady Glamis was arraigned on the double charge of conspiring and "imagining" (a fine elastic phrase) the death of the king by poison, and of treasonable intercourse with her brother, the outlawed Earl of Angus. Witnesses, undoubtedly suborned, gave such evidence as, if it were accepted at all, could not but lead to a conviction. Lady Glamis made a spirited defence at the bar, which so moved the assize that they sent two of their number to the king to represent to him that, although the charges had been proved on the oaths of witnesses, and according to the law of evidence the prisoner deserved death, yet they craved for a respite, to afford time to inquire into the character of the said witnesses, whether they were honest men or bribed knaves. The king declined to interfere, returning answer that he had committed the administration of justice to the assize, and called on them to proceed in their duty. Of course this was a preposterous evasion, seeing how very often the Crown intervened to command that a case should be "continewit" to some future day. Accordingly, the jury recorded a verdict of guilty, acting, let it be hoped, according to their lights, though the sentence that followed seems as revolting an injustice as ever was perpetrated. Janet, Lady Glamis, was pronounced forfeited in life, lands, and goods, and it was decreed that "scho sall be had to Castell hill of Edinburghe, and thair brynt in ane fyre to the deid [burnt to death in a fire] as ane Tray-tour."

That this inhuman doom was literally fulfilled is testified in the

record by the laconic comment—*combusta*.

Sir Thomas Clifford, reporting the circumstance to his master Henry VIII., added the remark that Lady Glamis had been condemned, "as I can perceyve, without any substanciall ground or proyf of mattir." No doubt the entire public of Edinburgh and Forfarshire "perceyved" the same thing. The marvel is, how any social fabric could survive and recover from a system of administration compared with which the policy of any Oriental despot seems frank and tolerable.

Then, as if anything was wanting to complete the horror of the story, Campbell of Skipness, husband of Lady Glamis, who was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, must needs try and escape. "Thinking to brek waird and come away be ane tow [by a rope], the same was schort: he fell and brak all his banes, and died."¹

In the same letter to King Henry, Clifford was in a position to report another act in the Douglas tragedy. John, Master of Forbes, had married a sister of Lady Glamis and the Earl of Angus, and thus allied himself with the Douglas brood. A charge was fabricated against him of "committing art and part of the tressonable conspiratioun and abhomynabill ymaginatioun of the Slauchter and distructioun of oure soverane lordis maist nobill persounes be schott of culwering [culverin]," and of conspiring with the English. He was convicted, and beheaded on the Castle Hill four days before Lady Glamis suffered. These bloody proceedings sufficed not to slake the Red Tod's thirst for vengeance. The young Lord Glamis, a boy of tender years, was

¹ Anderson's MS. 'History of Scotland.'

arraigned eight days after his mother's death on a charge of having concealed his knowledge of her intention to poison the king. Incredible as it may seem, the Justiciar-General and an assize of fifteen nobles and gentlemen convicted him, and sentenced him to be hanged "and demanyt [treated] as ane traytour." The sentence was not carried into effect, but the lad was kept a close prisoner, together with his brother, George Lyon,¹ during the remainder of this wretched monarch's life. If anything were wanting to reveal the secret motive in this persecution of the Douglasses, it is supplied by the fact that the priest, John Lyon, apprehended as Lady Glamis's accomplice, was allowed to go free. He had no taint of Douglas blood in his veins. King James died in 1542, broken-hearted, it is said, by the disgraceful rout at Solway Moss, and young Lord Glamis was set at liberty, his forfeiture was rescinded by Parliament, 15th March 1543, and the Act of restoration exposes the whole atrocity of the proceedings against himself and his mother. It recites how the boy, having been imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, "destitute of all consale of his frendis," was forced to witness the torture of certain prisoners on the rack, and threatened with like torments if he refused to confess what was dictated to him. That, further, the Lord Justice Clerk, and other "familiaris" of the late king, assured him that his life and property would be safe, provided he made this false confession, although they were acting contrary to law in dealing with a minor in the absence of his curators. Only one shred of palliation can be found

for the conduct of James V. in these proceedings, and it consists in the ignoble excuse that his timid nature had been so wrought on by the enemies of the house of Douglas that he really believed his life was in jeopardy so long as one of them remained alive. Also, there can be no doubt that his mind had been imbued by the detestable principles of Machiavelli, by which it was taught, to use the words of the Duke of Alva to Philip II., "that the negociations of kings depend upon different principles from those of us private gentlemen who walk the world." Seven years before, King James had not blushed to put these principles in practice in order to entrap Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie.

Now the case of Lady Glamis and her son has been dwelt on at somewhat disproportionate length, not only on account of its heinousness, but because, until Pitcairn cleared it up, one historian after another had repeated the fable that Lady Glamis was punished for witchcraft; but that crime was never alleged against her. The idea must have arisen out of the earlier charge, which was abandoned, of administering enchanted potions to her first husband, conjunctly with the sentence that she should be burnt at the stake.

But by the old law of Scotland burning was the statutory method of putting to death all women convicted of treason, witchcraft, or murder, just as those convicted of theft and minor offences were drowned, which was considered more merciful than hanging.

Yet one cannot overlook one hideous trace of the king's hatred of the Douglas in the execution of Lady Glamis. It was very un-

¹ George Lyon was not tried, nor is his name mentioned in any Peerage, but he was in ward with his elder brother on January 18, 1543.

usual that the victim should be burned "quick"—*i.e.*, alive. The ordinary form of "doom" was that the culprit "be tane to the Castell-hill of Edinburgh [or elsewhere], and thair to be wirreit [strangled] at ane stake to the deid [to death]; and hir body *thaireftir* to be brunt in asches; and all hir moveabill guidis to be escheit," &c. But Lady Glamis was burnt alive.

A strangely dramatic piece of retribution fell on one of the jurors on the trial of Lady Glamis. Sir John Melville of Raith, a gentleman of high repute, having been one of those who returned the fatal verdict, not only on Lady Glamis, but also on her son and Lord Forbes, became himself the victim of a judicial murder.

To follow this case brings the reader down to that time when a novel form of offence had made its appearance in the records of the High Court. The first recorded instance of a melancholy series of prosecutions for entertaining views favourable to doctrines of the Reformed religion, and especially of "haifing and vsing of sic bukes as ar suspect of heresy and ar defendit be the Kirk"—*i.e.*, the translated Scriptures—occurs in 1539. But a prelatical Parliament had not succeeded in crushing entirely the spirit of the Scottish people. Prosecution for religious opinion brought the Government into direct conflict with the love of freedom innate in the masses, and the entries in the records of such proceedings during the reign of Queen Mary are far fewer than might have been expected, considering what is known of the events which heralded the Scottish Reformation. Pitcairn suggests that some of the entries may have been purposely expunged by the authorities as forming awkward precedents for those who, in later

years, were charged with administering justice upon persons for professing the very opinions which former Governments had upheld, and attending services in the "auld and abhominabill Papish manner."

Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that many of the prosecutions directed by the Regent Arran and his brother, the Archbishop of St Andrews, against certain of the barons and gentry, were really aimed at them because of their inclination to the Reformed doctrines; although, in order to avoid stirring popular sympathy, they were charged with imaginary crimes against the State.

Now, among those who were suspected or known to favour the reformation of the Church was Sir John Melville of Raith, against whom it was not easy to make out a decently probable indictment; but the devilish ingenuity of the statecraft of those days was equal to almost any emergency. One of Sir John's sons was in England, whither he either had fled for security, as many Scots Reformers did in the early years of the movement, or had been taken as a prisoner of war. About the year 1547 Sir John wrote a letter in favour of this son to a certain friend he had in England, which letter, being intercepted and laid before the Government, was made the ground of a charge of high treason against the writer, although the substance of the writing was perfectly harmless, and had no reference to politics or religion. Melville was found guilty and hurried to the scaffold. The parallel between his case and that of Lady Glamis was rendered more complete by the terms of a gift of restitution made by Queen Mary in favour of his son fourteen years later. Just as the iniquity of the proceedings

in the Glamis case was admitted in the Act restoring the young Lord Glamis after the death of James V., so in this instance the queen gave back to young John Melville all the possessions forfeited from his father "for certaine *allegit* crymes of treasoune, *allegit* committit be him." In this tardy act of reparation, which took place in 1562, may be traced the hand of the great Earl of Murray, Queen Mary's chief and best adviser on her coming to Scotland in 1561.

The prelate upon whom public opinion fixed the odium of the judicial murder of Sir John Melville—"the most reverend father in Christ, John, Archbishop of St Andrews," brother of Regent Arran—offered in his own person a forcible argument for the reform of the Church. The proceedings in the trial of the third Lord Sempill for the murder, in 1550, of Lord Crichton of Sanquhar, within the Archbishop's own house in Edinburgh, afford a startling insight into the nature of that establishment. Sempill's daughter lived there as mistress of the Archbishop, a lady—if the statement in Johnston's MS. may be accepted—"nather bewtifull, of gude fame, or wtherwayis in any sort notable"; nevertheless her influence sufficed to put in motion the powerful intercession of the Archbishop, and her father received his pardon, on the usual terms of finding surety.

The example of the Primate of Scotland was not thrown away upon his clergy. "Benefit of clergy"—the monstrous privilege of immunity from lay jurisdiction for civil offences—had been greatly modified by this time; indeed it had become obsolete in regard to the more heinous offences. Hence there are numerous instances of the appearance of clerics as "panels" in criminal cases. One of these

entries, made in the same year as Lord Sanquhar's murder, may be translated at length from the Justiciary Record as an extreme instance of the depths to which the sacred order had fallen:—

"Nov. 5, 1550.—Mr John Elphinstoune, Rector of Innernochty, dilated of art and part of the cruel slaughter and murder of Thomas Cult in Auld Aberdeen, under silence of night: And for theftuously wasting and destroying the goods of William Lowsoune, burgess of Aberdeen, *for the space of ten years*, during which time the said Mr John lay in adultery with Jonet Colestoune, spouse of the said William: And for oppression done to Mr Duncan Burnet, Rector of Methlik, in umbesetting his way within his lodging in the Chanonry of Aberdeen and Cathedral Church thereof, where he was for the time celebrating Matins and divine service, invading and striking him to the ground several times with 'roungis and battounis,' &c."

It does not appear that further proceedings were taken in this case, so of course the verdict of posterity on the reverend gentleman cannot be more severe than "Not proven." He was released on the surety of the Vicar of Innerkip, and was heard of no more.

One turns with relief to certain pages in this gloomy record, soon to become even gloomier, which contain reference to the paternal care of the Government in regulating the course of everyday business. It was usual to open the proceedings of the justice-aires, or assizes, held in the various towns, by a royal proclamation relating to sundry matters. A few of these have been preserved. By the proclamation preceding the justice-aire held at Elgin in 1556 the maximum legal price of all articles of food and drink is fixed. Wheat bread must not be sold

for more than 4d. for 22 oz.; Bordeaux wine is fixed at 12d. a pint, fine scherand (sherry sack) at 10d. "Guid aill" may be sold at 8d. a quart, and the best mutton at 6s. the carcass. For "gryt chikkinis" (large chickens) no more than 4d. each might be charged, and for a pig 12d. A carcass of the best Scots beef must be reckoned cheap at 36s., but any one who asked more ran the risk of confiscation of all his goods. Strange to say, not only the seller but the buyer was often punished for paying more than the statutory price. Tourists in Scotland at the present day may reflect with a sigh on the limitation set on hotel-keeper's charges, as follows:—

"And that thair be guid cheir throw
all the toune for Gentillmen
and thair servandis, for xiiij.
at the melteithe [meal-tide—
i.e., dinner] xiiij.
The furnest bed, on the nycht, and
that to freithe the chalmer
[to be the whole charge for a
bedroom] iiijd.
The stabill-fie, for ane horse, xxiiij
houris id."

Thus accommodation and board could be had at the dearest hotel, for horse and man, for 17d. a-day. At the present time the traveller would perhaps not keep much change out of two guineas for the same.

A perusal of the collection of original documents compiled by Mr Pitcairn up to 1560 creates a tolerably clear impression of the country over which Mary Queen of Scots came to reign. Perhaps there is nothing more pathetic in history than her attempt—nothing much more miserable than its failure. Dark and deplorable as is the broken chronicle up to this point, it deepens in horror as the reign proceeds. The slaughters, the blood feuds, the burnings, the ravishings—the "scuffling of kites and jays"—continue as before;

but all these chronic crimes seem dwarfed into meanness by the series of events leading up to the explosion in Kirk-of-Field, and the terrible suspicion which still hangs round at least one name which one would fain hold in honour.

The circumstances connected with the murder of King Henry are too well known to all who have made any study of the history of this period to require more than a passing reference in this place. But any one who desires to refresh his memory, or seek new light upon them, cannot go wrong in reading over the depositions taken from prisoners and witnesses, which are arranged with admirable clearness by the editor of these volumes. In connection with them, certain grisly particulars may be noted in the Treasurer's accounts, showing how the remains of some of the deponents were disposed of.

"Jan. 13, 1567-8.—*Item*, to Johnne Broune, messinger and ane boy, passand to Edr. with clois writtingis, togidder with y^e heid of Powrie, leggis of Johnne Hay, younger of Tallo, and Johnne Hepburne, of Boltoun, to be affixt on y^e portis of Glasgow, Hammiltoun, Dunbertane, Air and Wigtoun iiij li. ijs.
Item, to ane boy passand of Edr. to Leith, Hadingtoun, and Jedburgh, with pair leggis to be affixt xxij s.
Item, to thre boyis passand of Edr. with y^e rest of thair armes and leggis, to y^e burrowis of Perth, Dundee, Abirdene, Elgin, and Inverness, to be affixt lvs.
Item, for crellis [baskets] and tursing of y^e saidis heidis, leggis and armis; and candle for paking thair of xs."

Now it must not be supposed that, however frequent and flagrant may have been the failure or corruption of justice in these days, there were not plenty of good and earnest men in the land, jealous for the dignity and purity of

the courts, and for the maintenance of equity and order. Their task was a hard—it must have seemed at times a hopeless—one, but we enjoy the fruits of their labours at this day.

The office of juryman was coveted as little in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, and for weightier reasons. If the assize acquitted the prisoner on the evidence, they were liable to severe punishment in the event of the king or his advisers taking a different view. Thus, in 1537 Thomas Lawristoun of that Ilk and six other gentlemen were tried for perjury because they had acquitted the laird of Penicuik of mutilating Roger Tuedy of the "tholme" of his right hand, notwithstanding that "the said Rogeris tholme was schewin [shown] before thame . . . cutit away and mutilat." They were all sentenced to forfeiture of their movable goods, to be denounced infamous, and to be imprisoned for a year and a day; "and farther, induring the Kingis will."

There was made a pathetic appeal by certain "puir craftismene of y^e burcht of Abirdene" to Queen Mary. They had been summoned to sit as jurors on a trial arising out of the blood feud between the Inneses and the Dunbars: never were men so awkwardly fixed between the devil and the deep sea. So they wrote to her Majesty, setting forth that—

"Like as we haue bene diuerse tymes this yeire summond of befoir be youre gracies Pursewantis and Messengerris to pas vpoun Aassie in actionis distant fra ws fourty, fifty and lx of myllis, that we knaw nathing thair of mair nor thai that duellis in Jherusalem: And swa [so], Ma dame, we ar hevely trublit and herreit [worried] heirthrow, be failly by [failure], abvse and misordour of the said Pursewantis and Messingerris, that will nocht sum-

mond Lordis, Lairdis and Barronis, as wes wount to be done in all tymes bigane, past memour of man, quhill [until] this instant yeir bigane;"

they craved and obtained excuse from serving except in actions arising in the burgh or three miles round.

Talking of juries, we may anticipate fifty years in order to note the remarkable change which had come over the social status of the Armstrongs, once the most irreclaimable rievvers and cattle-lifters on the Border. "Jok Scott, *alias* callit Jok the Sukler," was tried on a capital charge and condemned to death for sheep-stealing. This was a craft in which the Armstrongs had been experts not very long before, yet no fewer than nine out of the fifteen jurymen bore that redoubtable name, at the head of the list being "Frances Airmestrang, callit of Kynmonthe," one of the "seven stark sons" of Kinmount Willie. This was in 1616: two years later there is further proof, not only of the comfortable circumstances to which the Armstrongs had attained, but how completely they had severed their ancient partnership in lawlessness with the Elliots. Gilbert Elliot, better known as Gib the Galliard, was sentenced to be scourged through the streets of Edinburgh and then banished for life, for having taken a purse, "ffourtie pundis being thairin, furth of Johnne Airmestrangis breikis."

Before taking final leave of Queen Mary's reign, it may be noted that in 1563 occurs the first entry of judicial proceedings against a witch. Perhaps no text of Scripture has ever been made the direct authority for so much inhuman iniquity as "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; and the most cursory survey of the criminal records of the following

reign cannot fail to show the prominence given to witchcraft in the chronicle of guilt. But in this solitary instance of a prosecution under Queen Mary, the death sentence was not pronounced, and Agnes Milligan of Dunfermline was only condemned to banishment.

During the minority of James VI. the Records of Justiciary were very imperfectly kept, and perhaps have been wilfully mutilated by one or other of the prevailing factions. In the first year of his reign, justice was suspended for the reasons given in the following droll memorandum:—

“*Nota.*—Fra the hinderend of August 1568, to the secunde day of Marche in the samin yeir,¹ na Dyettis of Justiciarie haldin, be ressoun of the pest [the plague] and the Regentis being in Inglande.”

But after the king attained his majority the proceedings began to assume a more regular form, they were more fully reported, and, being almost wholly written in the vernacular, give much more vivid impressions of the scenes and actors. The language cannot fail to be interesting to the philologist, though a little perplexing to the general reader.

In modern English we have dispensed with the distinction between the gerund, or noun of action, and the present participle active, but these remained distinct in Scots of the sixteenth century. Thus in the following dittay against a forger (1576), he is “dila-

tit of airt and pairt of the treason-abill forgeing, feinzeing, etc., fals money, sic as penneis, quhilkis [which] wer output be him amangis our souerane lordis liegis, dissau-and [deceiving] thaim thairwith.” Here the termination *ing* distinguishes the gerund—the termination—and the participle. Many old French words are still in use in Scots speech; others, which have disappeared, may be noted in these Records, as, “tresson-able, blasphemouslie and *mischanillie* [from the French *méchant*]”; and again, “schote and *dilaschet* [Old French *delascher*, to discharge] tventie schote of hag-buttis.”

Then there was that other word of evil memory, the “row” (French *roue*), which happily occurs but seldom in Scottish criminal procedure. Indeed Mr Pitcairn discovered only two cases in which a culprit was sentenced to the horrible fate of being broken on the wheel—the last being in 1604, when Robert Weir, the accomplice of the lady of Warriston in the murder of her husband, was sentenced “to be brokin upone ane Row, quhill [until] he be deid; and to ly thairat during the space of xxiiij houris. And thaireftir, his body to be tane vpon the said Row and set vp in ane publict place, betuix the place of Wares-toun and the toun of Leith.”

Truly there were some “ugsome” sights to meet the eyes of tourists in Edinburgh in gentle King Jamie’s reign!

HERBERT MAXWELL.

¹ The year was reckoned as beginning on 15th March, until in 1599 the king altered it by proclamation to 1st January.

CHINESE CENSORS.

It has been wittily remarked that under the Censorate in China every official, and even the emperor himself, is "in the presence of a chronic day of judgment." This aptly describes the effect of a system which is one of the many institutions which differentiate China from the rest of the world. Its conception is so strange that we look with curiosity for some authentic record of its working; and in the pages of the 'Peking Gazette,' through which the utterances of the censors are alone made public, we find ample and strange materials by which we are able to judge of the functions and the practice of these guardians of the public morals. Their practice, it is true, is not always to be admired, but the first thing that strikes the reader of their memorials to the throne is the extreme boldness of their utterances. From the highest to the lowest, from the emperor down to the meanest policeman, all come under their lash, and surprise is naturally excited that in so corrupt an officialdom as that of China, men should be found brave enough to hold up the faults and shortcomings of superior officers in whose hands rests the power of making life a dismal burden to all who come under their ban.

Like most institutions in China, the censorate is consecrated by tradition, and has been handed down from time immemorial as an outcome of the wisdom of the ancient sages. Certainly at the time when David reigned in Jerusalem the system was in full force, and through all the changes and chances of the dynastic revolutions which have supervened it has been preserved as a sacred heritage. As at present constituted, the office

of censors at Peking consists of two presidents, one a Manchu and one a Chinese, the provincial vice-roys and six resident vice-presidents, with whom are associated the provincial governors. Besides these there are twenty-four supervising censors whose duty it is to revise the decisions of the six Boards of Government. These all have their headquarters at Peking, while fifty-six detached censors are distributed over the eighteen provinces of the empire, whose duty it is to roam over the country scenting out abuses, and a still further number are employed as superintendents of police for the five divisions of the city and suburbs of Peking.

According to the statutes of the empire, the censors are intrusted with "the duty of supervising the manners and customs of the people, of investigating all public offices within and without the capital, of discriminating between the good and bad administration of business, and between the depravity and uprightness of the mandarins." To this it is added that "each should take the lead in uttering his sentiments and reproofs, so that the mandarins may be spurred on to greater diligence in the discharge of their duties, and that the Government of the empire might be rendered secure." These powers, it will be admitted, are sufficient to cover every species of fault-finding, and it is to the credit of the Chinese Government that so long as the censors do not obviously trump up cases, and so long as they conduct themselves with decorum and without arrogance, they find the protection necessary to secure them against the consequences of their de-

nunciations. Even when their claims for protection clash with the interests of superior officials, they are allowed full latitude to make the charges which they esteem it their duty to bring forward; and although their recommendations are not in all cases adopted, their representations, as a rule, are given effect to, if not directly, yet with equal certainty, by means of the circuitous contrivances common to Chinese official administration.

That the duties of the censors are multifarious the above extracts from the imperial statutes show; and that the powers confided to them are freely employed is proved by the pages of the 'Peking Gazette,' where we find that with perfect impartiality the highest dignitaries as well as the meanest subjects of the Crown are alike denounced. The translations of the 'Peking Gazette' for 1895 lie before us, and supply a number of curious instances of the ways in which these "Newsbearers by the help of the winds," as the censors are called, bring forward their charges, and in some cases are themselves denounced for the very faults which they are so prone to see in other people. Some of the commonest charges which they bring against the officials are such as lack of dignity, laziness, and unprincipled conduct. Curiously enough, the year's record opens with an accusation against the senior Manchu vice-president of the Court of Censors for exactly these misdemeanours, and as a penalty for such unworthy behaviour the emperor orders that he shall be degraded two steps in rank and fined nine months' salary.

On two other censors the imperial displeasure descended, though in a mitigated degree. One of these cases is curious, as showing the rooted objection that

there is among the mandarins to the introduction of Western appliances. It seems that a certain man named Li set up a steam flour-mill in Peking, and having enlisted the good offices of a censor named Chung, that official memorialised the throne, praising in glowing terms the convenience which would be enjoyed by the people of Peking by such a great improvement on the old hand-turned mills. Another censor, Tsiang by name, thinking that Li's star was in the ascendant, asked the emperor to permit the millowner to contribute funds for the transmission of tribute rice, thus establishing a claim to imperial favour. So progressive an innovation as a steam flour-mill was viewed, however, with holy horror by the Court of Censors, who at once denounced the enterprise, and ordered Li to remove the mill. This Li naturally refused to do, and was promptly reported to the throne as being a turbulent, unruly person. An inquiry led the emperor to believe that the last description of Li was truer than the first, and in an imperial edict instinct with the spirit of Confucius he lectured the two complacent censors for their carelessness in recommending to the throne a man who was so lost to the rules of propriety as to refuse to pull down a mill which was doing no harm to any one, and was besides greatly benefiting both himself and the people at large.

This opposition to all things new, because they are new, is one of the most hopeless symptoms of the condition of affairs in China. It dwarfs and confines not only the enterprise but the minds of the people, and makes both material and intellectual progress next to impossible. It is not long since a certain well-known scholar presented a memorial to the throne

complaining of the harm that was being done to the reading public by the work of a man named Mao, who had had the audacity to criticise the commentary of Chu Hsi on the 'Four Books of Confucius.' So specious were Mao's arguments, said the memorialist, that there was danger lest scholars might be led away from the orthodox faith, and so popular was his work that it had been lithographed and distributed broadcast among the people. The emperor, taking his cue from the reactionary past, accepted the view of the memorialist, and promptly issued an edict bidding the viceroys and governors of the provinces to prohibit the further circulation of this pernicious, because independent, work.

Later in the year the above-mentioned Chung, who seems to be about as corrupt as any other official in China, again stood in the dock before his Imperial Majesty. *Quis custodiet custodes?* It appears from a State paper that a certain imperial clansman named Sieh brought a charge against a man called Hsiung, who was Chung's servant, of extortion under the following circumstances. One day Hsiung came to Sieh's house for the purpose ostensibly of buying a slave-girl whom Sieh wished to get rid of. As difficulties arose in the negotiation, Hsiung announced that the girl was wanted for Chung's household, and went on to hint, with a plainness which could not be misunderstood, that it would be to Sieh's advantage to hand the girl over to his master. This Sieh refused to do, and subsequently Hsiung called with the disturbing intelligence that Chung was preparing a list of all persons of official standing or wealth in Peking who were known by nicknames, or who had slang terms attached to their names, for the

purpose of denouncing such persons to the throne, and added that Sieh's name was on the list. The gravamen of this charge consists in the fact that any official should have so far declined from the lofty standard of official dignity laid down by Confucius as to have subjected himself to the disgrace of a nickname. Fully realising all this, Sieh became greatly alarmed at Hsiung's news, and he besought that disturber of his peace to get his name expunged from the list. Hsiung professed to be doubtful about the possibility of complying, but gently hinted that if Sieh would hand over a draft for 500 taels (about £100) he would see what could be done. This was more than Sieh could pay, and after considerable haggling Hsiung agreed to accept 100 taels for the service to be performed. This sum Sieh paid in the shape of a bank-bill. Unfortunately for the censor, that official paid with this bill the account of a certain grain-dealer who had been long supplying his household with rice on credit. In the first instance, Hsiung was put on his trial, and boldly attempted to turn the tables on Sieh by affirming that it was he who had attempted to extort money from the censor. The unlucky bank-bill, however, traversed this line of defence. It proved that Hsiung had received the money, and that Chung had expended it. As it surpassed the imagination of the Court that any Chinaman could be found who would be willing to pay the debt of another, the judges determined that Chung was the prime offender. What punishment was awarded we are not told, and it probably depended on Chung's willingness or reluctance to dispend other ill-gotten gains whether he was allowed to go free or had to submit to condign punishment.

On the subject of competitive

examination the censors are very severe, and from all accounts their censure is justified. That system, which is regarded as the signal glory of China, and one by which the ablest, most learned, and generally illustrious officials are chosen from the ranks of the people, proves on scrutiny to be honeycombed with abuses of every kind. Not long since an examiner who was on his way to hold an examination at Soochow was presented by two young men with a cheque for 10,000 taels, enclosed in a letter in which the writers announced that they were about to present themselves at the coming competition, and begged that he would demean himself so far as to take note of their insignificant names. And now the censors declare that even within the sacred precincts of Peking irregularities of the very worst kind are known to exist. The Censor P'o states roundly that there is "a certain class of unscrupulous scholars who sell their essays to aspiring, wealthy illiterates for the Chüjên degree at the metropolitan examinations." This is not the first time an accusation of the kind has been brought, and indeed the existence of the evil is so generally known that if the emperor and his Ministers are unaware of it, they must be the only ill-informed persons on the subject in the empire. But this particular censor having made his general statement, proceeds to the particulars, and affirms that a number of wealthy young men from Canton who were to appear at the forthcoming examination had already engaged the services of some indigent scholars at Peking to write for them the required essays and poems. It was impossible to pass over this charge, and the emperor commanded the Board of Rites to inquire into these wrongs.

So far the accusations were levelled against dishonest candidates, but shortly afterwards another censor, named Hsi, flew at higher game. He denounced the examiners themselves, and implicated in his charges three near relatives of our late visitor, Li Hungchang. Hsi is very definite in his charges, and he begins by declaring that at one of the recent palace examinations a certain man named Tai—who, as was subsequently proved, "wrote a most miserable hand, was ignorant even of the most common forms of thesis etiquette, and whose poems were simply unreadable and meaningless"—had been awarded by the examiners first-class honours. Two other young men—one a nephew of Li Hungchang and the other a nephew of his wife—were granted the same distinctions although their papers had been marked "bad," and should therefore have been rejected. A brother of one of these fortunate young men, whose "hand-writing did not look like words, and who showed glaring ignorance of the laws of calligraphy," was given a place in the second class. On a scrutiny it was readily admitted that the thesis and poems of some of these gilded youths were unintelligible, and the writers were therefore deprived of their ill-gotten honours. Li's influence, however, was sufficiently powerful to save his nephews from complete condemnation. By an official fiction it was declared that the word "bad" on their papers referred to slight faults in calligraphy, and that therefore their degrees were not to be interfered with. The rest—and there were several of them who were not so influentially supported—suffered the full penalties of their ignorance.

One of the strangest developments of the censorate is the way

in which the accusations brought against officials are often declared to be non-proven, while at the same time alternative misdemeanours are laid to their charge, and the penalties which would have been their due if guilty of the crimes first brought, are imposed, sometimes with modifications, in punishment of new ones, which seem to grow up like dragons' teeth on the corrupt soil which surrounds them. When the war with Japan brought disgrace on the Li family, censors who before had nothing but admiration for their systems of administration, were suddenly converted into bitter opponents of their methods. Li Hungchang himself was vigorously attacked, and his brother, Li Hanchang, the viceroy of Canton, had to submit to similar and more deadly onslaught. Two censors denounced him for nepotism and favouritism in promotion of his own private ends. It is well known that Li Hanchang suffers from even greater tendency to acquisitiveness than his more illustrious brother, and the censors had no difficulty in showing that he habitually sold offices within his administration, accepted bribes, and freely extorted illegal dues. The commissioner who was ordered to report on the memorials, however, informed his imperial master that the charges could not be supported by substantial proofs. This was a delicate way of saying that the charges were all true, but that it would be well to avoid the scandal which would be inevitable if they were admitted. The emperor took the hint, and taking advantage of the viceroy's age, issued the following edict: "The said viceroy is getting old, and his strength and vitality are failing. The other day he reported himself ill, and requested to be

allowed to resign his post. We merely permitted him one month to recuperate. In consideration, however, of the reason just given above, and as a token of extra imperial grace, we now permit the said Li Hanchang to resign the viceroyalty of the two Kwangs, in order that he may retire to his native town to attend to his ailments at his leisure."

The subordinates who were implicated in the same charge, not being related to the chosen few, were not so gently treated. One man was declared to be "a fawning parasite currying favour by running errands for his patrons, thereby neglecting his duties," and was dismissed from his post in consequence. Another high official was "found to be a man of low cunning, who used his abilities in this way to curry favour and advancement." He was cashiered and dismissed the public service.

A well-recognised law forbids an official to take to wife any lady within his jurisdiction. Against this statute a Tartar general named Ki was accused by the censor, Kw'ei, of having offended, and, to make matters worse, the censor added that the brother of the said lady, taking advantage of his connection with the Tartar general, had been guilty of practising extortion among his brother-in-law's subjects. On receipt of this charge the inevitable commission of inquiry was appointed, and finally reported that after careful investigation they had come to the conclusion that the lady was not married to the general as his wife but as his concubine, and as an excuse for Ki's apparent immorality the commissioners added that the general was eighty years of age, a widower, and childless, facts which they evidently considered very highly palliative. The Em-

peror, reading between the lines, recognised that the general was guilty, but threw over the charge of marriage, and passed a nominal sentence on the aged veteran for venturing to take even a handmaid from the people within his command.

The object of this imperial manoeuvre was, as is commonly the case, to save "the face" of the accused. Had he been found guilty of the charges brought against him by the censor, he would have been disgraced in the eyes of his compere; but having been found not guilty of the main accusations, it was a matter of less importance to him that the alternative misdemeanour was accepted as proven. The finding really amounted to the old joke, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." A typical case of the same kind was that of a magistrate who was charged by a censor of "employing unscrupulous and greedy subordinates, and of using illegal instruments of torture." Here again the commissioners, with their tongues in their cheeks, reported that the charges were groundless; "but," added their sapient and imperial master, "as the said magistrate has, during his two terms of office, been denounced more than once by the gentry and others, it is clear that the man and his post do not mutually fit: we therefore command him to resign his post, and order that he shall be transferred to some other magistracy where he will be more agreeable to the people under him."

This man, it is plain, must have had powerful supporters, and we can only pity the people connected with the future office to which he may be appointed.

That the censors do good work by exposing abuses cannot be denied. In the flood of iniquity that overflows the land they are

powerless to do more than expose here and there some few of the evils which afflict the people of that distressful country. When one reads of such a case as the following, which, affecting as it does the officials of the Board of Punishments, is of obvious importance, it is gratifying to know that there exists a body of men who, though they may only bring to light one case of oppression and wrong in a thousand, are yet capable of serving the ends of justice and mercy to that degree. The president of the Board of Punishments reported to the emperor that a woman had committed suicide by cutting her throat while being examined as a witness in the judgment-hall of the Board. Nothing further would have been said to the matter had not Censor Hsi, who had denounced Li Hung-chang's nephews, as mentioned above, memorialised the throne, stating "that the woman, whose evidence was of a very damaging character, was forced to make away with herself by her judges, who had been bribed to act thus by an influential family implicated in the matter." The edict published in response ordered a strict investigation to be made into the circumstances of the case. The unsatisfactory part of such investigations is, that if the accused be either sufficiently wealthy to satisfy the avarice of the commissioners, or sufficiently well connected to make those officials shrink from bringing in a true bill against him, he is apt to escape all punishment, or at worst to be removed to another post. The censorate is unquestionably and unfortunately a feeble instrument; but it is better than nothing, and until an honest system of administration is introduced into the country we may well be thankful that it exists.

FAVOURITES IN FRENCH FICTION.

IF we take the trouble to count the French novelists whose works are most in request both inside and outside the frontiers of their native land, we are surprised to discover how very few these are in reality, and are somewhat irritated by the monotonous persistency with which the self-same names are for ever revolving before our eyes.

By favourites, however, let it be clearly understood, we do not mean to allude to those few unparagoned ones who, like Monsieur Anatole France and Maurice Barrés, are generally but somewhat hypothetically understood to occupy the very topmost rungs of the literary ladder, but who, in so far as we are able to perceive, are mostly admired at a respectful distance, much in the same formally obsequious fashion in which we admire and revere our own George Meredith. Of course we all know Mr Meredith to be the one undisputed master of English fiction, as compared to whom all other living writers are but wretched scribblers and raw recruits. This belief has been instilled into us from earliest childhood, until we have come to regard it as almost an article of faith, which we should as little dream of abjuring as of renouncing the religion that has been ours from the cradle. We are ready and willing to wage fierce warfare against whosoever dares uphold a contrary opinion; ready to make any personal sacrifice in defence of our recognised idol, so long indeed as we are not required to read his works,—this being the one insuperable limit of our allegiance, for it is sometimes

considerably less troublesome to die for a creed than to digest it.

Nor, when we speak of favourites, would we include the considerably larger numbers of those novels which, like the works of such writers as Catulle Mendès and Henri Lavedan, are read in secret by lovers of the simply unclean, who, however, by a last remnant of decency, are restrained from openly avowing their preference.

Leaving aside, therefore, these two opposite classes of the admired unread and the unadmired read French novelists, we come to the very restricted number of those authors who, like Bourget, Theuriet, Zola, and Ohnet, are openly and avowedly read both in and out of France, and whose works, as a matter of course, are translated, almost as soon as they appear, into every known European language. Extremely dissimilar in character, and vastly unequal as regards merit and method, these several gentlemen have, however, one point in common sufficient to account for the popularity they enjoy—namely, that each of them has always a story to tell; for the general public, which, after all, must always be regarded as an overgrown child, will invariably give the preference to the genuine story-teller, over the arrogant pantologist whose profound erudition and exhaustive analysis will mostly be reckoned a poor substitute for the tale he disdains to give us.

Such is, we honestly believe, the true, sober, and prosaic explanation of Monsieur Zola's yet unshaken popularity after nearly thirty years of a literary career, during which.

perhaps, more extravagant praise and virulent abuse have been showered upon him than upon any other living writer. It is, however, neither because Zola is the foul corrupter of his age which his enemies have declared him to be, nor yet because of his being the transcendent genius whose beacon-light has opened out a completely new era in French literature, as with equal fanaticism his partisans maintain, that Emil Zola remains to-day what he was nearly a quarter of a century ago—a public favourite—but for the simple reason of his being a fairly good story-teller, in an age when the art of story-telling has considerably fallen into oblivion. As for his claim to genius—if, as we are often told, genius be nothing else but an unusual capacity for work—Monsieur Zola has undoubtedly established his right to the title; but if, on the other hand, we choose to adopt the theory of genius being closely allied to madness, then all pretensions to the “fine frenzy” must vanish perforce, since anything more completely, consistently, and hopelessly sane than the system upon which the author of ‘*L’Assommoir*’ and ‘*Nana*’ goes to work cannot well be conceived; and it would be as incongruous here to talk of inspiration as in connection with a dish concocted precisely after a recipe in Mrs Beeton’s book. The experienced cook who knows that by mixing certain proportions of flour, eggs, butter, and sugar she can infallibly produce an excellent pudding, is not more stereotypedly systematic in her action than the great French writer, who has learnt the trick of adroitly assimilating (unkind persons have been known to call it

plagiarising) whole pages of geographical, historical, statistical, and scientific information, which, held together by a mostly commonplace but always carefully worked-out narrative, and adorned by a few lime-like effects in the shape of startling improprieties, is, under the name of fiction, palmed off upon an unsuspecting public, which meekly swallows the heavy dough-wrappings of history, geography, and science for the sake of the story sugar-plum it knows to be lurking within.

This mechanical and cold-blooded method of evolving a novel was never, to our thinking, more strikingly apparent than in Emil Zola’s latest production, ‘*Rome*,’¹ that notorious work which has excited so much virulent controversy both before and since its appearance—for, if rigidly divested of all superfluous and alien matter, the story itself might be recorded in half-a-dozen pages.

Pierre Froment, the same young priest who figures as hero in ‘*Lourdes*,’ has gone to Rome with the intention of defending his book, ‘*La Rome Nouvelle*,’ against the threatened anathema of the Index, and with the naive hope of winning over the Holy Father himself to appreciation and public recognition of the motives which have led to its composition. Pierre, whose original faith had summarily perished during his visit to Lourdes, has meanwhile, in the years that have elapsed since that event, by a sort of assimilating process, regained a modified peace of soul in the exercise of his sacerdotal mission towards his suffering fellow-creatures; and what he dreams of now is nothing less than a species of new Christianity, based upon the principles of purely hu-

¹ *Les Trois Villes Rome.* Par Emil Zola. Paris: Charpentier, 1896.

man charity and compassion,—a Christianity of which he, Pierre Froment, is to be the humble apostle and instigator, and his Holiness Leo XIII. the official ruler and protector. In other words, Pierre expects the Pope to go shares with him in his newly evolved religion, and found with him together a sort of joint-stock company, whereby in the interests of suffering humanity all the old dogmas are to be swept aside as so much useless rubbish, and replaced by something else apparently far more practical and consistent with the spirit of the age, but which the author does not condescend to explain or define more exactly, either because he takes for granted that we know all about it already, or else because he has not yet precisely made up his own mind as to what this new religion is to consist of. As might be expected, Leo XIII. does not show himself ready to fall in with the sanguine young Frenchman's ideas, and when, after months of weary waiting and suspense, Pierre is at last admitted into the papal presence, he reaps nought but humiliation and disappointment. The scene itself, which is intended to be the culminating effect of the book, is described with all Zola's technical fidelity of detail and close attention to contrasting effects.

"Then Pierre was uplifted as though by a flame, carried, impelled forward. At last, at last he was going to see him to disburden his heart, open out his soul! For so many, many days he had been passionately longing for this moment; he had been fighting with all his courage to obtain it! And he recalled to mind the incessantly recurring obstacles which had been thrown in his way ever since his arrival at Rome, in order to shackle him; and this long struggle, this final unhopèd-for success, redoubled his fear and intensified his desire

of victory! Yes, yes! He would conquer, he would confound the adversaries of his book."

But when, a few minutes later, Pierre finds himself actually face to face with the sovereign Pontiff on whom depends the fate of his book, a sudden revulsion of feeling restores his calmness, transforming him from a frenzied enthusiast into a cool and critical observer.

"What surprised him was the face, the whole personage, which appeared diminished and hardly recognisable. This was the fourth meeting. He had seen him first one fine evening midst the enchanting surroundings of his gardens, smiling and familiar, listening to the gossip of a favourite prelate, while he tripped along with his little decrepit step resembling the jerky motion of a wounded bird. He had seen him again in the *salle* of the Beatification, a beloved and tender-hearted Pope, his cheeks flushed with satisfaction, while women were pressing upon him their purses, their caps full of gold, tearing off their jewels to throw them at his feet, as they would have torn out their hearts to throw them in like manner. He had seen him at St Peter's carried in state in all the pontifical glory of the visible Deity, enthroned by Christianity, like unto an idol encased in its gold and jewelled shrine; his countenance petrified to an expression of hierarchical and sovereign immobility. And now he saw him again in his arm-chair in close proximity, looking so small, so frail, as to produce a feeling of anxiety akin to tenderness. Above all, the neck seemed extraordinary in its improbable smallness,—the neck of a little bird very old and very white. The face, of characteristic transparency, had the pallor of alabaster; the light of the lamp showed quite clearly through the large dominating nose, from which the blood appeared to have receded. The enormous white-lipped mouth cut a narrow line across the lower part of his face, and the eyes alone had remained young and beautiful,—wonderful eyes, shining like black diamonds with a

power and lustre which unlocked souls, forcing them to confess the truth with loud voice. The sparse hair escaped from the white skull-cap in light white curls, whitely crowning the thin white figure, whose ugliness was redeemed by this spiritual whiteness, so to say dissolving the flesh into lily-like blossoms.

"But at the first glance Pierre had recognised that if Monseigneur Squadrici had made him wait, it had not been in order to oblige the Pope to put on a clean *soutane*, for that which he wore was copiously soiled by brown tobacco-stains running down alongside of the buttons, and in homely fashion the Holy Father held a handkerchief on his knees for the purpose of wiping himself from time to time."

However, these sordid details presently disappear from the young priest's eyes, and the figure of the insignificant old man seems to grow and expand again to its former majestic dimensions.

"And Pierre, in the fever which had laid hold of him anew, seemed to see the Pontiff growing in power and lustre. Behind him now he saw disappearing into the mist of ages that long series of Popes just now evoked, holy or haughty ones, warriors and ascetics, diplomatists and theologians; those who had wielded the buckler, and those others who had conquered by the cross alone; those who had settled the fate of empires, like simple provinces confided to their keeping by the Almighty. . . . What a crowd of magnificent princes, of sovereign kings, of omnipotent arms and brains, behind that pale and motionless old man! What an accumulated amount of inexhaustible force of will, of obstinate genius, of boundless domination!"

The young priest's excitement finally culminates in a sort of hysterical attack, in which he writhes like a worm at the Pontiff's feet, midst floods of tears, incoherently imploring him to be good—not to condemn his book—to

think of the poor—to take up again the task of the Saviour, which has grown perverted during the course of years—to begin again, &c., &c., &c.

"Then he broke down under the stress of emotion, shattered to the ground in a tempest of heavy sobs. His breaking heart was pouring itself out. Endless heavy sobs, a terrific flood proceeding from his whole being, from yet further, from all those miserable creatures, from that world where suffering flows in the veins with the very life-blood. He, with his sudden weakness like that of a nervous child, was there as the ambassador of pain, as he had said; and at the knees of this silent and immovable Pope he symbolised all human suffering in tears."

This tableau, which Zola has worked up with consummate skill, would be effective, and even possibly moving, were not its result a too self-evident foregone conclusion; for after all, what else could the Pope do but tell the young man more or less plainly that he is not only a heretic but likewise a fool, and induce him to condemn his own book and retract all his words as pernicious and blasphemous? Was it for a moment conceivable that Leo XIII., or any other Pontiff in his place, would acknowledge himself convinced by the young Frenchman's arguments, by consenting to establish the Papacy upon a totally new basis, since by doing so he would virtually cease to be Pope—to wit, the visible and ostensible head of a Church whose very foundations repose upon the assumption of immutability and infallibility?

Side by side with the history of the young priest's hopes and disappointments we have the thread of a love-story totally independent of the general scheme of the novel, and obviously introduced for the purpose of supplying the necessary

sugar-plum without which the book would be pronounced distasteful by the majority of readers. Benedetta Boccanero and her cousin Dario, the last scions of a proud and noble race attached to the papal cause, have loved each other since childhood, and their ultimate union had always been taken for granted, until in a moment of weakness she suffers herself to be mated to the wealthy Count Prada. This marriage—in some sense a political one, since Prada belongs to the Italian faction—had been regarded with favour in both camps as symbolising a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal; but Benedetta abruptly recovers her self-assertion on the bridal night, and repulses her husband, swearing never to belong to another but her beloved cousin Dario. All attempts at reunion on the part of both families proving unavailing, Benedetta returns to the house of her uncle, Cardinal Boccanero, there to await the decree of annulment which is to restore to her her liberty. After many tedious delays, the marriage of Benedetta and Prada is pronounced null and void by the Church; but just at the moment when the lovers believe themselves to have reached the goal of their hopes, a cruel fate intervenes to prevent the consummation of their earthly bliss. A basket of poisoned figs, intended for the Cardinal, goes to the wrong address, and is partaken of by the nephew instead of the uncle. Dario expires in violent convulsions after a few hours' illness, and Benedetta, beside herself with despair, dies of a broken heart, in the very act of clasping in her arms the lover thus cruelly wrested from her at the eleventh hour. We cannot do more than hint at a scene as repulsive as it is improbable, and which for

erotic audacity is probably unsurpassed by anything yet issued from Zola's pen. The combination of poisoning convulsions and amorous transports has had the effect of so tightly interlacing the corpses of the two lovers that after death it proves impossible to withdraw them from each other's embrace, and it accordingly becomes necessary to bury them within the self-same coffin.

"It was in the evening, in the large state-room, when the visits had ceased, that the doors were closed and the bodies consigned to the coffins. The Masses had come to an end; the elevation bells no longer resounded, the murmur of Latin prayers had ceased after having buzzed incessantly during twelve hours in the ears of those dear dead children. Only the silent air was heavy with the violent perfume of roses and the warm odour of wax candles. As these but insufficiently lighted the vast room, they brought in lamps, which were held by the servants like torches. According to custom, all the servants of the house were here assembled, in order to bid a last farewell to their masters, who were going to sleep for ever in death. . . . The Cardinal and Donna Serafina stood side by side near the bed. Pierre was there too, as well as Don Virgilio. It was Victorine who undertook to sew up the two lovers in the same shroud—a large piece of white silk, in which they appeared dressed in the same wedding garment, the gay and spotless garb of their union. Then two servants advanced and assisted Pierre and Don Virgilio in laying them in the first coffin, of fir-wood lined with pink satin. It was scarcely larger than an ordinary coffin, so young and elegantly slender were the two lovers, and so tightly did their embrace unite them, making of them but one single body. When they had been stretched out within, they continued their eternal slumber, the heads half drowned among their fragrant locks intermingled; and when this first shrine had been enclosed within a second one of lead, and then again in a third oaken coffin,

when the three lids had been soldered and riveted, still the faces of the two lovers could be seen through the round opening, fitted in with a thick glass pane in each of the three coffin-lids, according to the Roman fashion. And there, separated for evermore from living men, alone in the depths of their triple coffin, they continued to gaze and smile at each other with those obstinately open eyes, having eternity before them wherein to exhaust their infinite love."

As this brief account of Zola's novel will doubtless convey an erroneously light and lively impression to those who have not seen the original, it may not be superfluous to repeat that the twin stories of Pierre's deceptions and of Benedetta's tragic love are ponderously framed in a complete encyclopedia of Rome past and present, looked at from the classical, historical, theological, architectural, archæological, botanical, and various other points of view. Travellers bound for Rome who have had the wisdom to invest their francs in Monsieur Zola's novel, may confidently dispense with Murray or Bradshaw as a guide-book, since here they will find complete and comprehensive catalogues of all the churches, monuments, streets, fountains, gardens, and catacombs in the Eternal City, surveyed in every possible combination of light and shade, season and atmosphere,—the pitiless chronicler refuses to let us off a single Pope or Cæsar, garden or palace; and as all these descriptions are given to us through the medium of Pierre Froment's impressions and thoughts as he walks the streets of Rome, the conscientious reader (who has not acquired the art of judicious skipping) is kept in a continual state

of wondering admiration at the inexhaustibility and multifariousness of the young Frenchman's acquired knowledge. On the 750th page, however, when Pierre is about to make his final exit from Rome, we are told that, having once reached the railway station and found himself in the midst of the bustle of approaching departure, "Pierre ceased to think." Most people will be inclined to regret that this blissful state of vacuity did not set in a few hundred pages earlier in the book!

Paul Bourget is another of the favoured few whose latest work is always to be found on every drawing-room table or railway bookstall, and in the catalogue of every provincial lending library; and although his most recent novel, '*Une Idylle Tragique*,'¹ can neither pretend to the power and depth of '*Mensonges*' and '*Le Disciple*,' nor yet to the light brilliancy of '*Cosmopolis*,' it is yet a fairly interesting story, and, despite many shortcomings, may be read with greater pleasure and less effort than the majority of novels which it is the reviewer's hard lot to be obliged to peruse. It would almost seem as though the aforementioned novel, '*Cosmopolis*,' were directly responsible for this latest literary production, which on the title-page is described as '*Mœurs Cosmopolites*,' for the figures met with here likewise belong to that same large tribe of the restless rich of all countries who are everywhere and nowhere at home, and who seem to pitch their tents quite naturally wherever esplanades, card-tables, and casinos are to be found. There, however, the resemblance between the two books

¹ *Une Idylle Tragique; Mœurs Cosmopolites.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre, 1896.

ends, for the tragic idyl lacks the leading idea which served to give backbone to its predecessor, and the skeleton of the tale is too slight and thinly spread out to support in very satisfactory fashion the many irrelevant incidents and characters which exercise no direct influence on the fates of the chief actors. The motto of the story, taken from La Rochefoucauld's maxims, "*Quelque rare que soit le véritable amour il l'est encore moins que la véritable amitié*," suggests an idea which has frequently been treated before, often much worse and occasionally somewhat better than in the present instance—i.e., the love of two men, united by long bonds of friendship, for the same woman. Pierre Hautefeuille meets at Cannes Ely Carlsberg, the morganatic wife of an Austrian Archduke, and becomes her lover, ignorant of the fact that his most intimate friend, Olivier du Prat, had occupied the same position towards her some two years previously at Rome. Then, just as their mutual passion is yet in its honeymoon stage, like a bolt from the blue there comes a telegram from Olivier announcing his immediate arrival at Nice with his young wife, on their way back from Egypt on their wedding-tour. Almost from the moment of their first meeting, the two men become aware that a barrier of some sort has arisen between them. Pierre, though ignorant of the fact, is sensitively afraid lest Olivier's sharp-sighted friendship should penetrate the secret of his relations with Ely; while Olivier, on learning that his former innamorata is at Cannes, is equally apprehensive lest some untoward chance should disclose those inconvenient episodes in his former life.

Of course, this game of triangular hide-and-seek cannot last for

long; the inevitable disclosure takes place, and the two friends are brought face to face with the brutal facts of the case, which would seem to imply for Pierre the sacrifice of either love or friendship. The way in which the disclosure is brought about is natural and well-devised; and the scene in which poor Berthe, Olivier's young wife, breaking through her shy reserve, implores Pierre's assistance, little suspecting his part in the drama which she dimly guesses to be going on, is one of the best in the book. Olivier having married Berthe merely from motives of expediency, is far too much absorbed in morbid self-analysis to have made the discovery that he is adored by his girlish wife, who is only too timid to show her affection; and, wholly bent upon guarding his secret from Pierre, he has overlooked the fact that he is closely watched by another pair of eyes at his side, as keen and as jealously vigilant. Berthe has discovered in Olivier's waste-paper basket the torn and blotted remnants of a letter addressed to Ely, and when at their usual luncheon-time a hurried note from her husband informs her that he is unexpectedly detained by a friend, she can no longer doubt her misfortune.

"She has taken him back! He is with her!"

"As soon as this thought had taken shape in her mind, with that terrible pain produced by certitude which pierces the soul like a cold, clear blade, she felt herself physically unable to go on enduring this new trial. With the automatic and almost unconscious action characteristic of such moments, she put on her hat, her veil, her gloves. Then, only when dressed and ready to go out, a last remnant of reason showed her the absurdity of the project she had just conceived,—to go herself to the house

of her rival, surprise Olivier there, and be done with it. Be done with it! . . . She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, pale, with chattering teeth, and all shaken by convulsive trembling. She understood that such a step, taken in such a state and towards such a woman, was no less than insane. But supposing some one else could take this step for her? If some one else could go to Olivier and say, 'Your wife knows everything. She suffers too much. . . . Come back.' . . . Another? What other one except Pierre? . . . The image of the man whom she believed to be her husband's confidant had no sooner presented itself to the mind of the unfortunate woman than, with the same feverishly automatic action, she had rung for her lady's-maid.

"Ask Monsieur Hautefeuille to come up to me, if he is at home," she had said,—she, who in her whole life had never yet had a single *tête-à-tête* conversation with this young man! But what did she care for conventional appearances at this moment? Her agitation was such that, on receiving the answer that Monsieur Hautefeuille was about to come, she was obliged to sit down. Her legs were really incapable of supporting her. When he entered the room five minutes later, she did not even give him time to salute her or to put a question. Precipitating herself on him like an animal on its prey, with the incoherence of a maniac who beholds but his own idea without seeing the person to whom his words are addressed, she exclaimed—

"Ah, there you are! . . . You must have guessed that I suspected something. . . . You must go and tell Olivier that I know everything. . . . Do you hear?—everything; and bring him back. But go—go. . . . If he does not return, I feel that I shall go mad. Monsieur Hautefeuille, you are a man of honour—of heart. You must surely find it very wrong that after only six months of married life he should return where he has gone. . . . I implore you, go and tell him to come back. Say that I forgive him, that I will say nothing to him. I do not know how to show my love. But I love him—I swear to you that I

love him. Ah, I am losing my head! . . ."

"But, madame," answered Pierre, 'what is the matter? What is happening? Where must I go to seek for Olivier? What do you know? What had he concealed from you? Whither has he gone back? I assure you that I do not understand.'

"Ah! you, too, are lying to me," returned Berthe, violently; 'you wish to spare me. But when I tell you that I know everything, do you require proofs? . . . I have read the rough copies of the letter he wrote to her last night asking her for a meeting. . . ."

"And with her poor trembling hands, that could hardly hold the sheets of paper on which she had laid out the denunciatory fragments so patiently pieced together, she showed Pierre all these begun letters, amongst them that irrefutable line which for him bore a far deeper signification. Himself he began to tremble, and his features expressed such anguish that Berthe saw in his agitation an acknowledgment of complicity."

But if the above-quoted passages are true to nature, admirably rendering the passionate incoherency of a poor woman racked by love and jealousy, the same praise cannot be accorded to the following scene, in which the two friends "have it out" on the subject of the fair Ely:—

"Then you confess it!" exclaimed Pierre. He rose to his feet, and, seizing his friend by the shoulder, he began furiously to shake him, repeating, 'You confess it. You confess! You guessed that I loved her, and yet you kept silence. A whole week you have been near me, alongside of me, watching me giving my whole heart, all that is good and noble of me, to your former mistress, and yet you kept silence! And if I had not learnt everything from your wife, you would have suffered me to get absorbed more and more every day by this passion, and for one whom you yourself despise! It is not to-

day that you should have said to me, "She is an infamous creature!" but in the very first hour—the first minute!"

"And could I do so?" interrupted Olivier. "Honour forbade it, you know it well——"

"And yet honour did not forbid you," retorted Pierre, "when you knew that I loved her, to write to her asking for a meeting behind my back, to go to her in my absence!" and, looking at Olivier with a glance in which burnt the flame of real hatred, he went on—

"But I see clear at last. You have both made sport of me. You wished to make use of what you had found out, in order to re-enter her life. Ah, Judas! you have betrayed me. You also—— Ah, traitor! traitor! traitor!" and, uttering a piercing cry, he sank into the arm-chair and broke into sobs, between which he repeated 'Friendship, love; love, friendship,—all are dead. I have lost everything. All have deceived me—all have lied to me. Ah! how wretched I am!'"

Not having had the advantage of sufficiently observing French gentlemen when under the influence of violent emotion, we are unable to verify or endorse the fidelity of this picture. It is just possible that to rave, rant, and sob in this hysterical fashion may be the usual habit of our neighbours across the Channel, and that consequently French readers may admire or be touched by the scene just recorded, which to an English mind can never appear otherwise than profoundly and ignobly ridiculous. From this point forth, moreover, we find it impossible to keep up any sympathy for the effeminate and hysterical Pierre, although the soul-conflicts he has to endure before suffering himself to be lured back into the siren's arms are admirably depicted. Skilfully devised, likewise, is the final catastrophe, where Olivier having purposely caused himself to be

mistaken for his friend in the dark, falls victim to the shot which the jealous Archduke had intended for his wife's lover. This same Archduke, an invariably disagreeable old cynic devoted to chemistry, is about the best and most original character in the book, in which he might with advantage have occupied a far more important position; while the Venetian widow and her incognito husband, the American girl and her lover, as well as some four or five other persons, might without loss have been omitted from a narrative in which they appear as merely irrelevant intruders. In conclusion, it is only justice to say that although inferior to some of its predecessors, '*Une Idylle Tragique*' is yet better worth reading than ninety-nine out of a hundred contemporary French novels. The writing, it is almost needless to observe, is excellent throughout, and the author's rare powers of observation find expression in many dainty little pieces of description and shrewd criticism,—as, for instance, the following remarks, addressed by Olivier to his friend, in which the characteristics of the travelling and travelled Americans are amusingly touched off:—

"We do not suit one another, the Americans and I. The superfluous energy of these people fatigues me only to think of them. . . . And what shoals of them there are! What shoals! What masses of them have I seen at Cairo or on the Nile, men and women alike, all rich, all in robust health, all active, all well-instructed, all looking at everything, understanding everything, digesting everything! And all of them had made, were making, or remaking the journey round the world. They gave me the impression of being moral copies of those jugglers at country fairs who swallow before our eyes a raw fowl, a dozen rifle-

bullets, and who drink a glass of water on the top of it all. . . . Wherever do they stow away that hash of incongruous impressions with which they are stuffed? That always remains a riddle to me."

And at another place, in allusion to a certain Venetian lady whose beauty is somewhat in the style of Correggio's Madonnas—

"'I prefer them on canvas,' said Olivier. 'This resemblance of Italian women to the pictures of the old masters used to drive me to despair at Rome. You enter a *salon*. In the corner of a sofa you catch sight of a Luini talking to a Correggio. You draw near. The Luini is in the act of narrating to the Correggio the last French novel, the most unclean and the dullest one as a rule; and the Correggio is listening to the Luini with an interest which for evermore disgusts you with the Madonnas of the one and the other painter.'"

Side by side with the works of these two popular writers, we have frequently during the past weeks come across the name of a new author, hitherto almost unknown, but who, judging from his first undoubted success, bids fair to assume the position of a first favourite. It is impossible to pass over in silence such a remarkable work as 'Aphrodite,' by Pierre Louys,¹ although in speaking of it we are torn by two conflicting feelings—admiration for the marvellous talent with which it is written, and disgust for the manner in which this talent has been utilised. Everything is but a matter of comparison after all, and, viewed alongside of this startling production of a hitherto unknown young man, Monsieur Zola's works might

almost be called proper and decorous. Certainly we do not recollect ever before having perused a novel which so frankly, audaciously, and almost ingenuously bids defiance to all our preconceived ideas of propriety and decency, and which has been made so arbitrarily and needlessly repulsive.

The scene of the tale is laid in Alexandria, under the reign of Queen Berenice, who in her turn is ruled by her lover, the handsome and haughty sculptor Demetrias, for whose favour all the other women in the place are sighing in vain. But Demetrias has no more love to give, either to the queen or to any other living woman, for, having copied the form of his royal mistress in marble, to be worshipped in the temple as the goddess Aphrodite, he has transferred all the passion of which he is capable to his statue, which is so far more beautiful than she who had been its model. More beautiful likewise than the queen is the golden-haired courtesan Chrysé, whom her admirers liken to the foam-born goddess; and she too, wearied of the homage paid to her beauty by the common herd of men, has sworn to bring to her feet the hitherto impassible Demetrias. Chrysé and the sculptor meet at last one starlit night on the pier near the lighthouse, where the sadly murmuring waves are taking up the burden of a wailing ditty sung yonder to the accompaniment of flutes, and whose plaintive refrain of "Eros! Eros!" is filling the air with vague ominous vibrations as of an approaching thunderstorm. Having with some difficulty suc-

¹ Aphrodite; Mœurs Antiques. Par Pierre Louys. Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 1896.

ceeded in arresting the sculptor's attention and inflaming his passing fancy, the following conversation takes place, in which Ohrysé specifies the gifts she requires as the price of her love :—

"I shall give thee untold sums of gold,—I have it in Egypt."

"And I have it in my hair. I am tired of gold. I only desire three things. Wiltst thou give them to me?"

"Demetrias felt that she was going to ask from him the impossible. He looked at her anxiously; but she began to smile, and said in a slow voice—

"I want a silver mirror in which to reflect my eyes."

"Thou shaltst have it. What more dost thou desire? Say quickly."

"I want a comb of carved ivory, to plunge into my hair like a net into the sunlit waters."

"And then——?"

"Thou wiltst give me the comb?"

"Yes, yes. Finish thy request."

"I want a necklace of pearls to shed over my bosom, when in my chamber I shall dance before thee the bridal dances of my country."

"He raised his eyebrows."

"Is that all?"

"Thou wiltst give me the necklace?"

"The one that pleasest thee best."

"Her voice grew very tender and caressing."

"The one that best pleasest me? Ah! that is precisely what I wished to ask. May I select my own gifts?"

"Of course."

"Thou swearst."

"I swear."

"What oath wiltst thou take?"

"Dictate it to me."

"By the Aphrodite which thou hast modelled."

"I swear it by the Aphrodite. But wherefore this precaution?"

"There, . . . I was not quite reassured. But now I am content."

Ohrysé proceeds to specify her desires more exactly; and when Demetrias comes to understand

that the gifts demanded by Ohrysé involve three crimes which he must commit in order to obtain them, he has a movement of indignant revolt. The mirror she asks for is Sappho's historical mirror, now in possession of her own rival Bacchis, and is what the latter most values in the world. The comb upon which she has set her heart is that worn by the wife of the high priest, which cannot be obtained without murdering the wearer; while the coveted pearl necklace is no other than the one adorning the sculptor's own statue of Aphrodite exposed in the temple. At this last insane demand all the sculptor's blood rises up in rebellion.

"Ah! this time it is too much! Thou shaltst not continue to make a fool of me up to the end! Nothing—dost hear?—nothing! Neither mirror, nor comb, nor necklace shaltst thou have!"

"But she closed his lips with her hand, and went on caressingly—

"Do not say that, for thou knowest well that thou wiltst also give me the necklace; I am sure of it already. I shall have the three gifts. Thou canst come to me to-morrow evening, and after to-morrow, and again every evening that it pleasest thee. . . . I shall always be there waiting for thee, painted according to thy fancy, my hair dressed as thou likest best to see it. . . . Dost thou wish for silence? I shall be silent. . . . Dost thou desire singing? Ah! my beloved, I know the songs of all countries; I know songs that are sweet and dulcet as the voices of murmuring springs, and others that are terrible like approaching thunder; I know some so fresh and simple that a young girl might sing them to her mother, and others. . . ."

"Demetrias cast upon her a haggard, helpless glance."

"She went on tenderly."

"How is it possible to refuse me a poor little silver mirror, when in

return thou shaltst hold my locks like a golden forest between thy hands?"

"Demetrias stretched out his arm; but she drew back and said—

"'To-morrow!'

"'Thou shaltst have it,' he murmured.

"'And canst thou deny me a little ivory comb that happens to please me, when my arms, like two ivory branches, will be clasped round thy neck?"

"He attempted to caress the arms, but she put them behind her back, repeating—

"'To-morrow!'

"'I will bring it,' he said very low.

"'Ah! I knew it well,' exclaimed the courtesan; 'and likewise thou wiltst give to me the seven round pearl collars which are round Aphrodite's neck, and in exchange I shall be thine, and shall bestow on thee more kisses than there are pearls in the sea.'

"Demetrias imploringly advanced his head. She dazzled him for just one moment with her gaze before suffering him to touch her perfect lips. . . .

"When he reopened his eyes she was already far off—only a small pale shadow was following her floating veil.

"Vaguely he turned to resume his walk back to the town, his forehead bowed down by the consciousness of an intolerable shame."

And so it comes to pass, and the three crimes required by Chrysé are accomplished. The first of these costs the life of Aphrodisia, a beautiful slave, unjustly accused by her mistress of having stolen Sappho's sacred mirror. Aphrodisia is condemned to be crucified alive, and it is Bacchis, her mistress, who, half-drunk at the close of a tempestuous orgy, undertakes to nail to the cross the innocent and unfortunate girl. The other guests look on at the inhuman crime with various feelings of delight, pity, or disgust. Chrysé alone, who

knows the true culprit, and who could have saved Aphrodisia by a word, feels her heart swell with triumph at the sight, for is not the slave's crucifixion but an indirect homage to her own charms, since it is for her sake that the mirror has been stolen?

The manner in which the fashionable philosopher, Phrasilas, endeavours to console the dying girl in her last moments is not devoid of humour.

"After a reflective pause Phrasilas gave a little cough, clasped his right hand within the left, raised his eyebrows, and approached the crucified girl, whose body was uninterruptedly shaken by a horrible quiver.

"'Although,' he observed to her, 'I am in general opposed to the so-called absolute theories, I cannot deny that, under the present surprising combination of circumstances, it would be an advantage to familiarise thyself in more serious fashion with the Stoic maxims. Zeno, who, however, does not seem to have possessed in all respects a mind free from error, has left us some sophisms of no great universal value, but from which, nevertheless, thou mayest extract a certain profit, with the object of soothing thy last moments. Pain, he tells us, is a word devoid of sense, since our will surpasses the imperfections of our perishable body. It is true that Zeno died at the age of eighty-eight without having had any illness, however slight, say his biographers; but this, after all, is not an argument which can be reasonably brought against him, for in point of fact, if he was able to preserve unimpaired health, we cannot therefore logically conclude that he would have lacked fortitude in the contingency of illness. Besides, it would be extravagant to expect all philosophers personally to practise the rules of conduct which they suggest, or to cultivate unremittingly those virtues which they deem most distinguished. In short, and in order not to extend unduly a speech which threatens to outlast thy span of life, I can only exhort thee to uplift thy soul

as much as possible above thy physical sufferings. . . . Between those various conflicting doctrines which promise us immortality, this is the moment for selecting the one best calculated to assuage thy regret at being forced to disappear. If they have told us true, the horror of transition will thereby be illumined for thee. If they have lied—what does it matter? Thou wilt never find out the mistake.'

"Having thus spoken, Phrasilas readjusted the folds of his robe on the shoulder and disappeared with a troubled step."

Ohrysé having gained the conviction that Demetrias has indeed accomplished all she desired, is now burning to give him whatever reward he chooses to ask. She would even consent at his bidding to fly with him, and, renouncing all other triumphs, devote her life to him and his love. But on the satiated man of pleasure the effect of this *dénouement* is a totally opposite one. The adventure had only interested him so long as it was fraught with difficulty and danger, and he no longer cares to pursue it further. Moreover, the artist's inflammable imagination has already outrun events, and in a vivid dream he has already exhausted all the delights which had been promised him. Coldly he repulses Ohrysé, and when she grovels at his feet imploring his love, he cruelly bids her deck herself out with the stolen comb and necklace, and, holding Sappho's mirror in her hand, thus show herself in public. Of course she will instantly be arrested by the queen's soldiers and condemned to death, but he (Demetrias) will come and visit her at daybreak in prison on the morning of her execution. At this price, and at this price only, will he consent to see her again. In a moment of insane

exaltation Ohrysé actually does as she is bid, thereby sealing her own doom. The scene in which, robed only in her floating golden hair and decked out in the stolen ornaments, she shows herself to the populace in front of the lighthouse, bathed in the crimson glory of the setting sun, is a grand and effective climax almost worthy of an epic poem, and the account of her last moments in prison before she swallows the poisoned draught is vividly realistic.

The more, therefore, it is to be regretted that a work whose general scheme afforded such magnificent opportunities should have been degraded into a mere pretext whereon to hang nauseous descriptions of Lesbian horrors and other suchlike pagan obscenities, which only an utterly corrupt and degenerate appetite could have cared to drag forth from their deserved oblivion. Indeed, if we examine the matter closely, it would almost seem as though the strictly classical framework of the story, at first calculated to throw dust in the reader's eyes by the absolute perfection of its art, were nothing but a stratagem devised in order to give the writer greater licence of speech, by enabling him to express unveiledly many things which he would otherwise have blushed to put upon paper; for when M. Louys in the preface of his book says to us by way of explanation, or perhaps of apology, "*J'ai écrit ce livre avec la même simplicité qu'un Athénien aurait mis à la relation des mêmes aventures,*" does he not thereby betray the key-note of his motives by making us surmise that the Greek atmosphere were but a cunningly woven veil wherewith to drape Parisian depravity? Yet more clearly this *arrière-pensée* is betrayed in the

concluding paragraph of the preface, wherein M. Louys artlessly regrets those happy classic days before human nature had been cramped and shackled by the restraining influence of inconvenient and undesirable Christianity.

"At least," he exclaims, "may it be permitted to those who will ever regret not having known that delirious youth of the earth which we call antique life—may it be permitted to them to re-live in spirit by a fruitive illusion those times . . . when sexual love, that divine love to which we owe our origin, was without stain, without shame or sin; may they be allowed momentarily to forget eighteen barbarous, hypocritical, and hideous centuries, by going back from the pool to the fountain-head, by returning to original beauty, rebuilding the great temple to the sound of enchanted flutes, and enthusiastically consecrate to the sanctuaries of the true faith their hearts, always swayed by the immortal Aphrodite."

The artless immorality of these conclusions, which positively takes away our breath, is such that, after perusing a book of this sort, one is more than half inclined to give up French fiction altogether as a bad job, and swear never more to re-open one of those yellow-backed volumes whose very appearance has become suggestive of abomination; and it requires the invigorating tonic of Monsieur Cherbuliez's name in order to remind us that the French nation yet possesses many writers of whom it has every reason to be proud, although, strangely enough, these are not always the ones on whom the laurels of public opinion seem to be most lavishly bestowed. Victor Cherbuliez is among those novelists who, for some unexplained reason, do not seem to occupy, either in France or elsewhere, precisely the position to which—in our humble

opinion—he is undoubtedly entitled. Far be it from us, however, to imply his actual and recognised position to be anything but an extremely honourable and respectable one. He has been elected member of the Academy, his books apparently run through the requisite number of editions, and are—although without any unseemly haste—translated into various European tongues. But there his success ends. The great mass of the public remain cold at his touch; no one seems to rave either for or against him: he has neither a party of those devoted adherents who make it their task to laud up to the skies every dubious pearl that falls from their master's lips, nor yet that tribe of equally useful enemies whose virulent attacks are fully as efficacious in furthering a writer's popularity. Whilst Zola, Loti, Bourget, Malot, and even Ohnet, have each got their galaxy of adorers or haters—sometimes both—no one seems inclined to take the same trouble for Cherbuliez; and, oddly enough, he is frequently overlooked or disregarded when stars of vastly inferior magnitude are dragged into notice. Thus Lazare, in his recent work entitled '*Figures Contemporaines*,' which affects to be an enumeration of all contemporary literary talent in France, does not even mention the name of Cherbuliez, although he forces us to blush repeatedly at our ignorance regarding such writers as Chevasu, Poitevin, Dierx, Aicard, and Bouvières, of whose merits (shall we say of whose existence?) we had hitherto entertained but the vaguest conception; and yet Victor Cherbuliez is incontestably less morbid than Bourget, less unclean than Zola, infinitely less wearisome

than the idolised M. Loti can very often be: his style is as superior to the dead-level common-places of a Theuriet or a Malot as the flavour of a pine-apple is raised above that of a common turnip. He is a good deal easier to understand and lighter to digest than the abstruse and inscrutable Monsieur Barrés, although never stooping to the cheap melodramatic effects of a George Ohnet. The figures on his canvas are all alive to their finger-tips; his style is masterly, his sense of humour excellent, and of all contemporary French writers he is, perhaps, the one most perfectly free from vulgarity of any kind. Perhaps this last-named circumstance may have something to do with the inadequate popularity of Victor Cherbuliez's works, since, in order to appeal to a vulgar crowd, there must be at least some faint point of contact between the author and his public; and a writer who never under any circumstances can forget that he is a gentleman, will always run the risk of being unappreciated by the great majority of those who can lay no claim to the title. The language of his books is throughout the language of good society, and he does not write a word with his pen which he might not repeat *de vive voix* in the hearing of the most fastidious company of gentlemen and ladies—in contradistinction to certain other writers who seem to have two totally distinct forms of addressing their fellow-creatures. At least we take it for granted that such must be the case, for it would be rather difficult to conjure up a vision of Monsieur Zola, correctly attired in

dress-coat and white neck-tie, calmly uttering some of the many abominations that flow so glibly from his pen, to his elegant partner at a fashionable dinner-party. But Monsieur Cherbuliez—to his honour be it said—never lays aside his white neck-tie; he never requires to call a spade a spade in so many words, though neither does he fail to make us understand whatever he desires to say. He has reduced to a fine art the great secret of reticence, and knows exactly when to stop at places where a less skilful hand, encumbering the passage by only half-a-dozen superfluous words, would have produced but half the effect. Another noteworthy circumstance in connection with this author's novels which must surely have struck whoever has taken the trouble attentively to analyse them, is their absolute independence of what, for want of a better word, has often been termed the *fin-de-siècle* spirit. Without being in any degree old-fashioned or behind the age, almost every one of his novels might just as well have been written thirty years ago, or thirty years hence. Even when dates are given, they affect the story but little, each successive novel consisting simply of a group of men and women whose respective feelings and foibles, passions and intrigues, are dispassionately analysed by one who knows that, under every sky and in whatsoever century, human nature always remains virtually the same.

Having said this much, it is perhaps superfluous to add that in the latest work of our favourite writer¹ we have found again all those qualities which have ren-

¹ Après Fortune Faite. Par Victor Cherbuliez, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette, 1896.

dered him so dear to our heart, along with those other less definable shortcomings which appear to have injured him in the minds of his contemporaries. The plot—if plot it can be called—is simple in the extreme. Christophe Trayaz, having disappeared from his home at Hyères, in the south of France, returns unexpectedly from America, after an interval of thirty years, possessed of an enormous fortune,—a circumstance which is naturally the signal for all his remaining relatives, who hitherto had endured his loss with extreme Christian resignation, to come flocking around him, fawning and obsequious. The American millionaire had formerly had two sisters and a brother, each of whom had been married and had left children or grandchildren; and it is of the various intrigues and quarrels, jealousies and heart-burnings, of these several candidates for the position of heir to the millionaire, that the action of the story is made up.

The sly old bachelor takes a fiendish pleasure in pulling the strings of these various puppets, playing them off against each other, and reducing each of them alternately to the depths of despair, or raising them to a pinnacle of insane hope, by capricious smiles or scowls, snubs or caresses, dealt out with truly Machiavellian discernment.

The chances of ultimate favour seem pretty evenly balanced between Huguette Lejeil, a pretty grandniece, and Casimir Trayaz, her first cousin once removed, when another rival candidate appears upon the scene. This is Silvère Sauvagin, son of Christophe's second sister, a young man of very different complexion from the rest of the fortune-hunters assembled at La Figuière. Since

his earliest youth Silvère Sauvagin has always been regarded as a social failure, and his relations prefer to keep him out of sight as some one to be ashamed of. In reality, the young man's originality wholly consists in a sort of savage pride, which will not suffer him to accept favours or make any of those conventional compromises which are almost a *sine quâ non* to success in life. He is consequently continually quarrelling with his bread and butter, because, as it sometimes appears to his inconveniently direct gaze, the plate upon which it is served is not spotlessly clean. At the age of eighteen, in the full flush of his university honours, his father, an architect, had died ruined and disgraced by an unscrupulous speculator. Silvère, as the only means of supporting his aged mother, had renounced his university career and applied for the post of assistant gardener which happened to be vacant in the service of the Comtesse de Rhuis, a middle-aged lady, proprietress of one of the finest gardens at Hyères.

"Silvère, in presenting himself before Madame de Rhuis, found her seated in a pavilion occupied in preparing a nauseously scented mixture which had been recommended to her as a sovereign remedy against tree-bugs. She received the applicant with irreproachable politeness, but coldly, and hardly had she learned his errand than she exclaimed—

"'Monsieur, this strongly resembles a bad joke. Do you mean to say that you are serious?'

"'I have never been more serious in my life, madame. My father has just died ruined, and I do not wish to be a burden to my mother.'

"'The son of an architect, M. Silvère, that young man of such bril-

liant prospects, desires to enter my service as assistant gardener?’

“‘Yes, madame; and I shall endeavour to prove to you that a B.A. can be good for something.’

“‘Shall I speak quite frankly? I am afraid that you will be both above and below your functions. For after all, each trade has to be learnt, and no man can become gardener overnight.’

“‘Ask me, if you please, the names of all the flowers, of all the shrubs, of all the trees in your garden. I see over there a *Dioclea glycinoides*, native of New Grenada, and a little farther off a *Bignonia crucifera*, which is a West Indian plant. That tree yonder is a Chinese quince, the *Cydonia sinensis*.’

“‘You call them by their scientific names, which my gardener ignores.’

“‘The plants,’ he returned, laughing, ‘thrive better when addressed in Latin: that is a form of homage to which they are susceptible.’

“‘To know the plants is not sufficient,’ she replied. ‘I insist on their being respected and loved.’

“‘I do not love, I adore them. And just see here, madame; I saw now, in passing, a beautiful citron-tree, which has been suffered to be devoured by bugs: this filled me with grief and indignation.’

“‘Do you not perceive that I am preparing a drug which is to cure it?’

“‘Your drug will never be more than a mere palliative. Petroleum is here the only efficacious remedy.’

“‘Ah! I beg your pardon. The medicine is worse than the disease. Petroleum scorches the plants.’

“‘Only when one does not understand how to dilute it with water. That is a secret which has been discovered by a horticulturist of Toulon, who revealed it to me. Ah, madame, take me into your service, and within two days your citron-tree will be cured!’

“‘She felt attracted by the young man’s frank and open countenance, but his little deep-set eyes had a disquieting brilliancy.

“‘It is possible,’ she said, after a pause, ‘that you may understand how to kill the bugs, but I only like to

employ persons who are of an easy, pliable, equal character, and who are prepared to accept submissively my advice and my admonitions. Are you not slightly hot-headed? Some rumours of a very objectionable scene which took place in the Avenue des Palmiers have come to my ears. Is it true or false that you applied the term scoundrel to the person in question?’

“‘On your conscience, madame, would you dare to say that I calumniated him?’

“‘There are things which I think without saying.’

“‘I admit that I am fond of saying what I think. I swear to you that I am extremely gentle towards those whom I respect; and only to look at you, I feel that I shall respect you very much. I implore of you, madame, take me on trial.’”

So she does, and the relations between the pious middle-aged countess and the young student gardener are all that can be desired, when presently a message from the rich unknown uncle summons Silvère to La Figuière. He complies rather unwillingly; but although, or perhaps because, he takes no sort of trouble to conciliate or flatter his rich relative, the eccentric old millionaire conceives a fancy for the young man, and point-blank offers him an unheard-of and undreamt-of fortune to be spent in founding a magnificent horticultural scientific establishment bearing the name of the founder, and of which he, Silvère, is to be the director and organiser.

This proposition, which far exceeds in its magnificence the wildest air-castles that ever floated before the young man’s mental vision, has however, unfortunately, a condition attached to it. M. Trayaz has a steward overseer named Sucquier, a man of dubious character, for whose smooth and oily face Silvère had from the

first conceived an insurmountable aversion; and having gone expressly out of his way to inform this influential person of his sentiments, M. Trayaz makes it an absolute condition of his donation that his imprudent and hot-headed nephew should make up the quarrel by shaking hands with the smooth and oily Sucquier. This Silvère flatly refuses to do, and is consequently dismissed in disgrace; but when, about a year later, the alternative is again put before him through the lips of a woman he loves to distraction, and whose hand is made the condition of this sacrifice to his pride, Silvère finally succumbs, and expresses his willingness to do as he is told. Accordingly, the meeting is arranged to take place at a hotel at Nice, whither Silvère repairs, and is received by his uncle with effusive warmth of manner, in which, nevertheless, the susceptible and irritable young man seems to perceive some latent touch of contempt. Despite the presence of his beloved Aveline, he feels uneasy and ashamed; his discomfort visibly increasing as he sees approaching the great moment which is to put him in possession of a magnificent fortune and an adored and adorable woman, at the apparently cheap price of merely touching a scoundrel's hand.

"He had scarcely touched his food, and left the wine untasted. He now attempted to drown his discomfort by gulping down in rapid succession two brimming tumblers of Chateau Lafitte. Some moments later M. Trayaz gave the signal to rise from table. They went down into the garden of the hotel, and walked about. The fatal moment was approaching, and yet the Chateau Lafitte did not seem to act. Silvère had reached the stage of wishing with all the strength of his soul that some catastrophe, a fire,

a deluge, an earthquake, might intervene in order to force the most ruthless of all judges to suspend the execution of his sentence; but the elements are not in the habit of deranging themselves in order to spare us humiliation.

"Suddenly, at the extreme end of a gravel-walk, he saw appear a fat man, who, despite the shortness of his breath, was advancing towards him with hasty steps: it is always so—misfortune is ever in a hurry to meet us half-way. Never before had Silvère been so much struck by the repulsive character of his enemy's ugliness. He had, however, carefully adorned himself for this ceremony: a large gold pin sparkled in his necktie; gloves and hat were brand-new. He stopped for a second to recover breath, then resumed his march; bowed to Madame Verlaque and her daughter, to whom M. Trayaz presented him. This done, he turned back towards Silvère Sauvagin, who was standing a little in the rear. Although his attitude was rather cringing than proud, Silvère suspected him of having a hypocritical smile on his lips, and he seemed to hear within his soul the despairing cry of his agonising pride calling out, 'I am dying! Will you not save me?'

"At the same time he became aware that M. Sucquier had withdrawn the glove from one of his large paws and was holding it out towards him. He endeavoured to stretch out his own arm in order to take it; his muscles refused to obey him; his will vainly clashed against the physical impossibility of which he had once spoken to Madame de Rhuis. Quickly he withdrew his hand, and, clutching at his beard, he stammered—

"*'Ah! c'est plus fort que moi. I cannot! I cannot!'* And, turning on his heel, he took to flight. Madame Verlaque endeavoured to call him back.

"*'Do not think of it, madame,'* cried M. Trayaz in a voice of thunder. *'Leave that madman to run where he lists!'*"

Though sorely tempted, we refrain from further extracts, and

will not forestall the reader's enjoyment by hinting at all the various vicissitudes the hero has to pass through before we find him, at the conclusion of the story, in undisputed possession alike of his untarnished honour and pride, and of a modest portion of those worldly goods which he had taken so little trouble to gain. It is long since we have met in fiction a figure so original and sympathetic as that of *Silvère Sauvagin*, although it is only justice to add that each of the many other figures in the book is drawn with the same delicacy and precision, and that every one, down to the apparently most insignificant, stands out before us with the vividness of a photograph taken direct from nature, or else borrowed from the *atelier* of the great Balzac. Somewhat Balzachian, too (to coin an expression), are the sprinkling of quaint paradoxes and delicate cynicisms with which the

pages are so largely intersected—a rich harvest of thought which, taken merely by itself, must necessarily form the delight of any appreciative reader.

That such readers are, however, far from numerous, I have already hinted; so, for fear of misleading those who do not happen to have a natural or acquired taste for caviare, it is perhaps only charitable to quote here the opinion of the director of the chief lending library in one of our first European capitals, who, when requested to furnish us with the latest work of Victor Cherbuliez, considerably warned us off. "I have not read it myself, but am told that it is an extremely stupid book, all about gardening," was the verdict of this experienced and learned man, who probably must be in the position accurately to gauge the taste of that aimless and brainless monster—the public.

THE FAILURE OF FLIPPERTY.

PART I.

THE great Australian liner steamed west, and Port Melbourne lay a bluer streak on a blue horizon. Passengers were grouped about the deck; and at the stern of the vessel, hidden from the others by a cabin, stood two children, boys. It was evident that they now met for the first time: they looked at one another with shy hesitant interest; both wanted to be friends; each wished the other to make the first advance. In appearance they were strangely unlike: the one was short, broad, with red hair and ears agape; the other, who looked about eleven, was slim, his face small and finely drawn, with a straight, determined little nose, the brow and eyes giving an impression of width and imagination.

The red-headed boy edged nearer. "My name is Buster," he said, with affected indifference; "what's yours?"

"Flipperty," the other answered, "an' I've got an anchor and two cricket-bats tattooed on my left arm; what have you got?"

Buster's arm did not happen to be tattooed, so he changed the conversation. "Compare muscles," he said.

Flipperty bent a little thin arm back to his shoulder with a great deal of action.

"Putty," commented Buster; "feel mine."

"You are hard," his companion admitted.

"Practised in the gym every day: did you have a good gym in your school?"

"I never went to school," Flipperty answered, looking ashamed;

but brightening, "Philip did: Philip's splendid,—why, he could throw a cricket-ball farther than any fellow in the college. I'm good at long jump."

"Who's Philip?"

"My brother; he is at the Teetulpa gold-fields; I'm going to help him to dig for gold."

"You dig for gold!" Buster interrupted with scorn; "why, you look as if you had sat on a high chair all your life and fed the poor out of a long spoon."

"Well, I just didn't, so there."

"Now, upon your Solemn Dick, did you never in all your life give a thing to the poor?"

"Only once, so there," he answered, defiantly.

"What did you give them?"

"Oh, things."

"What things?"

"Shan't say."

"You're afraid."

"I'm not."

"Well, say."

The blood rushed into Flipperty's face and then receded, leaving it quite white. "It was a flannel petticoat," he answered.

"Oracky, do you wear flannel petticoats?" Buster exclaimed, too astonished for further comment. After a moment he added, "I always thought there was something odd about the look of you; I'll tell my brother,—won't he laugh!"

Flipperty caught Buster by the arm and drew him nearer. "Will you keep a secret if I tell you something?" he whispered.

"Fire away; don't take your tongue for a sugar-plum and swallow it."

"Promise?"

"Solemn Dick."

"Well then, I'm a girl."

"A girl!"

"Yes."

"Cracky!"

"Do you think it very wrong?"

"What, to be a girl?"

"No; to pretend to be a boy."

"The police will nab you as sure as an egg."

"Philip won't let them; I'm not afraid."

"They will dress you in yellow and black like a wasp, and paint you all over arrows—Solemn Dick. I've seen pictures of thieves in a book."

"I'm not a thief," indignantly.

"What are you, then?"

"I'm just a girl, who hates being a girl because girls are stupid cooped-up things; so I ran away from home, and now I'm a boy, and I will never be a girl again; so there."

"You a boy! why, you haven't any more muscle than a cat."

Flipperty appeared not to hear this comment.

"Philip," she said, "is six feet high; I shall grow like him some day."

"Pooh," Buster answered, contemptuously, "you'll never reach four feet on tiptoe; you're small all over,—I daresay you're deformed."

Flipperty changed the conversation. "Philip," she said, "can bowl excellent yorkers."

"Does he know you're coming?" Buster asked.

"Yes; I wrote and told him."

"Supposing he doesn't get the letter?"

A curious scared expression crossed Flipperty's face. "He will get the letter," she answered, brusquely.

"Supposing he doesn't?"

"I shan't suppose anything of the kind, so there."

"Letters like that always go wrong," Buster declared with emphasis.

Flipperty's eyes filled with angry tears. "I hate you," she said, passionately, "you red-headed, mean-minded, supposing thing."

Her vehemence seemed to surprise Buster. He looked at her a moment in silence, then he took a large red apple from his pocket. "You may have two bites," he said, "as large as you can make them."

A big tear splashed down over Flipperty's face on to the deck. She covered the spot with her foot impatiently.

"The apple is very red," Buster remarked. "Bite just there," he added, indicating the desired spot with a short dirty finger.

Flipperty took a small sobby bite.

"You may eat half," Buster said, "if you promise Solemn Dick not to go over your side of the core. Come into my cabin and I'll show you things," he continued, after a pause.

"There," he said, a few minutes later, taking an old pistol from his trunk, "what do you think of that? it's real. I expect it has killed heaps of people; blew their brains out on the floor—burglars, you know."

"Will it fire off?" she asked.

"No," he replied, sadly, "it's broken; but you can pull the trigger. I tell you what," he added, drawing in his breath, "supposing I lend it to you—only supposing, you know."

"Buster, how good you are! but I don't think I shall need it."

His face brightened; he continued to press the pistol on her.

"You will be glad of it," he said, "even if it doesn't go off;

sleeping at night with a nugget under your head and murder all around. Why, Flipperty, I dare say you will have to kill a man yourself."

"No," she answered with decision; "I shall let him off. But come and look at the sea, and think of sharks."

"Yes," said Buster; "I wish some one would tumble in, don't you? only a baby, you know, or the boatswain—the cross one with the swivel eye."

"We'd save them," cried Flipperty, flushing; "and nearly get drowned ourselves, and the boatswain would entreat us to ask questions ever afterwards."

"Yes," chimed Buster; "and the captain would let us steer the ship, and beg us to eat more at dessert."

Then they both relapsed into silence, and watched the foam flung back by the churning of the gigantic screw.

"Flipperty," said Buster, breaking the silence, "you mustn't cry when we say good-bye to-morrow, or kiss or anything."

She did not answer.

"Promise, Solemn Dick," he said.

"I never, never cry, so there," she answered, with an impatient little stamp of the foot; "and, Buster, if you will tell me something very manly, I'll say it."

"Well," he replied, after a pause, "you'd better say 'So-la.'"

"So-la?"

"Yes."

"It sounds rather empty," she objected.

"That's being a man," he answered.

But Flipperty did not look comforted. "It will be very nice seeing Philip to-morrow," she said. "No one in the whole, whole world is as good as Philip."

"If he doesn't come will you go to Teetulpa to find him?" Buster asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"You'll lose yourself, as sure as an egg."

"No," she said with decision; "I shall ask questions."

"Supposing your people find you and drag you home?"

"I've only a stepfather, and he thinks I'm with a horrid smooth-haired girl, who likes sewing and two-and-two walks at school."

"It will cost heaps and heaps to get to Teetulpa."

"I know," she answered. "I've saved all my pennies ever since Philip went away, and my uncle gave me ten pounds on my birthday to buy a pony, and Philip gave me a whole sovereign when he said good-bye."

"I wonder what Philip will say when he sees you?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "He will say 'Flipperty, it would have been braver to have stayed at home.' I knew that all along. I tried and tried, because I did want to be brave and grow like Philip, only somehow I never can be brave when he's not there. Philip is quite different from you and me. He doesn't think much of big grand deeds, like the Crusades and that; he says that small, dull, stay-at-home things are harder to do, and ever, ever so much nobler. Why, he even thinks learning to sew noble if you don't like it: of course it isn't noble for the smooth-haired girl."

But Buster was not interested. "Let us steal dessert from the steward," he said.

Early the next morning the steamer anchored opposite Glenelg, and the children watched the approaching tender that was to bring Philip, but he was not on board her.

"Philip hasn't come," Flipperty exclaimed.

"No more he has," echoed Buster; "but perhaps he's found a nugget and is afraid to leave it."

"Yes," she answered, sadly; "that must be it."

The tender bell rang, and the passengers who wished to go on shore scrambled down the long companion-ladder.

"You must go now," Buster said.

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she clung to his arm.

"Don't cry," he said. "See,"

and he produced a large nobby green apple from his pocket; "how much do you bet that I can't get this apple into my mouth at one go?"

She was put into the tender: looking up at the great vessel to say good-bye to Buster, the "So-la" died on her lips. The boy's face was a dull purple hue, his mouth wide open, and tightly wedged inside was the nobby apple: a compassionate passenger led him away, and Flipperty saw Buster no more.

PART II.

The Teetulpa express steamed out of the Adelaide station: in the corner of one of the carriages sat Flipperty. The other passengers were men: they took the cushions off the seats, improvised a table, and began playing cards. Gradually the carriage filled with smoke, and Flipperty fell asleep. Every now and again the train would stop at a station, a passenger scramble across her toes, and she would wake and stare drearly out through the smoke-blurred windows. Early the next morning the train reached the terminus: some roughly-built coaches on great leather springs stood outside the station, waiting to take the passengers to the gold-fields. Flipperty climbed on the box of one of the coaches: the other passengers crowded on anywhere—some sat on the roof with their legs dangling over the side. They were a curious mixture of types—swagmen, shopboys, gentlemen, larrikins, and the *bona-fide* digger. They smoked, swore, spat—spat, swore, smoked.

The coach rolled heavily over the great red sand plain—a plain that stretches its weary length through hundreds of miles of Cen-

tral Australia. Here and there were patches of blue or salt bush, and a line of bare-breasted gum-trees marked the course of the creek, but of water there was none; the bones of dead bullocks gaped wide against the plain, or an appalling stench and a flock of crows marked the spot where some animal had lately died of thirst and over-work.

A man sitting next to Flipperty eyed her curiously. He was spare, lean, long-legged, and dressed in a flannel shirt and old pair of mole-skins, with a short, black, clay pipe stuck in the band of his wide-brimmed hat.

"Only got to pinch his nose for the milk to run out," he said, turning to his companions.

A roar of laughter greeted this sally.

"Was born on the way up," exclaimed a loose-lipped, red-eyed larrikin. "How old may yer be, you blanked little new chum?" he added, turning to Flipperty.

"Eleven," she answered.

"Why, the d—d little pup is out on the spree," said the long-legged digger, laughing. "Well, I ran away from home myself

when I wasn't much higher than a big-sized cigar: a boy ain't the worse for a bit of spunk. What are you going to do when you reach Teetulpa, little 'un?"

"Philip and I are going to dig for gold," she replied. "Philip is my brother; he's very big—bigger than you. Buster thinks that Philip has found a nugget already; that's why he didn't meet me. You see he would have to defend the nugget."

There was another roar of laughter, and Flipperty blushed painfully.

"Nuggets ain't so easy found, youngster," the long-legged digger answered. "Fever terrible bad at the diggin's, I hear," he said, turning to his companions. "See a man alive and hearty one morning; the next week yer go into his tent, and there he is lying with his face as black as my hat."

"Why black?" Flipperty asked.

"Flies," he answered, shortly.

At this moment the conductor came round to collect the fares; the red-eyed larrikin declared that "he hadn't a blanked cent."

But the conductor, who was a muscular young fellow, had his own especial way of treating impetuous passengers.

"Slack a bit, Bill," he called to the driver.

The horses fell into a slower trot; there was a short struggle, a volley of oaths, and the red-eyed larrikin was dropped off the roof of the coach on to the sand, where he lay swearing so fearfully that the wonder was that he held together. After this episode the other passengers paid their fares.

On they jogged over the great plain. Flipperty fell asleep, and the long-legged digger put his arm around her to prevent her from slipping off the seat.

"Poor little pup," he said, look-

ing down on her tired face—"poor damned little pup."

The sun was sinking west when some one called out "Teetulpa!"

Flipperty saw rows and rows of dirty oblong tents, intersected by half-dug claims. A thick yellow mist hung above the diggings; in some places it seemed to sag down till it almost rested on the tents.

The driver drew up at the store.

"Well, boys, what noos?" he cried to a group of men, who gathered round.

"Gold found at Kidd's gully," one of the bystanders answered. "A nine-ounce nugget; but, darn yer eyes, they stick such lies inter yer that it may be devil's bunkum for all I know."

The long-legged digger turned to Flipperty. "Come inter the store," he said; "we'll see if we can't fix that brother of yours."

The store was a roughly-constructed wooden shed with a corrugated iron roof; the interior was divided by a canvas partition running half-way to the roof. The room that they now entered was full of men, some playing cards, others leaning up against the walls, smoking and drinking.

"What name does your brother hang out by?" the digger asked.

"Philip," Flipperty answered, "Philip Deene."

"Have any of you chaps seen a cove called Deene lately?" he inquired, turning to a group of men standing at the bar.

"Wot's the bally beggar like?" one of them asked.

"He's very tall," Flipperty answered, "with blue eyes and hair all over curls."

"Ain't clapped eyes on the d—d doll," he said, with a coarse laugh.

"There's a long-legged chap called Deene down with the fever," one of the card-players exclaimed, looking round.

"Where does he hang out?" asked the friendly digger, with a quick glance at Flipperty.

"Foller the creek down past they big gums, and his canvas is the last on the left bank."

The long-legged digger turned and went out of the store, followed by Flipperty. She put her small hand into his rough one, and the man's great fingers, scored with purple scars from the barcoo root, closed over them. They reached the tent indicated, the digger pushed aside the canvas flap, and Flipperty entered: lying on some tattered blankets, with parched lips, burning skin, and eyes that failed to recognise her, was Philip.

The child rushed forward. "Philip! Philip!" she cried, flinging herself down beside him, "it's Flipperty, your little Flipperty. I couldn't wait, Philip, I couldn't wait."

But he did not answer her.

"Philip, Philip," she sobbed, "Philip, Philip."

The sick man pushed her from him and sprang to his feet.

"I shall be too late," he cried; "O God! I shall be too late." Then he fell forward on his face, unconscious.

The long-legged digger raised him gently and laid him back on the rough bed.

"The poor beggar is half dead with fever," he exclaimed. "You stay here, little 'un," he added, turning to Flipperty, "and I'll see if I can't lay hands on the bally doctor. Great God Almighty, how hot it is! I wonder if I can't fix the flap of the tent back somehow."

The sound of revolver shots echoed through the tent.

"There's some of those drunken devils firing away at each other," he said; "a bullet through the heart of a good round dozen of

'em wouldn't do the credit of the camp any harm. Well, keep your pecker up, little 'un. I'll prospect round for the doctor; half the camp is down with the fever, they say. I reckon I shall have the devil's own work to find him."

Then he went out, leaving Flipperty alone with Philip. She lay down beside him, placed her cheek against his cheek, and her small thin arms clasped his broad shoulders. The sun sank and swept the long shadows into one uniform grey-black mass; then the moon rose, and its soft light stole across the great plain, making the blue bush look quite soft: it fell, too, on the brother and sister. The hours crept by, but the long-legged digger did not return, nor did Philip wake. The grey light of dawn shivered in the east, and Flipperty realised that Philip had grown strangely cold: she drew the blanket close, and pressed her own little form nearer to him. Then day broke, and as the great plain reddened beneath the sun a vast crowd of flies rose from the ground and entered the tent.

Flipperty gave a shriek of agony; myriads had settled on Philip's face.

Long she knelt and fought an ever-losing battle with the insects; then the doctor entered the tent.

"My poor lad," he said, "your brother is dead."

"The flies," she cried, "the flies are eating his face."

The doctor took off his coat and spread it over the dead man's face.

"They cannot touch him now," he said. "Come outside with me, and we will get some gum-tree boughs to put over him."

"No," she said, "I will stay with Philip."

The doctor went out, and returned in a few moments, his arms full of eucalyptus branches: he crossed the dead man's arms up-

on his breast, and covered him with the gum-tree boughs. Then he turned to Flipperty, and taking a flask out of his pocket, poured some brandy into a cup.

"Drink this," he said.

She drank obediently.

"You must tell me where to find your people," he asked, kindly.

But she stood staring down at Philip, and did not answer him.

"Poor little chap," the doctor exclaimed softly, turning away.

"You must come with me now, like a brave boy," he added.

"No," she answered, "I will stay with Philip."

"My poor little fellow, you can do him no good."

"Go away, go away," she cried, passionately; "I want to be with Philip."

He went out: later in the afternoon he returned, and with him were two men bearing a rough coffin; one of the men was the long-legged digger. There was a look of shame on his face, and he bent down over Flipperty. She was lying with her arms clasped round her brother.

"God strike me for a damned hound," he said, "but I got drunk and forgot yer."

Philip's body was placed in the

coffin; it had been made out of old packing-cases—"five prize medals" was painted in big black letters across the side. The lid was nailed down, and they carried the coffin outside the camp to where a rough grave had been dug beneath a great gum-tree. The doctor took a prayer-book out of his pocket, but the burial-service had been torn out.

He began quoting from memory, "'And they shall rest from their labours.'"

"A damned good thing, too," said the long-legged digger.

"Fill up the grave, men, it's too horrible," the doctor exclaimed.

The men fell to work: soon the grave was filled in. Flipperty flung herself down on the spot beneath which Philip lay buried.

"Best leave him alone a bit, lads," the doctor said, in a voice that choked strangely. Then they left her.

Later the long-legged digger returned alone: he bent down over Flipperty and raised her in his arms; her head fell back, and he saw by the light of the setting sun that she was dead.

"Poor little pup," he said—"poor damned little pup."

ZACK.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE BASIN OF THE NIGER.

THE scramble for West Africa has been going on for about twenty years, as most people know; but whether we are winning or losing in this game of grab, and whether the prizes are really worth scrambling for, are questions upon which few have an idea. There is, in short, no public opinion concerning affairs in West Africa; and in a country like ours, where no Government can enter upon any strong course of action without some moral support from the community, the indifference or absence of public opinion is a source of weakness. Things move in a kind of vicious circle. Because no one cares a snap of the fingers about West Africa, few questions are asked about it in Parliament, and little information about it is collected for the press: again, just because people never hear of the place, they do not care a snap of the fingers what happens there. On the other hand, in France there is an active colonial party, who keep the subject well to the fore, so that it is rare to pick up a French newspaper without coming on a paragraph or an article about the Sudan. Further, by the traditions of our service, officers like Captain Lugard, who go accredited upon missions into the interior, are discouraged from writing books; whereas the French explorers publish with the greatest freedom and unreserve very picturesque and well-written accounts. A main object of this article is to profit by their frankness, and show not only how great has been the French advance in Africa, but the methods by which they have made it.

French enterprise in West Africa has two great spheres of operation,

—the region of the Niger and the region of the Congo. Of the latter nothing need here be said, since in this quarter, lying between the German Cameroons and the Congo Free State, the French are not at present competitors with us. Their protectorate, however, stretches from Libreville at the Gaboon mouth, along the upper Ubanghi almost to the affluents of the Nile; and there is no doubt that their statesmen cherish schemes of joining hands across Africa with what they are now pleased to call the Equatorial Provinces of Abyssinia—the country which, under the direction of M. Léontieff, is to be developed and governed by French officials and French capital. A still more grandiose conception is that of a French Empire in Africa, which should centre round Lake Tchad, embracing Tunis and Algeria, Senegambia and the Congo. These, however, are dreams of a sufficiently problematical future; but in the countries between Lake Tchad and the Niger and between the Niger and the sea, we have to consider either accomplished facts, or schemes in a fair way to accomplishment. And first, as for the accomplished facts.

Mr C. P. Lucas, in his 'Historical Geography of West Africa'—the most interesting book which ever called itself a geography—remarks that "were the Niger from source to mouth in the hands of any single nation, that nation would command in time the whole of the Western Sudan." Two nations, and two only, hold the river, and it may fairly be said that no third claimant has any important interest in West Africa

north of the Equator. The French have for twenty years directed their policy to an advance by military force upon the Upper Niger by the line of the Senegal. Great Britain, on the other hand, advancing by commercial enterprise, has made herself, or the Royal Niger Company, paramount on the lower Niger.

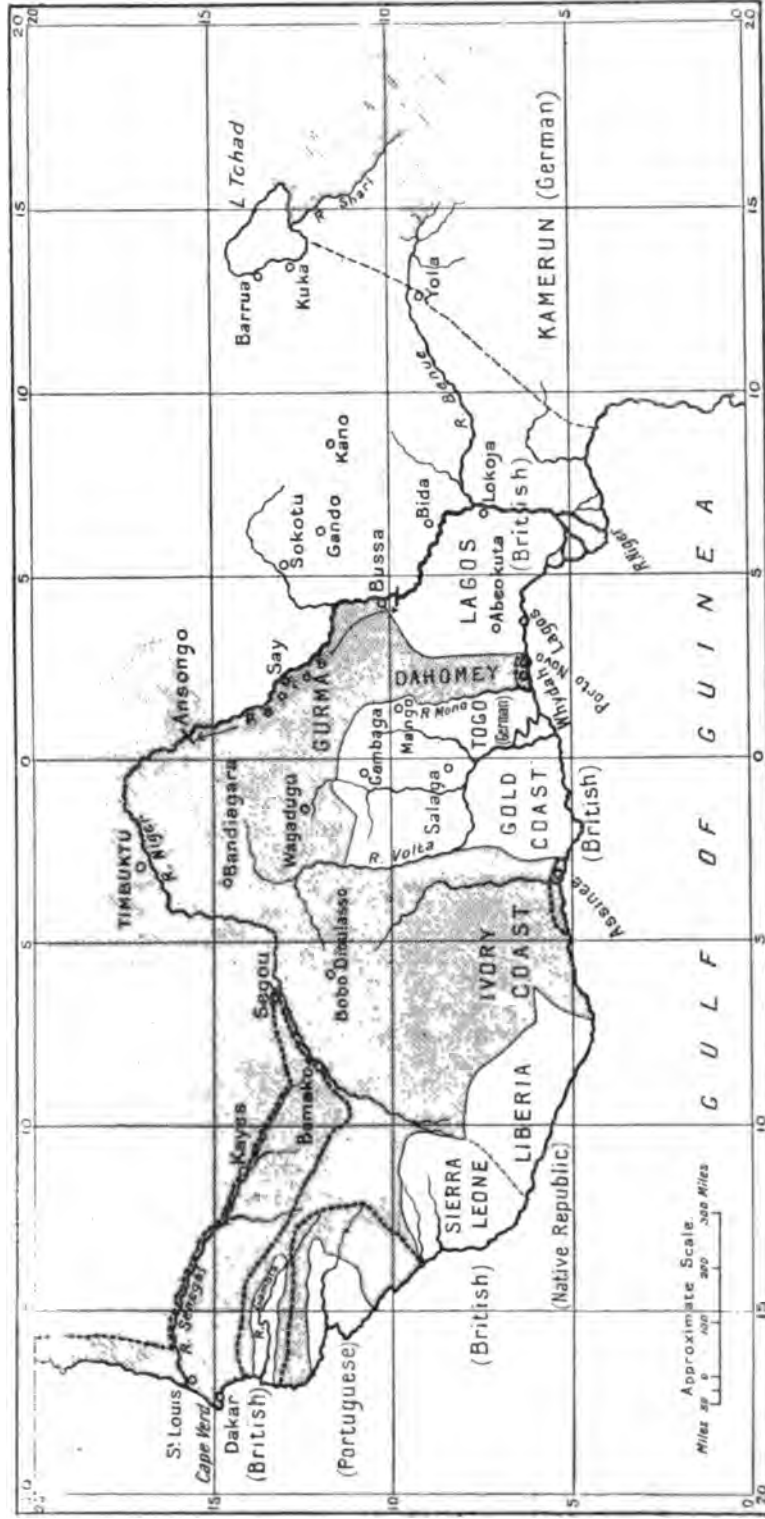
The Niger is navigable by steamers for about 500 miles from the sea to the rapids, which terminate just below Bussa. Above Bussa, for about another 500 miles, the river is little more than a series of rapids to Ansongo. At Ansongo begins an immense waterway—1000 miles of navigable water, about the centre of which is Timbuctoo. In 1889, when the Anglo-French agreement delimiting claims in West Africa was drawn up, the French had pushed from Senegambia to an outpost on the Niger at Ségou. But the whole course of the river, about 1500 miles from Ségou to the Niger Company's stations below Bussa, was almost unknown, and absolutely exempt from any white influence.

In the intervening eight years the French have pushed northward along the Great Bend and taken Timbuctoo, where they are in force: at the other end of the chain they have worked up from Dahomey and established posts at Bussa, which is only 200 miles north of the Company's main centre at Lokoja; from Bussa they have occupation up to Say; and it is a safe prophecy that by 1900 at farthest they will hold both banks of the Niger down to Say, and the right bank at least from Say to Bussa. And if they stop at Bussa, it will only be because they are threatened with war. Out of the Niger's course of 2000 miles, 500 at most are left to the British. It is true that

we hold the outlet to the sea; but the value of the Niger as a waterway in the interior cannot easily be exaggerated, and the French have wisely connected it with their other great line of communication—the Senegal. From St Louis steamers ply up to Kayes (900 kilometres). From Kayes a railroad is in process of construction to Bammakou on the Niger, so that from Timbuctoo it will soon be possible to travel the whole distance in steamer or train; and this through a country where to a large extent transport has hitherto been only possible by employing the costliest, the weakest, and the most troublesome of all baggage animals—man. We, on the other hand, can hardly get an inch from the sea at any point of our West African possessions, except along the Niger and Benué, without carrying all supplies on the heads of porters.

So far French expansion has been viewed as affecting possession of the Niger; let us now consider the coast-line. In 1889 they held the great tract known as Senegambia, including the whole line of the Senegal, and having an outpost on the Niger. Outside of this they had nothing but two small trading settlements on the Guinea coast—one at Assinee, one at Porto Novo. How recent is their influence in this quarter may be inferred from the fact that in 1876 they were willing to give up all posts from the frontier of Sierra Leone to the Equator, in exchange for the small territory of the Gambia, which even then was an *enclave* in the French dominion. By the treaty of 1889 they succeeded in fixing a limit to the hinterland of Sierra Leone, thus blocking a second of our possessions from access to the interior. On the other hand, we, at the Gold Coast,

THE BASIN OF THE NIGER



Parts shaded are claimed by the French in virtue of effective occupation or of recognised rights.
 The dotted line.....shows those parts which were marked as in the French Sphere by a good map made in 1889.

at Lagos, and in the Niger Delta, had well-established interests, in each case with a free hinterland. When one looks at the state of affairs now, it becomes clear that the French have reason to be thankful that we refused the exchange of the Gambia. Their post at Assinee has grown into the great settlement of the Ivory Coast; their conquest of Dahomey has given them a large strip between Lagos and Togoland; and at Kotonou, the port of Dahomey, they have had the enterprise to establish a great wharf on piles—a most valuable possession on that harbourless coast. Moreover, they have not merely contrived to keep all their possessions open towards the interior—they have shut in every one else. The hinterland of Sierra Leone was delimited in 1889; that of the Liberian Republic was fixed by treaty shortly after. No inland frontier has been yet arranged for our possessions on the Gold Coast; but by the Franco-German convention signed the other day, Dahomey is given an unlimited extension northwards to the Niger, while a northern boundary is fixed for Togoland. A line of French posts has been formed behind Togoland and Ashanti, actually connecting Dahomey with the posts on the Upper Niger; and the Ivory Coast has long been joined up to Senegal. Thus there is *de facto*, if not *de jure*, a limited hinterland also to the Gold Coast colony, and in West Africa possession is more than nine points of the law. The result is that, of our four possessions, three—the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast—are practically *enclaves* in the French sphere; only from Lagos and the Niger Delta—thanks to the enterprise of the Royal Niger Company—do we retain free access to the interior. On the other hand, Senegambia, the

Ivory Coast, and Dahomey are all parts of one uninterrupted territory, which touches the sea at three points, and has the Niger continuously in its rear, with the way into Central Africa open at every point behind it. Since 1889 the area over which French protectorate is recognised in the Western Sudan has trebled, and the great bulk of the accession has been carved out of country which, in 1889, was at least open to our influence, and in great measure regarded as within our sphere.

Many people will shrug their shoulders and say that France is merely taking what we do not want. Our belated attempts to save our position prove the contrary. We are not going to clear out of our colonies on the West Coast, and while we stay there, a free hinterland is essential to the prosperity of these colonies. Facts demonstrate this. The trade of the Gambia has fallen by a half; the trade of Sierra Leone, where the hinterland is larger, has fallen, but in a less degree. The trade of the Gold Coast, where the hinterland is partially open, has increased; the trade of Lagos, where access to the interior is perfectly open, has gone up by leaps and bounds. This points to the truth that whatever wealth is to be drawn from Africa must be mainly drawn, not from the coast regions, which yield only jungle products and can take very little in return, but from the semi-civilised interior, which is a country in many respects not unlike that which we are fighting to regain for Egypt. The best account of this civilisation or state of society, whose very existence was barely known here till the Royal Niger Company's campaign against Bida and Ilorin brought it into notice, is to be gathered from the ac-

counts of French explorers, and in a less degree from Mr Robinson's work on Hausaland. These accounts should be studied with a view to seeing not only what the country is likely to give, but what it is likely to take. People have generally looked at Central Africa to see what could be exported from it, and they have reported of it as a land possessing neither precious minerals nor stones, rich only in one article which fetches a high price, namely ivory, and of ivory the supply is limited. For the natural growths of the soil—oils, gums, and the like—civilisation, it is said, has only a limited demand: the soil is fertile beyond a doubt, but the native population will not labour, and labour in those regions for any but the natives means death. Even if Africa were made into a great field for producing cereals, coffee, and sugar, under white direction, these are articles with which our markets are already overstocked. But against this must be set first the fact that almost throughout its whole extent tropical Africa has a great and almost unexploited supply of the one jungle product for which civilisation has a practically insatiable demand, namely india-rubber. And, secondly, that the sub-tropical interior of Africa affords what we principally require at present—a new market for our goods. How little its value in this way is appreciated can best be judged by considering an extract from an otherwise excellent special article on the "Commercial Value of Africa," published in the 'Times' of Feb. 15, 1896. "The native population of Central Africa," says the writer, "is probably four or five times that of the whole of Brazil, but as this population consists mainly of naked savages it is evident that the demand for

articles of European manufacture can be but limited." Now, it is the characteristic of the enormous Mussulman populations of the Sudan not merely to go clothed, but to envelop themselves in about forty or fifty yards of stuff. And here one touches a division of great importance—the distinction between *pays d'Islam* and *pays fétichiste*. Fetichism does not go east of the Niger bend, nor north of the basin of the Congo. That is to say, if we accept Montell's definition, and say that the Sudan is a great plateau stretching from the Atlantic to the Nile, bounded on the north by the sands of the Sahara, on the south by the line of dense tropical forest, it follows that the Western Sudan is, roughly speaking, fetichist; while the Central Sudan from the Niger to Lake Tchad is Mussulman, as is also the Eastern Sudan from Lake Tchad to the Nile. The Western Sudan is now almost entirely under French influence; to the Eastern Sudan neither we nor the French have practical access: we should claim it for Egypt; they claim it as within the sphere of their establishments on the Ubanghi. Over the Central Sudan we alone have any title to exercise a protectorate, and it is the only part of West Africa where we have serious interests which still can be secured and need securing. The Central Sudan comprises the two great empires of Sokotu and Bornu; it contains the great town of Kano, by far the most important commercial centre in the Sudan; and the whole region forms the natural hinterland to our colony of Lagos and the Niger Company's dominion. Our claim is recognised in the declaration appended in 1890 to the Anglo-French Convention, by the words: "The Government recognises the sphere of influence of

France to the south of the Mediterranean up to a line from Say on the Niger to Barroua on Lake Tchad, drawn in such a manner as to comprise in the sphere of action of the Royal Niger Company all that fairly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto." But it is perfectly clear that if we content ourselves with diplomatic declarations and with painting maps red in London, instead of making ourselves known and felt at this central ganglion of African commerce, the French will push in, as they have pushed in to place after place which we claimed in virtue of treaties, and either we shall have to let them stay there and see the circulation of our trade debarred or hampered in the finest field now open to us, or else we shall risk a European war.

Africa is to France more or less what India is to us. It is the exercising-ground of her army; and the men who go to serve her in West African exploration are ambitious and able officers. They are kept out there for much longer periods than our soldiers; and, whether wisely or not, they fall in very much more with native ways. Far up in the interior, working very often without a single white comrade, they have an exceedingly free hand, and they use it. Their notion is to civilise by assimilating; and it must be said that the assimilation works both ways. In endeavouring to bring the black man to see the beauty of white methods, they have recourse occasionally to the methods of the blacks. Their Senegalese are very probably the best black soldiers in West Africa, but they are also probably the most marauding. Captain Toutée, whose interesting work on Dahomey and the Niger is the latest volume of West African travel, had occasion to send back a large

number of friendly carriers, and with them some Senegalese soldiers, from a point below Bussa, whence he himself proposed to return by boat. He was obliged to send one of his European subordinates in command, because, as he remarks quite simply, the Senegalese would have sold the whole convoy for slaves.

Now, considering that it is the policy of French officers at outlying stations to extend their influence by taking sides in local quarrels, it is obvious that a good many things must be done which do not get into the papers. Suppose a French officer takes the field at the head of ten Senegalese, and a thousand or so of allied natives, of whom he has armed perhaps a hundred, and goes out to attack a neighbouring tribe; what will happen to the vanquished? Here is a case historically recorded. When Colonel Monteil was on his journey from St Louis to Tripoli, by way of Lake Tchad, he passed, in 1890, through the states of Tiéba, king of Sikasso. Tiéba was allied to the French, and was besieging the town of Kinian, because its chief had disregarded his injunctions to let caravans pass unpillaged; and the French, seeing an admirable advance towards civilisation in this desire to procure a free circulation for commerce, sent down two officers to help him. Tiéba was a comparatively humane monarch, and did not, like Samory, slaughter the whole adult population when he captured a town: it was his policy to transport the men to cultivate his land at Sikasso, and to sell the children. But even so, Captain Quiquandon and Lieutenant Spitzer were not merely assisting an allied chief to bring a rebellious vassal to submission; they were participating in a slave raid. A little

farther in his journey, M. Monteil entered the town of Souro, where his carbine was stolen from him. Knowing that Tiéba had a grudge against this neighbouring village, he warned the inhabitants that unless the gun were restored he would complain to Tiéba, who would raid their village. The gun was not given up, the complaint was lodged; M. Monteil recovered his carbine, and the inhabitants of Souro lost their lives or their freedom. The result undoubtedly would be to facilitate the passage of the next Frenchman. Fear is an argument which the blacks understand.

M. Monteil's admirably written and admirably illustrated book should be read by any one who wants to know what the interior of West Africa is like. On the 5th of August 1890 was signed the declaration quoted above. The very day after the agreement was signed, M. Monteil was commissioned to explore this Say-Barroua line; and on August 20 he started, taking with him ten Senegalese soldiers and a French non-commissioned officer. He steamed up the Niger to Kayes; marched from Kayes to Ségou through territory occupied by the French; crossed the Niger at Ségou, and set out on a march to Say, which took eight months, through a region in which no white man had set foot since Barth's journey in the fifties. Things are changed now: within the last few years, French, German, and English expeditions have traversed the whole bend of the Niger in every direction; but it is the French who remain in possession. It would be interesting to analyse

Monteil's account of these countries where Islamism is gradually leavening a population of fetich worshippers; it would also be easy to demonstrate that the peoples to the west of the Niger are by no means all naked or all savages;¹ but England's concern with anything west of the upper or middle Niger is purely scientific. These regions and people are practically assigned to France. With the peoples whose country M. Monteil traversed in going from Say to Barroua the case is very different, for the greater part of this country belongs to the Hausa empire of Sokotu, to which we have an admitted claim. How far the French are disposed to act on that admission may be inferred from the fact that M. Monteil on getting to Sokotu thought himself authorised to conclude a treaty with the king, although the very agreement which led to his mission recognised Sokotu as within our sphere—also from his constant endeavour to prove that the agents of the Niger Company are neither familiar nor welcome in the great Hausa towns.

The Hausa language, if we may believe Mr Robinson, who is professor of it at Cambridge, is the *lingua franca* of Central Africa. It is spoken by fifteen millions of people, and a Hausa can find men of his own tongue from Lagos to Alexandria or Tunis. The men who speak it are able-bodied, but they are peace-loving,—essentially a race of traders. And, owing to these characteristics, the ruling caste in the Hausa empire is of another race and another speech. The Sultan of Sokotu, Lam-Di-

¹ Cannibalism he observed in a single instance; but the Sudan, broadly speaking, is free from this reproach, which taints the whole coast-line and the equatorial regions of West Africa.

oulbe, "Commander of the faithful," and all his great vassals, are Fulahs, or, as French writers commonly call them, Peuls. They belong to a nomad race, by profession shepherds or stockmen, who spread westward from somewhere to the north-east of Lake Tchad five or six centuries ago. Now they are to be found in scattered communities throughout the whole Western Sudan. Wherever in the Sudan cattle are, Fulahs are generally their keepers. These people approach nearer to the Arab than the negro type. They have high noses and straight hair; intellectually they are subtle and politic; from a military point of view, they are cavalry. They are the people who have spread Mohammedanism in West Africa, and they hold influence with most of the Mohammedan negro chiefs as marabouts, or interpreters of the Koran. The history of the Fulah kings in Sokotu is one which seems to have enacted itself in many regions of the Sudan. A marabout of exceptional sanctity, Othman na Fodia, proclaimed, in 1802, a holy war against the native Hausa king, raised an army, and conquered province after province till he made himself supreme in Sokotu, and even extended his dominion over Bornu to Lake Tchad; but the latter conquest was only retained for a few years. Othman, at his death, divided his kingdom into two, Sokotu and Gando; but the king of Gando looks up to the Sultan of Sokotu as in some sense his suzerain, and certainly his spiritual over-lord. Each of these kingdoms is divided up into provinces, like the satrapies of the old Eastern empires, bound to furnish levies and pay tribute, but under a ruler perfectly absolute in his own boundaries. When Monteil crossed the Niger at S₁y in 1891,

he was warned that the safe road to Sokotu was to descend the river and proceed by way of Gando to the capital. His instructions, however, compelled him to traverse the country in a direct line eastwards, thus passing through Djerma, the north-western province of Hausaland, which was then in a state of anarchy. For fifty days he marched through a series of populations whose whole occupation consisted in levying toll upon wayfarers; traversing a territory where the only trace of organisation consisted in the claim of the stronger upon the weaker to assist in his slave raids. He was told from the outset that it was foolhardy to attempt the journey, and the king of Djerma, whom he first approached, ordered him to be let through, lest the still more powerful king of Kabbi, who bordered on the actual frontier of Hausaland, might complain that the traveller reached him in too lean a condition. Yet even so it was necessary to make a display of force over and over again, while thefts, which by the usage of the country are permitted from a stranger, were continual. These were not merely the misfortunes of a white man. M. Monteil travelled along with one of the great Hausa caravans, comprising a matter of 500 people. These caravans are formed, he explains, by a certain number of traders who agree to travel together, and appoint a trustworthy man of their number as madougou, or leader of the caravan. His business it is at each of these towns to settle with the marauders what toll must be paid. Meanwhile the expedition entrenches itself regularly for the night, after the fashion of a Roman army. When the madougou's bargain is

concluded, a herald proclaims to the townsfolk that none may enter the camp that night. Naturally, however, they spend their time in trying to do so, and in the morning there are generally fresh exactions before the caravan is allowed to set out. It is accepted that resistance is impossible. Monteil, travelling as an envoy to the court of Sokotu,—this was the character he assumed, as he says, for his personal safety,—claimed exemption from tolls; but, on the other hand, the natives had not the same interest in sparing him. To fleece a caravan beyond endurance would be killing the milch cow, for no others would come; but the passage of white men was not a steady source of income, consequently, when he reached Guiaoué, M. Monteil found his progress barred, and owed his passage to a singular circumstance. Let him tell the story. "On the day of my arrival the Serky [king] told me that he was starting next morning to join the king of Kabbi for a raid. 'It's your chance,' he added. I did not understand at first, but it was explained to me that, on the advice of the marabouts, the king of Kabbi had decided to risk a heavy stake on me. He was to try and carry a strongly-fortified village. If the operation succeeded, it meant that my arrival in the country would have no ill consequences; if he failed, my coming was unlucky, and the least that could happen to me would be to have to retrace my steps.

"It may be imagined whether under these conditions I offered up prayers for the expedition's success, in spite of my disapproval of folk who try their luck on my head; and whether I waited impatiently for news.

"At last news came by a Peul,

who had often served as interpreter for me; he came into the cantonment shouting, "The white man's luck!" The attempt had succeeded beyond hope; nothing escaped; the village had been taken the day before, at ten o'clock in broad daylight; result, 1200 to 1500 captives, great booty, and only two men wounded. The Serky N'Guiaoué has 110 captives for his share; in these parts the loot is only what a man takes himself, or by means of the slaves whom he has brought with him.

"'You can go to Argoungou now; you will be well received,' said the Peul to me.

"Next day in the afternoon the king re-entered his town in triumph to the sound of tomtoms and big trumpets like our coach-horns. The big square before the palace was covered with people. His warriors marched before him, dragging along numerous captives in chains, and the musicians played like fury before the palace gateway. Last of all came the Serky himself, holding on the pommel of his saddle a baby three or four years old, a poor orphan torn from the arms of its mother, who had probably been killed in the pillage: the child, frightened with the noise and the sight of the crowd, pressed itself in terror to the heart of the colossus.

"The king sent for me directly he got into the palace; he was radiant. 'It's your luck,' he said, almost before I was in the room; 'the king of Kabbi is delighted, and told me to greet you and say he expects you.'

"He was as pleased as a great child; but above all delighted with the poor little soul which was already quite friendly with him. He played with it and petted it as if it were his own son."

In spite of the king of Kabbi's gratitude, M. Monteil had little to be pleased with in his reception there; and he marks the delight with which he left the territories of these "uncivilised clowns," and entered the region of Hausa rule. From this point eastward to Lake Tchad all the roads were free. In Sokotu and Kano he was made welcome; and though it was with difficulty he penetrated into Kuka, the capital of Bornu, that was owing to the intelligible action of a reasonable State. It should be noted also that in 1892 the king of Sokotu reduced Kabbi, so that presumably caravans now find a freer passage to the Niger.

Sokotu, though the seat of royalty, is not a great town, and the king lives outside in a sort of Kew or Hampton Court at Wourno. Here, as has been said, M. Monteil signed a treaty, the Vizier assuring him that the king, who had only just succeeded to the throne, was bound by no engagement to the Niger Company.

But the real centre of the Sudan is Kano, though its king is a vassal of Sokotu. It is a walled town, and the actual circuit of the walls is 15 miles, though much of the enclosure is open ground. Mr Robinson puts the population at 150,000; but probably ten times that number of people (Monteil says two millions) pass through it in the year. It is, in Monteil's phrase, the Nijni Novgorod of the Sudan; and more, too, for it has a triple importance. First, it is on the pilgrimage route, so that every Mohammedan of the Western Sudan who journeys to Mecca must pass through it and largely provision himself there for his desert journey. Secondly, it is the great manufacturing town of Central Africa. All the costlier kinds of cloth worn in the Sudan, or

exported beyond it, are Kano made. It has a great industry of dyeing, for which indigo is largely cultivated. What is known in Europe as morocco leather is, for the most part, the work of Kano artisans; in short, much of the simple clothing and nearly all the ornamental garments—turbans, slippers, embroidered trousers, and so forth—come from this centre. At Kano, also, are prepared the skins in which water is carried over the desert; and an immense industry also must be the manufacture of specially made baskets for carrying kola nuts. This brings us to its third characteristic: it is the meeting-place of trade. To Kano come ivory and ostrich feathers from the south; from the north across the desert come Arab merchants bringing the white man's wares—sugar, powder, and the like; from the desert itself comes salt. But from the west comes the great staple of the import trade, the kola nut, which is to Central Africa what opium is to India or the betel nut to Malaya. It is as tobacco is with us, the first luxury. How great the trade is may be judged from Monteil's statement that twenty caravans annually cross the Niger to fetch supplies of the nuts, chiefly from the market of Salaga in the neutral territory behind Togoland and the Gold Coast. Mr Robinson says that he has seen one of these caravans consisting of a thousand persons and transporting £100,000 worth of kola nuts. The estimate may be large; and in any case the value of the nut varies from 5 to 7 cowries at Salaga to 120 in Kano and 250 or 300 in Kuka by Lake Tchad,—for the kola is a perishable piece of goods, and, as usual with everything in West Africa, the price of transport is enormous. But it may be

taken as a low estimate to say that the annual value of kola nuts sold in the market of Kano amounts to a million. The total trade of the place was estimated by Barth at 300 millions of marks, or about 15 million pounds. Now the total value of trade done with and by Central Africa is given in the 'Times' article before referred to at 17 millions. This estimate ignores the trade of Kano altogether, for that trade either does not reach a European port at all, or if it does, the port is North African. Practically, Kano is the one great market in Central Africa: that market has not been tapped by any European Power, and is admittedly within our sphere of influence. A single fact will illustrate admirably the state of commerce in this region. When M. Monteil reached Sokotu, he naturally sent the king a present of his very best stuffs. The king was so charmed that he desired to buy the whole stock, which did not at all suit the traveller, but the offer could not well be refused. The value was 1,200,000 cowries. But the king was then busy organising his expedition against Kabbi, and being short of money was obliged to pay in slaves, who are the recognised standard of value in Hausaland. The draft was made payable at Yola, on the Benué, and as the recognised value of a slave there was 100,000 cowries, the draft entitled M. Monteil to twelve slaves. But he did not want to go to Yola; he wanted to go to Kano. The king was therefore obliged to ask him to take the draft and trust to having it negotiated at Kano; but in order to secure M. Monteil 1,200,000 cowries at Kano, it was necessary to give an order for sixty slaves at Yola, which is a long journey distant. Directly the bargain was concluded numerous in-

habitants of Sokoto offered to sell Monteil horses and camels, *payable at Kano*. Here one sees a considerable notion of commercial methods hampered by the lack of a proper currency. And this touches the central difficulty of the African problem, the slave question; but Major Mockler Ferryman, in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for July, has put the case so well that it scarcely needs restating. Slavery on the coast exists chiefly because man is the only baggage animal, and it is cheaper and easier to own than to hire. The remedy is to substitute a cheaper and better means of transport—railways. In the more civilised interior baggage-animals exist, though it is not easy to know how far they replace porters. Mr Robinson, coming from Loko on the Benué, used porters principally; but M. Monteil found horses, mules, donkeys, and oxen along all the route from Ségou; and between Sokotu, Kano, and Kuka camels travel. In any case, however, the trader must journey with a large caravan, and if he has not porters he must have drivers. Now fifty francs' worth of cowries is a load for a donkey, and a slave cannot carry anything like his own value in this currency. Consequently, traders prefer to use the slaves as a medium of exchange: they start with a large train of them, and pay their way by sales. All of this could be done away by the introduction of portable money. These central towns recognise one silver coin, the Maria Theresa dollar of 1780, which is still coined for export. At Kano the Arabs monopolise the silver. At Kuka alone in the Sudan the market price is fixed in this currency. Plainly any European nation which can establish itself sufficiently at these centres to impose its currency

will do a good stroke of business for itself and a great service to humanity.¹ Domestic slavery is a much lesser evil than the employment of slaves as carriers: it is slavery as it existed in Greece or Rome. But here, also, the introduction of a regular currency would mean the beginning of hired labour, which would to a great extent replace slavery, for it is cheaper for the employer, who has at present to maintain useless old slaves, long past work.

Enough has perhaps been said here by way of illustration to establish the fact that there exists in Central Africa a considerable commerce and a considerable civilisation. This article is concerned with drawing the moral from existing facts. And first, compare the energy of France with the slackness of our own Government. The very day after the Say-Barrua line is established, a picked man is detached to explore it. We have not yet—in seven years—sent any one to ascertain what “fairly belongs” to the kingdom of Sokotu. Why do we not send up able men there to represent our interests? How able M. Monteil was, appears directly from a perusal of his book; indirectly from the fact that Mr Robinson, who with two companions, all speaking Hausa, lived twice as long in Kano as the Frenchman, can add very little of interest or importance to his account. Further, Mr Robinson and his friends lived in Kano by no means as honoured guests; they had to take to native costume as a protection. M. Monteil saw the king almost daily, and by his influence procured admission into Kuka, which had previously been denied to the Niger Company’s agent. In short, it is clear that

the French sent to these important towns a man thoroughly versed in African ways and thoroughly competent to make France respected: the British are content to get their information through M. Monteil, and allow themselves to be represented, to the understanding of these people, by two or three gentlemen who go up to study the Hausa language for mission purposes—not to impress the imagination of a half-civilised state.

Secondly, it is apparent that here is a great chance. The African natives with whom we have come into contact along the coast have scarcely proved susceptible of development. Miss Kingsley, the shrewdest and most impartial observer who has written of the Coast in English, thinks that all races which we encounter there are of necessity moribund. The climate of the malarious region tells on them, not bringing sudden death as to Europeans, but slow degeneration. Fiercer and stronger tribes from the interior press down towards the coast—as her favourite Fans have begun to do within living memory—and trample down the decadents, destined themselves to decay in a few generations. Farther inland are met strong races with a basis of character; the comic negro chief, with his top hat, scarlet tunic, and no breeches, is replaced by rulers not lacking in dignity, who wear a rational and national costume; but only in Hausaland have we found an established commerce and law and order. Above all, in Hausaland there are rulers sufficiently advanced in culture to conclude a negotiation. A treaty with the king of Sokotu is no farce, as too many of these treaties to which

¹ The Maria Theresa dollar, worth about 3s. 6d. in Kano, contains 2s. worth of silver.

small chiefs append their cross or their thumb-mark have been and will be. On the contrary, you have there a monarch perfectly capable of understanding his own interests, ruling over a population where schools are plenty, and reading and writing probably as common as they were in England five hundred years ago. If we can prove to such a monarch that it is to his interest to be friends with us, it is certain that he will act on his interest. But he will not less certainly find it his interest to adhere to the European power which can either protect or destroy him. According to M. Monteil, the Fulah dynasty was tottering on the throne when he saw it, and a dynastic crisis might give the moment to intervene decisively. But at present we have no information. Why should we not have a resident at Kano or Sokotu? If we do not have an official one, the French will probably have an unofficial one. England's obvious policy is to run a railway from Lagos to the Niger in the first instance—it is actually being laid down to Abbeokuta—and from the Niger to Kano. But though the Hausas are a race of traders, and therefore have all to gain by this, naturally there will be opposition, and probably armed opposition, unless we have a strong influence in the country. The Arabs, who in all these towns are not less powerful than the financiers with us, strain every nerve against the advance of the white man. And in Africa the Arab is the true enemy, cause and effect of the slave-raiding system. He feels sufficiently above the negro to have no compunction in treating him as a brute. He hates the European because the European puts down slavery and supplants him in commerce.

Now the debt which Europe owes to Africa—the service to which she is implicitly and explicitly pledged in return for her claims to protectorate, and in expiation for her great work of demoralisation—is the reduction of slavery. M. Toutée—the frankest of all Frenchmen in his contempt for the claim established either by a straight line drawn on a map through unexplored country, or by a treaty signed with some black chief who does not think of anything beyond the “dash” which he gets in return—proposes as a practical criterion of any claim to protectorate the power to put down slave-raiding. In other words, he would say to every European nation, “You claim this space on the map. Are the inhabitants of that space liable to be invaded and carried into slavery? If they are, we disallow your claim, and take leave to supersede you.” There is a great deal of force in that contention. France is undoubtedly accomplishing a great and beneficent work of civilisation in West Africa, for which we as a nation have a profound contempt because she does not as yet make it pay. There is no doubt that in a great many of the vast regions which France claims in virtue of effective occupation, the occupation consists of posts containing a corporal and three men dotted at intervals of fifty miles: these countries have not been broken in to any organisation. But her posts are able to maintain themselves, which is already something, and they are certain signs that the ascendancy of the slave-raider is doomed in those regions. For these reasons, in the interests of civilisation and humanity, one may welcome the French advance. But such a dispassionate view is not possible to the men at work in the African field. French hate the

English, and English hate the French, with the healthy animosity of rivals. Unfortunately, also, it is the trade of each to tell the natives that the other will wrong and oppress those who are ruled; and they repeat this with such fervour that they end by believing it. Not many, indeed, are so emphatic as M. Mizon, who comes home declaring that the Royal Niger Company's officials tried to procure his assassination, and, though they fed him sumptuously, only did so in the spirit of gaolers who give a man a good dinner the night before execution. M. Mizon does not command our respect, but from examination of the facts it seems clear that the Company's people are exceedingly helpful and courteous in assisting any Frenchman to leave their territory. No doubt the Company's officers would experience similar courtesy if they pushed up the Niger above Say. There is, in short, continual friction between those who represent the rival countries—French, Germans, and English. It has happened more than once that parties have met and fired on each other, knowingly or unknowingly. The policy, first adopted by France, of claiming everything in the hope of getting something, is probably followed now by all concerned; and the result is that we are always within measurable distance of international disturbance. Only recently M. Toutée established a fort which he called Arenberg, south of the Bussa rapids. Our Government protested, the French had to withdraw, and Fort Arenberg is now Fort Taubman Goldie. Nevertheless Bussa, which an advanced French colonial organ mentioned two years ago as undoubtedly a minimum limit to our claim on the Niger, is now held by the French in strength. This uncer-

tain scrambling state of things has gone on long enough. Uncertainty was reasonable while the country was unexplored, but now that it is mapped pretty thoroughly, why not have a definite understanding? France and Germany have settled their contention. We have not, but go on basing pretensions on treaties ratified by a monarch who would gladly, as one actually did, sign three in six months,—with English, German, and French in succession,—receiving, no doubt, an ascending scale of gratuities.

The essential thing is that we should make up our minds to our real interest, and make sure of that. It is highly desirable that we should not allow the hinterland of the Gold Coast to be too much pared down: it will probably produce rubber, and certainly is the great region of the kola nut. But in this part we are at present sufficiently active, and are fighting diplomatic battles with France and Germany over village after village in a country which, ten years ago, we might have occupied at our leisure. Also, do what we will, our colony of the Gold Coast must remain an *enclave* in French territory. The hinterland may be big, but it must be limited. In the sphere of the Niger Company's operations and the hinterland of Lagos, we have a free road to the very heart of Africa. Public imagination has been much taken by the idea of a red strip traversing Africa from north to south. The utility of that has yet to be proved. But for centuries the Arabs have made a beaten way for commerce from the Nile and Khartoum to the west of the African plateau. We shall very shortly control both ends of that great line, and we have the chance to control the centre also. There is Hausaland with its trade, and Bornu, a country of great natural riches in

food, cattle, and horses; of these we have a claim at least to Hausaland, while in Bornu we have as yet no formidable rivals.¹ If only in the interests of European peace, we should make our influence felt in this region. Rights claimed but not exercised, while an aspiring competitor burns to exercise them, are the most fruitful occasion of quarrel that could be conceived. It is our duty, not less than our interest, to send up, in the first place, a competent man who will ascertain what are the limits of this kingdom of Sokotu over which we claim a protectorate. Then, if we are going to act upon our claim, it will be our business to alter the state of things in that country. The tribute paid by the vassal principalities of the empire to the Lam-Dioulbe is paid in slaves—except that of Kano, which is paid in merchandise. The number is said to reach fifty thousand annually, and these, no doubt, would be collected on the fringes of the empire. This will, undoubtedly, mean raiding across the Niger into the French protectorate, and so France will acquire the best possible claim to call the Hausa monarch to order. What are we to do in that case? Either look on passively while France undertakes a punitive expedition—which is impossible—or else warn the offenders that we will punish them for offences against the French. The situation must be faced, and it had better be faced before action is forced on us. If we are going to protect the Sultan of Sokotu, our interest is to bring him the blessings of British trade, and our duty is to see that he proves him-

self worthy of these blessings by stopping the barbarous practice of slave-raiding. In plain words, we have no right to be the dog in the manger. Here is a country, a good deal more habitable for Europeans than any of our settlements on the coast, where there is an African population half-civilised and with established habits of industry. We claim, in virtue of treaties, the honour and advantage of civilising that country. Our claim dates from the agreement concluded by Joseph Thomson in 1886. Since then, we have not sent a single European envoy into the country. France is busy pegging out her claims in Africa; she has got a region of considerable riches on the Upper Niger, and she will certainly seek pretexts for extending it into Hausaland. If we are going to keep her out of the manger, it ought to be demonstrable that we ourselves are going to make some use of its contents. England is neither poor in money nor in men; and the habitual objection to any extension of empire, that it brings extra risks of war, does not apply here. By letting things drift in Africa, and protesting against accomplished facts, we have brought ourselves repeatedly within measurable distance of war, and produced a permanent state of irritation. We can go into Hausaland now in what way we please, and only risk a local trouble; but if we go in there to turn out the French, or if we try to turn them out without going in ourselves—and these two operations describe precisely what we have been doing for a year or more at the back of Ashantiland—we may probably have to choose

¹ An expedition under M. Gentil is either at Lake Tchad or on its way there. They carried a gunboat in pieces from the Ubanghi, the most northern affluent of the Congo, to the Shari, where they put it together to go down to the great central lake.

between an inglorious submission involving the loss of serious interests, and the responsibility of setting Europe aflame.

How great are the losses occasioned by our dilatoriness, and how serious the risks of war entailed by our efforts to recover lost ground from the grasp of our not too scrupulous neighbour, will appear at once from a brief survey of the events of 1896 and 1897.

Waghadugu is a large town, capital of the kingdom of Mossi, in the centre of the bend of the Niger, and directly north of our Gold Coast possessions. Mossi is described as having a population of about 3 millions (about 40 inhabitants to the square mile). The country in parts abounds in good horses, and everywhere has great herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. It contains a large number of wealthy merchants, of whom the Wangarbé, like medieval European traders, dwell in houses which are at once shop, warehouse, mansion, and castle, while the Hausas travel with caravans. Waghadugu was, of all towns on M. Monteil's route, the one where his reception was least friendly. He got no treaty signed, and had to leave hastily. On the other hand, Mr Ferguson, a mulatto agent of the British Government, concluded a treaty with the king in 1894. In February 1895 a French mission, under M. Destenave, starting from Bandiagara, near Ségou, attempted to reach Waghadugu, but failed owing to the hostility encountered. In May 1896 an expedition, under Lieutenant Voulet, consisting of 213 combatants, with Gras rifles, set out "to forestall the English and Germans, who threatened to seize this rich morsel." After some

fighting in the north of Mossi, the mission marched on Waghadugu and entered it; but the king, Bokary-Kountou, absolutely refused a treaty, and took to flight. From Waghadugu M. Voulet pushed on into Gourounsi, which lies south of Mossi, and therefore still closer to our Gold Coast possessions. Here two claimants were disputing, one of whom was said to be backed by Samory. M. Voulet made overtures to the other, Hamaria, who was glad to conclude a treaty recognising the protectorate of France; and a message was sent to Samory signifying that Gourounsi was now under the French flag, which the Almany, by a letter read in public by Hamaria's marabout, promised to respect. The mission then returned northwards towards Mossi. On 23rd December 1895 M. Voulet re-entered Waghadugu, and, having vainly tried to capture Bokary, concluded an arrangement with one of his brothers, Kouka, who was set upon the throne. The second article of this treaty notifies that "Bokary-Kountou having, in contempt of the law of nations, attacked a peaceful mission, insulted the French flag, and driven out the envoys of France after maltreating them, has forfeited all his rights to the sovereignty of Mossi and its dependencies." By the next article Kouka is recognised in his place. As for the treaty concluded by Mr Ferguson for the British Government with the deposed monarch, it cannot be opposed to the existing one with Kouka as having any significance.¹

This, it will be allowed, is a pretty summary proceeding, and

¹ The account of these events is taken from the 'Bulletin du Comité de l'Afrique Française' for August.

shows a fine contempt for petty legality. M. Voulet is adroit also. A few days later an English expedition under Captain Donald Stewart was reported approaching the frontier of Mossi. M. Voulet promptly sent a despatch warning the English that Mossi and Gourounsi were under French protectorate, and posted off to meet them. The two parties met at Tenkodugu, and an agreement was drawn up by which it was agreed that both should evacuate the territory of Tenkodugu, "leaving it to be afterwards decided whether Tenkodugu is a dependency of Mossi"—into which state the French retired. It will be seen that this document implicitly admits the French claim to Mossi, though that claim rested merely on a barefaced usurpation and appropriation. The very unfortunate circumstance that our party of Hausas under Captain Oramer, having been cut off and rudely handled by Samory's men at Wa, was obliged to seek shelter on April 12 with the French outposts in Gourounsi, does not mend the aspect of affairs.

The French defend their open disregard of our treaties by declaring that Mr Ferguson merely disseminated through the country printed forms in English, and that the chiefs did not know what they were signing, whereas the French agreements are drawn up in French and Arabic. But they could not afford to push matters so far as they have done in Waghadugu, were there any public interest in these matters felt in England; and if there were that public interest, we

should not be content with dropping a treaty form in these places to take care of itself. The Power which can protect is the Power which will be recognised; and the need of protection is no imaginary one in these regions. In the heart of this country there exists the army of Samory,¹ estimated now at 20,000 muskets, which supports itself absolutely by pillage. The French speak of him openly as our ally, and declare that he gets munitions from us,—just as we declared that Menelik got his supplies from Obok. But the truth is that our Government has viewed his continued resistance to France with too much tolerance. It is a scandal to civilisation that any European Power should profit, however indirectly, by the existence of such a scourge. Merely from a business point of view, we have all to gain by seeing peace and freedom for trade established in the rear of our possessions—a state of things that can only come with his subjugation. The true interest of this country is to delimit its claims in the region of Ashantiland and northward, and having delimited them, to make its influence felt throughout the allotted sphere in such a way that no further uncertainties can arise,—thus liberating France and ourselves from the danger of European complications. On the other hand, east of the Niger and towards Lake Tchad, our business is to be first in the field, and to occupy that field so thoroughly that no one will seek to disturb us in it, now or hereafter.

¹ It is uncertain whether Samory is at present dead or alive. The French speak of his son Sarakéni Mory as reigning. But the character of the rule will be the same.

NAVIS SACRA.

"Messrs Yarrow's experiment of lodging their hands in a steamer, moored in the river opposite the works, is likely to prove successful, as they are thus effectually removed from the interference of pickets."—*Daily Paper*, September 3, 1897.

OUR old friend the Mons Sacer had such a severe experience of oratorical treading and trampling during the eighteenth century and the beginning of this, that it cannot be very surprising if he has been flattened out of existence. No rhetorician, no hack-writer for some considerable time past, has had the least need of him: even fiction in these days can hardly find any convenience in a place of refuge for plebeians under patrician or capitalist tyranny. But commonplaces will reassert themselves, even if they have to reappear turned inside out or upside down; and it would seem from the quotation which stands at the head of this article that a Sacred Ship, as a place of refuge from the wrath of the plebeians themselves, has taken the place of the Sacred Mount. There is, of course, nothing absolutely new, except a touch of additional picturesqueness, in this little incident of the engineers' strike. All strikes for some years, since the Legislature in its wisdom decided that conspiracy is not conspiracy if the conspirator has less than three or four pounds a-week, have furnished incidents more or less similar. True, the law does still allow a modicum of protection to those unfortunate persons who wish to sell their own labour at the price and on the terms which may seem sufficient to them. A picket who "bashes" too vigorously, and who is caught, may still, to the indignation of all good trade-unionists, and the

agony of the 'Daily Chronicle,' find himself inconvenienced for a short time and to a moderate extent. "There are" still "judges in Berlin." Non-elected magistrates may generally be trusted to do their duty. But the offender is not always caught; he is always a man of straw himself as regards money; his Union, though it sometimes has plenty of money, cannot be got at by the law. And besides, strange as it may seem, the excitement of being legally "argued with" by a picket or two, or twelve, on your way to and from your daily labour, is not regarded by all men as pleasurable. Those who have been witnesses of the process—a privilege which the London cab strike of a year or two ago made rather imprudently common—will perhaps understand this unsportsmanlike preference of peace and quiet over certain abuse and possible violence. So, in suitable circumstances and conditions, we have the *Navis Sacra*—the accursed bark, as the 'Daily Chronicle,' with its classical tastes, would no doubt translate it. The waves appropriately provide some sort of refuge for those Britons who do not in their crassitude perceive that to be slaves to Mr John Burns and Mr Tom Mann is not slavery at all, but the noblest freedom.

In the seventeenth century they would very likely have struck a medal of this instructive object, with

"'Proh Pudor,' which in Polish is
'For shame!'"

as a legend: in these less artistic times we can only offer a few observations on the text, which is rather an inviting one, coming as it does so soon after the Workmen's Compensation Bill. About that measure itself, little need be said here. We all know the immediate causes: that supposed necessity of "doing something," and if possible something popular, which is the curse of all modern Governments; a majority large to flabbiness; a minority numerically so small as to be almost insignificant, and not making up in individual quality what it lacks in gross number; the presence in the Cabinet of certain persons very well aware of what they want and quite determined to have it, among others not unanimously certain of what they do *not* want, and comparatively indifferent whether they have it or not. All this everybody knows; the only odd thing is that though everybody also knows how much too dearly you may pay for a whistle, though its tone be the shrillest in the world, and the supply of wind for it practically inexhaustible, the knowledge does not seem to suggest any practical application to the Conservative party. Let these things be left. The Ship of Refuge floating off Messrs Yarrow's yard shall suggest to us two things not quite so obvious. The one is the singular pusillanimity, not of partisan but of interested opposition to the Compensation Bill. And the other is the hollowness of the Trade Union bugbear.

It is well known that what might have been a really dangerous opposition to the bill in both Houses collapsed, not merely because (we wish we could say not at all because) of simple political cowardice, so much as because the employers themselves deprecated

war to the knife. It will be said, and it was said, that they knew their own interests best. Did they? Comparison with a somewhat similar case may perhaps lead us a little to doubt it. The employers had before them a very remarkable and interesting object-lesson in the shape of the Irish landlords. By all practical politicians not committed hopelessly to one side, or else fanatics of a craze against landlords generally, it is now admitted that the Land Act of 1881 was a gruesome blunder—that it was responsible for most of the trouble since, and that it can only be prevented from causing more by hair-of-the-dog remedies—or rather palliatives—like the Act of last year. And why was the Act of 1881 carried? Again, it is well known that even Mr Gladstone's influence, in the days before he was found out, could never have done it if the Irish landlords themselves had fought the matter stoutly. But they did not. A few of them were staunch; but a great number, perhaps the greater number, were notoriously actuated, and some confessed that they were actuated, by that fear of a worse thing coming to them, which is the source of all the craven blunders that ever were made in politics as in war. And the employers of Great Britain, or too many of them, seem to be under the same influence. Perhaps this particular Act will not do them any great harm. Insurance will spread and lighten its burdens; and the bottomless purse of the hapless consumer will in the long-run pay for insurance. But, at the same time, by practically consenting to it they have consented to, or at least invited, quite endless developments of the same kind. We will undertake, simple as we stand, to construct, in the spirit of certain

defences of the bill in the House of Lords, irrefragable arguments for a bill prohibiting the establishment of rescue ships to baffle pickets. Indeed, as we speak of ships, why not apply prize-money rules, by the authority of the State, to the profits of all businesses whatsoever, and give the employer so much like the captain, the foremen so much less or more, and the workmen so much less again or more? If the employers of Great Britain and Ireland could not make a stand against this bill, with its certain direct extensions and its very probable developments right and left, they must be either hopelessly blind, or still more hopelessly devoid of the sense of corporate action, or in abject fear of the Unions.

It seems probable that the last explanation is the true one; and it is most unluckily certain that if the masters are not afraid of the men, the politicians are. It is a little amusing, though perhaps less amusing than painful, to observe the affected surprise and genuine alarm with which many, if not most, members of Parliament will greet a simple suggestion, that if you take the Trade Union bull by the horns he will not be so very difficult to throw. Yet every probability is on the side of this suggestion. That any Government will take it up no one but an innocent will hope. That no Government, on whatever side, will do what it thinks may be unpopular, is one of the settled axioms which every practical student of politics must start with to-day. But what is not beyond the bounds of possibility is the attempt to show Governments that the curbing of Trade Union excesses need not be unpopular after all. It is rather wonderful that some rising politician of position, independent

means, patriotism, ambition, and a tolerable command of the platform, has not already devoted himself, as Mr Villiers did sixty years ago to a much more questionable object, to the apostolate of Free Work. He would be violently abused, of course; but nobody of sense and pluck minds that, and most people of sense, whether of pluck or not, are used to it, if they make any public appearances. He might be mobbed a little; but the law has not yet countenanced the actual dispersal of public meetings in such cases, and besides, with a little organisation that point can always be made safe. And he would have a most tempting choice of arguments and methods. The Sacred Ship itself would give him an excellent subject and text, by developing which he might show the Pleasures of Liberty as enjoyed by the British workman—the theme, though perhaps just at the present moment it does not admit of any illustration quite so picturesque, lending itself to almost infinitely varied examples. Then he would have another inexhaustible subject in the financial peculiarities of strikes—a subject on which, to judge from the number of amiable persons who habitually flock to subscribe to strike relief funds, the public is in a state of the most childlike ignorance.

It appears to be popularly believed that generations of self-sacrificing workers pile up hardly spared funds for the evil day in hopes that it may never come, but preparing for the worst; that at last the cupidity and tyranny of the masters provoke a reluctant stand, and that then the hoarded treasures are expended for the common good. The fact, as every student of strikes knows, is as unlike this as possible. The direct or indirect terrorism, the direct

delusion as to benefit which make men join unions, facilitate the collection of funds; but even these things are not sufficient to keep them intact. The rank and file know that death or accident may deprive their individual selves of the benefit of the accumulations, and they do not see why they should leave them for others to deal with instead of taking a holiday on the strength of them. That some strikes, especially in the summer and when trade is not extremely brisk, have been engaged in merely for the sake of the holiday, is itself a matter not indeed susceptible of actual proof, but confidently asserted by the best-informed persons, and in itself probable almost to certainty. Then, too, there is always the off-chance of actual gain, and the very strong chance in the actual conditions of labour of being no worse off than before when the "pile" is expended (with such additions as a generous public may have made), and when colder weather makes loitering about uncomfortable. All this is so entirely human nature that it is certainly no libel on the workman to assign it at least a place among the usual causes of strikes. We fear that certain other passions and emotions on the part of the managers of unions—ambition, greed, and so forth—are not so entirely alien from humanity that they should be ruled out.

Then, too, our apostle will have a third set of subjects on which he will do all the better to dwell, inasmuch as the affected scorn and real alarm of the labour agitators show the importance of it. Strikes, of course, have always had a tendency to disorganise industry, injure the trade of the country, and transfer it to others. But until comparatively recent times there

was some faint justification for the boast of the agitators (strangely perverted from its original use) that "one Englishman is worth three foreigners"—that Great Britain could not be dispensed with, and that trade would come back fast enough when they chose to be ready for it. Only that wonderful corporate ignorance which in some mysterious fashion exaggerates and intensifies the ignorance of the individual could support any such belief as this now. It can be proved beyond doubt and beyond suspicion that strikes in parts of the country have driven away trade which has never yet returned to that part; that wider strikes or strikes in special businesses have driven trade abroad which has never returned to us again. The least intelligent workman or customer can be made to understand that there is now not a country of Europe in which commercial processes, once our monopoly, are not carried on in competition with us.

And, lastly, our crusader will be able to address all these arguments, and others, not merely to the general public but to the workmen themselves. Among many discouraging signs of the times, one encouraging sign is the healthy jealousy which is now showing itself not merely among the chief agitators but from the rank and file towards the agitators generally. It is capable of being shown to any but the least intelligent workman that strikes have never brought to the average striker much if any good; that they have brought that average striker to distinct disaster in some cases, and to unquestionable discomfort in many; and that seats in Parliament, places, allowances, railway fares, hotel expenses, and other things do most certainly

come out of his own pocket, and do most uncertainly ever return in any form thereto. Besides which, it is not conceivable that workmen, any more than other people, should enjoy the continual dictation and the occasional positive tyranny of the modern Union.

But is the new Mr Villiers to advocate Free Work by doing away with Trade Unions altogether? By no means. The Trade Union as a simple benefit society is a wholly admirable thing, and does well and healthily the work which our new-fangled Government interference will do badly and in unhealthy ways. The Trade Union, existing for the purpose of looking after the interests of the trade generally from the men's side, is, though an institution capable (as of course a Masters' Association is also capable) of being abused, still a thing which may do some good and prevent much harm. But a Trade Union which directly or indirectly is allowed to interfere with freedom of work is a national nuisance, and to be abated as such. It can only be abated thoroughly by diffusing information on the subject among the people, and it has been succinctly pointed out here that there is plenty of information to diffuse. But if any young champion, possessing the qualifications hereinbefore recited, wants

more definite objects to devote himself to, they can be briefly given under two heads:—

1. Agitate unceasingly, in Parliament and out of it, for the utter suppression and total abolition of picketing, which is opposed to the common law, to common-sense, and to common justice.

2. Dissuade every person, in public and in private, by night and by day, from ever subscribing one halfpenny to a Strike Relief Fund. For such subscriptions, under the specious appearance of succouring innocent victims, are, in reality, a contribution to the war-chest on one side of the question; a fund for inflicting misery on other innocent victims, the wives and children of "blacklegs"; and a subsidy for keeping the families of the strikers themselves longer in a condition of dependence, pauperism, and more or less alleviated destitution.

Without picketing and without public subscriptions the Trade Unions, while retaining power for all legitimate and nationally beneficial purposes, will be powerless for evil; and the edifying spectacle of the British workman driven to his ships in order that he may labour for an honest subsistence will disappear.

It is a pleasant country, is Utopia!

THE NATIVE PRESS IN INDIA.

THE Employers Liability Bill, the Military Manœuvres Bill, and, above all, the paramount claims of the duration of the Eton and Harrow match, had somewhat lessened the public interest in the grave condition of affairs all over our Indian dependency. Not that able editors were indifferent to the famine, the plague, the earthquake, the riots at Calcutta, the Poona murders, and the sensation of unrest and insecurity which seems to disturb Englishmen and natives alike. But events in these times tread on each other's footsteps with startling rapidity. The recent conviction of an editor for seditious and treasonable articles is just and proper. Yet this fortunate result does not really alter the aspect of the case as regards the native press and the difficulties and perils of Indian administration. The connection between risings and fighting on the North-Western Frontier and the false and malicious utterances of journalists residing at Bhowanipur (Calcutta), or Bendy Bazar (Bombay), or Black Town (Madras), is apt to be exaggerated or under-estimated according to the proclivities of the reader. And the average British taxpayer may content himself with the reflection that something untoward or inauspicious is always happening in some quarter or other of the Indian empire, and that something or other ought to be, and doubtless will be, done. Many Indian authorities, including Lord Roberts, agree in thinking that the disturbances in the Tochi valley and at Chitral have not in any way been promoted by a seditious press. The two subjects

happen to coincide in date, but they do not follow on each other immediately as cause and effect. They have no more connection physically than the plague at Bombay has with the earthquake in Assam. As for the fighting on the frontier, it causes expenditure, and is perhaps, in a vague way, a sign of the unrest which at this juncture pervades the vast and scattered community which reveres Muhammad, and reads or mumbles the Koran, from Stambul to Lucknow, and from Zanzibar to Morocco. And it is worth consideration whether abuse of the Sultan, and assumption that the Turk is always in the wrong, are calculated to render fifty millions of Indian Muhammadans loyal and contented, and to contribute to the peace and good administration of the empire. But this particular topic will not be discussed at length in this paper. As for frontier raids and reprisals, they have occurred at intervals almost with the regularity of an eclipse, from Scinde to the Kohat and Peshawur valleys ever since the annexation of the Punjab. The annals of the Foreign and the Military Departments of the Government of India are full of expeditions which have been undertaken to avenge robberies with murder, to chastise arrogance, and to read wild tribes—Booties, Waziris, and Afridis—a sharp lesson. Every Viceroy from the time of Lord Dalhousie has kept his eye on the North-West. Rough and difficult as the country may be, with steep ranges, ugly defiles, and narrow valleys, it is an admirable field of exercise for Englishmen—the Commander, the captain, and the private. They

all will learn there in a week more than if they manœuvred at Aldershot and encamped on Salisbury Plain for a couple of months. As for the native levies—Sikhs, Pathans, and Gurkhas—they thoroughly enjoy the whole thing. It seems to them like the good old times of "rugging and reiving," as Evan Dhu put it to Bailie Macwhheble. Perhaps it is unfortunate that the Supreme Government of India should have another trouble on its hands at this time. But we can await the result on the frontier with interest and equanimity, and without dismay and alarm.

A far graver question before us is the internal administration of the Indian empire, and the existence of an unchecked press under a Government which is not, and cannot be, conducted on party lines, which must be carried out on a system resembling nothing in Great Britain at any period of its history, which has no parallel in any Continental State, and for which only a partial precedent can be found in the annals of Augustus or Trajan. Cicero in Sicily and Pliny in Bithynia may have had to rule subject tribes and peoples with something of the public spirit of Bentinck and Canning. But our rule in India is a new departure in politics. It may have heirs and successors. It has no ancestry. *Nec viget quidquid simile aut secundum.*

The tone, aims, and effects of a free press in India must form the staple of this paper; and it may be well to give a brief history of its emancipation. During the early part of this century the press in India was under the strictest control and supervision. Some years ago an editor of an inquiring turn of mind discovered in some pigeon-hole the rules and regulations regarding editors, and the

sacred subjects which they might not handle. Religion and caste, temples and mosques, the Brahman's thread and the Sepoy's brass pot, were rigidly prescribed. So many were the forbidden topics, and so strict the control, that it was difficult to see on what subject the editor and his staff could expatiate, unless it were the races at Calcutta, the dresses at the last dance in the Town Hall, and a duel on the glacis of Fort William at five o'clock in the morning. The summary deportation of Mr J. S. Buckingham for violation of the press rules caused a ferment in the Twenties, and was not forgotten for two or three generations. It may seem marvellous that such an institution as Suttee should have been criticised, palliated, denounced, and abolished, when the press was still in swaddling-clothes. Yet such was the case. And the wise and philanthropic statesman who "effaced humiliating distinctions and abolished cruel rites," practically left the press free. The late Mr J. O. Marshman once went to Lord William Bentinck, as he was obliged by law to do, to obtain permission to publish a paper in the vernacular. The Governor-General replied by instantly giving permission, and, snapping his fingers, remarked that he did not care a jot what any man published in any language. Practically during his administration editors wrote what they pleased, and attacked or defended men and measures as they thought best. The legal steps for complete emancipation were passed by Bentinck's successor, Sir Charles, afterwards first and last Lord Metcalfe, during his one year of high office. As will be easily understood, Englishmen and Scotsmen have been more earnest and determined than natives in ventilating grievances and demand-

ing reforms. The organs of the Anglo-Saxon community were the 'Englishman' and the 'Hurkaru' newspapers, the latter having been started towards the end of the eighteenth century. A third paper came into existence in the shape of the Calcutta 'Star'; and the 'Friend of India,' a weekly paper published at Serampur, thirteen miles above Calcutta, on the river-bank, under three successive editors of great talent, discussed public affairs with conspicuous fairness and ability. On many occasions the 'Friend' preserved its own independence and yet gave valuable advice and support to the legal and administrative policy of the Government. The native journals were then of very small account. They threw little light on vexed and difficult questions. The enfranchisement of the press by Metcalfe had in reality affected those who wrote and spoke English. Things went on in comparative smoothness through successive administrations down to the Sepoy Mutiny, though some stir was caused under Lord Auckland when Macaulay brought in a bill to subject Englishmen residing in the interior to the jurisdiction of the courts in civil cases only. The necessity for this step seems so obvious that one wonders how any human being could ever have given this bill the slightest opposition. A more serious trouble was caused, in the time of Lord Dalhousie, by a bill subjecting Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen to the local magisterial and judicial tribunals in criminal as well as civil cases. It is unnecessary to say more on this head than that the establishment of High Courts of Justice at the Presidencies, and other measures, have disposed effectually of all such irritating controversies.

When the Mutiny broke out Lord Canning thought it indis-

pensable to restrict freedom of utterance, and he passed what was popularly known as the "Gagging Act," which applied to English and to native journals alike. It would in all probability have been quite as safe and more prudent to have supervised and coerced nothing but the vernacular press; but there was a difficulty in placing one set of writers under a ban at a very serious crisis, and dividing the community, by a rigid line, into black and white.

Lord Canning had a choice of difficulties before him, and there never was a statesman who displayed in a higher degree the noblest qualities of an imperial race, and who could be calm and resolute in the hour of depression and disaster, and generous and forgiving in the time of ascendancy and triumph. The "Gagging Act" was forgotten and put aside. The passions excited by the Mutiny died away to a certain extent, and under subsequent Administrations the native journalist soon felt his way from suggestion to criticism, and from criticism to misrepresentation and abuse. Nor was it long before misconstruction of measures and vicious attacks on individuals reached such a pitch, in the rule of Lord Lawrence, that in an informal discussion the Viceroy, with Lord Sandhurst and Sir Henry Maine, considered a suggestion for starting a Government paper in the style of the 'Moniteur,' so as to place measures passed or under contemplation in their true light, "plain for all folk to see." It is unnecessary to detail the palpable objections to such a plan. They would be patent to most Anglo-administrators, and the proposal was never seriously entertained. Other Viceroys succeeded. The press remained unfettered by statute and unrestrained by decency. At last

Lord Lytton was driven to pass a law for its supervision and control. Some of us, bred up in a different school, did not concur in the Lyttonian foreign policy; but I have never met any administrator, conversant with native feelings and habits, who disapproved of this statute. Journalists became moderate in tone and language. Lies were no longer circulated to delude and poison the minds of the community; and no one was fined or imprisoned. Lord Ripon came out, it has been said, with orders to repeal this censorship, and to restore liberty of thought and writing to people "struggling to be free." Whether this were the case or not, it is certain that no time was lost in unmuzzling the native press. From the proceedings in the Legislative Council of the Viceroy, which ended in the Repealing Act, it is clear that they were not based on any petition, big or small, from the community, on any harshness in the working of the enactment, or on any impossibility of getting at the real wants and feelings of the ryot, the native merchant, and the mechanic. Once in Lord Lytton's time it had been found necessary to admonish a peccant editor. No one had been brought up before a magistrate, or consigned to a stifling jail. No reason of State policy was pleaded. Some grand and swelling sentiments were uttered in debate. The Viceroy was quite content to trust to the gratitude, the good sense, and the good feeling of editors; and it was confidently predicted that all would be smooth. At this point it may be as well to notice the reasons which have led some gentlemen, in and out of the House of Commons, to palliate the shameful licence of the Indian native press, and to protest, by anticipation, against the re-enactment of any-

thing like Lord Lytton's statute. These views may be fairly set down as follows:—

"It is true," they admit, "that the tone of the press is often very bad, the accusations groundless, and the virulence excessive. This must be expected from a young member of the Fourth Estate, and might be condoned. The British Government in India is strong enough to disregard such attacks. The pen in native hands is, after all, *telum imbellis sine ictu*. Besides, consider the safety-valve of a free press! It is constantly admitted that we find it difficult to fathom native thought, and to say where the shoe pinches. Divers acts of official tyranny might be undetected and unpunished, were it not for the editor and his humble correspondent at Zalim-pur. The unjust tax would be paid in silence; the iniquitous measure would be borne without a murmur; until at last, after months and years of misgovernment, the unwarned District Officer would learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched can dare. Never mind the ugly epithets, the imputed crimes, the lie so oft o'erthrown. Better, far better, that the magistrate should see a little fire and smoke above ground, than that he should unwittingly be treading on a thin crust just above the treacherous ashes and the hidden flames. Think what a free press has done for us in England! Think what it may do in India when the benevolence of the foreigner has been vindicated by time, and his measures, however unfairly criticised, have resulted in the happiness and the elevation of the millions!"

To all this and a good deal more it may be replied, that some of these arguments are utterly irrelevant, while others have been

completely refuted by the event. It is not true, as a rule, that warnings have been given, and that good measures have been passed and bad ones rejected, owing to valuable comments in the native press. In the year that preceded the Mutiny not a note was sounded by any native paper, though some seditious placards were posted in Delhi and were torn down by the police. Neither would it be correct to say that the grievances of agriculturists have been ventilated in print before they had attracted the notice of the magistrate. It may be affirmed that, without crediting Civil and Military officers with ubiquity and omniscience, it is almost impossible that any unlawful act and any substantial grievance can escape their notice. There never has been such a machinery for minute control, supervision, and eventual redress, as is afforded by the judicial and executive hierarchy all over India. And you may rely on it that if the Revenue assessment is too high and the Choukidari tax burdensome, the authorities will have heard of it as soon as, or long before, the press; while if there is any danger of a free fight between Hindus and Mussulmans, arising out of the shin-bone of an ox or a pigskin, the magistrate will have taken measures for the preservation of peace and order while the editor is still occupied with his weekly budget of fictions.

It is, of course, argued that England, being free herself, is bound to plant free institutions in all her dependencies and colonies, or wherever the British flag floats. Great Britain abroad must be a vivifying and quickening, and not a repressing, force! But those who employ this argument overlook one fundamental distinction between English and, it may be

added, European politics, and such a dependency as India. With us, and indeed with all Governments possessing representative institutions, there are always two parties which alternately conduct and direct public affairs. In the whirligig of time those who are "out" come in, and those who are "in" retire. Whatever difference of opinion may exist between the two on important measures, each party does credit its opponents with some remnants of patriotism and with a regard for the dignity and integrity of the empire. And even if the *Universal Scarifier*, in Opposition, should proclaim loudly that the country was going to the dogs, the *General Optimist*, on the part of Ministers, would be prepared to prove that most sections of the community ought to be satisfied, and that England was never so prosperous at home or so highly esteemed abroad. But in India the same Government is always "in," and the same Opposition is always "out." It would hardly ever occur, even to the member for Banffshire, to suggest that Lord Elgin and his Council should retire for a time, and that Raja Ram Sing and Babu Hari Narayan Ghose should guide the vessel of the State. It surely follows, then, that the English Government must never cease to be the target for the shafts of one set of writers; and, as we have seen, attacks have gone on increasing in malignity and falsehood for the last twenty years. I have carefully read many native papers for a considerable period—long before the recent outbreaks at Poona and Calcutta. A gentleman holding deservedly a very high position under Government some time ago sent me a whole batch of native journals, which, for spite and mendacity, could hardly be surpassed. I do not dwell on the impudent fiction that India was

richer and more prosperous under native administration, and that her present unfortunate condition is entirely owing to the misrule of a foreign Government. But when, I should like to know, have not vast provinces and dense populations in some part of India been under some foreign rule? At this very moment one of our best friends, the Muhammadan Nizam of Hyderabad, is governing a population of which ninety per cent are Hindus. And loyal and generous as are the Parsis, they are, in India, more foreign than ourselves; and, numbering less than 100,000 souls, have no right to speak for the 250 millions. And then just look at the articles turned out every week! Civil officers are either fools or tyrants. The red-coat is a fiend of lust. A late Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Rivers Thompson, was, for the last two years of his administration, persistently vilified and bespattered with mud. Yet for knowledge of the Bengali, for uprightness and high moral principles, he would not suffer by comparison with any of the eminent men who have governed Bengal for the last forty years. Even the Prince of Wales has not been spared; and I have read articles ardently wishing for the arrival of the Russ. Of course the editor and the speakers at the Congress are acute enough to discover that abuse of her Majesty would not answer. But no one else is safe. The Congress always takes care to break up with three cheers for the Queen.

It is sometimes said that the native press has, after all, no large circulation, and I do not at present recollect any journal with a larger constituency than 25,000. But this argument tells in another way. Papers of which a few hundreds and thousands are sold (or given away) are not "the voice of the

people." They are the spawn of the chartered libertine. The truth, however, is, that a paper taken by one individual is passed on and read out to scores; and so the opinion gains ground, in town and country, that the British rule is no longer that of Cornwallis or Bentinck, but something that unites the debauchery of Nero and the rapine of Verres.

Possibly the difficulty of governing India with a free press will best be shown by enlarging the remarks already made about party government in England and a free press in India. Take the two most eminent statesmen and leaders of party of the last and the present generation, Mr Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, it does not matter which, and place either of them in office for, say, forty years on end without break or intromission. The Premier in office is to conduct the foreign and domestic policy of the country, trusting only to his own judgment and to his eloquence in the House, and, of course, to the ability of his colleagues. Outside Parliament he is to have no aid at all. Not a single paper is to be depended on for constant advocacy. His colleagues out of session may make long speeches which are not properly reported, and may indite portentous reports and minutes which rarely see the light, or, if they do, are never read. There is no Government organ like the 'Journal des Débats' or the 'Times' to explain what has been or is going to be done. All these years the press in Opposition is clamorous in protestation and virulent and unceasing in attack. One or two weeklies may be indifferent and lukewarm, and perhaps may occasionally give a hesitating and feeble utterance on behalf of some scrap of timely legislation or some expedition or manifesto

abroad. But on such papers no regular dependence can be placed. The noisy patriots have it all their own way: they blow the trumpet, harangue the community, denounce every department in turn, and charge particular officials with gross neglect of duty and with all sorts of crimes. They insert the most scandalous attacks on magistrates and police officers, forwarded by obscure local contributors who cannot be discovered, or, if tracked to their hiding-places, are, as a solicitor is wont to tell an aggrieved client, not worth powder and shot. In addition to pure fabrications and inventions, they deal largely in misrepresentation and distortion, and exaggerate something that may really have happened at a work-house in the suburbs and at an affray between poachers and game-keepers in Yorkshire. Government has no resource but a State trial and a criminal information, ending in a Pyrrhic victory, while the particular official who has been held up to public execration may sue his libeller for damages in a civil court without being at all sure that a jury will give him a shilling. What at the end, not of forty but of ten years, would be the position of an English Prime Minister who had directed affairs under such difficult and trying circumstances; and what would be thought of him in the country, after half-a-dozen papers had attacked him six days in every week and hardly a line been published in his defence?

Yet it is not too much to say that this imaginary English sketch is not very far from the Indian reality. And the Viceroy in India is expected to accomplish, without aid from the press, what no English Premier from Pitt to Melbourne, from Peel to Palmerston, would have dreamt of undertaking.

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Our rule in India must ultimately rest on physical force. But no Viceroy is for ever flashing his bayonets in the face of a vast civil community. Our security consists in that phrase so offensive to the Radical ear, "prestige," and on the respect hitherto paid to the official in charge of a district, by whatever title he may be designated (as it varies in different provinces); on his energy, his readiness in action, his good faith, his impartiality, and his sublime indifference to the requirements of caste and creed. In what are loosely termed agrarian disputes, in quiet times, it is hardly too much to say that one Englishman has held a thousand natives in check; and instances can be given when, at the height of the Mutiny, an excitable civil population was prevented from breaking loose and lawlessness was put down by two or three resolute Englishmen fearless of responsibility, on whom the *talookdar* and the *mahajan*, as well as the non-official Englishman, could confidently rely. But how long will this responsibility be assumed on one side and this confidence be shown on the other, if the native press is to go on as it has been allowed to do, seditious, disloyal, false, and unchecked?

Some very unfounded pretensions have been put forward recently on some supposed promise in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858. Successive Viceroys have, in conformity with that State document, promoted natives to high judicial posts, have increased existing salaries, and have recently opened to them several places hitherto considered the special inheritance of the covenanted Civil servant. But promoting natives to a seat in the High Court for their legal ability and good character is a very different thing from allowing irresponsible public bodies

to nominate Babus to seats in the Legislative Councils, from permitting them when there to put offensive or silly questions about particular acts of administration, and from preparing them to expect even larger concessions in the way of representative government.

It is not necessary to darken the picture by imagining that a licentious press will lead to another Sepoy mutiny. With our railroads, our telegraphs, and our 70,000 British troops, the successors of Lord Roberts and Sir Donald Stewart would easily cope with any body of mutineers in open organised rebellion. The danger lies in the gradual weakening of authority, and in the propagation of a belief that the civil government is contemptible, and that natives can do what they like without check or hindrance. Suppose assassination to become frequent, or the payment of the Land revenue to be stopped, or any one large sect or section of the community to oppose, to any order or requisition, a sullen, dogged, passive resistance. What would the Lieutenant-Governor or the Chief Commissioner do? Yet if credulous and ignorant natives are told, week after week, that they have real grievances if they only knew it; that they are oppressed by a set of foreigners, some of whom are as wicked as Suraj-ud-Dowla; that the white man has forgotten to be just and generous; and that the India before their eyes is being systematically plundered and impoverished for the benefit of unseen England—then who will guarantee that, from some unexpected quarter, the little cloud may not arise which will darken the whole horizon? Perhaps, after all, we may think it better that a journal should

be warned, and that a contributor should be summarily fined, that half-a-dozen rioters, in broad daylight, should be shot down the streets of our principal cities.

A few more words in conclusion. Two generations ago Lord Macaulay, who freed the English press and who was a real friend of natives, declared that he always dreaded the appearance of somebody who would insist on turning Hindus into regular Anglo-Saxons, and that India, if ever it was to us, would be lost in the House of Commons. And the late Lord Lawrence said to the writer of this paper, in his pithy and downy way, "that he would not give more than fifty years of India he never knew what those fellows at Westminster would be at."

Our clear and positive duty is to rule it. We can be just, firm, and conciliatory to natives, grant them a good share of duties and rewards of office. We cannot take them into partnership with us, even if we could be so foolish as to remain the "predominant partner." Nor can we afford to be ridiculous and weak. No native Raja or Nawab would tolerate a month such a press as we have tolerated, in the name of liberty for twenty years. No European Government would hesitate to apply the remedy, even if it were characterised as "hateful and degrading." If India is not to become unmanageable, we ought to deal with the native press as we do with smallpox and other diseases. Attempts to ingraft representative government and its appendages on the Asiatic stock will obstruct progress for the native, and only ensure to the Englishman a rich harvest of humiliation and shame.

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Vol. CLXII.

JOHN SPLENDID:¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

CHAPTER I.—FROM THE FOREIGN FIELD.

MANY a time, in college or in camp, I had planned the style of my home-coming. Master Webster, in the Humanities, droning away like a Borerraig bagpipe, would be sending my mind back to Shira Glen, its braes and corries and singing waters, and Ben Bhuidhe over all, and with my chin on a hand I would ponder on how I should go home again when this weary scholarship was over. I had always a ready fancy and some of the natural vanity of youth, so I could see myself landing off the lugger at the quay of Inneraora town, three inches more of a man than when I left with a firkin of herring and a few bolls of meal for my winter's provand; thicker too at the chest, and with a jacket of London green cloth with brass buttons. Would the fisher-

men about the quay-head not lean over the gun'les of their skiffs and say, "There goes young Elrigrmore from Colleging, well-knit in troth, and a pretty lad!" I could hear (all in my day-dream in yon place of dingy benches) the old women about the well at the town Cross say, "Oh *laochain*! thou art come back from the Galldach, and Glasgow College; what a thousand curious things thou must know, and what wisdom thou must have, but never a change on thy affability to the old and to the poor!" But it was not till I had run away from Glasgow College, and shut the boards for good and all, as I thought, on my humane letters and history, and gone with cousin Gavin to the German wars in Mackay's Corps of true Highlanders, that I added a manlier thought

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to my thinking of the day when I should come home to my native place. I've seen me in the camp at night, dog-wearied after stoury marching on their cursed foreign roads, keeping my eyes open and the sleep at an arm's-length, that I might think of Shira Glen. Whatever they may say of me or mine, they can never deny but I had the right fond heart for my own country-side, and I have fought men for speaking of its pride and poverty—their ignorance, their folly!—for what did they ken of the Highland spirit? I would be lying in the lap of the night, and my Ferrara sword rolled in my plaid as a pillow for my head, fancying myself—all those long wars over, march, siege, and sack—riding on a good horse down the pass of Aora and through the arches into the old town. Then, it was not the fishermen or the old women I thought of, but the girls, and the winking stars above me were their eyes, glinting merrily and kindly on a stout young gentleman soldier with jack and morion, sword at haunch, spur at heel, and a name for bravado never a home-biding laird in our parish had, burgh or landward. I would sit on my horse so, the chest well out, the back curved, the knees straight, one gauntlet off to let my white hand wave a salute when needed, and none of all the pretty ones would be able to say Elrigrmore thought another one the sweetest. Oh! I tell you we learnt many arts in the Lowland wars, more than they teach Master of Art in the old biggin' in the Hie Street of Glasgow.

One day, at a place called Nordlingen near the Mid Franken, binding a wound Gavin got in the sword-arm, I said, "What's your wish at this moment, cousin?"

He looked at me with a melting eye, and the flush hove to his face.

"Fore God, Colin," said he, "would give my twelve month wage to stand below the lintel my mother's door and hear her say 'Darling scamp!'"

"If you had your wish, Gavin, when and how would you go in Inneraora town after those weary years away?"

"Man, I've made that up long syne," said he, and the tear was his cheek. "Let me go into cannily at night-fall from the Cromalt end, when the boys and girls were dancing on the green, the pipes at the end of a harvest day. Them in a reel, with none the abulziements of war about me but a plain civil lad like the rest, I would join in the strathspey and kiss two or three of the girls, ever they jaloused a stranger w among them."

Poor Gavin, good Gavin! I came home no way at all to his mother and his mountains; but here was I, with some of his wish for my fortune, riding cannily in Inneraora town in the dark.

It is wonderful how travel, even in a marching company of cavaliers of fortune, gives scope to the mind. When I set foot, twelve years before this night I speak of, on the gabert that carried me down Dunbarton on my way to the Humanities classes, I could have sworn I was leaving a burgh more large and wonderful. The town houses of old Stonefield, Craignis Craignure, Asknish, and the other cadets of Clan Campbell, had such a strong and genteel look; the windows, all but a very few, had glass in every lozen, every shutter had a hole to let in the morning light, and each door had its little ford of stones running across the gutter that sped down the street smelling fishily a bit, on its way to the shore. For me, in those days each close that pierced the town

lands was as wide and high as a mountain *eas*, the street itself seemed broad and substantial, crowded with people worth kenning for their graces and the many things they knew.

I came home now on this night of nights with Munchen and Augsburg, and the fine cities of all the France, in my mind, and I tell you I could think shame of this mean rickle of stones I had thought a town, were it not for the good hearts and kind I knew were under every roof. The broad street crowded with people, did I say? A little lane rather; and Elrigmore, with schooling and the wisdom of travel, felt he could see into the heart's core of the cunningest merchant in the place.

But anyway, here I was, riding into town from the Cromalt end on a night in autumn. It was after ten—between the twenty and the half-past by my Paris watch—when I got the length of the Creags, and I knew that there was nothing but a sleeping town before me, for our folks were always early bedders when the fishing season was on. The night hung thick with stars, but there was no moon; a stiff wind from the east prinked at my right ear and cooled my horse's skin, as he slowed down after a canter of a mile or two on this side of Penny-more. Out on the loch I could see the lights of a few herring-boats lift and fall at the end of their trail of nets.

"Too few of you there for the town to be busy and cheerful," said I to myself; "no doubt the bulk of the boats are down at Otter, damming the fish in the narrow gut, and keeping them from searching up to our own good townsmen."

I pressed my brute to a trot, and turned round into the nether

part of the town. It was what I expected—the place was dark, black out. The people were sleeping; the salt air of Loch Finne went sighing through the place in a way that made me dowie for old days. We went over the causeway-stones with a clatter that might have wakened the dead, but no one put a head out, and I thought of the notion of a cheery homecoming poor Gavin had—my dear cousin, stroked out and cold under foreign clods at Velshiem, two leagues below the field of Worms of Hessen, on the banks of the Rhine, in Low Germanie.

It's a curious business this riding into a town in the dark waste of night; curious even in a strange town when all are the same for you that sleep behind those shutters and those doors, but doubly curious when you know that behind the dark fronts are lying folks that you know well, that have been thinking, and drinking, and thriving when you were far away. As I went clattering slowly by, I would say at one house front, "Yonder's my old comrade, Tearlach, that taught me my one tune on the pipe-chanter; is his beard grown yet, I wonder?" At another, "There is the garret window of the schoolmaster's daughter—does she sing so sweetly nowadays in the old kirk?"

In the dead middle of the street I pulled my horse up, just to study the full quietness of the hour. Leaning over, I put a hand on his nostrils and whispered in his ear for a silence, as we do abroad in ambuscade. Town Inneraora slept sound, sure enough! All to hear was the spilling of the river at the cascade under the bridge and the plopping of the waves against the wall we call the ramparts, that keeps the sea from thrashing on the Tolbooth. And then over all

I could hear a most strange moaning sound, such as we boys used to make with a piece of lath nicked at the edges and swung hurriedly round the head by a string. It was made by the wind, I knew, for it came loudest in the gusty bits of the night and from the east, and when there was a lull I could hear it soften away and end for a second or two with a dunt, as if some heavy, soft thing struck against wood.

Whatever it was, the burghers of Inneraora paid no heed, but slept, stark and sound, behind their steeked shutters.

The solemnity of the place that I knew so much better in a natural lively mood annoyed me, and I played there and then a prank more becoming a boy in his first kilt than a gentleman of education and travel and some repute for sobriety. I noticed I was opposite the house of a poor old woman they called Kate Dubh, whose door was ever the target in my young days for every lad that could brag of a boot-toe, and I saw that the shutter, hanging ajee on one hinge, was thrown open against the harled wall of the house. In my doublet-pocket there were some carabreen bullets, and taking one out, I let bang at the old woman's little lozens. There was a splinter of glass, and I waited to see if any one should come out to see who was up to such damage. My trick was in vain; no one came. Old Kate, as I found next day, was dead since Martinmas, and her house was empty.

Still the moaning sound came from the town-head, and I went slowly riding in its direction. It grew clearer and yet uncannier as I sped on, and mixed with the sough of it I could at last hear the clink of chains.

"What in God's name have I here?" said I to myself, turning round Islay Campbell's corner, and yonder was my answer!

The town gibbets were throng indeed! Two corpses swung in the wind, like net bows on a drying-pole, going from side to side, making the woeful sough and clink of chains, and the dunt I had heard when the wind dropped.

I grued more at the sound of the soughing than at the sight of the hanged fellows, for I've seen the Fell Sergeant in too many ugly fashions to be much put about at a hanging match. But it was such a poor home-coming! It told me as plain as could be, what I had heard rumours of in the low country riding round from the port of Leith, that the land was uneasy, and that pit and gallows were bye-ordinar busy at the gates of our castle. When I left for my last session at Glasgow College, the countryside was quiet as a village green, never a raider nor a reiver in the land, and so poor the Doomster's trade (Black George) that he took to the shoeing of horses.

"There must be something wicked in the times, and cheatery rampant indeed," I thought, "when the common gibbet of Inneraora has a drunkard's convoy on either hand to prop it up."

But it was no time for meditation. Through the rags of plaiding on the chains went the wind again so eerily that I bound to be off, and I put my horse to it, bye the town-head and up the two miles to Glen Shira. I was sore and galled sitting on the saddle; my weariness hung at the back of my legs and shoulders like an ague, and there was never a man in this world came home to his native place so eager for taking supper and sleep as young Elrigmore.

What I expected at my father's

door I am not going to set down here. I went from it a fool, with not one grace about me but the love of my good mother, and the punishment I had for my hot and foolish cantrip was many a wae night on foreign fields, vexed to the core for the sore heart I had left at home.

My mind, for all my weariness, was full of many things, and shame above all, as I made for my father's house. The horse had never seen Glen Shira, but it smelt the comfort of the stable and whinnied cheerfully as I pulled up at the gate. There was but one window to the gable-end of Elrigmore, and it was something of a surprise to me to find a light in it, for our people were not overly rich in these days, and candle or cruise was wont to be doused at bedtime. More was my surprise when, leading my horse round to the front, feeling my way in the dark by memory, I found the oak door open and my father, dressed, standing in the light of it.

A young *sgalag* came running to the reins, and handing them to him, I stepped into the light of the door, my bonnet in my hand.

"Step in, sir, caird or gentleman," said my father — looking more bent at the shoulder than twelve years before.

I went under the door-lintel, and stood a little abashed before him.

"Colin! Colin!" he cried in the Gaelic. "Did I not ken it was you?" and he put his two hands on my shoulders.

"It is Colin sure enough, father dear," I said, slipping readily enough into the mother tongue they did their best to get out of me at Glasgow College. "Is he welcome in this door?" and the weariness weighed me down at the hip and bowed my very legs.

He gripped me tight at the

elbows, and looked me hungrily in the face.

"If you had a murdered man's head in your oxters, Colin," said he, "you were still my son. Colin, Colin! come ben and put off your boots!"

"Mother," I said, but he broke in on my question.

"Come in, lad, and sit down. You are back from the brave wars you never went to with my will, and you'll find stirring times here at your own parish. It's the way of the Sennachie's stories."

"How is that, sir?"

"They tell, you know, that people wander far on the going foot for adventure, and adventure is in the first turning of their native lane."

I was putting my boots off before a fire of hissing logs that filled the big room with a fir-wood smell right homely and comforting to my heart, and my father was doing what I should have known was my mother's office if weariness had not left me in a sort of stupor—he was laying on the Spanish mahogany board with carved legs a stout and soldierly supper and a tankard of the red Bourdeaux wine the French traffickers bring to Loch Finne to trade for cured herring. He would come up now and then where I sat fumbling sleepily at my belt, and put a hand on my head, a curious unmanly sort of thing I never knew my father do before, and I felt put-about at this petting, which would have been more like my sister if ever I had had the luck to have one.

"You are tired, Colin, my boy!" he said.

"A bit, father, a bit," I answered; "tough roads you know. I was landed at break of day at Skipness and—Is mother—?"

"Sit in, *laochain*! Did you meet many folks on the road?"

"No, sir; a pestilent barren journey as ever I trotted on, and the people seemingly on the hill, for their crops are unco late in the field."

"Ay, ay, lad, so they are," said my father, pulling back his shoulders a bit—a fairly straight wiry old man, with a name for good swordsmanship in his younger days.

I was busy at a cold partridge, and hard at it, when I thought again how curious it was that my father should be afoot in the house at such time of night and no one else about, he so early a bedder for ordinary and never the last to sneek the outer door.

"Did you expect any one, father," I asked, "that you should be waiting up with the colation, and the outer door unsneaked?"

"There was never an outer door

sneaked since you left, Colin," said he, turning awkwardly away and looking hard into the loof of his hand like a wife spacing fortunes—for sheer want, I could see, of some engagement for his eyes. "I could never get away with the notion that some way like this at night would ye come back to Elrigmore."

"Mother would miss me?"

"She did, Oolin, she did; I'm not denying."

"She'll be bedded long syne, no doubt, father?"

My father looked at me and gulped at the throat.

"Bedded indeed, poor Colin," said he, "this very day in the clods of Kilmalieu!"

And that was my melancholy home-coming to my father's house of Elrigmore, in the parish of Glenaora, in the shire of Argyle.

CHAPTER II.—GILLESBEG GRUAMACH.

Every land, every glen or town, I make no doubt, has its own peculiar air or atmosphere that one familiar with the same may never puzzle about in his mind, but finds come over him with a waft at odd moments like the scent of bog-myrtle and tansy in an old clothes-press. Our own air in Glen Shira had ever been very genial and encouraging to me. Even when a young lad, coming back from the low country or the scaling of school, the cool fresh breezes of the morning and the riper airs of the late afternoon went to my head like a mild white wine; very heartsome too, rousing the laggard spirit that perhaps made me, before, over-apt to sit and dream of the doing of grand things instead of putting out a hand to do them. In Glasgow the one thing that I had to grumble most about next

to the dreary hours of schooling was the clammy airs of street and close; in Germanie it was worse, a moist weakening windiness full of foreign smells, and I've seen me that I could gaily march a handful of leagues to get a sniff of the spirity salt sea. Not that I was one who craves for wrack and bilge at my nose all the time. What I think best is a stance inland from the salt water, where the mountain air, brushing over gall and heather, takes the sting from the sea air, and the two blended give a notion of the fine variousness of life. We had a herdsman once in Elrigmore, who could tell five miles up the glen when the tide was out on Loch Finne. I was never so keen-scented as that; but when I awakened next day in a camceiled room in Elrigmore, and put my head out

at the window to look around, I smelt the heather for a second like an escapade in a dream.

Down to Ealan Eagal I went for a plunge in the linn in the old style, and the airs of Shira Glen hung about me like friends and lovers, so well acquaint and jovial.

Shira Glen, Shira Glen! if I was bard I'd have songs to sing to it, and all I know is one sculduddry verse on a widow that dwelt in Maam! There, at the foot of my father's house, were the winding river, and north and south the brown hills, split asunder by God's goodness, to give a sample of His bounty. Maam, Elrigmore and Elrigbeg, Kilblaan and Ben Bhuidhe—their steep sides hung with cattle, and below crowded the reeking homes of tacksman and cottar; the burns poured hurriedly to the flat beneath their borders of hazel and ash; to the south, the fresh water we call Dubh Loch, flapping with ducks and fringed with shelisters or water-flags and bulrush, and further off the Cowal hills; to the north, the wood of Drimlee and the wild pass the red Macgregors sometimes took for a back-road to our cattle-folds in cloud of night and darkness. Down on it all shone the polished and hearty sun, birds chirmed on every tree, though it was late in the year; blackcock whirred across the alders, and sturdy heifers bellowed tunelessly, knee-deep at the ford.

"Far have I wandered," thinks I to myself, "warring other folks wars for the humour of it and small wages, but here's the one place I've seen yet that was worth hacking good steel for in earnest!"

But still my heart was sore for mother, and sore, too, for the tale of changed times in Campbell country my father told me over a

breakfast of braddan fresh caught in a creel from the Garron river, oaten bannock, and cream.

After breakfast I got me into my kilt for town. There are many costumes going about the world, but, with allowance for one and all, I make bold to think our own tartan duds the gallantest of them all. The kilt was my wear when first I went to Glasgow College, and many a St Mungo keelie, no better than myself at classes or at English language, made fun of my brown knees, sometimes not to the advantage of his headpiece when it came to argument and neifs on the Fleshers' Haugh. Pulling on my old *breacan* this morning in Elrigmore was like donning a fairy garb, and getting back ten years of youth. We have a way of belting on the kilt in real Argile I have seen nowhere else. Ordinarily, our lads take the whole web of tartan cloth, of twenty ells or more, and coil it once round their middle, there belting it, and bring the free end up on the shoulder to pin with a *dealg*—not a bad fashion for display and long marches and for sleeping out on the hill with, but sometimes discommodious for warm weather. It was our plan sometimes to make what we called a *philabeg*, or little kilt, maybe eight yards long, gathered in at the haunch and hung in many pleats behind, the plain brat part in front decked off with a leather sporran, tagged with thong points tied in knots, and with no plaid on the shoulder. I've never seen a more jaunty and suitable garb for campaigning, better by far for short sharp tulzies with an enemy than the *philamore* or the big kilt our people sometimes throw off them in a skirmish, and fight (the coarsest of them) in their gartered hose and scrugged bonnets.

With my kilt and the memory

of old times about me, I went walking down to Inneraora in the middle of the day. I was prepared for change from the complaints of my father, but never for half the change I found in the burgh town of MacCailein Mor. In my twelve foreign years the place was swamped by incomers, black unwelcome Covenanters from the shires of Air and Lanrick—Brices, Yuilles, Rodgers, and Richies—all brought up here by Gillesbeg Gruamach, Marquis of Argile, to teach his clans the art of peace and merchandise. Half the folk I met between the arches and the Big Barns were strangers that seemingly never had tartan on their hurdies, but settled down with a firm foot in the place, I could see by the bold look of them as I passed on the plain-stanes of the street. A queer town this on the edge of Loch Finne, and far in the Highlands! There were shops with Lowland stuffs in them, and over the doors signboards telling of the most curious trades for a Campbell burgh—horologers, cordiners, baxters, and suchlike mechanicks that I felt sure poor Donald had small call for. They might be incomers, but they were thirled to Gillesbeg all the same, as I found later on.

It was the court day, and his lordship was sitting in judgment on two Strathlachlan fellows, who had been brawling at the Cross the week before and came to knives, more in a frolic than in hot blood, with some of the town lads. With two or three old friends I went into the Tolbooth to see the play—for play it was, I must confess, in town Inneraora, when justice was due to a man whose name by ill-luck was not Campbell, or whose bonnet-badge was not the myrtle stem.

The Tolbooth hall was, and is

to this day, a spacious high-ceiled room, well lighted from the bay-side. It was crowded soon after we got in, with Cowalside fishermen and townpeople all the one way or the other, for or against the poor lads in bilboes, who sat, simple-looking enough, between the town officers, a pair of old *bodachs* in long scarlet coats and carrying *tuaghs*, Lochaber axes, or halberds that never smelt blood since they came from the smith.

It was the first time ever I saw Gillesbeg Gruamach sitting on the bench, and I was startled at the look of the man. I've seen some sour dogs in my day—few worse than Ruthven's rittmasters we met in Swabia—but I never saw a man who, at the first vizzy, had the dour sour countenance of Archibald, Marquis of Argile and Lord of Lochow. Gruamach, or grim-faced, our good Gaels called him in a bye-name, and well he owned it, for over necklace or gorget I've seldom seen a sterner jowl or a more sinister eye. And yet, to be fair and honest, this was but the notion one got at a first glint; in a while I thought little was amiss with his looks as he leaned on the table and cracked in a humour-some laughing way with the pannelled jury.

He might have been a plain cottar in Glen Aora side rather than King of the Highlands for all the airs he assumed, and when he saw me, better put-on in costume than my neighbours in court, he seemingly asked my name in a whisper from the clerk beside him, and finding who I was, cried out in St Andrew's English—

"What! Young Elrigrimore back to the Glens! I give you welcome, sir, to Baile Inneraora!"

I but bowed, and in a fashion saluted, saying nothing in answer, for the whole company gowered

at me, all except the home-bred ones who had better manners.

The two MacLachlans denied in the Gaelic the charge the sheriff clerk read to them in a long farago of English with more foreign words to it than ever I learned the sense of in College.

His lordship paid small heed to the witnesses who came forward to swear to the unruliness of the Strathlachlan men, and the jury talked heedlessly with one another in a fashion scandalous to see. The man who had been stabbed—it was but a jag at the shoulder, where the dirk had gone through from front to back with only some loss of blood—was averse to being hard on the panels. He was a jocular fellow with the right heart for a duello; and in his nipped burgh Gaelic he made light of the disturbance and his injury.

"Nothing but a bit play, my jurymen—MacCailein—my lordship—a bit play. If the poor lad didn't happen to have his dirk out and I to run on it, nobody was a bodle the worse."

"But the law, man"—started the clerk to say.

"No case for law at all," said the witness. "It's an honest brawl among friends, and I could settle the account with them at the next market-day, when my shoulder's mended."

"Better if you would settle my account for your last pair of brogues, Alasdair M'Iver," said a black-avised jurymen.

"What's your trade?" asked the Marquis of the witness.

"I'm at the Coillebhraid silver-mines," said he. "We had a little too much drink, or these MacLachlan gentlemen and I had never come to variance."

The Marquis gloomed at the speaker and brought down his fist with a bang on the table before him.

"Damn those silver-mines!" said he; "they breed more trouble in this town of mine than I'm willing to thole. If they put a penny in my purse it might not be so irksome, but they plague me sleeping and waking, and I'm not a plack the richer. If it were not to give my poor cousin, John Splendid, a chance of a living and occupation for his wits, I would drown them out with the water of Cromalt Burn."

The witnesses gave a little laugh, and ducking his head oddly like one taking liberties with a master, said, "We're a drouthy set, my lord, at the mines, and I wouldn't be saying but what we might drink them dry again of a morning, if we had been into town the night before."

His lordship cut short his sour smile at the man's fancy, and bade the officers on with the case.

"You have heard the proof," he said to the jury when it came to his turn to charge them. "Are they guilty, or not? If the question was put to me I should say the Laird of MacLachlan, arrant Papist! should keep his men at home to Mass on the other side of the loch instead of loosing them on honest, or middling honest, Campbells, for the strict virtue of these Coillebhraid miners is what I am not going to guarantee."

Of course the fellows were found guilty—one of stabbing, the other of art and part—for MacLachlan was no friend of MacCailein Mor, and as little friend to the merchant burghers of Inneraora, for he had the poor taste to buy his shop provand from the Lamont towns of Low Cowal.

"A more unfriendly man to the Laird of MacLachlan might be for hanging you on the gibbet at the town-head," said his lordship to the prisoners, spraying ink-sand

idly on the clean page of a statute-book as he spoke; "but our three trees upbye are leased just now to other tenants,—Badenoch hawks a trifle worse than yourselves, and more deserving."

The men looked stupidly about then, knowing not one word of his lordship's English, and he was always a man who disdained to converse much in Erse. He looked a little cruelly at them and went on.

"Perhaps clipping your lugs might be the bonniest way of showing you what we think of such on-goings in honest Inneraora; or getting the Doomster to bastinado you up and down the street. But we'll try what a fortnight in the Tolbooth may do to amend your visiting manners. Take them away, officers."

"*Abairibh moran taing*—say 'many thanks' to his lordship," whispered one of the red-coat halberdiers in the ear of the bigger of the two prisoners. I could hear the command distinctly where I sat, well back in the court, and so no doubt could Gillesbeg Gruamach, but he was used to such obsequious foolishness and he made no dissent or comment.

"*Taing! taing!*" said one spokesman of the two MacLachlans in his hurried Cowal Gaelic, and his neighbour, echoing him word for word in the comic fashion they have in these parts; "*Taing! taing!* I never louted to the horseman that rode over me yet, and I would be ill-advised to start with the Gruamach one!"

The man's face flushed up as he spoke. It's a thing I've noticed about our own poor Gaelic men: speaking before them in English or Scots, their hollow look and aloofness would give one the notion that they lacked sense and sparkle;

take the muddiest-looking among them and challenge him in his own tongue, and you'll find his face fill with wit and understanding.

I was preparing to leave the court-room, having many people to call on in Inneraora, and had turned with my two friends to the door, when a fellow brushed in past us—a Highlander, I could see, but in trews—and he made to go forward into the body of the court, as if to speak to his lordship, now leaning forward in a cheerful conversation with the Provost of the burgh; a sonsy gentleman in a peruke and figured waistcoat.

"Who is he, this bold fellow?" I asked one of my friends, pausing with a foot on the door-step, a little surprised at the want of reverence to MacOailein in the man's bearing.

"Iain Aluinn—John Splendid," said my friend. We were talking in the Gaelic, and he made a jocular remark there is no English for. Then he added, "A poor cousin of the Marquis, a M'Íver Campbell (*on the wrong side*), with little schooling, but some wit and gentlemanly parts. He has gone through two fortunes in black cattle, fought some fighting here and there, and now he manages the silver-mines so adroitly that Gillesbeg Gruamach is ever on the brink of getting a big fortune, but never done launching out a little one instead to keep the place going. A decent soul the Splendid! throughither a bit, and better at promise than performance, but at the core as good as gold, and a fellow you never weary of though you tramped with him in a thousand glens. We call him Splendid, not for his looks but for his style."

The object of my friend's description was speaking into the ear of MacOailein Mor by this time,

and the Marquis's face showed his tale was interesting, to say the least of it.

We waited no more, but went out into the street. I was barely two closes off from the Tolbooth when a messenger came running after me, sent by the Marquis, who asked if I would oblige greatly by waiting till he made up on me. I went back, and met his lordship with his kinsman and mine-manager coming out of the courtroom together into the lobby that divided the place from the street.

"Oh, Elrigmore!" said the Marquis, in an offhand jovial and equal way; "I thought you would like to meet my cousin here—M'Iver Campbell of the Barbreck; something of a soldier like yourself, who has seen service in Lowland wars."

"In the Scots Brigade, sir?" I asked M'Iver, eyeing him with greater interest than ever. He was my senior by half-a-dozen years seemingly, a neat, well-built fellow, clean-shaven, a little over the middle height, carrying a rattle in his hand, though he had a small sword tucked under the right skirt of his coat.

"With Lumsden's regiment," he said. "His lordship here has been telling me you have just come home from the field."

"But last night. I took the liberty while Inneraora was snoring. You were before my day in foreign service, and yet I thought I knew by repute every Campbell that ever fought for the hard-won dollars of Gustavus even before my day. There were not so many of them from the West Country."

"I trailed a pike privately," laughed M'Iver, "and for the honour of Clan Diarmaid I took the name Munro. My cousin here cares to have none of his immediate relatives make a living by

steel at any rank less than a cornal's, or a major's, at the very lowest. Frankfort, and Landsberg, and the stark field of Leipzig were the last I saw of foreign battles, and the God's truth is they were my bellyful. I like a bit splore, but give it to me in our old style, with the tartan instead of buff, and the target for breast-plate and taslets. I came home sick of wars."

"Our friend does himself injustice, my dear, Elrigmore," said Gillesbeg, smiling; "he came home against his will, I have no doubt, and I know he brought back with him a musketoon bullet in the hip, that couped him by the heels down in Glassary for six months."

"The result," M'Iver hurried to explain, but putting out his breast with a touch of vanity, "of a private *rencontre*, an affair of my own with a Reay gentleman, and not to be laid to my credit as part of the war's scaith at all."

"You conducted your duello in odd style under Lumsden, surely," said I, "if you fought with powder and ball instead of steel, which is more of a Highlander's weapon to my way of thinking. All our affairs in the Reay battalion were with claymore—sometimes with targe, sometimes wanting."

"This was a particular business of our own," laughed John Splendid (for so I may go on to call M'Iver, for it was the name he got oftenest behind and before in Argile). "It was less a trial of valour than a wager about which had the better skill with the musket. If I got the bullet in my groin, I at least showed the Mackay gentleman in question that an Argile man could handle arquebus as well as *arme blanche* as we said in the France. I felled my man at thirty paces, with six to count from a rittmaster's signal.

Blow, present, God sain Mackay's soul! But I'm not given to brag-gadocio."

"Not a bit, cousin," said the Marquis, looking quizzingly at me.

"I could not make such good play with the gun against a fort gable at so many feet," said I.

"You could, sir, you could," said John Splendid in an easy, off-hand, flattering way, that gave me at the start of our acquaintance the whole key to his character. "I've little doubt you could allow me half-a-dozen paces and come closer on the centre of the target."

By this time we were walking down the street, the Marquis betwixt the pair of us commoners, and I to the left side. Lowlanders and Highlanders quickly got out of the way before us and gave us the crown of the causeway. The main part of them the Marquis never let his eye light on; he kept his nose cocked in the air in the way I've since found peculiar to his family. It was odd to me that had in wanderings got to look on all honest men as equal (except Camp-Master Generals and Pike Colonels), to see some of his lordship's poor clansmen cringing before him. Here indeed was the leaven of your low-country scum, for in all the broad Highlands wandering before and since I never saw the like! "Blood of my blood, brother of my name!" says our good Gaelic old-word: it made no insolents in camp or castle, but it kept the poorest clansmen's head up before the highest chief. But there was, even in Baile Inneraora, sinking in the servile ways of the incomer, something too of honest worship in the deportment of the people. It was sure enough in the manner of an old woman with a face peat-tanned to crinkled leather who ran out of the Vennel or lane, and, bending to the Marquis his

lace wrist-bands, kissed them as I've seen Papists do the holy duds in Notre Dame and Bruges Kirk.

This display before me, something of a stranger, a little displeased Gillesbeg Gruamach. "Tut, tut!" he cried in Gaelic to the *cailleach*, "thou art a foolish old woman!"

"God keep thee, MacCailein!" said she; "thy daddy put his hand on my head like a son when he came back from his banishment in Spain, and I keened over thy mother dear when she died. The hair of Peggy Bhég's head is thy door-mat, and her son's blood is thy will for a foot-bath."

"Savage old harridan!" cried the Marquis, jerking away; but I could see he was not now displeased altogether that a man new from the wide world and its ways should behold how much he was thought of by his people.

He put his hands in a friendly way on the shoulders of us on either hand of him, and brought us up a bit round turn, facing him at a standstill opposite the door of the English kirk. To this day I mind well the rumour of the sea that came round the corner.

"I have a very particular business with both you gentlemen," he said. "My friend here, M'Iver, has come post-haste to tell me of a rumour that a body of Irish banditti under Alasdair MacDonald, the MacColkitto as we call him, has landed somewhere about Kinlochaline or Knoydart. This portends damnably, if I, an elder ordained of this kirk, may say so. We have enough to do with the Athole gentry and others nearer home. It means that I must on with plate and falchion again, and out on the weary road for war I have little stomach for, to tell the truth."

"You're able for the best of

them, MacCailein," cried John Splendid, in a hot admiration. "For a scholar you have as good judgment on the field and as gallant a seat on the saddle as any man ever I saw in haberschone and morion. With your schooling I could go round the world conquering."

"Ah! flatterer, flatterer! Ye have all the guile of the tongue our enemies give Clan Campbell credit for, and that I wish I had a little more of. Still and on, it's no time for fair words. Look! Elrigmore. You'll have heard of our kittle state in this shire for the past ten years, and not only in this shire but all over the West Highlands. I give you my word I'm no sooner with the belt off me and my chair pulled into my desk and papers than its some one beating a point of war or a piper blowing the warning under my window. To look at my history for the past few years any one might think I was Dol' Gorm himself, fight and plot, plot and fight! How can I help it—thrust into this hornets' nest from the age of sixteen, when my father (*beannachd leis!*) took me out warring against the islesmen, and I only in the humour for playing at shinty or fishing like the boys on the moor-lochs behind the town. I would sooner be a cottar in Auchnagoul down there, with porridge for my every meal, than constable, chastiser, what not, or whatever I am, of all these vexed Highlands. Give me my book in my closet, or at worst let me do my country's work in a courtier's way with brains, and I would ask no more."

"Except Badenoch and Nether Lochaber—fat land, fine land, MacCailein!" said John Splendid, laughing cunningly.

The Marquis's face flamed up.

"You're an ass, John," he said;

"picking up the countryside's gossip. I have no love for the Athole and Great Glen folks as ye ken; but I could long syne have got letters of fire and sword that made Badenoch and Nether Lochaber mine if I had the notion. Don't interrupt me with your nonsense, cousin; I'm telling Elrigmore here, for he's young and has skill of civilised war, that there may, in very few weeks, be need of every arm in the parish or shire to baulk Colkitto. The MacDonald and other malignants have been robbing high and low from Lochow to Loch Finne this while back; I have hanged then a score a month at the town-head there, but that's dealing with small affairs, and I'm sore mistaken if we have not cruel times to come."

"Well, sir," I said, "what can I do?"

The Marquis bit his moustachio and ran a spur on the ground for a little without answering, as one in a quandary, and then he said, "You're no vassal of mine, Baron" (as if he were half sorry for it), "but all you Glen Shira folk are well disposed to me and mine, and have good cause, though that MacNaughton fellow's a Papisher. What I had in my mind was that I might count on you taking a company of our fencible men, as John here is going to do, and going over-
bye to Lorn with me to cut off those Irish blackguards of Alasdair MacDonald's from joining Montrose."

For some minutes I stood turning the thing over in my mind, being by nature slow to take on any scheme of high emprise without some scrupulous balancing of chances. Half-way up the closes, in the dusk, and in their rooms, well back from the windows, or far up the street, all aloof from his Majesty MacCailein Mor, the good curious people of Inneraora

watched us. They could little guess the pregnancy of our affairs. For me, I thought how wearily I had looked for some rest from wars, at home in Glen Shira after my years of foreign service: now that I was here, and my mother no more, my old father needed me on hill and field; Argile's quarrel was not my quarrel until Argile's enemies were at the foot of Ben Bhuidhe or coming all boden in fier of war up the pass of Shira Glen. I liked adventure, and a captaincy was a captaincy, but—

"Is it boot and saddle at once, my lord?" I asked.

"It must be that or nothing. When a viper's head is coming out of a hole, crunch it incontinent, or the tail may be more than you can manage."

"Then, my lord," said I, "I must cry off. On this jaunt at least. It would be my greatest pleasure to go with you and my friend M'Iver, not to mention all the good fellows I'm bound to know in rank in your regiment, but for my duty to my father and one or two other considerations that need not be named. But—if this be any use—I give my word that should MacDonald or any other force come this side the passes at Accurach Hill, or anywhere east Lochow, my time and steel are yours."

MacCailein Mor looked a bit annoyed, and led us at a fast pace up to the gate of the castle that

stood, high towered and embrasured for heavy pieces, stark and steeve above town Inneraora. A most curious, dour, and moody man, with a mind roving from key to key. Every now and then he would stop and think a little without a word, then on, and run his fingers through his hair or fumble nervously at his leathern buttons, paying small heed to the Splendid and I, who convoyed him, so we got into a crack about the foreign field of war.

"Quite right, Elrigmore, quite right," at last cried the Marquis, pulling up short, and looked me plumb in the eyes. "Bide at hame while bide ye may. I would never go on this affair myself if by God's grace I was not Marquis of Argile and son of a house with many bitter foes. But, hark ye! a black day looms for these our home-lands if ever Montrose and those Irish dogs get through our passes. For twenty thousand pounds Saxon I would not have the bars off the two roads of Accurach! And I thank you, Elrigmore, that at the worst I can count on your service at home. We may need good men here on Loch Finneside as well as further afield, overrun as we are by the blackguardism of the North and the Papist clans around us. Come in, friends, and have your meridian. I have a flagon of French brown brandy you never tasted the equal of in any town you sacked in all Low Germanie."

CHAPTER III.—THE LADY ON THE STAIR.

John Splendid looked at me from the corner of an eye as we came out again and daundered slowly down the town.

"A queer one yon!" said he, as it were feeling his way with a

rapier-point at my mind about his Marquis.

"Do you tell me?" I muttered, giving him parry of low quarte like a good swordsman, and he came to the recover with a laugh.

"Foil, Elrigmore!" he cried. "But we're soldiers and lads of the world, and you need hardly be so canny. You see MacCaillein's points as well as I do. His one weakness is the old one—books, books,—the curse of the Highlands and every man of spirit say I! He has the stuff in him by nature, for none can deny Clan Diarmaid courage and knightliness; but for four generations court, closet, and college have been taking the heart out of our chiefs. Had our lordship in-bye been sent a fostering in the old style, brought up to the chase and the sword and manly comportment, he would not have that wan cheek this day, and that withering about what he must be at next!"

"You forget that I have had the same ill-training," I said (in no bad humour, for I followed his mind). "I had a touch of Glasgow College myself."

"Yes, yes," he answered quickly; "you had that, but by all accounts it did you no harm. You learned little of what they teach there."

This annoyed me, I confess, and John Splendid was gleg enough to see it.

"I mean," he added, "you caught no fever for paper and ink, though you may have learned many a quirk I was the better of myself. I could never even write my name; and I've kept compt of wages at the mines with a pickle chuckie-stones."

"That's a pity," says I, drily.

"Oh, never a bit," says he, gaily, or at any rate with a way as if to carry it off vauntingly. "I can do many things as well as most, and a few others colleges never learned me. I know many *sguul-achdan*, from 'Minochag and Morag' to 'The Shifty Lad'; I can make passable poetry by word of mouth; I can speak the

English and the French; and I have seen enough of courtiers to know that half their canons are to please and witch the eye of women in a way that I could undertake to do by my looks alone and some good-humour. Show me a beast on hill or in glen I have not the history of; and if dancing, singing, the sword, the gun, the pipes—ah, not the pipes,—it's my one envy in the world to play the bagpipes with some show of art and delicacy, and I cannot. Queer is that, indeed, and I so keen on them! I would tramp right gaily a night and a day on end to hear a scholar fingering 'The Glen is Mine.'"

There was a witless vanity about my friend that sat on him almost like a virtue. He made parade of his crafts less, I could see, because he thought much of them, than because he wanted to keep himself on an equality with me. In the same way, as I hinted before, he never, in all the time of our wanderings after, did a thing well before me but he bode to keep up my self-respect by maintaining that I could do better, or at least as good.

"Books, I say," he went on, as we clinked heels on the causeway-stones, and between my little bit cracks with old friends in the by-going,—“books, I say, have spoiled MacCaillein's stomach. Ken ye what he told me once? That a man might readily show more valour in a conclusion come to in the privacy of his bed-closet than in a victory won on the field. That's what they teach by way of manly doctrine down there in the new English church, under the pastorage of Maister Alexander Gordon, chaplain to his lordship and minister to his lordship's people! It must be the old Cavalier in me, but somehow (in

your lug) I have no brood of those Covenanted cattle from the low country—though Gordon's a good soul, there's no denying."

"Are you Catholic?" I said, in a surprise.

"What are you yourself?" he asked, *more Scotticè* (as we say in the Humanities), and then he flushed, for he saw a little smile in my face at the transparency of his endeavour to be always on the pleasing side.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I'm depending on salvation by reason of a fairly good heart, and an eagerness to wrong no man, gentle or simple. I love my fellows, one and all, not offhand as the Catechism enjoins, but heartily, and I never saw the fellow, carl or king, who, if ordinary honest and cheerful, I could not lie heads and thraws with at a camp-fire. In matters of strict ritual, now,—ha—um!"

"Out with it, man!" I cried, laughing.

"I'm like Parson Kilmalieu up-bye. You've heard of him—easy-going soul, and God sain him! When it came to the bit, he turned the holy-water font of Kilachatrine blue-stone upside-down, scooped a hole in the bottom, and used the new hollow for Protestant baptism. 'There's such a throng about heaven's gate,' said he, 'that it's only a mercy to open two;' and he was a good and humoursome Protestant-Papist till the day he went under the flagstones of his chapel upbye."

Now here was not a philosophy to my mind. I fought in the German wars less for the kreutzers than for a belief (never much studied out, but fervent) that Protestantism was the one good faith, and that her ladyship of Babylon, that's ever on the ran-don, cannot have her downfall one day too

soon. You dare not be playing corners-change-corners with religion as you can with the sword of what the ill-bred have called a mercenary (when you come to ponder on't, the swords of patriot or paid man are both for selfish ends unsheathed); and if I set down here word for word what John Splendid said, it must not be thought to be in homologation on my part of such latitudinarianism.

I let him run on in this key till we came to the change-house of a widow—one Fraser—and as she curtsied at the door, and asked if the braw gentlemen would favour her poor parlour, we went in and tossed a quaich or two of aqua, to which end she set before us a little brown bottle and two most cunningly contrived and carven cups made of the Coillebhraid silver.

The houses in Innaera were, and are, built all very much alike, on a plan I thought somewhat cosy and genteel, ere ever I went abroad and learned better. I do not even now deny the cosiness of them, but of the genteelity it were well to say little. They were tall lands or tenements, three storeys high, with through-going closes, or what the English might nominate passages, running from front to back, and leading at their midst to stairs, whereby the occupants got to their domiciles in the flats above. Curved stairs they were, of the same blue-stone the castle is built of, and on their landings at each storey they branched right and left to give access to the single apartments or rooms and kitchens of the residents. Throng tenements they are these, even yet, giving, as I write, clever children to the world. His Grace nowadays might be granting the poor people a little more room to grow in, some soil for their kail, and a better proa-

pect from their windows than the whitewashed wall of the opposite land; but in the matter of air there was and is no complaint. The sea in stormy days came bellowing to the very doors, salt and stinging, tremendous blue and cold. Staying in town of a night, I used to lie awake in my relative's, listening to the spit of the waves on the window-panes and the grumble of the tide, that rocked the land I lay in till I could well fancy it was a ship. Through the closes of a night the wind ever stalked like something fierce and blooded, rattling the iron snecks with an angry finger, breathing beastily at the hinge, and running back a bit once in a while to leap all the harder against groaning lintel and post.

The change-house of the widow was on the ground-flat, a but and ben, the ceilings arched with stone—a strange device in masonry you'll find seldom elsewhere, Highland or Lowland. But she had a garret-room up two stairs where properly she abode, the close flat being reserved for trade of vending *uisgebaigh* and ale. I describe all this old place so fully because it bears on a little affair that happened therein on that day John Splendid and I went in to clink glasses.

The widow had seen that neither of us was very keen on her aqua, which, as it happened, was raw new stuff brewed over at Kames, Lochow, and she asked would we prefer some of her brandy.

"After his lordship's it might be something of a downcome," said John Splendid, half to me and half to the woman.

She caught his meaning, though he spoke in the English; and in our own tongue, laughing toothlessly, she said—

"The same stilling, Barbreck,

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the same stilling I make no doubt. MacCailein gets his brown brandy by my brother's cart from French Foreland; it's a rough road, and sometimes a bottle or two spills on the way. I've a flagon up in a cupboard in my little garret, and I'll go fetch it."

She was over-old a woman to climb three steep stairs for the sake of two young men's drought, and I (having always some regard for the frail) took the key from her hand and went, as was common enough with her younger customers, seeking my own liquor up the stair.

In those windy flights in the fishing season there is often the close smell of herring-scale, of bow tar and the bark-tan of the fishing nets; but this stair I climbed for the wherewithal was unusually sweet-odoured and clean, because on the first floor was the house of Provost Brown—a Campbell and a Gael, but burdened by accident with a Lowland-sounding cognomen. He had the whole flat to himself—half-a-dozen snug apartments with windows facing the street or the sea as he wanted. I was just at the head of the first flight when out of a door came a girl, and I clean forgot all about the widow's flask of French brandy.

Little more than twelve years syne the Provost's daughter had been a child at the grammar-school, whose one annoyance in life was that the dominie called her Betsy instead of Betty, her real own name: here she was, in the flat of her father's house in Innaora town, a full-grown woman, who gave me check in my stride and set my face flaming. I took in her whole appearance at one glance—a way we have in foreign armies. Between my toe on the last step of the stair and the landing I read

the picture: a well-bred woman, from her carriage, the neatness of her apparel, the composure of her pause to let me bye in the narrow passage to the next stair; not very tall (I have ever had a preference for such as come no higher than neck and oxters); very dark brown hair, eyes sparkling, a face rather pale than ruddy, soft skinned, full of a keen nervousness.

In this matter of a woman's eyes—if I may quit the thread of my history—I am a trifle fastidious, and I make bold to say that the finest eyes in the world are those of the Highland girls of Argyle—burgh or landward—the best bred and gentlest of them, I mean. There is in them a full and melting friendliness, a mixture to my sometimes notion of poetry and of calm—a memory, as I've thought before, of the deep misty glens and their sights and secrets. I have seen more of the warm heart and merriment in a simple Loch Finne girl's eyes than in all the faces of all the grand dames ever I looked on, Lowland or foreign.

What pleased me first and foremost about this girl Betty, daughter of Provost Brown, were her eyes, then, that showed, even in yon dusky passage, a humoursome interest in young Elrigmore in a kilt coming up-stairs swinging on a finger the key of Lucky Fraser's garret. She hung back doubtfully, though she knew me (I could see) for her old school-fellow and sometime boy-lover, but I saw something of a welcome in the blush at her face, and I gave her no time to chill to me.

"Betty lass, 'tis you," said I, putting out a hand and shaking her soft fingers. "What think you of my ceremony in calling at the earliest chance to pay my de-

vours to the Provost of this burgh and his daughter?"

I put the key behind my back to give colour a little to my words; but my lady saw it and jumped at my real errand on the stair, with that quickness ever accompanying eyes of the kind I have mentioned.

"Ceremony here, devoir there!" said she, smiling, "there was surely no need for a key to our door, Elrigmore——"

"Colin, Mistress Brown, plain Colin, if you please."

"Colin, if you will, though it seems daftlike to be so free with a soldier of twelve years' fortune. You were for the widow's garret. Does some one wait on you below?"

"John Splendid."

"My mother's in-bye. She will be pleased to see you back again if you and your friend call. After you've paid the lawing," she added, smiling like a rogue.

"That will we," said I; but I hung on the stair-head, and she leaned on the inner sill of the stair window.

We got into a discourse upon old days, that brought a glow to my heart the brandy I forgot had never brought to my head. We talked of school, and the gay days in wood and field, of our childish wanderings on the shore, making sand-keps and stone houses, herding the crabs of God—so little that bairns dare not be killing them, of venturings to sea many ells out in tow-caulked herring-boxes, of journeys into the brave deep woods that lie far and wide round Inveraora, seeking the branch for the Beltane fire; of nutting in the hazels of the glens, and feasts upon the berry on the brae. Later, the harvest-home and the dance in green or barn when I was at almost my man's height, with the pluck to put a bare lip to its ap-

prenticeship on a woman's cheek ; the songs at *ceilidh* fires, the telling of *sgeulachdan* and fairy tales up on the mountain sheiling——

"Let me see," said I ; "when I went abroad, were not you and one of the Glenaora Campbells chief?"

I said it as if the recollection had but sprung to me, while the truth is I had thought on it often in camp and field, with a regret that the girl should throw herself off on so poor a partner.

She laughed merrily with her whole soul in the business, and her face without art or pretence—a fashion most wholesome to behold.

"He married some one nearer him in years long syne," said she. "You forget I was but a bairn when we romped in the hay-dash." And we buckled to the crack again, I more keen on it than ever. She was a most marvellous fine girl, and I thought her (well I mind me now) like the blue harebell that nods upon our heather hills.

We might, for all I dreamt of the widow's brandy, have been conversing on the stair-head yet, and my story had a different conclusion, had not a step sounded on the stair, and up banged John Splendid, his sword-scabbard clinking against the wall of the stair with the haste of him.

"Set a cavalier at the side of an anker of brandy," he cried, "and——"

Then he saw he was in company. He took off his bonnet with a sweep I'll warrant he never learned anywhere out of France, and plunged into the thick of our discourse with a query.

"At your service, Mistress Brown," said he. "Half my errand to town to-day was to find if young MacLachlan, your relative, is to be at the market here to-morrow. If so——"

"He is," said Betty.

"Will he be intending to put up here all night, then?"

"He comes to supper at least," said she, "and his bidding over-night is yet to be settled."

John Splendid toyed with the switch in his hand in seeming abstraction, and yet as who was pondering on how to put an unwelcome message in plausible language.

"Do you know," said he at last to the girl, in a low voice, for fear his words should reach the ears of her mother in-bye, "I would as well see MacLachlan out of town the morn's night. There's a waft of cold airs about this place not particularly wholesome for any of his clan or name. So much I would hardly care to say to himself ; but he might take it from you, madam, that the other side of the loch is the safest place for sound sleep for some time to come."

"Is it the MacNicolls you're thinking of?" asked the girl.

"That same, my dear."

"You ken," he went on, turning fuller round to me, to tell a story he guessed a new-comer was unlikely to know the ins and outs of—"you ken that one of the MacLachlans, a cousin-german of old Lachie the chief, came over in a boat to Braleckan a few weeks syne on an old feud, and put a bullet into a MacNicoll, a peaceable lad who was at work in a field. Gay times, gay times, aren't they? From behind a dyke wall too—a far from gentlemanly escapade even in a MacLa—— Pardon, mistress ; I forgot your relationship, but this was surely a very low dog of his kind. Now from that day to this the murder is to find ; there are some to say old Lachie could put his hand on him at an hour's notice if he had the notion. But his lordship,

Justiciar-General, upbye, has sent his provost-marshal with letters of arrest to the place in vain. Now here's my story. The MacNicolls of Elrig have joined cause with their cousins and namesakes of Braleckan; there's a wheen of both to be in the town at the market to-morrow, and if young MacLachlan bides in this house of yours overnight, Mistress Betty Brown, you'll maybe hae broken delf and worse ere the day daw."

Mistress Brown took it very coolly; and as for me, I was thinking of a tiny brown mole-spot she used to have low on the white of her neck when I put daisy-links on her on the summers we played on the green, and wondering if it was still to the fore and hid below her collar. In by the window came the saucy breeze and kissed her on a curl that danced above her ear.

"I hope there will be no lawlessness here," said she: "if the gentleman *will* go, he *will* go

home; if he bides, he bides, and surely the burghers of Inneraora will not quietly see their Provost's domicile invaded by brawlers."

"Exactly so," said John Splendid, drily. "Nothing may come of it, but you might mention the affair to MacLachlan if you have the chance. For me to tell him would be to put him in the humour for staying—dour fool that he is—out of pure bravado and defiance. To tell the truth, I would bide myself in such a case. 'Thole feud' is my motto. My granddad writ it on the butt of his sword-blade in clear round print letters, I've often marvelled at the skill of. If it's your will, Elrigmore, we may be doing without the brandy, and give the house-dame a call now."

We went in and paid our duties to the good wife—a silver-haired dame with a wonderful number of Betty's turns in her voice, and ready sober smile.

CHAPTER IV.—A NIGHT ALARM.

Writing all this old ancient history down, I find it hard to riddle out in my mind the things that have really direct and pregnant bearing on the matter in hand. I am tempted to say a word or two anent my Lord Marquis's visit to my father, and his vain trial to get me enlisted into his corps for Lorn. Something seems due, also, to be said about the kindness I found from all the old folks of Inneraora, ever proud to see a lad of their own of some repute come back among them; and of my father's grieving about his wae widowerhood: but these things must stand by while I narrate how there arose a wild night in town Inneraora, with the Highlandmen from the glens into it with dirk and sword and steel

Doune pistols, the flambeaux flaring against the tall lands, and the Lowland burghers of the place standing up for peace and tranquil sleep.

The market-day came on the morning after the day John Splendid and I foregathered with my Lord Archibald. It was a smaller market than usual, by reason of the troublous times; but a few black and red cattle came from the landward part of the parish and Knapdale side, while Lochow and Breadalbane sent hoof nor horn. There was never a blacker sign of the times' unrest. But men came from many parts of the shire, with their chieftains or lairds, and there they went clamping about this Lowland-looking town like foreigners. I counted

ten tartans in as many minutes between the cross and the kirk, most of them friendly with Mac-Cailein Mor, but a few, like that of MacLachlan of that ilk, at variance, and the wearers with ugly whingers or claymores at their belts. Than those MacLachlans one never saw a more barbarous-looking set. There were a dozen of them in the tail or retinue of old Lachie's son—a henchman, piper, piper's valet, *gille-more*, *gille-cas-fleuch* or running footman, and such others as the more vain of our Highland gentry at the time ever insisted on travelling about with, all stout junky men of middle size, bearded to the brows, wearing flat blue bonnets with a pervenke plant for badge on the sides of them, on their feet deerskin brogues with the hair out, the rest of their costume all belted tartan, and with arms clattering about them. With that proud pretence which is common in our people when in strange unfamiliar occasions—and I would be the last to dispraise it—they went about by no means braggardly but with the aspect of men who had better streets and more shops to show at home; surprised at nothing in their alert moments, but now and again forgetting their dignity and looking into little shop-windows with the wonder of bairns, and great gabbling together till MacLachlan fluted on his whistle, and they came, like good hounds, to heel.

All day the town hummed with Gaelic and the round bellowing of cattle. It was clear warm weather, never a breath of wind to stir the gilding trees behind the burgh. At ebb-tide the sea-beach whitened and smoked in the sun, and the hot air quivered over the stones and the crisping wrack. In such a season the bustling town in the heart of the stern Highlands seem-

ed a fever spot. Children came boldly up to us for fairings or gifts, and they strayed—the scamps!—behind the droves and thumped manfully on the buttocks of the cattle. A constant stream of men passed in and out at the change-house closes and about the Fisherland tenements, where seafarers and drovers together sang the maddest love-ditties in the voices of roaring bulls; beating the while with their feet on the floor in our foolish Gaelic fashion, or, as one could see through open windows, rugging and riving at the corners of a plaid spread between them,—a trick, I daresay, picked up from women, who at the waulking or washing of woollen cloth new spun, pull out the fabric to tunes suited to such occasions.

I spent most of the day with John Splendid and one Tearlach (or Charles) Fraser, an old comrade, and as luck, good or ill, would have it, the small hours of morning were on me before I thought of going home. By dusk the bulk of the strangers left the town by the highroads, among them the MacNicolls, who had only by the cunning of mutual friends (Splendid as busy as any) been kept from coming to blows with the MacLachlan tail. Earlier in the day, by a galley or wherry, the MacLachlans also had left, but not the young laird, who put up for the night at the house of Provost Brown.

The three of us I have mentioned sat at last playing cartes in the ferry-house, where a good glass could be had and more tidiness than most of the hostleries in the place could boast of. By the stroke of midnight we were the only customers left in the house, and when, an hour after, I made the move to set out for Glen Shira, John Splendid yoked on me as if my sobriety were a crime.

"Wait, man, wait, and I'll give you a convoy up the way," he would say, never thinking of the road he had himself to go down to Coillebhraid.

And aye it grew late and the night more still. There would be a foot going by at first at short intervals, sometimes a staggering one and a voice growling to itself in Gaelic; and anon the wayfarers were no more, the world outside in a black and solemn silence. The man who kept the ferry-house was often enough in the custom of staying up all night to meet belated boats from Kilcatrine; we were gentrice and good customers, so he composed himself in a lug chair and dovered in a little room opening off ours, while we sat fingering the book. Our voices as we called the cartes seemed now and then to me like a discourtesy to the peace and order of the night.

"I must go," said I a second time.

"Another one game," cried John Splendid. He had been winning every bout, but with a reluctance that shone honestly on his face; and I knew it was to give Tearlach and me a chance to better our reputation that he would have us hang on.

"You have hard luck indeed," he would say. Or, "You played that trick as few could do it." Or, "Am not I in the key to-night? there's less craft than luck here." And he played slovenly even once or twice, flushing, we could read, lest we could see the stratagem. At these times, by the curious way of chance, he won more surely than ever.

"I must be going," I said again. And this time I put the cartes bye, firmly determined that my usual easy and pliant mood in fair company would be my own enemy no more.

"Another chappin of ale," said he. "Tearlach, get Elrigmore to bide another bit. Tuts, the night's but young, the chap of two and a fine clear clean air with a wind behind you for Shira Glen."

"Wheest!" said Tearlach of a sudden, and he put up a hand.

There was a skiffing of feet on the road outside—many feet and wary, with men's voices in a whisper caught at the teeth—a sound at that hour full of menace. Only a moment and then all was by.

"There's something strange here!" said John Splendid, "let's out and see." He put round his rapier more on the groin, and gave a jerk at the narrow belt creasing his fair-day crimson vest. For me I had only the dirk to speak of, for the *sgean dubh* at my waist was a silver toy, and Tearlach, being a burgh man, had no arm at all. He lay hold on an oaken shinty stick that hung on the wall, property of the ferry-house landlord's son.

Out we went in the direction of the footsteps, round Gillemor's corner and the jail, past the Fencibles' arm-room and into the main street of the town, that held no light in door or window. There would have been moon, but a black wrack of clouds filled the heavens. From the kirk corner we could hear a hushed tumult down at the Provost's close-mouth.

"Pikes and pistols!" cried Splendid. "Is it not as I said? yonder's your MacNicolls for you."

In a flash I thought of Mistress Betty with her hair down, roused by the marauding crew, and I ran hurriedly down the street shouting the burgh's slogan, "Sloohd!"

"Damn the man's hurry!" said John Splendid, trotting at my heels, and with Tearlach too he gave lungs to the shout.

"Slochd!" I cried, and "Slochd!" they cried, and the whole town clanged like a bell. Windows open here and there, and out popped heads, and then—

"Murder and thieves!" we cried stoutly again.

"Is't the Athole dogs?" asked some one in bad English from a window, but we did not bide to tell him.

"Slochd! slochd! club and steel!" more nimble burghers cried, jumping out at closes in our rear, and following with neither hose nor brogue, but the kilt thrown at one toss on the haunch and some weapon in hand. And the whole wide street was stark awake.

The MacNicolls must have numbered fully threescore. They had only made a pretence (we learned again) of leaving the town, and had hung on the river-side till they fancied their attempt at seizing MacLachlan was secure from the interference of the town-folk. They were packed in a mass in the close and on the stair, and the foremost were solemnly battering at the night door at the top of the first flight of stairs, crying, "*Fuil airson fuil!*—blood for blood, out with young Lachie!"

We fell to on the rearmost with a will, first of all with the bare fist, for half of this midnight army were my own neighbours in Glen Shira, peaceable men in ordinary affairs, kirk-goers, law-abiders, though maybe a little common in the quality, and between them and the mustering burghers there was no feud. For a while we fought it dourly in the darkness with the fingers at the throat or the fist in the face, or wrestled warmly on the plain-stones, or laid out, such as had staves, with good vigour on the bonneted heads. Into the close we could not—soon I saw it—push our way, for the enemy

filled it—a dense mass of tartan—stinking with peat and oozing with the day's debauchery.

"We'll have him out, if it's in bits," they said, and aye upon the stair-head banged the door.

"No remedy in this way for the folks besieged," thinks I, and stepping aside I began to wonder how best to aid our friends by strategy rather than force of arms. All at once I had mind that at the back of the land facing the shore an outhouse with a thatched roof ran at a high pitch well up against the kitchen window, and I stepped through a close further up and set, at this outhouse, to the climbing, leaving my friends fighting out in the darkness in a town tumultuous. To get up over the eaves of the outhouse was no easy task, and I would have failed without a doubt had not the stratagem of John Splendid come to his aid a little later than my own and sent him after me. He helped me first on the roof, and I had him soon beside me. The window lay unguarded (all the inmates of the house being at the front), and we stepped in and found ourselves soon in a household vastly calm considering the rabble dunting in its doors.

"A pot of scalding water and a servant wench at that back-window we came in by would be a good sneek against all that think of coming after us," said John Splendid, stepping into the passage where we had met Mistress Betty the day before—now with the stairhead door stoutly barred and barricaded up with heavy chests and napery-aumries.

"God! I'm glad to see you, sir!" cried the Provost, "and you, Elrigmore!" He came forward in a trepidation which was shared by few of the people about him.

Young MacLachlan stood up

against the wall facing the barricaded door, a lad little over twenty, with a steel-grey quarrelsome eye, and there was more bravado than music in a pipe-tune he was humming in a low key to himself. A little beyond, at the door of the best room, half in and half out, stood the goodwife Brown and her daughter. A son of the house, of about thirteen, with a brog or awl was teasing out the end of a flambeau in preparation to light it for some purpose not to be guessed at, and a servant lass, pock-marked, with one eye on the pot and the other up the lum, as we say of a glee or cast, made a storm of lamentation, crying in Gaelic—

"My grief! my grief! what's to come of poor Peggy?" (Peggy being herself.) "Nothing for it but the wood and cave and the ravishing of the Ben Bhuidhe wolves."

Mistress Betty laughed at her notion, a sign of humour and courage in her (considering the plight) that fairly took me.

"I daresay, Peggy, they'll let us be," she said, coming forward to shake Splendid and me by the hand. "To keep me in brows and you in ashets to break would be more than the poor creatures would face, I'm thinking. You are late in the town, Elrignore."

"Colin," I corrected her, and she bit the inside of her nether lip in a style that means temper.

"It's no time for dalliance, I think. I thought you had been up the glen long syne, but we are glad to have your service in this trouble, Master—Colin" (with a little laugh and a flush at the cheek), "also Mr Campbell. Do you think they mean seriously ill by MacLachlan?"

"Ill enough, I have little doubt," briskly replied Splendid.

"A corps of MacNicolls, arrant knaves from all airts, worse than the Macaulays or the Gregarach themselves, do not come banging at the burgh door of Inneraora at this uncanny hour for a child's play. Sir" (he went on, to MacLachlan), "I mind you said last market-day at Kilmichael, with no truth to back it, that you could run, shoot, or sing any Campbell ever put on hose; let a Campbell show you the way out of a bees'-bike. Take the back-window for it, and out the way we came in. I'll warrant there's not a wise enough (let alone a sober enough) man among all the idiots battering there who'll think of watching for your retreat."

MacLachlan, a most extraordinary vain and pompous little fellow, put his bonnet suddenly on his head, scrugged it down vauntingly on one side over the right eye, and stared at John Splendid with a good deal of choler or hurt vanity.

"Sir," said he, "this was our affair till you put a finger into it. You might know me well enough to understand that none of our breed ever took a back-door if a front offered."

"Whilk it does not in this case," said John Splendid, seemingly in a mood to humour the man. "But I'll allow there's the right spirit in the objection—to begin with in a young lad. When I was your age I had the same good Highland notion that the hardest way to face the foe was the handsomest. 'Pallas Armata'¹ (is't that you call the book of arms, Elrignore?) tells different; but 'Pallas Armata' (or whatever it is) is for old men with cool blood."

Of a sudden MacLachlan made dart at the chests and pulled them back from the door with a most

¹ It could hardly be 'Pallas Armata.' The narrator anticipates Sir James Turner's ingenious treatise by several years.—N. M.

surprising vigour of arm before any one could prevent him. The Provost vainly tried to make him desist; John Splendid said in English, "Wha will to Oupar maun to Oupar," and in a jiffy the last of the barricade was down, but the door was still on two wooden bars slipping into stout staples. Betty in a low whisper asked me to save the poor fellow from his own hot temper.

At the minute I grudged him the lady's consideration — too warm, I thought, even in a far-out relative, but a look at her face showed she was only in the alarm of a woman at the thought of any one's danger.

I caught MacLachlan by the sleeve of his shirt—he had on but that and a kilt and vest—and jerked him back from his fool's employment; but I was a shave late. He ran back both wooden bars before I let him.

With a roar and a display of teeth and steel the MacNicolls came into the lobby from the crowded stair, and we were driven to the far parlour end. In the forefront of them was Nicol Beg MacNicoll, the nearest kinsman of the murdered Braleckan lad. He had a targe on his left arm—a round buckler of *darach* or oak-wood covered with dun cow-hide, hair out, and studded in a pleasing pattern with iron bosses—a prong several inches long in the middle of it. Like every other scamp in the pack, he had dirk out. *Beg* or little he was in the countryside's bye name, but in truth he was a fellow of six feet, as hairy as a brock and in the same straight bristly fashion. He put out his arms at full reach to keep back his clansmen, who were stretching necks at poor MacLachlan like weasels, him with his nostrils swelling and his teeth biting his bad temper.

"Wait a bit, lads," said Nicol Beg; "perhaps we may get our friend here to come peaceably with us. I'm sorry" (he went on, addressing the Provost) "to put an honest house to rabble at any time, and the Provost of Inneraora specially, for I'm sure there's kin's blood by my mother's side between us; but there was no other way to get MacLachlan once his tail was gone."

"You'll rue this, MacNicoll," fumed the Provost—as red as a bubblyjock at the face—mopping with a napkin at his neck in a sweat of annoyance; "you'll rue it, rue it, rue it!" and he went into a coil of lawyer's threats against the invaders, talking of brander-irons and gallows, hame-sucken and housebreaking.

We were a daft-like lot in that long lobby in a wan candle-light. Over me came that wonderment that falls on one upon stormy occasions (I mind it at the sally of Lechem), when the whirl of life seems to come to a sudden stop, all's but wooden dummies and a scene empty of atmosphere, and between your hand on the basket-hilt and the drawing of the sword is a lifetime. We could hear at the close-mouth and far up and down the street the shouting of the burghers, and knew that at the stair-foot they were trying to pull out the bottom-most of the marauders like tods from a hole. For a second or two nobody said a word to Nicol MacNicoll's remark, for he put the issue so cool (like an invitation to saunter along the road) that all at once it seemed a matter between him and MacLachlan alone. I stood between the house-breakers and the women-folk beside me—John Splendid looking wonderfully ugly for a man fairly clean fashioned at the face by nature. We left the issue to MacLachlan, and I must say he came up to the demands of

the moment with gentlemanliness, minding he was in another's house than his own.

"What is it ye want?" he asked MacNicoll, burring out his Gaelic r's with punctilio.

"We want you in room of a murderer your father owes us," said MacNicoll.

"You would slaughter me, then?" said MacLachlan, amazingly undisturbed, but bringing again to the front, by a motion of the haunch accidental to look at, the sword he leaned on.

"*Fuil airson fuil!*" cried the rabble on the stairs, and it seemed ghastly like an answer to the young laird's question; but Nicol Beg demanded peace, and assured MacLachlan he was only sought for a hostage.

"We but want your red-handed friend Dark Neil," said he; "your father kens his lair, and the hour he puts him in our hands for justice, you'll have freedom."

"Do you warrant me free of scaith?" asked the young laird.

"I'll warrant not a hair of your head's touched," answered Nicol Beg: no very sound warranty, I thought, from a man who, as he gave it, had to put his weight back on the eager crew that pushed at his shoulders, ready to spring like weasels at the throat of the gentleman in the red tartan.

He was young, MacLachlan, as I said; for him this was a delicate situation, and we about him were in no less a quandary than himself. If he defied the Glen Shira men, he brought bloodshed on a peaceable house, and ran the same risk of bodily harm that lay in the alternative of his going with them that wanted him.

Round he turned and looked for guidance—broken just a little at the pride, you could see by the lower lip. The Provost was the first to meet him eye for eye.

"I have no opinion, Lachie," said the old man, snuffing rapae with the butt of an egg-spoon and spilling the brown dust in sheer nervousness over the night-shirt bulging above the band of his breeks. "I'm wae to see your father's son in such a corner, and all my comfort is that every tenant in Elrig and Braleckan pays at the Tolbooth or gallows of Inneraora town for this night's frolic."

"A great consolation to think of," said John Splendid.

The goodwife, a nervous body at her best, sobbed away with her pock-marked hussy in the parlour, but Betty was to the fore in a passion of vexation. To her the lad made next his appeal.

"Should I go?" he asked, and I thought he said it more like one who almost craved to stay. I never saw a woman in such a coil. She looked at the dark MacNicolls, and syne she looked at the fair-haired young fellow, and her eyes were swimming, her bosom heaving under her screen of Campbell tartan, her fingers twisting at the pleated hair that fell in sheeny cables to her waist.

"If I were a man I would stay, and yet—if you stay— Oh, poor Lachlan! I'm no judge," she cried; "my cousin, my dear cousin!" and over brimmed her tears.

All this took less time to happen than it takes to tell with pen and ink, and though there may seem in reading it to be too much palaver on this stair-head, it was but a minute or two, after the bar was off the door, that John Splendid took me by the coat-lapel and back a bit to whisper in my ear—

"If he goes quietly or goes gaff'd like a grilse, it's all one on the street. Out-bye the place is hotching with the town-people. Do you think the MacNicolls could take a prisoner by the Cross?"

"It'll be cracked crowns on the causeway," said I.

"Cracked crowns any way you take it," said he, "and better on the causeway than on Madame Brown's parlour floor. It's a gentleman's policy, I would think, to have the squabble in the open air, and save the women the likely sight of bloody gashes."

"What do you think, Elrigmore?" Betty cried to me the next moment, and I said it were better the gentleman should go. The reason seemed to flash on her there and then, and she backed my counsel; but the lad was not the shrewdest I've seen, even for a Cowal man, and he seemed vexed that she should seek to get rid of him, glancing at me with a scornful eye as if I were to blame.

"Just so," he said, a little bitterly; "the advice is well meant," and on went his jacket that had hung on a peg behind him, and his bonnet played scrug on his forehead. A wiry young scamp, spirited too! He was putting his sword into its scabbard, but MacNicoll stopped him, and he went without it.

Now it was not the first time "Slochd a Chubair" was cried as slogan in Baile Inneraora in the memory of the youngest lad out that early morning with a cudgel. The burgh settled to its Lowlandishness with something of a grudge. For long the landward clans looked upon the incomers to it as foreign and unfriendly. More than once in fierce or drunken escapades they came into the place in their *mogans* at night, quiet as ghosts, mischievous as the winds, and set fire to wooden booths, or shot in wantonness at any mischancey unkilted citizen late returning from the change-house. The tartan was at those times the only passport to their good favour; to them the black cloth

knee-breeches were red rags to a bull, and ill luck to the lad that wore the same anywhere outside the Crooked Dyke that marks the town and policies of his lordship. If he fared no worse, he came home with his coat-skirts scantily filling an office unusual. Many a time "Slochd!" rang through the night on the Athole winter when I dosed far off on the fields of Low Germanie, or sweated in sallies from leaguered towns. And experience made the burghers mighty tactical on such occasions. Old Leslie or 'Pallas Armata' itself conferred no better notion of strategic sally than the simple one they used when the MacNicolls came down the stair with their prisoner; for they had dispersed themselves in little companies up the closes on either side the street, and past the close the invaders bound to go.

They might have known, the MacNicolls, that mischief was forward in that black silence, but they were, like all Glen men, unacquaint with the quirks of urban war. For them the fight in earnest was only fair that was fought on the heather and the brae; and that was always my shame of my countrymen, that a half company of hagbutiers, with wall cover to depend on, could worst the most chivalrous clan that ever carried triumph at a rush.

For the middle of the street the invaders made at once, half ready for attack from before or behind, but ill prepared to meet it from all airts as attack came. They were not ten yards on their way when Splendid and I, emerging behind them, found them pricked in the rear by one company, brought up short by another in front at Stonefield's land, and harassed on the flanks by the lads from the closes. They were caught in a ring.

Lowland and Highland, they roared lustily as they came to

blows, and the street boiled like a pot of herring: in the heart of the commotion young MacLachlan tossed hither and yond—a stick in a linn. A half-score more of MacNicolls might have made all the difference in the end of the story, for they struck desperately, better men by far as weight and agility went than the burgh half-breds, but (to their credit) so unwilling to shed blood, that they used the flat of the claymore instead of the wedge.

Young Brown flung up a window and lit the street with the flare of the flambeau he had been teasing out so earnestly, and dunt, dunt went the oaken rungs on the bonnets of Glen Shira, till Glen Shira smelt defeat and fell slowly back.

In all this horoyally I took but an onlooker's part. MacLachlan's quarrel was not mine, the burgh was none of my blood, and the Glen Shira men were my father's friends and neighbours. Splendid, too, cannily kept out of the turmoil when he saw that young MacLachlan was safely free of his warders, and that what had been a cause militant was now only a Highland diversion.

"Let them play away at it," he said; "I'm not keen to have wounds in a burgher's brawl in my own town when there's promise of braver sport over the hills among other tartans."

Up the town drifted the little battle, no dead left as luck had it, but many a gout of blood. The white gables clanged back the cries, in claps like summer thunder, the crows in the beech-trees complained in a rasping roupy chorus, and the house-doors banged at the back of men, who, weary or wounded, sought home to bed. And Splendid and I were on the point of parting, secure that the young laird of MacLachlan was

at liberty, when that gentleman himself came scouring along, hard pressed by a couple of MacNicolls ready with brands out to cut him down. He was without steel or stick, stumbling on the causeway-stones in a stupor of weariness, his mouth gasping and his coat torn wellnigh off the back of him. He was never in his twenty years of life nearer death than then, and he knew it; but when he found John Splendid and me before him he stopped and turned to face the pair that followed him—a fool's vanity to show fright had not put the heels to his hurry! We ran out beside him, and the MacNicolls refused the *rencontre*, left their quarry, and fled again to the town-head, where their friends were in a dusk young Brown's flambeau failed to mitigate.

"I'll never deny after this that you can't outrun me!" said John Splendid, putting by his small sword.

"I would have given them their kail through the reek in a double dose if I had only a simple knife," said the lad angrily, looking up the street, where the fighting was now over. Then he whipped into Brown's close and up the stair, leaving us at the gable of Craignure's house.

John Splendid, ganting sleepily, pointed at the fellow's disappearing skirts. "Do you see yon?" said he, and he broke into a line of a Gaelic air that told his meaning.

"Lovers?" I asked.

"What do you think yourself?" said he.

"She is mighty put about at his hazard," I confessed, reflecting on her tears.

"Cousins, ye ken, cousins!" said Splendid, and he put a finger in my side, laughing meaningly.

I got home when the day stirred among the mists over Strone.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE art of the biographer is one of very great delicacy; and seldom can the difficulties which attend it have been more formidable than in the case of the volumes which lie before us.¹ To begin with, a son, as a general rule, is not the best person to chronicle his father's life; and the reasons for the rule are too obvious to require stating. Then again, the unique position occupied by Lord Tennyson, *omnium consensu*, in contemporary English literature was in itself a serious obstacle to the undertaking; for in the biography of a great poet—and especially of one who is acknowledged to sum up in himself the poetical achievement of his age—the public naturally looks for something more than the mere neatness and dexterity which may suffice for a readable memoir of some less exalted character. Lastly, and perhaps above all, the poet's own views on the subject presented a barrier which might well have blocked the path to the most enterprising of adventurers. Filial piety apart, the tremendous vehemence of the lines "To — after reading a Life and Letters," or of "The Dead Prophet," might have warned off the most reverent of admirers no less than the most ravenous of ghouls. Happily, the Laureate, much as he "disliked the notion of a long and formal biography," consented to furnish

such particulars as would preclude the chance of any orgy being held at his grave by the vultures whom his soul abhorred; and this information is the foundation of the present work.

The biographer, in truth, has had little reason to complain of scantiness of material. On the contrary, its abundance must have added sensibly to his labours. No fewer than 40,000 letters, we are told, have been examined and consulted in the preparation of the later chapters alone. Those of the poet's friends who survived him—the Duke of Argyll, the late Master of Balliol, Mr Lecky, Mr Tyndall, and Mr Palgrave, of the number—have provided generous and characteristic contributions from their store of reminiscences. The manuscript notes of Fitzgerald, too, are of peculiar value and charm. All this mass of raw material, together with diaries and oral tradition, the author has dealt with in a very workmanlike and creditable manner.² The spirit which animates the book is one of prudence and discretion. No secrets are betrayed, no reputations blasted, no confidences violated. It is particularly satisfactory to note that there are none of those solemn shakings of the head, none of those doubtful phrases or ambiguous givings-out—the "well, well, we might," the "we could an' if we woulds"—so dear to certain modern biographers, and so

¹ Alfred, Lord Tennyson. A Memoir. By his Son. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited. 1897.

² The index, however, is by no means all that could be desired. To cite one of many omissions, it does not contain the name of Mrs Oliphant, whom Carlyle commended to Tennyson by letter (ii. 237), and whom the latter, while amazed at her fertility, pronounced to be "nearly always worth reading" (ii. 372).

exasperating to their readers. Not the least remarkable feature of the book is the selection from Lord Tennyson's unpublished or suppressed pieces, which, made in many instances with the poet's own sanction, can hardly fail to attract the Tennysonian critic. But the pages to which the public will probably soonest turn, and which it will leave last, are those containing the correspondence with the Queen, which her Majesty has graciously permitted to be published. In all ages, statesmen, warriors, and courtiers have enjoyed the intimate friendship, as well as the public favour, of their sovereigns. But here will be found a picture of the relationship that may subsist between a monarch and a subject, who, though nominally of the Court, is, to all intents and purposes, a private individual—a picture of unaffected condescension and kindness on the one hand, and of equally unaffected loyalty and devotion on the other—such as few countries and few ages could produce except our own.

It cannot, however, be pretended that the biographer is altogether free from a somewhat anxious sense of the arduous nature of his task, or is not embarrassed by a consciousness of its importance. His ability to portray character is amply proved by the vigorous and telling, though slight, sketch of his grandfather, the Rector of Somersby. But his touch seems somehow to falter when brought to bear upon his main theme. That "perfect transparency of mind" which Mr Aubrey de Vere notes as one of Lord Tennyson's chief characteristics (i. 208) was often manifested,

as most people know, in something of a Johnsonian bluntness in the commerce of daily life. He was inclined to be abrupt rather than affable, and brusque rather than benignant; less apt to suffer fools gladly than to answer them according to their folly. The trait was in some degree due to shyness, aggravated, as is frequently the case, by extreme short-sight. "The first time I met Robertson [of Brighton]," he says, "I felt that he expected something notable from me because I knew that he admired my poems, so for the life of me from pure nervousness I could talk of nothing but beer" (i. 264). It is a weakness neither so rare nor so symptomatic of moral defect as to be seriously reprehensible. Yet we suspect the son to be somewhat weighed down by a sense of its presence, and we detect an uneasy solicitude to clear his father of the imputation. Why, otherwise, insist upon the genuine gift of humour possessed by the creator of 'The Northern Farmer'? Mr Jowett, too, chimes in with his silvery voice, "He never, or hardly ever, made puns or witticisms, but always lived in an attitude of humour" (ii. 461). Certainly one would have given a good deal to see the Master's face when, upon his owning to ignorance of the Hebrew tongue, Lord Tennyson exclaimed, "You the Priest of a religion, and can't read your own sacred Books!" (ii. 52.)¹

The truth is, that from an early period in his career Tennyson laboured under, and was content to acquiesce in, one of the gravest of drawbacks—the being set on a pedestal by his intimate friends.

¹ One of the best stories in the biography is the poet's remark on beholding the portrait of an "elderly politician in his bland family aspect." "It looks," said he, "rather like a retired panther." Now, who can this "elderly politician" possibly be?

They speak of him with bated breath, as it were; while he, to vary the metaphor, was well enough pleased to ride the high horse. When he had left Cambridge, "daily divans" continued to discuss, and a band of Tennysonian rhapsodists to spout, his poetry (i. 86). At the Union, the (then) preposterous subject was proposed for debate: "Tennyson or Milton: which the greater poet?" (i. 91.) About the same time he is described by an eyewitness of his wanderings (or daunderings) in Lincolnshire, at the ripe age of two-and-twenty, as "a mysterious being, lifted high above other mortals, and having a power of intercourse with the spirit-world not granted to others" (i. 76). Beside Mr Palgrave's obsequiousness, Boswell seems the embodiment of sturdy independence; for Mr Palgrave, on the first occasion of visiting the poet in his London lodgings, experienced "a mixed sense of fear and delight, almost as if about to make a proposal" (ii. 485); and he speaks of the "den" at Farringford as an apartment "which could not be entered without a sense of exaltation, as of one admitted to the central shrine of Delphi." Such a strain may be eminently excusable in a son speaking of his father, or in a young man speaking of one greatly his senior. In a contemporary speaking of contemporaries it sounds a little forced and artificial: it tends to make the victim appear grandiose rather than grand. What a contrast to the equal footing of easy and delightful familiarity, on which Sir Walter Scott mingled with his friends!

Perhaps the climax of absurdity is reached in Mr Jowett's elaborate explanation of what needed no explaining—the poet's extreme sensitiveness to unfavourable criticism.

When that phenomenon "is looked at a little more closely," it turns out to have been "not really a desire of praise or fear of blame which actuated him—he was above such feelings as these: but he was grieved at the injustice and meanness of mankind which was always seeking to depreciate the fair fame of another, which, the greater or nobler a man is, is always the more eager to decry him" (ii. 466). The memory of Tennyson is little indebted to such injudicious and ungrammatical advocacy. "Every fellow likes a hand," and though Tennyson is said to have derived little pleasure from the applause of any but his closest friends, it requires an uncommon degree of magnanimity to be pleased—and an uncommon degree of address to *look* pleased—when you are in the dock and the judge proceeds to put on the black cap. That Tennyson's insensibility to public appreciation was less stoical than we are given to understand may, perhaps, be inferred from an ingenuous and pleasing expression used by Miss Fox in regard to a tour made by the poet in Cornwall. It so happened that he stayed as the guest of a succession of small shopkeepers on his line of travel; and, writes the lady, "He says that he cannot have better got a true impression of the class, and thinks the Cornish very superior to the generality. *They all knew about Tennyson and had read his poems*" (i. 274). This certainly sounds like *propter hoc*, and, in Mr Tupman's spirited words, Why not, sir? Why not? We have never heard that other poets—Mr Browning, for example—were disposed to underrate their performances. Be this as it may, Tennyson's impatience under attack is indisputable. It has long been a

proverbial characteristic of poets; and so simple and familiar an emotion needs no far-fetched reasons to account for it. Nay, Mr Jowett's view, if correct, exhibits the poet in a highly unfavourable light. It represents him not merely as liable to one of the most natural of human foibles, but as assuming an attitude of somewhat arrogant superiority to his fellow-men. In short, it displays him as the counterpart in literature of the hero of "Locksley Hall" in love; a young gentleman whose idiosyncrasy finds at once its most lucid revelation and its most pungent commentary in that masterpiece of parody, the "Lay of the Lovelorn."

From the meaner and more vulgar forms of vanity it need scarcely be said that Lord Tennyson was wholly free. He hated being "lionised," and once when an acquaintance persisted in assuring him that it was the greatest honour of his life to have met him, his answer (like the great Duke's on a similar occasion) was, "Don't talk d——d nonsense" (i. 264). While ever discriminating, he was singularly generous in his praise of the poets his contemporaries. His intercourse with the aged Wordsworth and the still more aged Rogers was honourable to all concerned. For Miss Jean Ingelow he had a word of encouragement; for Alexander Smith, that glow-worm of a day, a word of warning. He hailed with joy the rising sun of Mr Swinburne, and he duly saluted Mr Kipling's "Flag of England." "Tell Mat," was his message to Mr Arnold—"tell Mat not to write any more of those prose things like 'Literature and Dogma,' but to give us something like his 'Thyrsis,' or 'Scholar Gipsy,' or 'Forsaken Merman.'" We heartily wish that "Mat" had taken the sound

advice. Of Browning he remarked: "He has a mighty intellect, but sometimes I cannot read him. He seldom attempts the marriage of sense with sound, although he shows a spontaneous felicity in the adaptation of words to ideas and feelings. I wish I had written his two lines: 'The little more and how much it is,' &c. *He has plenty of music in him, but he cannot get it out.*" From beginning to end of these volumes there is not a whisper of jealousy, and not a hint that he grudged to others their portion of the success and fame which himself had won in so abundant a measure.

Of dense and unintelligent criticism he had his share. One sapient reviewer opined that "In Memoriam" proceeded from "the full heart of the widow of a military man"; and Mr Gladstone, who has never been hyper-sensitive in matters of literature, proved in the 'Quarterly' how wrong-headed a view it was possible to take of "Maud," though he afterwards recanted very handsomely. It is the lot of all poets thus to be misunderstood. But of deliberately hostile, recklessly brutal, and wilfully blind criticism, Tennyson had, all things considered, little ground to complain. It is grotesque exaggeration to talk like Mr Jowett of "the coldness and malignity which attended his first efforts, when he had a very few admirers and a host of enemies." If his admirers had been less extravagant, perhaps the enemy had blasphemed less. We cannot, indeed, be astonished that the young poet should have failed to recognise "one spark of genius, or a single touch of true humour or good feeling," in Mr Lockhart's famous 'Quarterly' article (April 1833)

—"infamous," Arthur Hallam called it. But, though we hold no brief for the Review or for its great editor in this connection, it is proper to point out that that masterpiece of irony—exquisitely calculated as it was to wound the feelings of such a bumptious young fellow as the author of "Vex not thou the poet's mind" might naturally be presumed to be—is malicious rather than malignant. The justice of many of its comments was, at all events, tacitly acknowledged by the poet in the most convincing and flattering manner.

Had the 'Quarterly' been a thousand times more unfair, and had all the reviews conspired to damn with the acerbity and ability of a Lockhart, the poet might, nevertheless, have derived substantial consolation and encouragement from 'Maga.' Christopher North's critique of 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,'¹ is characterised by the biographer as "comically aggressive, though not wholly unfriendly" (i. 84); but he must be a superficial reader to whom that description appears at all adequate or exhaustive. No such judicious yet cordial reception was ever, we believe, accorded to young poet by veteran critic. The manner, to be sure, is Christopher's "ownest own"—a manner which to the present age seems strangely boisterous and exuberant. But it was a manner thoroughly familiar to the year of grace 1832, and little effort even now is required to penetrate beneath it. Censure, no doubt, is meted out to the tyro with a will; but it would not have been surprising to see the crutch descend with even greater vigour.

As we remarked some months ago, an excessive and exaggerated tone of praise is always apt to seduce even the coolest of critics into a censorious and vindictive mood; and the habit of uncritical and hysterical eulogy was almost as crying an evil in the literary world of seventy years since as it is to-day. Two magazine articles had singled out young Mr Tennyson for that inflated species of eulogy which leaves scarce a single epithet at the service of writers of well-established reputation. One of these, from the pen of Arthur Hallam, appeared in 'The Englishman's Magazine'; the other, by Sir John Bowring, in the 'Westminster,' is so curious a combination of laboured pedantry and feeble jocosity that we had always attributed it to the pen of Mr John Mill. Here was something to put Christopher on the alert; here was the scent of the Cockney School, the most objectionable of all coteries or cliques; here was the unmistakable thunder of the rolling log. Accordingly, the first portion of his article is devoted to the proposition that "one of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet is to be the pet of a coterie,"² and to the endeavour, repeated four years afterwards,³ to haul the young beginner out from among what the writer conceived to be his particular band of worshippers. The drift of Christopher North, indeed, can be but imperfectly apprehended, and his real services to literature but imperfectly appraised, unless it be borne in mind that from the very first his bugbear was the "claw me and I'll claw thee"

¹ 'Maga,' May 1832.

² In 1864 Tennyson quoted with approval a remark to the same effect made to him by Mazzini (ii. 3).

³ 'Maga,' February 1836, p. 265.

system—the breaking up of literary men into little gangs, each member sworn to admiration of his fellow-members' work. Against this serious and real evil 'Maga' will never cease vigorously to protest; and it will ever cheer her to remember how, in response to her earnest solicitations, the greatest poet of his time shook off by degrees the witcheries of Circe, and finally embarked upon the open sea.

We have no intention of following Christopher's argument inch by inch. Exactly five years ago,¹ on the occasion of the poet's decease, a hand now also still in death recalled to a younger generation the noble tribute of praise paid to the youth of twenty-three by the most picturesque and impulsive of British critics. It is enough to remark that, after handling with some severity certain of the poems (of which many were thereafter altered or suppressed), the writer went on to a glowing and unqualified eulogy of the remaining contents of the book, choosing for particularly favourable notice "Mariana," "Oriana," and "The Arabian Nights." How the poet, taking umbrage at this treatment, presently retaliated in verses which, their manifest insincerity apart, have almost no good quality to recommend them, is one of the "curiosities of literature." The affectation of being indifferent to the censure, but being unable to forgive the praise, was not novel, and afforded Mr Lockhart a text for one of the most caustic and witty passages in his article. But had the device been as subtle as it was transparent, the fact remains that

Christopher's verdict was concurred in by other, and presumably not unfriendly, critics. 'Maga' had animadverted on the small power displayed by the poet "over the common feelings and thoughts of men." "He is not aware of the transcendent and eternal grandeur of commonplace and old-time truths which are the staple of all poetry." Now, it was nothing more or less than the presence of "more humanity with less imagery and drapery," and of "a greater reliance for effect upon the simplicity of nature," which Spedding hailed with relief in the volumes of 1842;² and John Sterling wrote in the 'Quarterly'³ to the same purpose, pointing out that in many of the *Juvenilia* "the will to write poetry seems to have supplied (insufficiently) the want of poetic feeling," and even ungallantly describing the numerous heroines with whom North had avowed himself in love—Olaribel, Lilian, Isabel, Adeline, and the rest—as a harem of "moonshine maidens."

If anything had been lacking to Christopher's complete vindication it is here supplied (i. 95) by the publication of a most significant letter addressed to him by the poet about 1834 or 1835, and rescued two years ago from the oblivion of a rag-store in Dundee. Disregarding the advice of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson had published his lines on "crusty Christopher"; and he soon found a most unwelcome ally in a Mr John Lake, the author of an extremely feeble satire on Wilson, modelled on "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."⁴ Tennyson thereupon wrote to the

¹ 'Maga,' November 1892, art. "Tennyson."

² 'Edinburgh Review,' April 1843.

³ September 1842.

⁴ The brochure is entitled "Criticism and Taste"; bears to be published by C. Chapple, Pall Mall; is dated 1834; and is in all respects a miracle of futility.

Professor, disclaiming "any one grain of sympathy with the ravings of this unhappy coxcomb. I would rather request you," he continues, "if you do not object to meet me on such dirty ground, to shake hands over the puddle he has made." "My gall," he adds, "might have risen a little—that it could never have contained much bitterness, the weakness of my epigram ought, I think, to prove, for I trust that you will give me credit for being able to write a better." What a striking testimonial to Wilson's position in the world of letters! The vainest and most punctilious of men could not have wished for a more gratifying and ample *amende*. When there is no question of epigrams, it becomes obvious that what Tennyson really deprecated was a repetition not of Christopher's applause, but of Christopher's displeasure.

The substance of Lord Tennyson's political and religious opinions is openly enough disclosed in his works. What remained to do in filling in details has been performed by the biographer with care and intelligence. In boyhood, we assume, the poet imbibed the sound Tory principles of his class, but upon going to Cambridge, if not before, he fell under the spell of those Liberal doctrines of which we recently attempted to sketch some of the manifestations at the sister University.¹ Faint traces of the infection lingered in Lord Tennyson to the last. He warmly approved of the Superior-Penny-Reading, or University Extension, movement; and was a great believer in "Co-operation," which

may once have concerned the philanthropist or the would-be regenerator of society, but now is interesting merely as a curious phase of joint-stock enterprise. He believed also, we are informed, "in the future of our modern English stage, when education should have made the masses more literary." Yet he lived long enough to perceive that, whatever wonders education may be destined to work, it is not going to achieve anything of *that* sort. In his early years he was in full sympathy with what for long was a typical crotchet of the Liberal school—the insane eagerness to meddle with the affairs of other nations, and to dose them with "free institutions." A dirty rascal had only to wave a cap of liberty on the top of a pike to enlist the enthusiasm of hundreds of educated young gentlemen,² before whose brains floated phantoms of freedom with her beautiful bold brow and her mighty voice on the one side, and tyrants, jails, noisome dens, knouts, and thumb-screws on the other. It was a mode of thought which, thank Heaven! has all but passed away. We have learnt that Continental nations are pretty tolerable judges of their own affairs; we take a diminished pride in affording an asylum to bloodthirsty ruffians; and bitter experience has brought detestation of that contemptible sophistry which seeks to distinguish between crime inspired by a "political," and crime inspired by any other, motive.

Though Lord Tennyson assured a correspondent (ii. 331) that "Locksley Hall" was "an entirely imaginary edifice," and had not

¹ 'Maga,' May 1897, art. "Mr Jowett and Oxford Liberalism."

² Tennyson himself and Arthur Hallam made an expedition to the Pyrenees in 1830 with a supply of money for certain Spanish insurgents—the one exciting incident in an otherwise uneventful life.

"one touch of biography in it from beginning to end," Mr Jowett is on pretty sure ground when he asserts that it contains the sum of the poet's politics as a young man (ii. 462). The late Lord Lytton was equally right in his statement that it has "furnished misunderstood and misapplied texts to a whole tribe of traders in silly and pernicious rubbish of neo-Radicalism" (ii. 331). Never, unless at the outset of the French Revolution, has youth been so sanguine in its political aspirations as during the first twenty years of the present reign. The achievements of applied science were so fresh and so astounding, that there seemed to be nothing which the future might not have in store. Time has rolled steadily on; science has made further discoveries; the suffrage has been extended; education has been diffused. Yet, strange to say, the same passions as of old agitate the human breast; the growth of democracy has but complicated the labours of the diplomatist; and the problem of government remains, as it always will, unchanged at bottom. Lord Tennyson made no express recantation; but that magnificent poem, "Locksley Hall: Sixty Years after," is, to all intents and purposes, a palinode. The realisation of those ideals, which had seemed to the ardent young spirits of the thirties and forties only just outside the range of practical politics and no more, is seen to have receded further and further into the future. "Is not earth as yet so young?" is the pathetic excuse for so little having been accomplished. And, after recapitulating the features of the vision in stanzas compared to which those of the earlier poem, for all their wild sweep and gorgeous imagery, seem almost tame and poor,—after picturing the re-

generated earth, "universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles"—he breaks in with the irresistible exclamation—

"Warless? When her tens are thousands and her thousands millions, then—
All her harvest all too narrow—who can fancy warless men?"

Parliaments of men and federations of the world may trudge it, with political economy, to Saturn. "You, you, if you shall fail to understand," is the watchword; and "Riflemen, form!" and "We ought not to show our arsenals and dockyards to the world, as we do. Want of confidence is hateful among members of a family, but *want of confidence is necessary among nations*" (ii. 349).

That there was in Tennyson a deep vein of Conservatism is, of course, a truism. Radical hot-bloods, socialists, and anarchists have never tired of sneering at those maxims of good sense and moderation which he clothed in language now as familiar as the most hackneyed quotation from 'Hamlet.' Sober-suited freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent, and raw haste, half-sister to delay, have long been our intimates, and bid fair to survive the most heartfelt aspirations that the galley-bench may soon creak with a Pope. Yet, matchless as such phrases are in propriety and stateliness of expression, some subtle change in our habits of thought seems to have robbed them of part at least of their magic.

"Up-hill 'Too slow' will need the whip,
Down-hill 'Too quick' the chain";—

the proposition is incontestable. But the vital point is, who is "too quick" and who "too slow," what is up-hill and what

down? Equally certain is it that that man's the true Conservative who lops the moulder'd branch away; but the burning question is, whether a religious Establishment or the House of Lords is a moulder'd branch or a flourishing bough? These and many similar apophthegms leave us cold. A plump and unhesitating declaration like, "I am heart and soul a Unionist" (ii. 361), or, "I love Mr Gladstone, but hate his present Irish policy" (ii. 411), does the heart good. Indeed, unless we greatly mistake the national temper, there is a marked disposition among educated men to revert more and more to the view that that form of government which is best administered is best, and to set a much higher value upon the knack of governing than on the most carefully adjusted code of abstract rules. What said the most sagacious of his kind?—"It is in vain for Princes to take counsel concerning matters if they take no counsel likewise concerning Persons; for all matters are as dead images; and the life of the execution of affaires resteth in the good choice of persons."

But Tennyson was also fortified against Liberal ideas by that strongest of all antidotes, a constitutional patriotism which nothing could subdue or quench. He never took any pains to dissemble his opinion of "the cotton-spinning chorus," and of "broad-brimmed hawkers of holy things." "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," "The Revenge," and "The Defence of Lucknow," even if they stood alone, would demonstrate the purity and strength of his flame, and entitle him to an honourable place in the happy and most tuneful choir of England's patriot poets. But there is an

element in Tennyson which the singers of previous generations necessarily lacked. When politicians with a light heart were bidding the colonies to "loose the bond and go," he was fully awake to the greatness of our empire and to the inspiring character of the Imperial idea. "Craven fears of being great" were the object of his withering scorn; and he had no scruple in applying his general principles to particular circumstances. Just as he considered "Lycidas" to be the true test of a man's poetical taste, so the case of Governor Eyre may be taken as the criterion of a man's being a patriot or—a philosophic Liberal. Tennyson chose the proper course, and sent a subscription to the Governor's Defence Committee "as a tribute to the nobleness of the man, and as a protest against the spirit in which a servant of the State who has saved to us one of the Islands of the Empire [how Mr John Morley will shudder as his eye catches the hateful word!] and many English lives seems to be hunted down. . . . In the meantime," he concluded, in words which every generation will do well to take to heart, "the outbreak of our Indian Mutiny remains as a warning to all but madmen against want of vigour and swift decisiveness" (ii. 40). At a later date we find him recognising "Disraeli's feeling for the true unity of our empire" (ii. 371). He was not apparently privileged to know Lord Rosebery's opinion on that matter. During the last months of his life he would talk with pride of our great work in Egypt (ii. 421). When short-sighted and pettifogging views were most in fashion, he hoped that Cabinet Ministers "would think how to make England and her colonies one, body and soul"

(ii. 83), and the feeling found expression in the scathing rebuke of "little-England" sentiment—

"Is this the tone of Empire? Here
the faith
That made us rulers? This indeed her
voice
And meaning, whom the roar of
Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under
heaven?"

In passages such as this, in stanzas like—

"At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and rash;
She moving, at her girdle clash
The golden keys of East and West"—

there is an overwhelming sense of elevation and power. Never surely since Virgil sang the glories of Imperial Rome has an empire been celebrated in strains at once so charged with emotion and so pregnant with meaning, at once so majestically sonorous and so profoundly affecting. Would that the poet had been spared to witness that day when, once more,

"London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions,¹ and loud leagues
of man
And welcome";

and when the assembled throng gazed with awe and pride upon the magnificent pageant in which were displayed and signified the scope and might of the Queen's dominions!

In Tennyson's religious views it is easy to detect much the same conflict as in his political opinions between the Conservative and the Liberal tendency. Orthodoxy had a poor enough start in his case, for among his relations he numbered an aunt who professed an extreme and wholly unauthorised form of the tenets associated with

the name of that great divine, Calvin. It is obvious, too, if only from passages in "The Two Voices," "Enone," and "Locksley Hall," that he fell early under the strange influence of the metaphysical abstraction "law," while at a subsequent date he was evidently captivated by the vague but seductive conception of "evolution," to which Mr Jowett, though bound hand and foot in bondage to "law," never fell a victim. While that doctrine played a considerable part in some of his later poems, he was astute to give it the teleological twist to which it readily lends itself, and by which, to the no small discomfiture of its apostles, a Creator and His Purpose are so provokingly reintroduced upon the scene. Few, in reality, were better aware than Tennyson of the limitations of the "scientific" method. "No evolutionist," he said to Tyndall, "is able to explain the mind of man, or how any possible physiological change of tissue can produce conscious thought" (i. 323). Yet the feeble-minded have probably found in "In Memoriam" too much to encourage them in their favourite pastime of honest doubt, despite passages like No. XLVII., where belief in personal immortality is as unequivocally avowed as it is in Lockhart's exquisite, though little known, verses. As for "The Human Cry" and "The Higher Pantheism," they suggest extremely unfavourable comparisons with the sublime simplicity of Scripture. "Fiddle we know is Diddle, and Diddle we take it is Dee," is no unfair summary of their message. The biographer, for his part, attributes to his father the following sentiments: "He was glad that there was an

¹ The millions are more than quadrupled now.

endeavour in the Churches (*sic*) to march side by side with science, and bring their teaching into living relation with the movement of contemporary thought" (ii. 170). This is not the language of a deep thinker, but the jargon of a dean who knows that a mitre is beyond his clutch, or of a sectary pleading in his most unctuous tones for the teaching of infidelity in elementary schools. If it means anything, it means that Christianity should stoop to pick up the fads of the passing moment; should embrace Weismannism to-day and its contradictory to-morrow.

Fortunately, there are utterances of the poet on record to show that he had the root of the matter in him. Mr Tyndall candidly testifies, if testimony were needed, to his holding undoubtedly "the doctrine of a personal immortality," and to his being "by no means content to accept our present existence as a mere preparation for the life of more perfect beings" (ii. 474). "Nothing worth proving," the poet further maintained, "can be proven. Take away belief in the conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world. Our highest view of God must be more or less anthropomorphic" (i. 311). "Take away the sense of individual responsibility, and men sink into pessimism and madness" (i. 317). "The cardinal point of Christianity is the Life after Death" (i. 321). "Christianity with its divine morality but without the central figure of Christ would become cold" (i. 326). "I dread the losing hold of forms" (ii. 420). The dogmas thus enunciated are obnoxious to the same strictures on the point of antecedent or evidential credibility as any others; and he who thus expressed himself must be reckoned in the ranks of faith.

The poems embraced in his last two volumes—particularly "God and the Universe," "The Dawn," "Vastness," with its incomparable sweep of rhythm, and that beautiful and impressive fragment, "The Silent Voices" (we say nothing of "Crossing the Bar," which not even relentless pawing by ministers of religion has deprived of all freshness and charm),—these poems exhibit a ripeness of intellect, a depth of insight, a comprehensiveness of vision, and a firmness of handling, to which the work of his earlier years never attained.

In thus discussing at some length Lord Tennyson's views on religion and politics, we by no means proceed on the view that his claim to distinction depends upon their peculiar complexion. Who, recollecting the great poet "that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest," can deny that scepticism may be presented in colours as glowing, in words as honeyed, as belief? It is not the substance of the lines—

"The Good, the True, the
Pure, the Just,
Take the charm 'for ever' from them,
and they crumble into dust"—

which constitutes their poetical quality; nor is it the fact that the very opposite theory is maintained which makes Mr Arnold's sonnet "The Better Part" a dreary snatch of indifferent pulpit eloquence. Had Tennyson written—

"There lives more faith in *any* creed,
Believe me, than in honest doubt,"—

it would have been as good poetry as what he did write, and possibly much better sense. Nay, we believe that unstatesmanlike and pusillanimous opinions *may* be tricked out in a genuinely poetical garb, though it must be owned that our modern poetasters have

not yet performed the feat, being for the most part inclined to mistake hysteria for passion and bombast for force. Let not the timid reader, however, imagine that 'Maga' is about to espouse the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake"; "truest Lord of Hell," as Tennyson called it with perhaps unnecessary violence. She has seen too many tedious follies perpetrated in its name, and has witnessed the birth and death of too many such curt and misleading formulæ. But in the mouth of a reasonable partisan we question if it means much more than Tennyson meant when he said (*à propos* of Browning), "An artist should get his workmanship as good as he can, and make his work as perfect as possible. A small vessel built on fine lines is likely to float further down the stream of time than a big raft" (ii. 230). His practice at all events was in full accord with this precept. Steeped from his childhood in literature, and bred in what seems rarer than it once was—an atmosphere literary without priggishness, and bookish without pedantry—he soon commenced versifier; and we were not surprised to learn that Thomson was his very first model.¹ The poet of the 'Seasons,' with Pope, Scott, and Byron in due succession, seems to have engaged his boyhood; while Homer, Lucretius, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton are among those who have left their traces most plainly on the work of his maturity. But to enumerate all the writers of every age, race, and tongue under whose influence he came, and to reckon up precisely the amount of his indebtedness to each, would require a familiarity

with the world's literature little inferior to the poet's own.

Not a source but was laid under contribution. This simile was borrowed from a book of travels (the "lion creeping nigher" in "Locksley Hall"); the columns of a newspaper suggested that keynote ("Some one had blundered"). For Tennyson was a typical example of what at one time a poet was supposed *not* to be; and he neither could, nor did, reel off a string of unpremeditated verses flawless and complete. That some great poems have been composed after such a fashion is true enough; but at least as many have been the result of a series of painful and unremitting effort. "In apprehending the charm of his style," as Mr Sellar finely says of Virgil, "it is not of the spontaneous fertility of Nature that we think, but of the harvest yielded to assiduous labour by a soil at once naturally rich and obedient to cultivation—*justissima tellus*." Many of Tennyson's greatest poems grew round some striking phrase or verse which lingered in his ear, and "Maud" was literally written *backwards* from the exquisitely touching lines, "O that 'twere possible," &c. If any one be foolish enough to stigmatise the Virgilian, the Miltonic, and the Tennysonian method as often involving "plagiarism," let him recall Virgil's dictum, that it would be easier to rob Hercules of his club than Homer of a single line; or Browning's retort, on hearing the charge preferred against his friend, "You might as well suspect the Rothschilds of picking pockets!" The poet himself made no secret of the matter. "I am sure," he

¹ The curious will find unmistakable anticipations of characteristic Tennysonian cadences if they consult (*inter alia*) 'The Seasons': "Spring," ll. 1119-1124; "Autumn," ll. 524-528; and "Winter," ll. 14-16, and 23-27.

says, "that I myself and many others find a peculiar charm in those passages of such great masters as Virgil or Milton, where they adopt the creation of a by-gone poet, and reclothe it, more or less according to their own fancy" (i. 258); and his high admiration for Burns¹ was increased rather than diminished by the skill with which he, "by a few strokes of genius, immortalised so many of the old songs of Scotland, and incorporated great parts of them in his own poetry" (ii. 202).

The productions of Lord Tennyson's boyhood (his "early rot," to use his own term) were extraordinarily rich in promise, and it may be questioned whether their inferiority to the productions of his early manhood is much greater than theirs to the poems of his middle life and old age. Scarcely any other poet can boast a record of such continuous and sustained progress in his art. Irritable as we have seen him to be under unfavourable comment, he was emphatically "not too vain to mend." "No poet," observes Mr Lecky with great truth, "ever corrected so many lines in deference to adverse criticism" (ii. 204), and his appreciation of the process of "licking into shape" led him to view with positive horror the craze for first editions and "original readings" (i. 118). During his whole life he never wavered in conscientious devotion to his art. He was still young when he began to prune the luxuriance of his early spring, and the almost cloying sweetness and melodious regularity of his middle period merged ultimately in the manlier and more

strenuous music of his old age. Yet it is only the application of that lofty standard which his later self supplied that can make the best of the poems published prior to "The Princess" appear trivial or insignificant. "The Princess" itself (the lyrics apart), in common with most of the "English Idylls," might well be thought, despite its delicate workmanship, to be no more than a brilliant and fascinating essay in ingenious trifling. "In Memoriam" abounds in passages of unrivalled beauty and pathos; yet the measure suggests capabilities of monotony scarcely equalled by the heroic couplet. It was not till the appearance of "Maud" (which he himself held in the highest estimation) that Tennyson permitted the world to realise on how solid a foundation the edifice of his fame was built. The dramatic monologue was, after all, the *genre* in which he most excelled, as a glorious series bears witness, from "The Northern Farmer" down to "Owd Roä," and from "Enone" down to "Happy."

What "Maud" revealed to the initiated in one bright and dazzling flash, the "Idylls of the King" permanently stamped upon the general mind. Henceforward no Englishman harboured a doubt as to Tennyson's real greatness, or would have echoed Carlyle's exhortations to the poet "to apply his genius to prose." Even Macaulay — "nil præter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum" — was converted by "Guinevere," as the Duke of Argyll relates with much spirit; and when prejudice expired in him, it can have lingered in few. There are, it is true,

¹ Tennyson infinitely preferred Burns's songs to his serious pieces. Wordsworth, on the other hand, extolled his serious efforts, and tried to forget "those foolish little amatory songs." Sir Henry Taylor pronounced both to be tedious and disagreeable reading (i. 211). Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

critics to whom the "Idylls" have been a rock of offence; why, it is a little puzzling to say, for the poet's very frank confession at a subsequent date that his purpose had been to "shadow Sense at war with Soul" rather than to depict King Arthur might have appeased the righteous anger of those who considered that the "modern touches here and there" ruined the poem instead of "redeeming it from nothingness." Tennyson, of course, knew perfectly well what he was about. He, at all events, did not suppose that he was reproducing with scrupulous fidelity the life and manners of a bygone age. The weak points of the "Idylls" are, indeed, palpable enough. It shares with the *Æneid* the fault of having a comparatively anæmic and unimpressive hero, and it lacks the distinctive note of real tragedy. Yet the character of Lancelot might atone for graver shortcomings,¹ and it is better to be grateful for what the poet has given, than to grumble because he has not bestowed something totally different. Perhaps the true reason, as well as the best excuse, for the wrath of some who dislike the "Idylls," is the fact that they have been made, in a singular degree, the prey of the moraliser and the commentator. Their best lines have been dinned too persistently into people's ears; and meanings have been descried where meanings there were none. "They have taken my hobby," complained the poet, "and ridden it too hard." And, when pressed for a clue to specific passages, he would say, "Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours. Every reader must find his own

interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet" (ii. 127).

Even the most bitter detractors of the "Idylls," however, are fain to sink censure in admiration when they consider the work to which the last fifteen years of the poet's eighty-three gave birth. The snows of age did not chill his genius; they did not so much as fall on his head. With advancing years his mental vision became more piercing, his thought more truly profound, his mastery of language and metre more confident and secure. To the very end there abode, what had been present from the beginning, that indefinable element which eludes the most searching analysis, that "hint of something unexpressed" which Nature, as well as the "wise artist," communicates "thro' all her works to each that lives," that mysterious suggestion of infinitely moving associations—"all the charm of all the muses often flowering in a lonely word"—of which Virgil, too, in so many respects his prototype, possessed the secret. Yes; *Maga* was in the right of it. "Alfred" (as Christopher called him *more suo*), that "promising plant," *did* realise the prediction that he would "grow up and expand into a stately tree, embowering a solemn shade within its wide circumference, while the daylight lies gorgeously on its crest, seen from afar in glory—itsself a grove."² But how vast was to be the circumference, how stupendous the altitude, how superb the foliage, the acute and generous critic can scarce have guessed.

At the present moment, our

¹ See 'Maga,' November 1892, p. 761 *et seq.*

² 'Maga,' May 1832, p. 725.

position is not dissimilar from that in which Christopher North found himself five-and-sixty years ago. The men whose pre-eminence in poetry was universally acknowledged have passed away within a few short years. We have lost (besides Lord Tennyson) Mr Browning, Mr Arnold, and Mr Morris; Mr Swinburne alone survives. With some anxiety we, too, scan the horizon, to catch the "far-off coming light of the foreheads of a new generation of poets,"¹ but "from what region of man's spirit shall break a new dayspring of song," "from what fresh fountains the waters may now flow," is hard indeed to foretell. Upon what are the poets of to-day engaged? Some are juggling with combinations of *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα*, beside which the most mannered exercises of Lord Tennyson's youth seem models of rigid simplicity. Others appear to think that a cunning mixture of blasphemy and immorality best serves the turn. Others yet again drape the cloudy visions of a neurotic Radicalism in the diction of Bedlam, or array the cant of an arrogant agnosticism in superior and sniffing stanzas. Is there nothing to relieve the ominous darkness of the prospect?

We have sometimes thought that Mr Henley—with his unmistakable originality of note and his striking amplitude of utterance—might be the herald of a new dawn; but the bulk of his verse is as yet too small, and his pipe has unhappily too long been silent, for

him to be the repository of our secret hopes. We must look elsewhere, and, looking, we venture to predict that English poetry will be permanently enriched by Mr Kipling's pen more signally than by that of any other living writer. True, his sins have been many. Who has not winced under a thousand needless flippancies, a thousand gratuitous deviations from good taste? It is not upon his almost diabolical cleverness and versatility that we build, nor even upon the fine qualities conspicuous in the "Flag of England." But we turn to that memorable "Recessional," which alone of all the poems that have appeared since the late Laureate's death made an instantaneous and a deep impression on the public intellect and conscience; and, unless we mistake the matter, there we find precisely that nobility of sentiment, that weight, that sense of responsibility, with which the finest of Lord Tennyson's patriotic effusions were indelibly stamped, and which that poet must needs possess in full measure who aspires to be called great. To Mr Kipling, then, we would venture to address the venerable bard's inspiring exhortation—

"O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam."

¹ 'Maga,' February 1832, p. 277.

KARAIN: A MEMORY.

I.

WE knew him in those unprotected days when we were content to hold in our hands our lives and our property. None of us, I believe, has any property now, and I hear that many, negligently, have lost their lives; but I am sure that the few who survive are not yet so dim-eyed as to miss in the befogged respectability of their newspapers the intelligence of various native risings in the Eastern Archipelago. Sunshine gleams between the lines of those short paragraphs—sunshine and the glitter of the sea. A strange name wakes up memories; the printed words scent the smoky atmosphere of to-day faintly, with the subtle and penetrating perfume as of land breezes breathing through the starlight of bygone nights; a signal fire gleams like a jewel on the high brow of a sombre cliff; great trees, the advanced sentries of immense forests, stand watchful and still over sleeping stretches of open water; a line of white surf thunders on an empty beach, the shallow water foams on the reefs; and green islets scattered through the calm of noonday lie upon the level of a polished sea, like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel.

There are faces too,—faces dark, truculent, and smiling; the frank audacious faces of men barefooted, well armed and noiseless. They thronged the narrow length of our schooner's decks with their ornamented and barbarous crowd, with the variegated colours of checkered sarongs, red turbans, white jackets, embroideries; with the gleam of scabbards, gold rings, charms, armlets, lance blades, and jewelled

handles of their weapons. They had an independent bearing, resolute eyes, a restrained manner; and we seem to hear yet their soft voices speaking of battles, travels, and escapes; boasting with composure, joking quietly; sometimes in well-bred murmurs extolling their own valour, our generosity; or celebrating with loyal enthusiasm the virtues of their ruler. We remember the faces, the eyes, the voices, we see again the gleam of silk and metal; the murmuring stir of that crowd, brilliant, festive, and martial; and we seem to feel the touch of friendly brown hands that, after one short grasp, return to rest on a chased hilt. They were Karain's people—a devoted following. Their movements hung on his lips; they read their thoughts in his eyes; he murmured to them nonchalantly of life and death, and they accepted his words humbly, like gifts of fate. They were all free men, and when speaking to him said, "Your slave." On his passage voices died out as though he had walked guarded by silence; awed whispers followed him. They called him their war-chief. He was the ruler of three villages on a narrow plain; the master of an insignificant foothold on the earth—of a conquered foothold that, shaped like a young moon, lay ignored between the hills and the sea.

From the deck of our schooner, anchored in the middle of the bay, he indicated by a theatrical sweep of his arm along the jagged outline of the hills the whole of his domain; and the ample movement seemed to drive back its limits,

augmenting it suddenly into something so immense and vague that for a moment it appeared to be bounded only by the sky. And really, looking at that place, landlocked from the sea and shut off from the land by the precipitous slopes of mountains, it was difficult to believe in the existence of any neighbourhood. It was still, complete, unknown, and full of a life that went on stealthily with a troubling effect of solitude; of a life that seemed unaccountably empty of anything that would stir the thought, touch the heart, give a hint of the ominous sequence of days. It appeared to us a land without memories, regrets, and hopes; a land where nothing could survive the coming of the night, and where each sunrise, like a dazzling act of special creation, was disconnected from the eve and the morrow.

Karain swept his hand over it. "All mine!" He struck the deck with his long staff; the gold head flashed like a falling star; very close behind him a silent old fellow in a richly embroidered black jacket alone of all the Malays around did not follow the masterful gesture with a look. He did not even lift his eyelids. He bowed his head behind his master, and without stirring held hilt up over his right shoulder a long blade in a silver scabbard. He was there on duty, but without curiosity, as if weary, not with age, but with the possession of a burdensome secret of existence. Karain, heavy and proud, had a lofty pose and breathed calmly. It was our first visit, and we looked about curiously.

The bay was like a bottomless pit of intense light. The circular sheet of water reflected a luminous sky, and the shores enclosing it made an opaque ring of earth float-

ing in an emptiness of transparent blue. The hills, purple and arid, stood out heavily on the sky: their summits seemed to fade into a coloured tremble as of ascending vapour; their steep sides were streaked with the green of narrow ravines; at their foot lay rice-fields, plantain-patches, yellow sands; a torrent wound about like a dropped thread. Clumps of fruit-trees marked the villages; slim palms put their nodding heads together above the low houses; dried palm-leaf roofs shone afar like roofs of gold behind the dark colonnades of tree-trunks; figures passed vivid and vanishing; the smoke of fires stood upright above the masses of flowering bushes; bamboo fences glittered, running away in broken lines between the fields. A sudden cry on the shore sounded plaintive in the distance, and ceased abruptly, as if stifled in the downpour of sunshine; a puff of breeze made a flash of darkness on the smooth water, touched our faces, and became forgotten. Nothing moved. The sun blazed down into a shadowless hollow of colours and stillness.

It was the stage where, dressed splendidly for his part, he strutted, incomparably dignified, made important by the power he had to awaken an absurd expectation of something heroic going to take place—a burst of action or song—upon the vibrating tone of a wonderful sunshine. He was ornate and disturbing, for one could not imagine what depth of horrible void such an elaborate front could be worthy to hide. He was not masked,—there was too much life in him, and a mask is only a lifeless thing; but he presented himself essentially as an actor, as a human being aggressively disguised. His smallest acts were prepared and unexpected, his speeches grave, his sentences ominous like hints and complicated like

arabesques. He was treated with a solemn respect accorded in the irreverent West only to the monarchs of the stage, and he accepted the profound homage with a sustained dignity seen nowhere else but behind the footlights and in the condensed falseness of some grossly tragic situation. It was almost impossible to remember who he was,—only a petty chief of a conveniently isolated corner of Mindanao, where we could in comparative safety break the law against the traffic in firearms and ammunition with the natives. What would happen should one of the moribund Spanish gunboats be suddenly galvanised into a flicker of active life did not trouble us, once we were inside the bay—so completely did it appear out of the reach of a meddling world; and besides, in those days we were imaginative enough to look with a kind of joyous equanimity on any chance there was of being quietly hanged somewhere out of the way of diplomatic remonstrance. As to Karain, nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death; but his quality was to appear clothed in the illusion of unavoidable success. He seemed too effective, too necessary there, too much of an essential condition for the existence of his land and his people, to be destroyed by anything short of an earthquake. He summed up his race, his country, the elemental force of ardent life, of tropical nature. He had its luxuriant strength, its fascination; and, like it, he carried the seed of peril within.

In many successive visits we came to know his stage well,—the purple semicircle of hills, the slim trees leaning over houses, the yellow sands, the streaming green of ravines. All that had the crude

and blended colouring, the appropriateness almost excessive, the suspicious immobility of a painted scene; and it enclosed so perfectly the accomplished acting of his amazing pretences that the rest of the world seemed shut out for ever from the gorgeous spectacle. There could be nothing outside. It was as if the earth had gone on spinning, and had left that crumb of its surface alone in space. He appeared utterly cut off from everything but the sunshine, and that even seemed to be made for him alone. Once when asked what was on the other side of the hills, he said, with a meaning smile, "Friends and enemies—many enemies; else why should I buy your rifles and powder?" He was always like this—word-perfect in his part, playing up faithfully to the mysteries and certitudes of his surroundings. "Friends and enemies"—nothing else. It was impalpable and vast. The earth had indeed rolled away from under his land, and he, with his handful of people, stood surrounded by a silent tumult as of contending shades. Certainly no sound came from outside. "Friends and enemies!" He might have added, "and memories," at least as far as he himself was concerned; but he neglected to make that point then. It made itself later on, though; but it was after the daily performance—in the wings, so to speak, and with the lights out. Meantime he filled the stage with barbarous dignity. Some ten years ago he had led his people—a scratch lot of wandering Bugis—to the conquest of the bay, and now in his august care they had forgotten all the past, and had lost all concern for the future. He gave them wisdom, advice, reward, punishment, life or death, with the same serenity of attitude

and voice. He understood irrigation and the art of war—the qualities of weapons and the craft of boat-building. He could conceal his heart; had more endurance; he could swim longer, and steer a canoe better, than any of his people; he could shoot straighter, and negotiate more tortuously, than any man of his race I knew. He was an adventurer of the sea, an outcast, a ruler—and my very good friend. I wish him a quick death in a stand-up fight, a death in sunshine; for he had known remorse and power,

and no man can demand more from life. Day after day he appeared before us, incomparably faithful to the illusions of the stage, and at sunset the night descended upon him quickly, like a falling curtain. The seamed hills became black shadows towering high upon a clear sky; above them the glittering confusion of stars resembled a mad turmoil stilled by a gesture; sounds ceased, men slept, forms vanished—and the reality of the universe alone remained—a marvellous thing of darkness and glimmers.

II.

But it was at night that he talked openly, forgetting the exactions of his stage. In the daytime there were affairs to be discussed in state. There were at first between him and me his own splendour, my shabby suspicions, and the scenic landscape that intruded upon the reality of our lives by its motionless fantasy of outline and colour. His followers thronged round him; above his head the broad blades of their spears made a spiked halo of iron points, and they hedged him from humanity by the shimmer of silks, the gleam of weapons, the excited and respectful hum of eager voices. Before sunset he would take leave with ceremony, and go off sitting under a red umbrella, and escorted by a score of boats. All the paddles flashed and struck together with a mighty splash that reverberated loudly in the monumental amphitheatre of hills. A broad stream of dazzling foam trailed behind the flotilla. The canoes appeared very black on the white hiss of water; turbaned heads swayed back and forth; a multitude of arms in crimson and yellow rose and fell with one

movement; the spearmen upright in the bows of canoes had variegated sarongs and gleaming shoulders like bronze statues; the muttered strophes of the paddlers' song ended periodically in a plaintive shout. They diminished in the distance; the song ceased; they swarmed on the beach in the long shadows of the western hills. The sunlight lingered on the purple crests, and we could see him leading the way to his stockade, a burly bareheaded figure walking far in advance of a straggling *cortège*, and swinging regularly an ebony staff taller than himself. The darkness deepened fast; torches gleamed fitfully, passing behind bushes; a long hail or two trailed in the silence of the evening; and at last the night stretched its smooth veil over the shore, the lights, and the voices.

Then, just as we were thinking of repose, the watchmen of the schooner would hail a splash of paddles away in the starlit gloom of the bay; a voice would respond in cautious tones, and our serang, putting his head down the open skylight, would inform us without

surprise, "That Rajah, he coming. He here now." Karain appeared noiselessly in the doorway of the little cabin. He was simplicity itself then; all in white; muffled about his head; for arms only a kriss with a plain buffalo horn handle, which he would politely conceal within a fold of his sarong before stepping over the threshold. The old sword-bearer's face, the worn-out and mournful face so covered with wrinkles that it seemed to look out through the meshes of a fine dark net, could be seen close above his shoulder. Karain never moved without that attendant, who stood or squatted close at his back. He had a dislike of an open space behind him. It was more than a dislike—it resembled fear, a nervous preoccupation of what went on where he could not see. This, in view of the evident and fierce loyalty that surrounded him, was inexplicable. He was there alone in the midst of devoted men; he was safe from neighbourly ambushes, from fraternal ambitions; and yet more than one of our visitors had assured us that their ruler could not bear to be alone. They said, "Even when he eats and sleeps there is always one on the watch near him who has strength and weapons." There was indeed always one near him, though our informants had no conception of that watcher's strength and weapons, which were both shadowy and terrible. We knew, but only later on, when we had heard the story. Meantime we noticed that, even during the most important interviews, Karain would often give a start, and interrupting his discourse, would sweep his arm back with a sudden movement to feel whether the old fellow was there. The old fellow, impenetrable and weary, was always there. He shared his food, his repose, and

his thoughts; he knew his plans, guarded his secrets; and, impassive behind his master's agitation, without stirring the least bit, murmured above his head in a soothing tone some words difficult to catch.

It was only on board the schooner, when surrounded by white faces, by unfamiliar sights and sounds, that Karain seemed to forget the strange obsession that wound like a black thread through the gorgeous pomp of his public life. At night we treated him in a free and easy manner, which just stopped short of slapping him on the back, for there are liberties one must not take with a Malay. He said himself that on such occasions he was only a private gentleman coming to see other gentlemen whom he supposed as well born as himself. I fancy that to the last he believed us to be emissaries of Government, darkly official persons furthering by our illegal traffic some dark scheme of high statecraft. Our denials and protestations were unavailing. He only smiled with discreet politeness and inquired about the Queen. Every visit began with that inquiry; he was insatiable of details; he was fascinated by the holder of a sceptre the shadow of which, stretching from the westward over the earth and over the seas, passed far beyond his own hand's-breadth of conquered land. He multiplied questions; he could never know enough of the Monarch of whom he spoke with wonder and chivalrous respect—with a kind of affectionate awe! Afterwards, when we had learned that he was the son of a woman who had many years ago ruled a small Bugis state, we came to suspect that the memory of his mother (of whom he spoke with enthusiasm) mingled somehow in his mind with the image he tried to form for himself of the far-off

Queen whom he called Great, Invincible, Pious, and Fortunate. We had to invent details at last to satisfy his craving curiosity; and our loyalty must be pardoned, for we tried to make them fit for his august and resplendent ideal. We talked. The night slipped over us, over the still schooner, over the sleeping land, and over the sleepless sea that thundered amongst the reefs outside the bay. His paddlers, two trustworthy men, slept in the canoe at the foot of our side-ladder. The old confidant, relieved from duty, dozed on his heels, with his back against the companion-doorway; and Karain sat squarely in the ship's wooden armchair, under the slight sway of the cabin lamp, a cheroot between his dark fingers, and a glass of lemonade before him. He was amused by the fizz of the thing, but after a sip or two would let it get flat, and with a courteous wave of his hand ask for a fresh bottle. He decimated our slender stock; but we did not begrudge it to him, for, when he began, he talked well. He must have been a great Bugis dandy in his time, for even then (and when we knew him he was no longer young) his splendour was spotlessly neat, and he dyed his hair a light shade of brown. The quiet dignity of his bearing transformed the dim-lit cuddy of the schooner into an audience-hall. He talked of inter-island politics with an ironic and melancholy shrewdness. He had travelled much, suffered not a little, intrigued, fought. He knew native Courts, European Settlements, the forests, the sea, and, as he said himself, had spoken in his time to many great men. He liked to talk with me because I had known some of these men: he seemed to think that I could understand him, and, with a fine confidence, assumed

that I, at least, could appreciate how much greater he was himself. But he preferred to talk of his native country—a small Bugis state on the island of Celebes. I had visited it some time before, and he asked eagerly for news. As men's names came up in conversation he would say, "We swam against one another when we were boys;" or, "We had hunted the deer together—he could use the noose and the spear as well as I." Now and then his big dreamy eyes would roll restlessly. He frowned or smiled, or he would become pensive, and, staring in silence, would nod slightly for a time at some regretted vision of the past.

His mother had been the ruler of a small semi-independent state on the sea-coast at the head of the Gulf of Boni. He spoke of her with pride. She had been a woman resolute in affairs of state and of her own heart. After the death of her first husband, undismayed by the turbulent opposition of the chiefs, she married a rich trader, a Korinchi man of no family. Karain was her son by that second marriage, but his unfortunate descent had apparently nothing to do with his exile. He said nothing as to its cause, though once he let slip with a sigh, "Ha! my land will not feel any more the weight of my body." But he related willingly the story of his wanderings, and told us all about the conquest of the bay. Alluding to the people beyond the hills, he would murmur gently, with a careless wave of the hand, "They came over the hills once to fight us, but those who got away never came again." He thought for a while, smiling to himself. "Very few got away," he added, with proud serenity. He cherished the recollections of his successes; he

had an exulting eagerness for endeavour; when he talked, his aspect was warlike, chivalrous, and uplifting. No wonder his people admired him. We saw him once walking in daylight amongst the houses of the settlement. At the doors of huts groups of women turned to look after him, warbling softly, and with gleaming eyes; armed men stood out of the way, submissive and erect; others approached from the side, bending their backs to address him humbly; an old woman stretched out a draped lean arm — "Blessings on thy head!" she cried from a dark doorway; a fiery-eyed man showed above the low fence of a plantain-patch a streaming face, a bare breast scarred in two places, and bellowed out pantingly after him, "God give victory to our master!" Karain walked fast, and with firm long strides; he answered greetings right and left by quick piercing glances. Children ran forward between the houses, peeped fearfully round corners; young boys kept up with him, gliding between bushes: their eyes gleamed through the dark leaves. The old sword-bearer, shouldering the silver scabbard, shuffled hastily at his heels with bowed head, and his eyes on the ground. And in the midst of a great stir they passed swift and absorbed, like two men hurrying through a great solitude.

In his council hall he was surrounded by the gravity of armed chiefs, while two long rows of old headmen dressed in cotton stuffs squatted on their heels, with idle arms hanging over their knees. Under the thatch roof supported by smooth columns, of which each one had cost the life of a straight-stemmed young palm, the scent of flowering hedges drifted in warm waves. The sun was sinking.

In the open courtyard suppliants walked through the gate, raising, when yet far off, their joined hands above bowed heads, and bending low in the bright stream of sunlight. Young girls, with flowers in their laps, sat under the wide-spreading boughs of a big tree. The blue smoke of wood fires spread in a thin mist above the high-pitched roofs of houses that had glistening walls of woven reeds, and all round them rough wooden pillars under the sloping eaves. He dispensed justice in the shade; from a high seat he gave orders, advice, reproof. Now and then the hum of approbation rose louder, and idle spearmen that lounged listlessly against the posts, looking at the girls, would turn their heads slowly. To no man had been given the shelter of so much respect, confidence, and awe. Yet at times he would lean forward and appear to listen as for a far-off note of discord, as if expecting to hear some faint voice, the sound of light footsteps; or he would start half up in his seat, as though he had been familiarly touched on the shoulder. He glanced back with apprehension; his aged follower whispered inaudibly at his ear; the chiefs turned their eyes away in silence, for the old wizard, the man who could command ghosts and send evil spirits against enemies, was speaking low to their ruler. Around the short stillness of the open place the trees rustled faintly, the soft laughter of girls playing with the flowers rose in clear bursts of joyous sound. At the end of upright spear-shafts the long tufts of dyed horse-hair waved crimson and filmy in the gust of wind; and beyond the blaze of hedges the brook of limpid quick water ran invisible and loud under the drooping long

grass of the bank, with a great murmur, passionate and gentle.

After sunset, far across the fields and over the bay, clusters of torches could be seen burning under the high roofs of the council shed. Smoky red flames swayed on high poles, and the fiery blaze flickered over faces, clung to the smooth trunks of palm-trees, kindled bright sparks on the rims of metal dishes standing on fine floor-mats. That obscure adventurer feasted like a king. Small groups of men crouched in tight circles round the wooden platters; brown hands hovered over snowy heaps of rice. Sitting upon a rough couch apart from the others, he leaned on his elbow with inclined head; and near him a youth improvised in a high tone a song that celebrated his valour and wisdom. The singer rocked himself to and fro, rolling frenzied eyes; old women hobbled about with dishes, and men, squatting low, lifted their heads to listen gravely without ceasing to eat.

The song of triumph vibrated in the night, and the stanzas rolled out mournful and fiery like the thoughts of a hermit. He silenced it with a sign, "Enough!" An owl hooted far away, exulting in the delight of deep gloom in dense foliage; overhead lizards ran in the attap thatch, calling softly; the dry leaves of the roof rustled; the rumour of mingled voices grew louder suddenly. After a circular and startled glance, as of a man waking up abruptly to the sense of danger, he would throw himself back, and under the downward gaze of the old sorcerer take up, wide-eyed, the slender thread of his dream. They watched his moods; the swelling rumour of animated talk subsided like a wave on a sloping beach. The chief is pensive. And above the spreading whisper of lowered voices only a light rattle of weapons would be heard, a single louder word distinct and alone, or the grave ring of a big brass tray.

III.

For two years at short intervals we visited him. We came to like him, to trust him, almost to admire him. He was plotting and preparing a rising with patience, with foresight—with a fidelity to his purpose and with a steadfastness of which I would have thought him racially incapable. He seemed fearless of the future, and in his plans displayed a sagacity that was only limited by his profound ignorance of the rest of the world. We tried to enlighten him, but our attempts to make clear the irresistible nature of the forces which he desired to arrest failed to discourage his eagerness to strike a blow for his own primitive ideas. He did not understand us, and replied by arguments that

almost drove one to desperation by their childish shrewdness. He was absurd and unanswerable. Sometimes we caught glimpses of a sombre, glowing fury within him—a brooding and vague sense of wrong, and a concentrated lust of violence which is dangerous in a native. He raved like one inspired. On one occasion, after we had been talking to him late in his campong, he jumped up. A great, clear fire blazed in the grove; lights and shadows danced together between the trees; in the still night bats flitted in and out of the boughs like fluttering flakes of denser darkness. He snatched the sword from the old man, whizzed it out of the scabbard, and thrust the point into the earth. Upon

the thin, upright blade the silver hilt, released, swayed before him like something alive. He stepped back a pace, and in a deadened tone spoke fiercely to the vibrating steel: "If there is virtue in the fire, in the iron, in the hand that forged thee, in the words spoken over thee, in the desire of my heart, and in the wisdom of thy makers — then we shall be victorious together!" He drew it out, looked along the edge. "Take," he said over his shoulder to the old sword-bearer. The other, unmoved on his hams, wiped the point with a corner of his sarong, and returning the weapon to its scabbard, sat nursing it on his knees without a single look upwards. Karain, suddenly very calm, reseated himself with dignity. We gave up remonstrating after this, and let him go his way to an honourable disaster. All we could do for him was to see to it that the powder was good for the money and the rifles serviceable, if old.

But the game was becoming at last too dangerous; and if we, who had faced it pretty often, thought little of the danger, it was decided for us by some very respectable people sitting safely in counting-houses that the risks were too great, and that only one more trip could be made. After giving in the usual way many misleading hints as to our destination, we slipped away quietly, and after a very quick passage entered the bay. It was early morning, and even before the anchor went to the bottom the schooner was surrounded by boats.

The first news we heard was that Karain's mysterious sword-bearer had died a few days ago. We did not attach much importance to the news. It was certainly difficult to imagine Karain without his inseparable follower; but the fellow

was old, he had never spoken to one of us, we hardly ever had heard the sound of his voice; and we had come to look upon him as upon something inanimate, as a part of our friend's trappings of state — like that sword he had carried, or the fringed red umbrella displayed during an official progress. Karain did not visit us in the afternoon as usual. A message of greeting and a present of fruit and vegetables came off for us before sunset. Our friend paid us like a banker, but treated us like a prince. We sat up for him till midnight. Under the stern awning bearded Jackson jingled an old guitar and sang, with an execrable accent, Spanish love-songs; while young Hollis and I, sprawling on the deck, had a game of chess by the light of a cargo lantern. Karain did not appear. Next day we were busy unloading, and heard that the Rajah was unwell. The expected invitation to visit him ashore did not come. We sent friendly messages, but, fearing to intrude upon some secret council, remained on board. Early on the third day we had landed all the powder and rifles, and also a six-pounder brass gun with its carriage, which we had subscribed together for a present to our friend. The afternoon was sultry. Ragged edges of black clouds peeped over the hills, and invisible thunderstorms circled outside, growling like wild beasts. We got the schooner ready for sea, intending to leave next morning at daylight. All day a merciless sun blazed down into the bay, fierce and pale, as if at white heat. Nothing moved on the land. The beach was empty, the villages seemed deserted; the trees far off stood in unstirring clumps, as if painted; the white smoke of some invisible bush-fire spread itself low over the

shores of the bay like a settling fog. Late in the day three of Karain's chief men, dressed in their best and armed to the teeth, came off in a canoe, bringing a case of dollars. They were gloomy and languid, and told us they had not seen their Rajah for five days. No one had seen him! We settled all accounts, and after shaking hands in turn and in profound silence, they descended one after another into their boat, and were paddled to the shore, sitting close together, clad in vivid colours, with hanging heads: the gold embroideries of their jackets flashed dazzlingly as they went away gliding on the smooth water, and not one of them looked back once. Before sunset the growling clouds carried with a rush the ridge of hills, and came tumbling down the inner slopes. Everything disappeared; black whirling vapours filled the bay, and in the midst of them the schooner swung here and there in the shifting gusts of wind. A single clap of thunder detonated in the hollow with a violence that seemed capable of bursting into small pieces the ring of high land around, and a warm deluge descended. The wind died out. We panted in the close cabin; our faces streamed; the bay outside hissed as if boiling; the water fell in perpendicular shafts as heavy as lead; it swished about the deck, poured off the spars, gurgled, sobbed, splashed, murmured in the blind night. Our lamp burned low. Hollis, stripped to the waist, lay stretched out on the lockers, with closed eyes and motionless like a despoiled corpse; at his head Jackson twanged the guitar, and gasped out in sighs a mournful dirge about hopeless love and eyes like stars. Then we heard startled voices on deck crying in the rain, hurried footsteps overhead, and

suddenly Karain appeared in the doorway of the cabin. His bare breast and his face glistened in the light; his sarong, soaked, clung about his legs; he had his sheathed kriss in his left hand; and wisps of wet hair, escaping from under his red kerchief, stuck over his eyes and down his cheeks. He stepped in with a headlong stride and looking over his shoulder, like a man pursued. Hollis turned on his side quickly and opened his eyes. Jackson clapped his big hand over the strings and the jingling vibration died suddenly. I stood up.

"We did not hear your boat's hail!" I exclaimed.

"Boat! The man's swum off," drawled out Hollis from the locker. "Look at him!"

He breathed heavily, wild-eyed, while we looked at him in silence. Water dripped from him, made a dark pool, and ran crookedly across the cabin floor. We could hear Jackson, who had gone out to drive away our Malay seamen from the doorway of the companion; he swore menacingly in the patter of a heavy shower; there was a great commotion on deck. The watchmen, scared out of their wits by the glimpse of a shadowy figure leaping over the rail straight out of the night, as it were, had alarmed all hands.

Then Jackson, with glittering drops of water on his hair and beard, came back looking angry, and Hollis, who, being the youngest of us, assumed an indolent superiority, said without stirring, "Give him a dry sarong—give him mine; it's hanging up in the bathroom." Karain laid the kriss on the table, hilt inwards, and murmured a few words in a strangled voice.

"What's that?" asked Hollis, who had not heard.

had an exulting eagerness for endeavour; when he talked, his aspect was warlike, chivalrous, and uplifting. No wonder his people admired him. We saw him once walking in daylight amongst the houses of the settlement. At the doors of huts groups of women turned to look after him, warbling softly, and with gleaming eyes; armed men stood out of the way, submissive and erect; others approached from the side, bending their backs to address him humbly; an old woman stretched out a draped lean arm — "Blessings on thy head!" she cried from a dark doorway; a fiery-eyed man showed above the low fence of a plantain-patch a streaming face, a bare breast scarred in two places, and bellowed out pantingly after him, "God give victory to our master!" Karain walked fast, and with firm long strides; he answered greetings right and left by quick piercing glances. Children ran forward between the houses, peeped fearfully round corners; young boys kept up with him, gliding between bushes: their eyes gleamed through the dark leaves. The old sword-bearer, shouldering the silver scabbard, shuffled hastily at his heels with bowed head, and his eyes on the ground. And in the midst of a great stir they passed swift and absorbed, like two men hurrying through a great solitude.

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listens; and the earth, the sea, the sky, the passing wind and the stirring leaf, hear also the futile tale of the burden of life.

He spoke at last. It is impossible to convey the effect of his tale. It is undying, it is but a memory, and its vividness cannot be made clear to another mind any more than the vivid emotions of a dream. One must have seen his innate splendour, one must have known him before—looked at him then. The wavering gloom of the little cabin; the breathless stillness outside, through which only the lapping of water against the schooner's sides could be heard; Hollis's pale face, with steady dark eyes; the energetic head of Jackson held up between two big palms, and

with the long yellow hair of his beard flowing over the strings of the guitar lying on the table; Karain's upright and motionless pose, his tone,—all this made an impression that cannot be forgotten. He faced us across the table. His dark head and bronze torso appeared above the tarnished slab of wood, gleaming and still as if cast in metal. Only his lips moved, and his eyes glowed, went out, blazed again, or stared mournfully. His expressions came straight from his tormented heart. His words ran low, with a sad murmur as of flowing water; at times they rang loud like the clash of a war-gong,—or trailed slowly like weary travellers,—or rushed forward with the speed of fear.

IV.

This is, imperfectly, what he said—

"It was after the great trouble that broke the alliance of the four states of Wajo. We fought amongst ourselves, and the Dutch watched from afar till we were weary. Then the smoke of their fire-ships was seen at the mouth of our rivers, and their great men came in boats full of soldiers to talk to us of protection and peace. We answered with caution and wisdom, for our villages were burnt, our stockades weak, the people weary, and the weapons blunt. They came and went; there had been much talk, but after they went away everything seemed to be as before, only their ships remained in sight from our coast, and very soon their traders came amongst us under a promise of safety. My brother was a Ruler, and one of those who had given the promise. I was young then, and had fought in the war, and Pata Matara had fought by my side. We had shared hunger, danger, fatigue, and victory. His

eyes saw my danger quickly, and twice my arm had preserved his life. It was his destiny. He was my friend. And he was great amongst us—one of those who were near my brother, the Ruler. He spoke in council, his courage was great, he was the chief of many villages round the great lake that is in the middle of our country as the heart is in the middle of a man's body. When his sword was carried into a campong in advance of his coming, the maidens whispered wonderingly under the fruit-trees, the rich men consulted together in the shade, and a feast was made ready with rejoicing and songs. He had the favour of the Ruler and the affection of the poor. He loved war, deer hunts, and the charms of women. He was the possessor of jewels, of lucky weapons, and of men's devotion. He was a fierce man; and I had no other friend.

"I was the chief of a stockade at the mouth of the river, and collected tolls for my brother from

the passing boats. One day I saw a Dutch trader go up the river. He went up with three boats, and no toll was demanded from him, because the smoke of Dutch warships stood out from the open sea, and we were too weak to forget treaties. He went up under the promise of safety, and my brother gave him protection. He said he came to trade. He listened to our voices, for we are men who speak openly and without fear; he counted the number of our spears, he examined the trees, the running waters, the grasses of the bank, the slopes of our hills. He went up to Matara's country and obtained permission to build a house. He traded and planted. He despised our joys, our thoughts, and our sorrows. His face was red, his hair like flame, and his eyes pale, like a river mist; he moved heavily, and spoke with a deep voice; he laughed aloud like a fool, and knew no courtesy in his speech. He was a big, scornful man, who looked into women's faces and put his hand on the shoulders of free men as though he had been a noble-born chief. We bore with him. Time passed.

"Then Pata Matara's sister fled from the campong and went to live in the Dutchman's house. She was a great and wilful lady: I had seen her once carried high on slaves' shoulders amongst the people, with uncovered face, and I had heard men say that her beauty was extreme, silencing the reason and ravishing the heart of the beholders. The people were dismayed; Matara's face was blackened with that disgrace, for she knew she had been promised to another man. Matara went to the Dutchman's house and said, 'Give her up to die—she is the daughter of chiefs.' The white man refused and shut himself up, while his servants watched night

and day with loaded guns. Matara raged. My brother called a council. But the Dutch ships were near and watched our coast greedily. My brother said, 'If he dies now our land will pay for his blood. Leave him alone till we grow stronger and the ships are gone.' Matara was wise; he waited and watched. But the white man feared for her life and went away.

"He left his house, his plantations, and his goods! He departed, armed and menacing, and left all—for her! She had ravished his heart! From my stockade I saw him put out to sea in a big boat. Matara and I watched him from the fighting platform behind the pointed stakes. He sat cross-legged, with his gun in his hands, on the roof at the stern of his prau. The barrel of his rifle glinted aslant before his big red face. The broad river was stretched under him—level, smooth, shining, like a plain of silver; and his prau, looking very short and black from the shore, glided along the silver plain and over into the blue of the sea.

"Thrice Matara, standing by my side, called aloud her name with grief and imprecations. He stirred my heart. It leaped three times; and three times with the eye of my mind I saw in the gloom within the enclosed space of the prau a woman with streaming hair going away from her land and her people. I was angry—and sorry. Why? And then I also cried out insults and threats. Matara said, 'Now they have left our land their lives are mine. I shall follow and strike—and, alone, pay the price of blood.' A great wind was sweeping towards the setting sun over the empty river. I cried, 'By your side I will go!' He lowered his head in sign of assent. It was his destiny. The sun had set, and the trees

swayed their boughs with a great noise above our heads.

"On the third night we two left our land together in a trading prau. The sea met us—the sea, wide, pathless, and without voice. A sailing prau leaves no track. We went south. The moon was full; and, looking up, we said to one another, 'When the next moon shines as this one, we shall return and they will be dead.' It was fifteen years ago. Many moons have grown full and withered, and I have not seen my land since. We sailed south; we overtook many praus; we examined the creeks and the bays; we saw the end of our coast, of our island—a steep cape over a disturbed strait, where drift the shadows of shipwrecked praus and drowned men clamour in the night. The wide sea was all round us now. We saw a great mountain burning in the midst of water; we saw thousands of islets scattered like bits of iron fired from a big gun; we saw a long coast of mountain and lowlands stretching away in sunshine from west to east. It was Java. We said, 'They are there; their time is near, and we shall return or die cleansed from dishonour.'

"We landed. Is there anything good in that country? The paths run straight and hard and dusty. Stone campongs, full of white faces, are surrounded by fertile fields, but every man you meet is a slave. The rulers live under the edge of a foreign sword. We ascended mountains, we traversed valleys; at sunset we entered villages. We asked every one, 'Have you seen such a white man?' Some stared; others laughed; women gave us food, sometimes, with fear and respect, as though we had been distracted by the visitation of God; but some did not understand

our language, and some cursed us, or, yawning, asked with contempt the reason of our quest. Once, as we were going away, an old man called after us, 'Desist!'

"We went on. Concealing our weapons, we stood humbly aside before the horsemen on the road; we bowed low in the courtyards of chiefs who were no better than slaves. We lost ourselves in the fields, in the jungle; and one night, in a tangled forest, we came upon a place where crumbling old walls had fallen amongst the trees, and where strange stone idols—carved images of devils with many arms and legs, with snakes twined round their bodies, with twenty heads and holding a hundred swords—seemed to live and threaten in the light of our camp-fire. Nothing dismayed us. And on the road, by every fire, in resting-places, we always talked of her and of him. Their time was near. We spoke of nothing else. No! not of hunger, thirst, weariness, and faltering hearts. No! we spoke of him and her. Of her! And we thought of them—of her! Matara brooded by the fire. I sat and thought and thought, till suddenly I could see again the image of a woman, beautiful, and young, and great, and proud, and tender, going away from her land and her people. Matara said, 'When we find them we shall kill her first to cleanse the dishonour—then the man must die.' I would say, 'It shall be so; it is your vengeance.' He stared long at me with his big sunken eyes.

"We came back to the coast. Our feet were bleeding, our bodies thin. We slept in rags under the shadow of stone enclosures; we prowled, soiled and lean, about the gateways of white men's courtyards. Their hairy dogs barked at us, and their servants shouted from afar, 'Begone!' Low-born

wretches, that keep watch over the streets of stone campongs, asked us who we were. We lied, we cringed, we smiled with hate in our hearts, and we kept looking here, looking there, for them,—for the white man with hair like flame, and for her, for the woman who had broken faith, and therefore must die. We looked. At last in every woman's face I thought I could see hers. We ran swiftly. No! Sometimes Matara would whisper, 'Here is the man,' and we waited, crouching. He came near. It was not the man—those Dutchmen are all alike. We suffered the anguish of deception. In my sleep I saw her face, and was both joyful and sorry . . . Why? . . . I seemed to hear a whisper near me. I turned swiftly. She was not there! And as we trudged wearily from stone city to stone city I seemed to hear a light footstep near me. A time came when I heard it always, and I was glad. I thought, walking dizzy and weary in sunshine on the hard paths of white men—I thought, She is there—with us! . . . Matara was sombre. We were often hungry.

"We sold the carved sheaths of our krisses—the ivory sheaths with golden ferules. We sold the jewelled hilts. But we kept the blades—for them. The blades that never touch but kill. For her . . . Why? She was always by our side . . . We starved. We begged. We left Java at last.

"We went West, we went East. We saw many lands, crowds of strange faces, men that live in trees and men who eat their old people. We cut rattans in the forest for a handful of rice, and for a living swept the decks of big ships and heard curses heaped upon our heads. We toiled in villages; we wandered upon the seas with the Bajaw people, who have no country.

We fought for pay; we hired ourselves to work for Goram men and were cheated; and under the orders of rough white-faces we dived for pearls in barren bays, dotted with black rocks, upon a coast of sand and desolation. And everywhere we watched, we listened, we asked. We asked traders, robbers, white men. We heard jeers, mockery, threats—words of wonder and words of contempt. We never knew rest; we never thought of home, for our work was not done. A year passed, then another. I ceased to count the number of nights, of moons, of years. I watched over Matara. He had my last handful of rice; if there was water enough for one he drank it; I covered him up when he shivered with cold; and when the hot sickness came upon him I sat sleepless through many nights and fanned his face. He was a fierce man and my friend. He spoke of her with fury in the daytime, with sorrow in the dark; he remembered her in health, in sickness. I said nothing; but I saw her every day—always! At first I saw only her head, as of a woman walking in the low mist on a river-bank. Then she sat by our fire. I saw her! I looked at her! She had tender eyes and a ravishing face. I murmured to her in the night. Matara said sleepily sometimes, 'To whom are you talking? Who is there?' I answered quickly, 'No one' . . . It was a lie! She never left me. She shared the warmth of our fire, she sat on my couch of leaves, she swam on the sea to follow me . . . I saw her! . . . I tell you I saw her long black hair spread behind her upon the moonlit water as she struck out with bare arms by the side of a swift prau. She was beautiful, she was faithful, and in the silence of foreign countries she spoke to me very low in the lan-

guage of my people. No one saw her; no one heard her; she was mine only! In daylight she moved with a swaying walk before me upon the weary paths; her figure was straight and flexible like the stem of a slender tree; the heels of her feet were round and polished like shells of eggs; with her round arm she made signs. At night she looked into my face. And she was sad! Her eyes were tender and frightened; her voice soft and pleading. Once I murmured to her, 'You shall not die,' and she smiled . . . ever after she smiled! . . . She gave me courage to bear weariness and hardships. Those were times of pain, and she soothed me. We wandered patient in our search. We knew deception, false hopes; we knew captivity, sickness, thirst, misery, and despair. . . . Enough! . . . We found them! . . ."

He cried out the last words and paused. His face was impassive, and he kept still like a man in a trance. Hollis sat up quickly and spread his elbows on the table. Jackson made a brusque movement and accidentally touched the guitar. A plaintive resonance filled the cabin with confused vibrations and died out slowly. Then Karain began to speak again. The restrained fierceness of his tone seemed to rise like a voice from outside, like a thing unspoken but heard; it filled the cabin and enveloped in its intense and deadened murmur the motionless figure in the chair.

"We were on our way to Achin, where there was war; but the vessel ran on a sandbank, and we had to land in Delli. We had earned a little money, and had bought a gun from some Selangore traders; only one gun, which was fired by the spark of a stone: Matara carried it. We landed. Many white

men lived there, planting tobacco on conquered plains, and Matara . . . But no matter. He saw him! . . . The Dutchman! . . . At last! . . . We crept and watched. Two nights and a day we watched. He had a house—a big house in a clearing in the midst of his fields: flowers and bushes grew around; there were narrow paths of yellow earth between the cut grass, and thick hedges to keep people out. The third night we came armed and lay behind a hedge.

"A heavy dew seemed to soak through our flesh and made our very entrails cold. The grass, the twigs, the leaves, covered with drops of water, were grey in the moonlight. Matara, curled up in the grass, shivered in his sleep. My teeth rattled in my head so loud that I was afraid the noise would wake up all the land. Afar, the watchmen of white men's houses struck wooden clappers and hooted in the darkness. And, as every night, I saw her by my side. She smiled no more! . . . The fire of anguish burned in my breast, and she whispered to me with compassion, with pity, softly—as women will; she soothed the pain of my mind; she bent her face over me—the face of a woman who ravishes the hearts and silences the reason of men. She was all mine, and no one could see her—no one of living mankind! Stars shone through her bosom, through her floating hair. I was overcome with regret, with tenderness, with sorrow. Matara slept . . . Had I slept? . . . Matara was shaking me by the shoulder, and the fire of the sun was drying the grass, the bushes, the leaves. It was day. Shreds of white mist hung between the branches of trees.

"Was it night or day? I saw nothing again till I heard Matara breathe quickly where he lay, and

then outside the house I saw her. I saw them both. They had come out. She sat on a bench under the wall, and twigs laden with flowers crept high above her head, hung over her hair. She had a box on her lap, and gazed into it, counting the increase of her pearls. The Dutchman stood by looking on; he smiled down at her; his white teeth flashed; the hair on his lip was like two twisted flames. He was big and fat, and joyous, and without fear. Matara tipped fresh priming from the hollow of his palm, scraped the flint with his thumb-nail, and gave the gun to me. To me! I took it . . . O fate!

"He whispered into my ear, lying on his stomach, 'I shall creep close and then amok . . . let her die by my hand. You take aim at the fat swine there. Let him see me strike my shame off the face of the earth—and then . . . you are my friend—kill with a sure shot.' I said nothing; there was no air in my chest—there was no air in the world. Matara had gone suddenly from my side. The grass nodded. Then a bush rustled. She lifted her head.

"I saw her! The consoler of sleepless nights, of weary days; the companion of troubled years! I saw her! She looked straight at the place where I crouched. She was there as I had seen her for years—a faithful wanderer by my side. She looked with sad eyes and had smiling lips; she looked at me . . . Smiling lips! Had I not promised that she should not die?

"She was far off and I felt her near. Her touch caressed me, and her voice murmured, whispered above me, around me, 'Who shall be thy companion, who shall console thee if I die?' I saw a flowering thicket to the left of

her stir a little . . . Matara was ready . . . I cried aloud, 'Return!'

"She leaped up; the box fell; the pearls streamed at her feet. The big Dutchman by her side rolled menacing eyes through the still sunshine. The gun went up to my shoulder. I was kneeling and I was firm—firmer than the trees, the rocks, the mountains. But in front of the steady long barrel the fields, the house, the earth, the sky swayed to and fro like shadows in a forest on a windy day. Matara burst out of the thicket; before him the petals of torn flowers whirled high as if driven by a tempest. I heard her cry; I saw her spring with open arms in front of the white man. She was a woman of my country and of noble blood. They are so! I heard her shriek of anguish and fear—and all stood still! The fields, the house, the earth, the sky stood still—while Matara leaped at her with uplifted arm. I pulled the trigger, saw a spark, heard nothing; the smoke drove back into my face, and then I could see Matara roll over head first and lie with stretched arms at her feet. Ha! A sure shot! The sunshine fell on my back colder than the running water. A sure shot! I flung the gun after the shot. Those two stood over the dead man as though they had been bewitched by a charm. I shouted at her, 'Live and remember!' Then for a time I stumbled about in a cold darkness.

"Behind me there were great shouts, the running of many feet; strange men surrounded me, cried meaningless words into my face, pushed me, dragged me, supported me . . . I stood before the big Dutchman; he stared as if bereft of his reason. He wanted to know, he talked fast, he spoke of grati-

tude, he offered me food, shelter, gold—he asked many questions. I laughed in his face. I said, ‘I am a Korinchi traveller from Perak over there, and know nothing of that dead man. I was passing along the path when I heard a shot, and your senseless people rushed out and dragged me in here.’ He lifted his arms, he wondered, he could not believe, he could not understand, he clamoured in his own tongue! She had her arms clasped round his neck, and over her shoulder stared back at me with wide eyes. I smiled and looked at her; I smiled and waited to hear the sound of her voice. The white man asked her suddenly, ‘Do you know him?’ I listened—my life was in my ears! She looked at me long, she looked at me with unflinching eyes, and said

aloud, ‘No! I never saw him before.’ . . . What! Never before! Had she forgotten already? Was it possible? Forgotten already—after so many years—so many years of wandering, of companionship, of trouble, of tender words! Forgotten already! . . . I tore myself out from the hands that held me and went away without a word . . . They let me go.

“I was weary. Did I sleep? I do not know. I remember walking upon a broad path under a clear starlight; and that strange country seemed so big, the rice-fields so vast, that, as I looked around, my head swam with the fear of space. Then I saw a forest. The joyous starlight was heavy upon me. I turned off the path and entered the forest, which was very sombre and very sad.”

V.

Karain's tone had been getting lower and lower, as though he had been going away from us, till the last words sounded faint but clear, as if shouted on a calm day from a very great distance. He moved not. He stared fixedly past the motionless head of Hollis, who faced him, as still as himself. Jackson had turned sideways, and with elbow on the table shaded his eyes with the palm of his hand. And I looked on, surprised and moved; I looked at that man, loyal to a vision, betrayed by his dream, spurned by his illusion, and coming to us unbelievers for help—against a thought. The silence was profound; but it seemed full of noiseless phantoms, of things sorrowful, shadowy, and mute, in whose invisible presence the firm, pulsating beat of the two ship's chronometers ticking off steadily the seconds of Greenwich Time seemed to me a protection and

a relief. Karain stared stonily; and looking at his rigid figure, I thought of his wanderings, of that obscure Odyssey of revenge, of all the men that wander amongst illusions; of the illusions as restless as men; of the illusions faithful, faithless; of the illusions that give joy, that give sorrow, that give pain, that give peace; of the invincible illusions that can make life and death appear serene, inspiring, tormented, or ignoble.

A murmur was heard; that voice from outside seemed to flow out of a dreaming world into the lamplight of the cabin. Karain was speaking.

“I lived in the forest.

“She came no more. Never! Never once! I lived alone. She had forgotten. It was well. I did not want her; I wanted no one. I found an abandoned house in an old clearing. Nobody came near. Sometimes I heard in the

distance the voices of people going along a path. I slept; I rested; there was wild rice, water from a running stream—and peace! Every night I sat alone by my small fire before the hut. Many nights passed over my head.

“Then, one evening, as I sat by my fire after having eaten, I looked down on the ground and began to remember my wanderings. I lifted my head. I had heard no sound, no rustle, no footsteps—but I lifted my head. A man was coming towards me across the small clearing. I waited. He came up without a greeting and squatted down into the firelight. Then he turned his face to me. It was Matara. He stared at me fiercely with his big sunken eyes. The night was cold; the heat died suddenly out of the fire, and he stared at me. I rose and went away from there, leaving him by the fire that had no heat.

“I walked all that night, all next day, and in the evening made up a big blaze and sat down—to wait for him. He did not come into the light. I heard him in the bushes here and there, whispering, whispering. I understood at last—I had heard the words before, ‘You are my friend—kill with a sure shot.’

“I bore it as long as I could—then leaped away, as on this very night I leaped from my stockade and swam to you. I ran—I ran crying like a child left alone and far from the houses. He ran by my side, without footsteps, whispering, whispering—invisible and heard. I sought people—I wanted men around me! Men who had not died! And again we two wandered. I sought danger, violence, and death. I fought in the Achin war, and a brave people wondered at the valiance of a stranger. But we were two; he warded off the blows . . .

Why? I wanted peace, not life. And no one could see him; no one knew—I dared tell no one. At times he would leave me, but not for long; then he would return and whisper or stare. My heart was torn with a strange fear, but could not die. Then I met an old man.

“You all knew him. People here called him my sorcerer, my servant and sword-bearer; but to me he was father, mother, protection, refuge, and peace. When I met him he was returning from a pilgrimage, and I heard him intoning the prayer of sunset. He had gone to the holy place with his son, his son's wife, and a little child; and on their return, by the favour of the Most High, they all died: the strong man, the young mother, the little child—they died; and the old man reached his country alone. He was a pilgrim serene and pious, very wise and very lonely. I told him all. For a time we lived together. He said over me words of compassion, of wisdom, of prayer. He warded from me the shade of the dead. I begged him for a charm that would make me safe. For a long time he refused; but at last, with a sigh and a smile, he gave me one. Doubtless he could command a spirit stronger than the unrest of my dead friend, and again I had peace; but I had become restless, and a lover of turmoil and danger. The old man never left me. We travelled together. We were welcomed by the great; his wisdom and my courage are remembered where your strength, O white men, is forgotten! We served the Sultan of Sula. We fought the Spaniards. There were victories, hopes, defeats, sorrow, blood, women's tears . . . What for? . . . We fled. We collected wanderers of a warlike race and came here to fight

again. The rest you know. I am the ruler of a conquered land, a lover of war and danger, a fighter and a plotter. But the old man has died, and I am again the slave of the dead. He is not here now to drive away the reproachful shade—to silence the lifeless voice! The power of his charm has died with him. And I know fear; and I hear the whisper, 'Kill! kill! kill!' . . . Have I not killed enough? . . ."

For the first time that night a sudden convulsion of madness and rage passed over his face. His wavering glances darted here and there like scared birds in a thunderstorm. He jumped up, shouting:

"By the spirits that drink blood: by the spirits that cry in the night: by all the spirits of fury, misfortune, and death, I swear—some day I will strike into every heart I meet—I . . ."

He looked so dangerous that we all three leaped to our feet, and Hollis, with the back of his hand, sent the kriss flying off the table. I believe we shouted together. It was a short scare, and the next moment he was again composed in his chair, with three white men standing over him in rather foolish attitudes. We felt a little ashamed of ourselves. Jackson picked up the kriss, and, after an inquiring glance at me, gave it to him. He received it with a stately inclination of the head and stuck it in the twist of his sarong, with punctilious care to give his weapon a pacific position. Then he looked up at us with an austere smile. We were abashed and reproved. Hollis sat sideways on the table and, holding his chin in his hand, scrutinised him in pensive silence. I said—

"You must abide with your people. They need you. And there is forgetfulness in life.

Even the dead cease to speak in time."

"Am I a woman, to forget long years before an eyelid has had the time to beat twice?" he exclaimed, with bitter resentment. He startled me. It was amazing. To him his life—that cruel mirage of love and peace—seemed as real, as undeniable, as theirs would be to any saint, philosopher, or fool of us all. Hollis muttered—

"You won't soothe him with your platitudes."

Karain spoke to me.

"You know us. You have lived with us. Why?—we cannot know; but you understand our sorrows and our thoughts. You have lived with my people, and you understand our desires and our fears. With you I will go. To your land—to your people. Your people, who live in unbelief; to whom day is day and night is night—nothing more, because you understand all things seen, and despise all else! To your land of unbelief, where the dead do not speak, where every man is wise, and alone—and at peace!"

"Capital description," murmured Hollis, with the flicker of a smile.

Karain hung his head.

"I can toil, and fight—and be faithful," he whispered, in a weary tone, "but I cannot go back to him who waits for me on the shore. No! Take me with you . . . Or else give me some of your strength—of your unbelief . . . A charm! . . ."

He seemed utterly exhausted.

"Yes, take him home," said Hollis, very low, as if debating with himself. "That would be one way. The ghosts there are in society, and talk affably to ladies and gentlemen, but would scorn a naked human being—like our princely friend . . . Naked . . . Flayed! I should say. I am sorry

for him. Impossible—of course. The end of all this shall be," he went on, looking up at us—"the end of this shall be, that some day he will run amuck amongst his faithful subjects and send *ad pulres* ever so many of them before they make up their minds to the disloyalty of knocking him on the head."

I nodded. I thought it more than probable that such would be the end of Karain. It was evident that he had been hunted by his thought along the very edge of human endurance, and very little more pressing was needed to make him swerve over into the form of madness peculiar to his race. The respite he had during the old man's life made the return of the torment unbearable. That much was clear.

He lifted his head suddenly; we had imagined for a moment that he had been dozing.

"Give me your protection—or your strength!" he cried. "A charm . . . a weapon!"

Again his chin fell on his breast. We looked at him, then looked at one another with suspicious awe in our eyes, like men who come unexpectedly upon the scene of some mysterious disaster. He had given himself up to us; he had thrust into our hands his errors and his torment, his life and his peace; and we did not know what to do with that problem from the outer darkness. We three white men, looking at that Malay, could not find one word to the purpose amongst us—if indeed there existed a word that could solve that problem. We pondered, and our hearts sank. We felt as though we three had been called to the very gate of the Infernal Regions to judge, to decide the fate of a wanderer coming suddenly from a world of sunshine and illusions.

"By Jove, he seems to have a

great idea of our power," whispered Hollis, hopelessly. And then again there was a silence, the feeble plash of water, the steady tick of chronometers. Jackson, with bare arms crossed, leaned his shoulders against the bulkhead of the cabin. He was bending his head under the deck beam; his fair beard spread out magnificently over his chest; he looked colossal, ineffectual, and mild. There was something lugubrious in the aspect of the cabin; the air in it seemed to become slowly charged with the cruel chill of helplessness, with the pitiless anger of egoism against the incomprehensible form of an intruding pain. We had no idea what to do; we began to resent bitterly the poignant necessity to get rid of him.

Hollis mused, muttered suddenly with a short laugh, "Strength . . . Protection . . . Charm." He slipped off the table and left the cuddy without a look at us. It seemed a base desertion. Jackson and I exchanged furious glances. We could hear him rummaging in his pigeon-hole of a cabin. Was the fellow actually going to bed? Karain sighed. It was intolerable!

Then Hollis reappeared, holding in both hands a small leather box. He put it down gently on the table and looked at us with a queer gasp, we thought, as though he had from some cause become speechless for a moment, or were ethically uncertain about producing that box. But in an instant the insolent and unerring wisdom of his youth gave him the needed courage. He said, as he unlocked the box with a very small key, "Look as solemn as you can, you fellows."

Probably we looked only surprised and stupid, for he glanced over his shoulder and said angrily—

"This is no play; I am going

to do something for him. Look serious. Confound it! . . . Can't you lie a little . . . for a friend!"

Karain seemed to take no notice of us, but when Hollis threw open the lid of the box his eyes flew to

it—and so did ours. The quilted crimson satin of the inside put in a violent patch of splendid colour into the sombre atmosphere; it was something positive to look at,—it was fascinating.

VI.

Hollis looked smiling into the box. He had lately made a dash home through the Canal. He had been away six months, and only joined us again just in time for this last trip. We had never seen the box before. His hands hovered above it; and he talked to us ironically, but his face became as grave as though he were pronouncing a powerful incantation over the things inside.

"Every one of us," he said, with pauses that somehow were more offensive than his words—"every one of us, you'll admit, has been haunted by some woman . . . And . . . as to friends . . . dropped by the way . . . Well! . . . ask yourselves . . ."

He paused. Karain stared. A deep rumble was heard high up under the deck. Jackson spoke seriously—

"Don't be so beastly cynical."

"Ah! You are without guile," said Hollis, sadly. "You will learn . . . Meantime this Malay has been our friend . . ."

He repeated several times thoughtfully, "Friend . . . Malay. Friend, Malay," as though weighing the words against one another, then went on more briskly—

"A good fellow—a gentleman in his way. We can't, so to speak, turn our backs on his confidence and belief in us. Those Malays are easily impressed—all nerves, you know—therefore . . ."

He turned to me sharply.

"You know him best," he said, in a practical tone. "Do you

think he is fanatical—I mean very strict in his faith?"

I stammered in profound amazement that "I did not think so."

"It's on account of its being a likeness—an engraved image," muttered Hollis, enigmatically, turning to the box. He plunged his fingers into it. Karain's lips were parted and his eyes shone. We looked into the box.

There were there a couple of reels of cotton, a packet of needles, a bit of silk ribbon, dark blue; a cabinet photograph, at which Hollis stole a glance before laying it on the table face downwards. A girl's portrait, I could see. There were, amongst a lot of various small objects, a bunch of flowers, a narrow white glove with many buttons, a slim packet of letters carefully tied up. Amulets of white men! Charms and talismans! Charms that keep them straight, that drive them crooked, that have the power to make a young man sigh, an old man smile. Potent things that procure dreams of joy, thoughts of regret; that soften hard hearts, and can temper a soft one to the hardness of steel. Gifts of heaven—things of earth . . .

Hollis rummaged in the box.

And it seemed to me, during that moment of waiting, that the cabin of the schooner was becoming filled with a stir invisible and living as of subtle breaths. All the ghosts driven out of the unbelieving West by men who pretend to be wise and alone and at peace—

all the homeless ghosts of an unbelieving world—appeared suddenly round the figure of Hollis bending over the box; all the exiled and charming shades of loved women; all the beautiful and tender ghosts of ideals, remembered, forgotten, cherished, execrated; all the cast-out and reproachful ghosts of friends admired, trusted, traduced, betrayed, left dead by the way,—they all seemed to come from the inhospitable regions of the earth to crowd into the gloomy cabin, as though it had been a refuge and, in all the unbelieving world, the only place of avenging belief. . . . It lasted a second—all disappeared. Hollis was facing us alone with something small that glittered between his fingers. It looked like a coin.

"Ah! here it is," he said.

He held it up. It was a sixpence—a Jubilee sixpence. It was gilt; it had a hole punched near the rim. Hollis looked towards Karain.

"A charm for our friend," he said to us. "The thing itself is of great power—money, you know—and his imagination is struck. A loyal vagabond; if only his puritanism doesn't shy at a likeness . . ."

We said nothing. We did not know whether to be scandalised, amused, or relieved. Hollis advanced towards Karain, who stood up as if startled, and then, holding the coin up, spoke in Malay.

"This is the image of the Great Queen, and the most powerful thing the white men know," he said, solemnly.

Karain covered the handle of his kriss in sign of respect, and stared at the crowned head.

"The Invincible, the Pious," he muttered.

"She is more powerful than Suleiman the Wise, who com-

manded the genii, as you know," said Hollis, gravely. "I shall give this to you."

He held the sixpence in the palm of his hand, and looking at it thoughtfully, spoke to us in English.

"She commands a spirit, too—the spirit of her nation; a masterful, conscientious, unscrupulous, unconquerable devil . . . that does a lot of good—incidentally . . . a lot of good . . . at times—and wouldn't stand any fuss from the best ghost out for such a little thing as our friend's shot. Don't look thunderstruck, you fellows. Help me to make him believe—everything's in that."

"His people will be shocked," I murmured.

Hollis looked fixedly at Karain, who was the incarnation of the very essence of still excitement. He stood rigid, with head thrown back; his eyes rolled wildly, flashing; the dilated nostrils quivered.

"Hang it all!" said Hollis at last, "he is a good fellow. I'll give him something that I shall really miss."

He took the ribbon out of the box, smiled at it scornfully, then with a pair of scissors cut out a piece from the palm of the glove.

"I shall make him a thing like those Italian peasants wear, you know."

He sewed the coin in the delicate leather, sewed the leather to the ribbon, tied the ends together. He worked with haste. Karain watched his fingers all the time.

"Now then," he said—then stepped up to Karain. They looked close into one another's eyes. Those of Karain stared in a lost glance, but Hollis's seemed to grow darker and looked out masterful and compelling. They were in violent contrast together—

one motionless and the colour of bronze, the other dazzlingly white and lifting his arms, where the powerful muscles rolled slightly under a skin that gleamed like satin. Jackson moved near with the air of a man closing up to a chum in a tight place. I said impressively, pointing to Hollis—

"He is young, but he is wise. Believe him!"

Karain bent his head: Hollis threw lightly over it the dark-blue ribbon and stepped back.

"Forget, and be at peace!" I cried.

Karain seemed to wake up from a dream. He said, "Ha!" shook himself as if throwing off a burden. He looked round with assurance. Some one on deck dragged off the skylight cover, and a flood of light fell into the cabin. It was morning already.

"Time to go on deck," said Jackson.

Hollis put on a coat, and we went up, Karain leading.

The sun had risen beyond the hills, and their long shadows stretched far over the bay in the pearly light. The air was clear, stainless, and cool. I pointed at the curved line of yellow sands.

"He is not there," I said, emphatically, to Karain. "He waits no more. He has departed for ever."

A shaft of bright hot rays darted into the bay between the summits of two hills, and the water all round broke out as if by magic into a dazzling sparkle.

"No! He is not there waiting," said Karain, after a long look over the beach. "I do not hear him," he went on, slowly. "No!"

He turned to us.

"He has departed again—for ever!" he cried.

We assented vigorously, repeat-

edly, and without compunction. The great thing was to impress him powerfully; to suggest absolute safety—the end of all trouble. We did our best; and I hope we affirmed our faith in the power of Hollis's charm efficiently enough to put the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt. Our voices rang around him joyously in the still air, and above his head the sky, pellucid, pure, stainless, arched its tender blue from shore to shore and over the bay, as if to envelop the water, the earth, and the man in the caress of its light.

The anchor was up, the sails hung still, and half-a-dozen big boats were seen sweeping over the bay to give us a tow out. The paddlers in the first one that came alongside lifted their heads and saw their ruler standing amongst us. A low murmur of surprise arose—then a shout of greeting.

He left us, and seemed straightway to step into the glorious splendour of his stage, to wrap himself in the illusion of unavoidable success. For a moment he stood erect, one foot over the gangway, one hand on the hilt of his kris, in a martial pose; and, relieved from the fear of outer darkness, he held his head high, he swept a serene look over his conquered foothold on the earth. The boats far off took up the cry of greeting; a great clamour rolled on the water; the hills reverberated it, and seemed to toss back at him the words invoking long life and victories.

He descended into a canoe, and as soon as he was clear of the side we gave him three cheers. They sounded faint and orderly after the wild tumult of his loyal subjects, but it was the best we could do. He stood up in the boat, lifted up both his arms, then

pointed to the infallible charm. We cheered again; and the Malays in the boats stared—very much puzzled and impressed. I wonder what they thought; what he thought; . . . what the reader thinks?

We towed out slowly. We saw him land and watch us from the beach. A figure approached him humbly but openly—not at all like a ghost with a grievance. We could see other men running towards him. Perhaps he had been missed? At any rate there was a great stir. A group formed itself rapidly near him, and he walked along the sands, followed by a growing *cortège*, and kept nearly abreast of the schooner. With our glasses we could see the blue ribbon on his neck and a patch of white on his brown chest. The bay was waking up. The smoke of morning fires stood in faint spirals higher than the heads of palms; people moved between the houses; a herd of buffaloes galloped clumsily across a green slope; the slender figures of boys brandishing sticks appeared black and leaping in the long grass; a coloured line of women, with water bamboos on their heads, moved swaying through a thin grove of fruit-trees. Karain stopped in the midst of his men and waved his hand; then, detaching himself from the splendid group, walked alone to the water's edge and waved his hand again. The schooner passed out to sea between the steep headlands that shut in the bay, and at the same instant Karain passed out of our life for ever.

But the memory remains. Some years afterwards I met Jackson, in the Strand. He was magnificent as ever. His head was high above the crowd. His beard was gold, his face red, his eyes blue; he had

a wide-brimmed grey hat and no collar or waistcoat; he was inspiring; he had just come home—had landed that very day! Our meeting caused an eddy in the current of humanity. Hurried people would run against us, then walk round us, and turn back to look at that giant. We tried to compress seven years of life into seven exclamations; then, suddenly appeased, walked sedately along, giving one another the news of yesterday. Jackson gazed about him, like a man who looks for landmarks, then stopped before Bland's window. He always had a passion for firearms; so he stopped short and contemplated the row of weapons, perfect and severe, drawn up in a line behind the sheet of plate-glass. I stood by his side. Suddenly he said—

"Do you remember Karain?"

I nodded.

"The sight of all this made me think of him," he went on, with his face near the glass . . . and I could see another man, powerful and bearded, peering at him intently from amongst the dark and polished tubes that can cure so many illusions. "Yes; it made me think of him," he continued, slowly. "I saw a paper this morning; they are fighting over there again. He's sure to be in it. He will make it hot for the caballeros. Well, good luck to him, poor devil! He was perfectly stunning."

We walked on.

"I wonder whether the charm worked—you remember Hollis's charm, of course. If it did . . . never was a sixpence wasted to better advantage! Poor devil! I wonder whether he got rid of that friend of his. Hope so . . . Do you know, I sometimes think that——"

I stood still and looked at him.

"Yes . . . I mean, whether the thing was so, you know . . . whether it really happened . . . What do you think?"

"My dear chap," I cried, "you have been too long away from home. What a question to ask! Only look at all this."

A watery gleam of sunshine flashed from the west and went out between two long lines of walls; and then the broken confusion of roofs, the chimney-stacks, the gold letters sprawling over the fronts of houses, the sombre polish of windows, stood resigned and sullen under the falling gloom. The whole length of the street, deep as a well and narrow like a corridor, was full of a sombre and ceaseless stir. Our ears were filled by a headlong shuffle and beat of rapid footsteps and an underlying rumour—a rumour vast, faint, pulsating, as of panting breaths, of beating hearts, of gasping voices. Innumerable eyes stared straight in front, feet moved hurriedly, blank faces flowed, arms swung. Over all, a narrow ragged strip of smoky sky wound about between the high roofs, extended and motionless, like a soiled streamer flying above the rout of a mob.

"Ye-e-es," said Jackson, meditatively.

The big wheels of hansoms turned slowly along the edge of side-walks; a pale-faced youth strolled, overcome by weariness, by the side of his stick and with the tails of his overcoat flapping gently near his heels; horses

stepped gingerly on the greasy pavement, tossing their heads; two young girls passed by, talking vivaciously and with shining eyes; a fine old fellow strutted, red-faced, stroking a white moustache; and a line of yellow boards with blue letters on them approached us slowly, tossing on high behind one another like some queer wreckage adrift upon a river of hats.

"Ye-e-es," repeated Jackson. His clear blue eyes looked about, contemptuous, amused and hard, like the eyes of a boy. A clumsy string of red, yellow, and green omnibuses rolled swaying, monstrous and gaudy; two shabby children ran across the road; a knot of dirty men with red neckerchiefs round their bare throats lurched along, discussing filthily; a ragged old man with a face of despair yelled horribly in the mud the name of a paper; while far off, amongst the tossing heads of horses, the dull flash of harnesses, the jumble of lustrous panels and roofs of carriages, we could see a policeman, helmeted and dark, stretching out a rigid arm at the crossing of the streets.

"Yes; I see it," said Jackson, slowly. "It is there; it pants, it runs, it rolls; it is strong and alive; it would smash you if you didn't look out; but I'll be hanged if it is yet as real to me as . . . as the other thing . . . say, Karain's story."

I think that, decidedly, he had been too long away from home.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE CALENDAR OF SCOTTISH CRIME.

II.

FEW events in Scottish history have been the subject of warmer discussion than the Earl of Gowrie's conspiracy against the life of James VI., and its leading features are so well known to all who have devoted any attention to that monarch's reign, that anything more than a passing notice thereof may seem superfluous. Yet Mr Pitcairn brought together such a large number of documents bearing on this remarkable tragedy, presenting it for the first time in successive scenes described by eye-witnesses, that it is difficult to resist the temptation to run over the chief points in the exciting story,—all the more so, perhaps, because it exhibits James VI., usually remembered as a somewhat pusillanimous pedant, in the light of an athlete and a man of spirit.

The drama opens in the park of Falkland Palace, between six and seven o'clock on the bright morning of August 5, 1600. The huntsmen and hounds are on the green; the courtiers are waiting to mount till his Majesty puts his foot in the stirrup; even the details of their clothing are known to us, from the payments entered in the Treasurer's accounts in July, such as—for green cloth to make hunting dresses for the king and his suite, gold and silver lace to trim the same, and some stuff to "lyne the breikis of Robert Ker, the paige of honour." We learn that it was one of the finest days in the year, and that his Majesty was impatient to be in pursuit of a fine buck that was harboured near at hand. It was the realisation

of the well-known vision in Tennyson's 'Palace of Art':—

"For some were hung with arras green
and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer morn,
Where, with puff'd cheek, the belted
hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn."

Just as the king was about to mount, Alexander Ruthven, the Earl of Gowrie's brother, arrived post-haste from Perth, and craved audience on most private and urgent affairs. Now, although this Alexander's father, "Grey-stell" Gowrie, had been beheaded in 1584 for his share in the raid of Ruthven, James had restored the sons to their honours and estates, and thereafter treated the Ruthvens with great favour and confidence. The king deferred his start till he heard what Ruthven had to say.

It was a curious story. Ruthven told him that late on the previous evening, while "taking the ayre solitarie alone" on the outskirts of Perth, he had encountered a suspicious-looking fellow carrying something heavy under his cloak. Ruthven threw open the cloak and found in the man's arms a large pot full of gold coins, and, feeling confident that this was treasure-trove, marched the man into the town, bound him, and, unknown to anybody, shut him up in a secure place. Then, leaving Perth at four in the morning, he rode straight to report the matter to the king, whom he besought to ride into Perth with him at once so as to claim his royal rights, before either the Earl of Gowrie

or the Town Council of Perth got wind of the matter. The king proposed to send one of his officers with a warrant to deliver the man and the money to the provost and bailies, until the matter could be examined; but Ruthven was horrified at the idea, assuring his Majesty that either Gowrie or the bailies would render a very bad account of the bullion.

So far the lure was an adroit one, for it roused two of James's ruling passions—curiosity and cupidity. But he would not give up his hunting; he told Ruthven that he must kill his buck first, and that then, if he continued in the same mind, he would ride with him to Perth. Ruthven, much disgusted with the delay, was obliged to be content, and sent off one of his servants to tell Gowrie to expect the king that afternoon.

The buck proved a stout one: they hunted him from seven till eleven, and ever when there was a check, Ruthven was at the king's rein, whispering to him about the splendour and quantity of the gold coin. Then, as soon as the buck was slain, he persuaded the king to start at once on his tired horse, directing a fresh one to be sent after him. The Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Mar, and other gentlemen, followed as soon as they got fresh horses. It shows that James had good stuff in him, that he was able to set out on a twenty-mile journey immediately after such a severe chase—a novel illustration of the saw that "Money makes the mare to go."

"Ye can nocht guess," he said gleefully to Lennox as he started, "quhat erand I am ryding for! I am going to get a poise [hoard] in Perth; and Maister Alexander Ruthvene hes informit me that he hes fundin ane man that hes ane

pitcher full of cunzeit [coined] gold of great sortis."

Arrived within a mile of Perth, Ruthven spurred forward, as he pretended, to tell Gowrie of his Majesty's approach, though Gowrie had in fact been warned of it by his brother's messenger. The earl and his following met the king on the Inch, and escorted him to Gowrie House.¹ The earl had dined, but dinner was prepared in an inner chamber for the king, while the suite took theirs in the great hall. After the king had dined, Alexander Ruthven offered to take him to the chamber where the captive was confined. Accordingly they passed out, through the end of the hall where the rest were seated at table, up a turnpike stair, through several rooms, Ruthven carefully locking each door behind them, to ensure secrecy, as he explained, through a long gallery into a turret at the extreme west end of the building. Here, to his dismay, the king was confronted, not with a bound captive, but with an armed man standing free and erect. Not a very formidable ruffian, as it turned out, for it was only Mr Andrew Henderson, Gowrie's chamberlain, who was at his poor wits' end to know why he had been locked into the turret alone for half an hour. "All this tyme," as he testified at the trial, "this deponar, fearand sum ewill to be done, satt vpoun his kneis and prayit to God."

As soon as the king was within the turret, Ruthven clapped his hat on his head, snatched a dagger from Henderson's belt, and held it at the king's breast, crying, "Sir, you must be my prisoner. Remember my father's death!" James seems to have behaved with unwonted coolness and dignity.

¹ Pulled down in 1807 to make way for the prison and County Buildings.

He protested that he, being but a minor at the time, had not been responsible for the death of the late earl, and that, in any case, it behoved Ruthven to speak with him uncovered. Ruthven, strangely abashed, took off his hat, and said he would go and fetch his brother, Gowrie, to deal with the king. Turning to Henderson, he said, "I make you his Majesty's keeper till I come back: see you keep him on your peril!" Then, having made the king pass his word neither to cry out nor open the window in his absence, he passed out and locked the door behind him.

Now the luckless Henderson found himself in a terrible quandary. It was only too clear, as he had suspected, that there was "sum ewill to be done," and he would fain have been out of it. His plain duty, of course, was to defend the king; but then it was a serious matter to offend his master, who had it in his power to inflict death, or worse, upon a contumacious servant, and clearly had, besides, the king at his mercy. On the whole, the poor fellow acted a part, not heroic, indeed, but which saved the king's life.

Meanwhile Gowrie had not been idle down-stairs. In order to get Lennox, Mar, and the rest of the king's suite out of the way, one of Gowrie's servants by arrangement ran into the hall crying that the king had ridden out to the Inch, on which Gowrie called out, "To horse! gentlemen," and the whole company went out, sent for their horses, and stood outside the outer gate waiting for them. While they stood there, they heard a cry, "Fy! treason, treason!"

"That is the king's voice," exclaimed Lennox, "be he where he may."

Looking up to the turret, they saw the king's face at the open

window, with a hand gripping his mouth.

"I am murdered," came the voice again. "Treason! My lord Mar, help, help!"

Rushing into the house and up the main staircase, they were stopped by the locked doors, and then found that Gowrie was no longer with them.

During Alexander Ruthven's absence the king had been parleying with Henderson, asking him for what purpose he had been posted in the turret. "As God leves," he replied, "I am schott [shut] in heir lyke as ane dog." Then the king bade him open the window, which he had no sooner done than Alexander Ruthven re-entered the turret, this time leaving the door unlocked behind him. He declared there was no hope; that the king must die, and attempted to bind his arms with a garter. But James made a dash for the open window, and uttered those cries for help which had startled his gentlemen below. Ruthven attempted to shut his mouth, whereupon the king showed he had some mettle in him, closed with his assailant, got his head under his arm, and forced him backwards out of the turret. All this time the wretched Henderson stood shaking with fear, helping neither of the combatants.

As good luck would have it, young John Ramsay, one of the king's suite, finding the door at the foot of the secret stair open, dashed up, burst into the room, and attacked Ruthven with his dagger. Henderson took this opportunity of bolting. "Fy!" cried the king to Ramsay, still gripping Ruthven tight, "strike him laigh! because he has ane pyne dowlit [a mail-shirt under his doublet] on him." Ramsay struck home; then, seizing the dying Ruthven

by the shoulders, flung him down the staircase. Three men of the king's suite now came up, and hard at their heels came Gowrie with seven men, all with drawn swords. Ramsay thrust the king back into the turret, and the four loyal men faced the three traitors. Ramsay, who must have been a smart swordsman, "yokit" with Gowrie and thrust him through the heart, while the rest of the crew were "dung [forced] over the staires with many hurtes."

So ended what was probably the most stirring quarter of an hour in James's life, in which he carried himself remarkably well. There was enough, indeed, to shake the firmest nerves—the many locked doors, the lonely chamber, the armed man, the insolent Ruthven. But the conspirators blundered badly, and James was cool enough to take the advantage offered him. The loyal bailies of Perth made him a great banquet, whereat, as Fleming mentions in his chronicle, "thair wes aucht punscheonis of wyne sett, and all druckin out." And just as one of this king's besetting foibles—cupidity, to wit—had been the means of leading him into the mess, so in this closing scene may be detected a characteristic trace of a more venial one—namely, his pedantry; for in subscribing his name—*Jacobus Rex*—in the Guild-book after receiving the freedom of the burgh, he added the line,

"*Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.*"

Gallant young John Ramsay, brother of the first Lord Dalhousie, and descended from that unhappy knight whom Sir William Douglas starved to death in Hermitage Castle in 1342, was suitably rewarded, first with

knighthood, and afterwards with an earldom.

Gowrie's ultimate object in this plot must ever remain a mystery. He was a cultivated, able man, and it seems incredible that revenge for his father's execution should have been his sole object in devising a murder which, unless he had been strong enough to seize the kingdom, must inevitably have led to the scaffold. No other motive is apparent in the letters of his accomplice, Logan of Restalrig, which were brought to light eight years afterwards, on the confession, under extreme torture, of a wretched notary called Sprot; but there is much reason to support the suspicion that capture and not murder was the end in view, and that Gowrie would have felt avenged had he succeeded in delivering James into the hands of the Queen of England.

With Gowrie fell the hopes of the Presbyterian party, who looked on him as their leader in resisting Episcopacy. There was a lot of trouble with the Edinburgh divines after his death, by reason of their refusing to observe the thanksgiving prescribed for use in the churches, for his Majesty's preservation. They refused to give credence to the allegation of treason and murderous intent against a nobleman in whom they had so much confidence.

Perhaps what is most startling to the modern student of the records of this reign is the perpetual and pernicious interference with justice by the "British Solomon," whether to promote or retard punishment—especially in witchcraft cases. And besides the unhappy witches, the Highland caterans and the gipsies had good cause to deplore the altered times. The gipsies, especially, had been greatly encouraged by kindly,

credulous James IV., whose accounts teem with gifts made during his many journeys to the "King of Rowmais" and other "Egiptianis." But the Reformation left men too serious to put up with "the vagabundis, soirneris, cowmone thevis—repute, callit and haldin Egiptianis"; and a proclamation was issued calling on them to depart from the realm on pain of death. Ill was it for those who disregarded it. Throughout James VI.'s reign batches of these unfortunate creatures were hounded to the gibbets, alternately with herds of Macgregors, till, on 24th January 1624, "Capitane" John Faa and seven of his merry men were hanged together on the Borough Moor, and their widows and daughters, to the number of eleven, were sentenced to be drowned. But this was too much even for the stomach of King James, who, of his clemency, commuted the doom on the women to banishment, due care being taken to grab all the "movabill" property belonging to the tribe.

Allusion has been made in this brief summary of the Gowrie affair to James VI.'s unlovely fondness for pelf. Well, we all have our failings, and it is not good to dwell too much on those of other people; but, unhappily, one is bound to take this royal failing into account, as it affected the administration of justice. There is too clear proof, not only of the habitual consideration extended to the grossest criminals who could afford to buy indemnity ("for sindrie reasonabill caussis and consideratiounis moving ws" is the usual expression in royal letters of remission), but of actual "put-up" charges, in order to extort money for the king's use. No other explanation can be given of the proceedings taken in 1601

against John Kincaid, the wealthy young Laird of Craighouse, on the Braid Hills. Abduction of heiresses was no uncommon offence in those riding days, and Kincaid was charged with having carried off a "wedo" from Bailie Johnstoun's house in Water of Leith, in broad daylight, and taken her to his castle of Craighouse. By the strangest coincidence, King James, "the sapient and the sext," happened to be taking the air on horseback near Craighouse at the very moment when the eloping couple (for there is no evidence of reluctance on the lady's part) arrived at the front door. With the unerring discernment of a Solomon, the king instantly perceived that this was a "rapt"; with the noble impulse of a true knight he sent his suite to the rescue; the lady was set free and the gallant lodged in prison that night. There he lay, from 18th December to 17th February, till, induced by *squalor carceris* to accept any terms, he "cam in the Kingis will." The said "will" was that he should be set free on payment of 2500 merks (an immense sum for a private gentleman of those days); "as also, that he sall delyuer to ws his broune horse"!

In considering the almost incredible severity with which the king permitted disrespect to his name or person to be punished, it is necessary to remember not only the prevalent doctrine of divine right, but James's exaggerated estimate of the kingly office. Still, it is disgusting to reflect that the king, who was so ready to remit punishment when something could be got for it, withheld the royal mercy in the case of John Dickson, an English mariner, who, in 1596, having been required by one of the king's cannoneers to

veer his boat out of the line of a gun, declared that he would veer his boat for neither king nor kaiser, and that the Scots king was "ane bastard, and nocht worthie to be obeyit." For these uncomplimentary expressions to a foreign sovereign Dickson was tried and hanged. Imagine one of Scotland's greater monarchs—Alexander III. or Robert the Bruce—permitting such disgraceful cruelty!

A still worse case occurred in 1600. Frances Tennent being convicted of having, three years before, written "certane vyild and seditious Pascallis [pasquils], deducting ws and our maist nobill progenitouris," the king issued his warrant ordering the offender, first to be tortured in the boots, then to be taken to the market cross of Edinburgh and his tongue cut out, and lastly to be hanged. A second warrant followed, however, in which the king says that, "for certane causes moving ws, We haif thoctht gude to mitigat that sentence, be dispensing with y^e torturing of y^e said ffrances, other [either] in the buittis, or be cutting out of his toung; and ar content that ye onlie pronounce dome aganis him to be hangit." The victim was a well-to-do merchant burgess of Edinburgh, and of course part of the sentence directed that all his goods should be forfeited, "and inbrocht to our souerane lordis vse."

Let the saddle be put on the right horse. In ordinary cases, the judge passed sentence, subject to revisal by the king; but in offences against the king's person or dignity, the prisoner was remitted to ward till the king had decided on the manner of punishment. This was the procedure even in the case of Thomas Ross (1618), a poor crazed student of

Oxford, who, distracted with poverty, and having appealed for help in vain to several Scottish gentlemen in London, penned a thesis, calling on the English people to expel the Scottish courtiers who swarmed round the king. He compared them, perhaps not inaptly, to the "seaven leane ky of Pharao that conswmet and destroyit the sevin fatt and weill fed ky, and yit war nocht satisfeit. . . . Vnto his schyning and royall Maiestie be vntrublet health and increse of glory! Bot God frome the heavnes, persew these Courtiours with blak fyre and brimstone!" This precious document he affixed to the door of St Mary's Church in Oxford. It was brought before the Vice-Chancellor; the luckless scholar was haled off to Edinburgh, tried, convicted—and what was the decree pronounced by "his schyning and royall Maiestie"? Why, that he should be taken to the market cross,

"and thair vpone ane scaffold, first his rycht hand to be strukin aff, and thaireftir his heid to be strukin frome his bodie: And his heid to be thaireftir affixt and set vpone ane irne prik [iron spike] vpone the Nether Boll Point; and his said rycht hand to be also affixt vpone the West Point of the said burgh of Edinburgh: And his haill moveable guidis and geir (gif he ony hes) to be escheit to his Maiesteis vse."

How frightfully disproportionate to the offence was the punishment inflicted upon offenders against the king's dignity, may be seen in many instances during this reign. In 1615 John Fleming, in Cockburnspath, for not coming to communion, was pulled up by his minister, who reminded him that even if he disregarded the discipline of the Kirk, the king would punish any one guilty of contempt of ordinances. On which John observed very improperly

that the king might be shot, or die of the falling sickness, for all he cared; "be the vttering of quhilkis damnable and blasphemous speiches aganis his Maiestie, he had committit most haynous and vnpardoneable tressone." Will it be believed that for his hasty words this unfortunate man was hanged?

Almost as monstrous was the sentence on William Tweedie, who was charged, first with theft and slaughter, and next with irreverent speech about the king and justices of the "Peax" when the constables came to arrest him. He had declared, it seems, that "he wald nocht give ane — of his — for the justices of the Peax," nor yet for the king. Well, the jury unanimously acquitted Tweedie on the charges of theft and slaughter, alleged to have been committed at various periods from *eleven to twenty-nine* years previously, but convicted him of the "vnreverent and disdainfull speiches"; whereupon he was sentenced to be scourged through the streets of Edinburgh, and then to be banished for life, on pain of hanging if he returned.

James VI. had been nearly forty years on the throne before much had been effected towards reducing the Highlands to order. It is true that, as long before as 1563, the Legislature had formally adopted the sanguinary expedient of setting the clans to hunt each other down. In that year the atrocities of the Olan Gregor had become so frequent and outrageous that it was proscribed, and com-

missions were issued to chiefs of other clans to extirpate them with fire and sword. Every one who has read the introduction to 'Rob Roy' must be familiar with what followed,—how bloodshed and burning went on worse than before; the offenders, failing to appear when summoned for prosecution, were sentenced to outlawry, but, being beyond reach of apprehension, snapped their fingers at the terrors of the justice. With the seventeenth century began a new era in the administration of the Highlands, and the measures of repression became hardly less horrible than the state of affairs they were framed to bring to an end. The Macgregors' cup of iniquity was filled in 1603 by their slaughter of the Colquhouns in Glenfruin. The Chief of Macgregor had the authority of the king's lieutenant, the Earl of Argyle, for invading the Lennox, while Colquhoun had mustered his forces to resist the Macgregors under direct commission from the king. Sir Alexander Colquhoun¹ fled from the field at the first onset, leaving his men to be cut to pieces, of whom one hundred and forty are known to have been slain. All the blame for this being laid to the account of the Macgregors, Argyle united his forces with those of the Government for their apprehension. The chief—Macgregor of Glenstrae—was taken by the Laird of Ardkinlas, but escaped, whereupon Argyle invited Glenstrae to come and treat with him, under solemn promise that, if they failed to agree, he should be allowed to go free. Glenstrae,

¹ Sir Walter Scott says that Sir *Humphrey* Colquhoun commanded the clan on this occasion, and was chased to Bannachra Castle, where the Macgregors slew him. But Sir Humphrey had been murdered in that castle by the Macfarlanes eleven years previously, in 1592, and his brother Alexander, who succeeded him, was still alive seven years after the battle, in 1610.

nothing doubting, came to the meeting, and yielding to Argyle's perfidious advice, agreed to accept an escort to be provided by the earl to conduct him out of the kingdom, Argyle undertaking to obtain the king's pardon for the slaughter of Glenfruin. It was a shameful trap. Argyle and Macgregor travelled together to Edinburgh, whence an escort was sent with the outlaw to Berwick, to place him on English ground. Thus the letter of part of Argyle's promise was kept. But the escort had instructions to rearrest him at once. He was brought back to Edinburgh, tried with four of his clansmen, and all five were hanged. With them were hanged, without trial, seven other Macgregors, "young men, and reputed honest for their own parts,"¹ who had given themselves as hostages. Twelve Macgregors had immediately preceded their chieftain on the gibbet, and wholesale hangings of the broken clansmen went on for years afterwards—nine of them on March 2, 1611, ten on July 28, 1612, six on June 22, 1613, and so on.

However hateful we must deem the perfidy which brought these poor hillmen to their doom, and however repugnant such wholesale hangings must be to modern ideas of judicial measures, it has to be confessed that it is difficult to see how the social ulcer of the Highlands could have been dealt with by anything short of actual cauterization. The tradition of clan vengeance was too deeply rooted—the practices of robbery and blackmail too essential to existence—to yield to anything less than force. A typical instance of what was common in almost every glen may be found as late as 1623 in the trial of

nine Buchanans for the slaughter of the son of the Chief of the Macfarlanes. The prisoners admitted the slaughter, but pleaded that it was justifiable because of what had happened not long before. William Buchanan, it was stated in the defence, having incurred the vengeance of the Macfarlanes by informing against certain of that clan and exerting himself to recover stolen goods and cattle from them, met with a horrible fate at their hands. Having gone hunting one morning in the Lennox alone, with four hounds, he was waylaid and seized by half a score of Macfarlanes, who bound him to a tree at eight o'clock in the morning, and every hour thereafter till six in the evening they inflicted three wounds with a dagger, "in such pairtis of his body as war nocht to bring present daithe." Then they cut his throat, tore out his tongue, and disembowelled him; killed the four dogs, put the tongue of one of them in their victim's mouth and its entrails in his body, and decamped, leaving the corpse stark naked. It is fair to the Macfarlanes to say that they met this allegation with a supplication to the Privy Council, in which they protested that, although they could not "extenuat the slaughter" of Buchanan, "who, to our regrait, was mischeantlie [*meschantement*] and vnworthilie slayne," yet the circumstances of his death had been exaggerated "past the boundis of modestie" by his kinsmen, "after suche a detestable maner as might mak we, who ar innocent, to seame odious." Probably there was not much to choose between the two parties to this savage feud: at all events, nobody seems to have been hanged on either side.

¹ Calderwood's MS., quoted by Pitcairn.

After all, perhaps there is nothing worse in these Highland barbarities and the mode of suppressing them than what marks the emergence of any community from a primitive social state and the terror of the law overawing the hatred of sept.

We are familiar, even in our own enlightened age, with the strife engendered by questions of land-tenure. The hatred of the "land-grabber" was as intense in Scotland of the seventeenth century as it is in Ireland at the present day, and identical methods of terrorising him have been adopted in both countries. A typical case, on a large scale, was afforded by certain doings at Howpasley near Hawick in 1616. Howpasley was the property of a lady named Scott, but by some means, either by wadset, apprising, or other legal diligence, it came into temporary possession of Sir James Douglas of Drumlanrig, who put a stock of sheep on it. But the Lady of Howpasley was full of the old Border mettle: she summoned sundry of her clan, Jock Scott the Suckler and other Scotts—Wattie and Ingram and Marion's Geordie and Bonnie Johnnie—and arranged with them the lesson to be read to the land-grabber. It took the form of "sic monstrous and vnhard of crewaltie," so runs the dittay, "as the lyk quhairof hes nocht bene hard amangist the wyld Irisch¹ and savadge people, let be within any reformat and ciuile pairt of his Maiesteis dominionis." The Scotts above named, coming by stealth one night to Howpasley, fell upon the sheep, slew forty of them, "and the rest of thame, thair spaldis [shoulders] and legis wer strukin away fra thame in

maist barbarous maner, and war sa left spreuleing in thair deid-thrawis [death-struggle] vpon the grund." Jock the Suckler having turned king's evidence, which brought three of his comrades to the gallows, was pardoned; but he was far too notorious to be allowed to go free. He was re-arrested on a charge of sheep-stealing, and swung for it on June 21. What became of his faithful accomplice—his dog—called Hide-the-Bastard?

The frequency of capital punishment is one of the ugliest features in the social life of the metropolis at this time; and the number of malefactors hanged, beheaded, burnt, drowned, broken on the "row," and otherwise disposed of in public spectacle, bore a large proportion to the city population, which cannot have greatly exceeded 20,000. Milder measures might have failed to redeem the country from the anarchy which had long prevailed; but unhappily the reign of James VI. is distinguished by the initiation and frequency of a class of proceedings far more appalling in their shocking cruelty and folly, inasmuch as they were conducted before the highest tribunals in the land and occupied in a peculiar degree the personal attention of the monarch. No Scotsman can look back without shame and burning indignation upon the action of the State and the Reformed Church in the suppression of witches. No doubt the guilt was not all on one side. No doubt there were, in all parts of the country, creatures of both sexes—partly impostors and partly dupes of still greater scoundrels—who claimed to exercise supernatural powers by the aid of evil spirits. These were a class of miscreants,

¹ The allusion is to the Highlanders, who were still called Irish or Erse.

among whom would-be assassins could always find willing instruments—a class which it was right and necessary to suppress; but the means adopted to do so—the black superstition and abject terror shown by clergy and laity alike—brought down the judges to a lower level of disgrace than the culprits themselves.

The “dittays” drawn up by the Lord Advocate against the accused often betray almost incredible simplicity and credulity. Thus among the charges against Patrick Lowrie, executed for sorcery in 1603, appears the accusation that “the said wikkitt Spreit, the Devill, in the liknes of Helen McBrune, presentit to the said Patrik ane hair belt; in ane of the endis of the quhill belt appeirit the similitude of foure fingeris and ane thombe, *nocht far differrent frome the clavis of the Devill.*” Any jurymen whom common-sense or common honesty prompted to reject such rubbish as this, did so at his peril. Instances occur of jurymen who had acquitted persons accused of witchcraft being put on their trial for wilful error on assize—an offence punishable with forfeiture, banishment, and being proclaimed “infamous.”

In 1591, Barbara Napier, having been tried for conspiring with “ane notoure and knowin nigromancer” to kill the king, and a number of other illegal acts, twelve out of the fifteen jurymen, while finding her guilty of consulting with witches and “nigromancers,” acquitted her of the more serious counts in the dittay. To have convicted her on all of them would have implied belief in her presence in the Kirk of North Berwick, when “y^e Dewill start vp in y^e pulpett, lyke ane mekill blak man, with ane blak baird stikand out lyk ane gettis baird [goat’s beard]; and ane hie

ribbit neise [hooked nose], falland doun scharp lyke the beik of ane halk [hawk]; with ane lang rum-pill [tail]; cled in ane blak tatie [shaggy] gounne, and ane ewill favorit scull bonnett on his heid, &c.” The trial took place on May 8; sentence was not pronounced, owing, probably, to the disagreement of the jury on the charges as a whole. On May 10 came a letter from the king complaining that “na dome is pronunceit aganis hir as yit,” and directing that she shall instantly be sentenced to be “bund to ane staik besyde the fyre and wirreit [strangled] thairat quhill [until] scho be deid,” and afterwards burnt in the orthodox manner. A month later, on June 7, the twelve merciful jurors were arraigned, “his Maiestie being sittand in judgement,” for wilful and manifest error in their verdict, “incurrand thairby the horribill cryme of periurie.” It is satisfactory to record that they were acquitted.

The guilt of witchcraft was not measured by the malignancy of the culprit’s acts, which were sometimes extremely beneficent. Out of the fifty-three separate charges on which Agnes Sampson was tried and condemned to be burnt in the same year as Barbara Napier, nearly all were alleged cases of curing sickness or alleviating pain “be hir dewillisch prayeris and incantatiounis.” Another case of the same sort in the same year was that of Geillis Duncan, servant maid to Bailie Seaton of Tranent. It is remarkable as showing the extraordinary licence allowed to private persons in amateur witch-hunting. Geillis rashly undertook to help “all such as were troubled or grieved with anie kinde of sicknes or infirmitie,” and succeeded so well that her master began to suspect her of illicit

arts. "To the intent that hee might the better trie and finde out the truth of the same," he put her to the torture, first, of the "pilliwinkis," whereby the tips of her fingers were pinched and crushed, and then by the severer torment of twisting cord round her head till the temples nearly burst. By such means this unhappy girl not only was cured of all inclination to gratuitous deeds of mercy, but in her agony was induced to implicate a number of other persons in her supposed miededs.

Among these was Dr John Fean, schoolmaster of Tranent, whose case may be taken as typical of those in which James VI. took a personal and abominable part. In fact, in presiding at these fiendish proceedings and exercising his ingenuity in devising new forms of torment for the accused, the king discharged with far more realism the conventional part of Satan than any of his victims had succeeded in doing. Fean, having been put on his trial for twenty separate "poyntis of wichcraft," such as raising a storm for the destruction of the king on his voyage from Denmark, and other equally preposterous charges, was submitted to torture in order to extract a confession. First, his head was "thrawn" (twisted) with a rope, and when that failed he was put in the "boots," and, after receiving three strokes, on being asked if he would confess "his damnable actes and wicked life, his toong would not serve him to speake." The common-sense explanation of this would have been that the wretched creature was speechless—from the faintness caused by excessive pain, but the experts declared that it was owing to a spell cast by Satan. This having been overcome, Fean declared himself ready to confess anything,

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whereupon he was taken out of the boots, brought before the king, to whom he made and subscribed a full confession.

As was usual, however, in such cases, no sooner was the pain of torment abated than the spirit of the man revived; and we learn what followed from a tract printed in London at the time:—

"Notwithstanding that his owne confession appeareth, remaining in recorde under his owne hande writting, and the same thereunto fixed in the presence of the King's Majestie and sundrie of his Councell, yet did hee utterly denie the same. Whereupon the King's Majestie, perceiving his stubborne willfulness, conceived and imagined that . . . hee had entered into newe conference and league with the Devill his maister . . . for more tryall of him, to make him confesse, hee was commaunded to have a most straunge torment, which was done in the manner following. His nailes upon all his fingers were riven and pulled off with an instrument called in Scottish a Turkas, which in England wee call a payre of pincers, and under everie nayle there was thrust in two needels over even up to the heads. At all which tormentes notwithstanding, the Doctor never shronke anie whit; neither would he then confesse it the sooner, for all the tortures inflicted on him. Then was hee, by all convenient speede, by commaundement, convaied againe to the torment of the bootes, wherein hee continued a long time, and did abide so many blowes in them that his legges were crusht and beaten together as small as might bee; and the bones and flesh so brused, that the bloud and marrow spouted forth in great abundance; whereby they were made unserviceable for ever."

The brave doctor continued staunch in his refusal to confess, wherefore his poor mangled body was condemned to be strangled and burnt, which of course would have been his fate in any case.

Faugh! Dr Fean was but one

2 Y

out of hundreds of victims to this beastly superstition, which, like all the worst kinds of cruelty, took its rise out of blind terror, driving this most Christian king to commit precisely the same atrocities as are practised by black African tyrants. Boxes were set up in the churches to receive anonymous accusations against all and sundry, and these convenient vehicles of privy malice sufficed to set the law in motion against suspects.

It is a relief to turn to another part of this record and mark how, in spite of the awful abuse of the law, even-handed justice was gradually being brought into play in dealing with accused persons. One vital defect still continued in force—namely, that the most heinous crimes escaped punishment if nobody appeared as “pursuer.” There was no danger of such a lapse in cases of witchcraft; the clergy, or some agent of the king, were always ready to “pursue” in those cases where the neighbours of the accused were either too frightened or too sensible to appear. But in murder cases it was different. If the murderer was wealthy, or had sufficient interest at Court, the nearest of kin could generally be “satisfied” by hard cash, and granted “letters of slanes,” which caused the case to be abandoned. Thus in 1605, when the Earl of Crawford and three others set upon Sir David Lindsay of Balgaweis and slew him near Brechin, Margaret, daughter of the murdered knight, gave such “letters of slanes,” “beiring satisfioun and Assythement to be maid be the said Erle for the foirsaid slauchter,” “passed simpliciter fra the persute,” and the earl went free.

But a notable departure from former practice was made in an-

other murder trial, in 1624, when “Harie Liston, induelier in the bak of Plesance [Edinburgh], callit the Bak Raw,” was charged with the murder of a farmer on the Borough Moor. For the first time on record, the prisoner was allowed to produce witnesses in court to prove his innocence. Up to this time, strange as it may sound in modern ears, the examination of the prisoner and all witnesses was conducted by the Lord Advocate before the Privy Council, or a commissioner appointed by that body. The evidence so obtained, together with all declarations and confessions made *in camera*, were produced in court, and the assize had to return a verdict upon these alone, no subsequent evidence being admitted or cross-examination allowed. All honour, then, to Sir William Oliphant of Newton, then Lord Advocate, who in this trial sanctioned this weighty innovation by allowing Liston to produce witnesses before the jury, to such good effect that he was unanimously acquitted.

Henceforward the jurors were constituted judges of the law as well as of the fact, a change to which may be traced about this time a growing tendency in counsel to indulge in hair-splitting arguments about the exact meaning of legal terms. Thus in 1618, one of the many individuals, honest and otherwise, who have borne the name of Walter Scott, was tried for the “mutilation” of John Dalgleish, by striking off three fingers of his left hand. The act was not denied: the two men had fought; Scott got a bloody scone, and Dalgleish had the misfortune to lose three fingers. But Mr Thomas Nicolson, “Aduocat,” counsel for the defence, argued at great length that the charge should be quashed because here was no

mutilation. "*Mutilatio*," he maintained, "*est tantum amputatio membri*, and a finger is not legally a 'member.' Thair is na member cuttit af, ffor the persewaris haill hand, and fingeris thair of, ar yit extant be occulour inspection, . . . and he is able to grip thairwith. . . . The finger is nocht *membrum*, bot *pars membri*, as sayis Baldus;" and so on with interminable length and ingenuity, which would have afforded infinite pleasure to King Jamie, had he not been absent in London at the time. The jury took a very commonplace view, that the destruction of three fingers amounted to mutilation, and convicted Scott; but the matter was finally settled by arbitration of "my Lord of Balcleuche" (Buccleuch).

Let every man have his due: though the Justiciary records of this reign contain enough to sicken any reader (the cases quoted above are not one whit more horrible than many others), and make it difficult to realise that less than three centuries intervene between the Jubilee of James VI. in 1617 and the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, still allowance

must be made for the influence on a pious monarch of the spiritual teaching of the time. If the king degraded his office by pandering to a dark superstition, much more must the ministers of religion be held blamable for inciting him to sinister activity. The persecution of witches in Scotland was scarcely heard of till after the Reformation; and it was carried on with relentless zeal all through the Covenanted times. James had been five-and-twenty years in his grave when, on April 2, 1659, ten women were tried together at Dumfries on a charge of witchcraft. Nine were convicted, and the presbytery appointed eight ministers "that they be assisting to the brethren of Dumfries and Galloway the day of the execution." All nine were publicly burnt at Dumfries together.¹ What terms could be found to express our horror for the organisers of such a holocaust had it taken place in darkest Africa? Yet these ministers thought they were doing God service: they had Scripture at their finger-ends, and had not St Paul enumerated witchcraft among the works of the flesh?

HERBERT MAXWELL.

¹ Macdowall's 'History of Dumfries.'

ADVENTURES OF THE COMTE DE LA MUETTE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.¹

THE WAXWORKS.

ONE morning I awoke in La Bourbe and looked across at Deputy Bertrand as he lay sprawled over his truckle-bed, his black hair like a girl's scattered on the pillow, his eyelids glued to his flushed cheeks, his face, all blossoming with dissipation, set into the expression of one who is sure of nothing but of his own present surrender to nothingness. Beside him were his clothes, flung upon a chair, the tri-colour sash, emblematic stole of his confused ritual, embracing all; and on a nail in the wall over his head was his preposterous hat, the little *carte de civisme* stuck in its band.

Casimir Bertrand (one time Casimir Bertrand de Pompignan) I had known and been friendly with at Le Plessis. Later he had imbibed theories; had become successively a Lameth, a Feuillant, a Jacobin—a constitutionalist, a moderate, an extremist; had spouted in the Faubourgs and overflowed in sectional Committee rooms; had finally been elected to represent a corner of the States-General. I had known him for a pious prig, a coxcomb, a reckless bon-vivant. He was always sincere and never consistent; and now at last, in the crisis of his engaging sans-cullotism, he had persuaded me, a proscribed royalist, to take an advantage of his friendship by lodging with him. Then it was that the driving-force behind his character was revealed to me. It was militant hedonism. Like Mirabeau, he was a strange compound of energy and voluptuousness. He turned altogether on the nerves of excitement. He was like a clock lacking its pendulum, and

he would crowd a dozen rounds of the dial into the space of a single hour. Such souls, racing ahead of their judgment, illustrate well the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise; and necessarily they run themselves down prematurely. Casimir was an epicure, with a palate that could joyfully accommodate itself to black bread and garlic; a sensualist, with the power to fly at a word from a hot-bed of pleasure to a dusty desert of debate. Undoubtedly in him (did I make him the mirror to my conscience), and in a certain Crépin, with whom I came subsequently to lodge, and who was of the type only a step lower in the art of self-indulgence, I had an opportunity to see reflected a very serious canker in the national constitution.

Now he opened his eyes as I gazed on him, and shut them again immediately. It was not his habit to be a slug-a-bed, and I recognised that his sleep was feigned. The days of his political influence were each pregnant of astonishing possibilities to him, and he was too finished an epicure to indulge himself with more than the recuperative measure of slumber—frothed, perhaps, with a bead of æsthetic enjoyment in the long minute of waking.

"Casimir!" I called softly; but he pretended not to hear me.

"What, my friend! the sun is shining, and the eggs of the old serpent of pleasure will be hatching in every kennel."

He opened his eyes at that, fixed and unwinking; but he made no attempt to rise.

"Let them crack the shells and

¹ Copyright, 1897, by Dodd, Mead & Co., in the United States of America.

wriggle out," he said. "I have a fancy they will be a poisonous brood, and that La Bourbe is pleasantly remote from their centres of incubation."

"Timorous! I would not lose a thrill in this orgy of liberty."

"But if you lost——?" he checked himself, pursed his lips, and nodded his head on the pillow.

"Jean-Louis, I saw the Sieur Julien carried to the scaffold last night. He went foaming and raving of a plot in the prisons to release the aristocrats in their thousands upon us. There is an adder to reproduce itself throughout the city! Truly, as you say, the kennels will swarm with it."

"And many will be bitten? My friend, my friend, there is some dark knowledge in that astute head of yours. And shall I cower at home when my kind are in peril?"

"My faith! we all cower in bed."

"But I am going out."

"Be advised!" (He struggled quickly up on his elbow. His face bore a clammy look in the sunlight.) "Be advised and lie close in your form—like a hare, Jean-Louis—like a hare that hears the distant beaters crying on the dogs. Twitch no whisker and prick not an ear. Take solace of your covert and lie close and scratch yourself, and thank God you have a nail for every flea-bite."

"What ails thee of this day then, morose?"

"What ails this Paris? Why, the Prussians are in Verdun, and the aristocrats must be forestalled."

"But how, Deputy?"

"I do not know. I fear, that is all."

"Well, there lies your sash—the talisman to such puerile emotions."

"Return to bed, Jean-Louis. It is unwise to venture abroad in a thunderstorm."

"It is unwise to shelter beneath a tree."

"But not a roof-tree. Oh, thou

fool! didst thou not close thine eyes last night on a city fermenting like a pan of dough?—

"'Et cette alarme universelle
Est l'ouvrage d'un moucheron.'"

"But go your way!" he cried, and scrambled out of bed.

He walked to the little washstand with an embarrassed air, and set to preparing our morning cup of chocolate from the mill that stood thereon.

"After all," he said, when the fragrant froth sputtered about his nostrils, "the proper period to any exquisite sensation is death. I dread no termination but that put to an hour of abstinence. To die with the wine in one's throat and the dagger in one's back—what could kings wish for better?"

He handed me my cup, and sipped enjoyingly at his own.

"I am representative of a constituency," he said, "yet a better judge of wine than of men. The palate and the heart are associated in a common bond. That I would decree the basis of the new religion. 'Tears of Christ!'—it is a vintage I would make Tallien and Manuel and Billaud de Varennes drunk on every day."

He laughed in an agitated manner, and glanced at me over the rim of his cup.

"Go your way, Jean-Louis," he repeated; "and pardon me if I call it the right mule one. But you will walk it, for I know you. And eat your fill of the sweet thistle-flowers before the thorns shall stab your gullet and take all relish from the feast."

"Casimir!" I cried in some black wonder—"this is all the language of a villain or an hysteric——!"

I paused, stared at his twitching face, took up my hat quietly, and left the room.

A little frost on a foot, or a little

blood. What is the significance of either. Once the *bimbelotiers* of the Palais Royal used to manufacture cards of Noël, very pretty and sparkling with rime. That was before the apotheosis of the "Third [or butterfly] State"; and many a time, during the winter of '84, I have seen poor vagrants of the chosen brood, unwitting yet of the scarlet wings developing underneath their rugged hides, ponder over the fanciful emblems in the shop windows, and then look down with wonder at their own cracked and bleeding toes. To whom, then, could the frost appeal in this dainty guise? Not surely to those who must walk with bare feet? It is all the point of view, said the philosophers. But, they added, blood is warm, and it is well to wear socks of it if you can get no other. Put these on and look again, and you will see differently.

Not just yet, perhaps; and in the meantime the king empties his private purse to buy wood for the freezing people. This will warm them into loyalty while it lasts; and they crawl out of their icy burrows, or gather up their broken limbs on the snow beds—whereinto they have been ground by the sleds and chariots of the wealthy that rush without warning down the muffled streets—to build monuments of snow to the glory of their rulers. Then by-and-by these great obelisks melt, and add their quota to the thaw that is overwhelming what the frost has spared.

The red socks! Now, on this wild Sunday of September, when the monuments that bore the names of the good king and queen are collapsed and run away some eight years, the tocsin is pealing with a clamour of triumph from the steeples; for at last the solution of the riddle has been vouchsafed to the "Third State," and it knows that to acquire the right point of

view it must wear socks, not of its own blood but of that of the aristocrats, to whom the emblems of Noël were made to appeal.

All day I felt the pulse of the people, quickening, quickening—an added five beats to every hour—with wonder, rage, and, at last, terror maniacal. Paris was threatened; hard-wrung freedom was tottering to its fall.

This Paris was a vessel of wrath on treacherous waters—manned by revolted slaves; the crew under hatches; encompassed by enemies on every side. What remained but to clear the decks for action,—every hero to his post at the vast bulwarks; every son-of-a-sea-cook to remain and poniard the prisoners lest they club their manacles and take their captors in the rear!

At two o'clock the tocsin pealed—the signal to prepare for the fray. From its first blaring stroke I ceased, it seemed, to be myself. I waived my individuality, and became as much a conscript of the rising tide of passion as a high-perched stone that the wave at last reaches and drags down with the shingle becomes a condition of the general uproar. I made, indeed, no subscription to this fanatical heat of emotion; I was simply involved in it—to go with it, and perish of it, perhaps, but never to succumb to its disordered sophistries or yield my free soul to its influence. Possibly I had a wild idea, in the midst of sinister forebodings, that a few such as I, scattered here and there, might leaven the ugly mass. But I do not know. Hemmed in by wrath and terror, thought casts its buoys and sinks into very fathomless depths.

From the Place de Grève, along Pelletier Quay; across the Ponts au Change and St Michel; westwards by the Rue St André des

Arcs, where a little diversion was caused by a street-singer at whom the crowd took offence, in that he, being an insignificant buffoon, did pelt it with its classic pretentiousness, wagging his coat-tails in contempt thereof ("A bas, Pitou!" they shrieked; "we will dock thee of thy sting and put thee to buzz in a stone bottle!"—and they had him unfrocked in a twinkling and hoisted for punishment); round, with a curve to the south, into the Rue de Bussi; thence, again westwards, along the street of St Marguerite; finally, weathering the sinister cape of the Abbaye St Germain, northwards into the Rue St Benoit and up to the yard entrance of the very prison itself,—such was the long course by which I was borne, in the midst of clamour, hate, and revilings, some dreadful early scenes in the panorama of the Revolution unfolded before my eyes—scenes crudely limned by crude street artists, splashed and bolted with crimson, horrible for the ghastly applause they evoked.

I saw and I was helpless—the block about the carriages of the nonjurants—the desperate stroke at the *sans-culotte* that cut the knot of indecision—the crashing panels, the flying and flung priests. One damnable with a sabre split a bald head, that came wavering in my direction, like a melon, and the brains flew like its seeds. I shut my eyes and thought, Mercy is in right ratio with the hardness of the blow. Strike deep, poor guttersnipes, if you must strike at all!

Then began the "severe justice of the people."

What was I, poor philosophic *miserable*, but a germ of those germs in that great artery of blood that the revolted system was endeavouring to expel. I saw numbers of my kind thrown forth and mangled in the midst of horrors

unspeakable; I was borne helpless to the heart, and was rejected to fly shuddering to remote veins of the prison's circulation, only to return by an irresistible attraction to the central terror. More than once my mad expostulations brought me into perilous notice.

"You have hard wrongs to avenge!" I shrieked; "but at least the form of pleading has been granted you!"

"And these!" cried the killers. "Blood of God! is not Bastille Maillard within there checking the tally of the accursed? Aristocrat art thou!"

They bounded from me to a fresh victim thrust that moment from the door. She came dazed into the flare of the torches—a white face with umber hair tumbled all about it. Two gloating hounds took her under the arm-pits; a third—

Ciel! pour tant de rigueur, de quoi suis-je coupable?

I do not know whither my wanderings tended, or what space of time was covered by them. Sooner or later I was always back at the Abbaye, glutting my soul with assurance of its own wreck, helpless, despite my loathing of it, to resist the attraction. What horror absorbs the moth as it circles round the flame, I thought in those recurrent moments I could understand.

Once, when I returned, an unwonted silence reigned about the place. A few vampire figures, restless, phantasmal, flitted hither and thither in the neighbourhood of the reeking shambles. But the slaughterers and the red ladies of St Michel were retired, during an interval in the examination, for refreshment. I heard the shrill buzz of their voices all down the Rue St Benoit and from the wine and lemonade shops opposite the very gates by which I stood.

I looked into the fearful yard. My God! the dead, it seemed, were phosphorescent with the rottenness of an ancient system! Here, there, on all sides they broke the darkness with blots of light like hideous glow-worms—their hundred white faces the reflectors of as many lamps.

"But it is a brave illumination!" gurgled a voice at my ear.

I glanced aside in loathing. A little old woman, whose lungs barked at every breath, stood near me. She laughed as if she would shake herself into touchwood.

"A brave illumination!" she wheezed—"the inspiration of the girl La Lune. She was dedicated to the Holy Mother; and her skirt! Oh, *mon Dieu!* but it was of the azure of heaven, and now it is purple as a strangled face; and it slaps on her ankles. But by-and-by she must seek purification, for she is dedicated to the holy Virgin."

"She placed these lamps?"

"She led her sisters to the committee that sits there." (She pointed a gnarled finger. To one side of the dreadful quadrangle a dull glow came melancholy through some tall windows.) "She complained that ladies who would fain enjoy the show were prevented by the darkness. Then to each dead aristocrat they put a lamp. That was a fine courtesy. It is not often one sees such goods brought to market."

A wild cloud of shapes came rushing upon us with brandished weapons and a demon skirl of voices. I thought at first that I must be the object of their fury; but they passed us by, cursing and gesticulating, and drove something amongst them up the yard, and stopped and made a ring about it on the bloody stones. What was it? I had a glimpse of two petrified faces as the little mob swept by, and a queer constriction seized my heart. Then, all in a moment, I was following, crying in my soul that here was something

tangible for my abased humanity to lay hold of—some excuse to indulge a passion of self-sacrifice—some claim to a lump of ice at my feet and a lamp at my head. The dead were so calm, the living so besotted. A miserly theft, I thought, to take another's blood when one's own gluts one's arteries to suffocation.

I looked over the shoulders of the outermost of the group. What horrible cantrip of Fortune had consigned this old barren weed of a man, this white exotic of a girl, to a merciless handling by these demons? The two were in walking dress, and not in the *déshabille* of prisoners. There was a lull in the systematic progress of the butchery. Here, it would seem, was an *entr'acte* designed only to relieve the tedium of waiting.

A half-dozen harpies held the girl. There was a stain of red on her ripe young lip, for I think one of the beasts had struck her; but her face was stubborn with pride. In front of all the old wizened man, who had been released, ran to and fro in an agony of obsequious terror.

"Yes, yes," he quavered, "'tis a luminous sight—an admirable show! They lie like the fallen sticks of rockets, glimmering a dying spark. Is it not so, Carinne? Little cabbage, is it not so?"

He implored her with his feverish eyes.

"They are martyrs!" cried the girl; "and you are a coward!"

"No, no!" he wailed, and wrung his hands; and "My God! she will murder me!" he shrieked.

Suddenly he saw, darted through the ring of ruffians, and caught the breast of my coat with both his hands.

"Monsieur! you have nobility in your face! Tell these good souls that I am a furious patriot and a good citizen. Monsieur, Monsieur! We walk abroad—we are involved, unwitting, in the *mêlée*. The girl

denounces all for pigs and murderers, and, naturally, those who hear take umbrage and force us hither."

His dry lips vibrated; he danced up and down like a gnat on a window-pane. All the time the women were volubly chattering and the men cursing and pulling. They desired, it seemed, a prologue to the second act of the tragedy; and that was bad art. But then they were as drunk as one could wish.

"Thou art nice and dainty, *citoyenne*!" they shrieked. "See here—thou shalt be *vivandière* to the brave army of avengers! Tap her an aristocrat heart and fill her a canteen that all may drink!"

The beastly proposal was not too gross for the occasion. A man lurched forward with a jeering oath, and I—I sprang to the front too, and took the hound by his gulping throat. There came a great noise about me; I did not relax my hold, and some one rushed into our midst.

"What do you here!" he cried, harshly (Casimir's voice). "Death of God! have you orders to insult and threaten peaceable citizens who walk abroad to see the illuminations?"

With a fierce sweep of his arms he cleared all away in front of him. The act—the gesture, brought him to my side.

"Go—escape!" he whispered, frantically. "This, here, I will attend to."

"You knew, then?" I gasped out; and he fell back from me.

But I released my hold and stood panting. I was at the moment no whit in love with life, but I dreaded by the least stubbornness to precipitate the catastrophe that threatened that half-fainting girl. Her Casimir gave his arm to in a peremptory manner. She clung to him, and he led her stumbling across the yard, the little whimpering pinch-fist scuttling in their

wake. The mob spat curses after them, but—this *intermezzo* being no part of its programme—it respected the Deputy's insignia of office so far as to allow him his perquisite.

Then, with a howl of fury, it turned upon me—

"Accursed! thou dost well to dispute the people's will!"

"See his fine monseigneur hands, washed white in a bath of milk, while the peasants drank rotten water!"

"He will think to cow us with a look. He cannot disabuse himself of the tradition. Down with the dog of an aristocrat!"

"But if he is Brunswick's courier—Brunswick that would dine in Paris on the boiling hearts of patriots!"

I was backing slowly towards the gate as they followed reviling me. What would you? I could not help others; I would take my own destinies in hand. Here, in deadly personal peril, I felt my feet on the good earth once more, and found restoration of my reason in a violence of action. There was no assistance possible. Paris this night was a menagerie, in which all beasts of prey and of burden were released from restraint to resolve for themselves the question of survival.

In a moment I turned and fled, and half-a-dozen came screaming after me. I gained the gate in advance, and sped down the Rue St Benoit. One man, lurching from a wineshop, cut at me aimlessly with a notched and bloody sabre; but I evaded him with ease, and he fell into the midst of the pursuers, retarding them a little. I reached the south-west angle of the prison, where the *Place* split up, like the blown corner of a flag, into many little crooked ribbons of streets, and amongst these I dived, racing hap-hazard, while the red-socks thudded in my wake and my heart in my ribs. Suddenly, turning a corner,

I saw the narrow mouth of an alley gape to my left. Into it I went, like a touched worm into its hole, and, swallowed by the blackness, stood still. The feet pounded by; but, sooner or later, I knew the dogs must nose back to pick up the lost scent. Then they would have me nicely in a little *cul de sac*, like a badger in a tub.

I leaned my shoulder—to the wall, as I thought; but the wall gave to my pressure, and I stumbled and went through it with a sliding run, while something flapped to, grievously scoring my shins in its passing. I was on my feet in an instant, however, and then I saw that I had broken, by way of a swing-door, into a little dusty lobby, to one side of which was a wicket and pay-place, and thence a flight of wooden stairs ran aloft to some chamber from which flowed down a feeble radiance of light.

I pushed through the wicket (not a soul was in the place, it seemed) and went softly and rapidly up the stairs. At the top I came upon a sight that at first astounded, then inspired me.

I was in one of those *salles de spectacle* that were at that time as numerous in Paris as were political clubs—a wide, low room, with an open platform at its further end for musicians, and, round three of its walls, a roped-in enclosure for figures in waxwork. It was these bowelless dolls that caused me my start, and in which I immediately saw my one little chance of salvation.

I went down the row gingerly, on tiptoe. A horn lantern, slung over the stair-head, was the only light vouchsafed this thronged assembly of dummies. Its rays danced weakly in corners, and lent some of the waxen faces a spurious life. A ticket was before each *figure de cire*—generally, as I hurriedly gathered, a quite indispensable adjunct. I had my des-

perate plan; but perhaps I was too particular to select my complete double. Here, a button or the cut of a collar were the pregnant conditions of history. The clothes made the man, and Mirabeau had written 'Le Tartufe' on the strength of a flowing wig. I saw Necker personating our unhappy monarch in that fatal Phrygian cap that was like the glowing peak of a volcano; stuttering Desmoulins waving a painted twig, his lips inappropriately inseparable; the English Pitt, with a nose blown to a point; Voltaire; Rousseau; Beaumarchais—many of the notabilities and notorieties of our own times—and before the last I stopped suddenly.

I would not for the world insult the author of 'Figaro'; but it was my distinction to be without any; and in a waxwork the ticket makes the man.

Pierre Augustin was represented pointing a Republican moral—in dress a *pseudo petit-maitre*—at his feet a broken watch. One recalls the incident—at Versailles—when a grand seigneur requests the ex-horologist to correct his timepiece for him. "Monsieur, my hand shakes." "*Laissez donc, monsieur!*" you belittle your professional skill." Beaumarchais flings the watch on the floor. "*Voilà, monsieur!* it is as I said!"

Now I saw my hope in this figure and (it was all a matter of moments with me) whipped it up in my arms and ran with it to the end of the platform. A founce of baize hung therefrom to the floor, and into the hollow revealed by the lifting of this I shot the invertebrate dummy, and then scuttled back to the ropes to take its place.

There were sounds as I did so—a noise below that petrified me in the position I assumed. My heart seemed to burr like the winding-wheel of a mechanical doll. I pray

M. Beaumarchais to forgive me that travesty of a dignified reproof.

A step—that of a single individual—came bounding up the stair. My face was turned in its direction. I tried to look and yet keep my eyes fixed. The dull flapping light seconded my dissemblance; but the occasion braced me like a tonic, and I was determined to strike, if need were, with all the force of the pugnacious wit I represented.

Suddenly I saw a white, fearful countenance come over the stair-head—shoulders, legs, a complete form. It was that of an ugly stunted man of fifty, whose knees shook, whose cheeks quivered like a blanc-mange. He ran hither and thither, sobbing and muttering to himself.

“Quick, quick! who?—Mirabeau? A brave thought, a magnificent thought! My God!—will they fathom it? I have his brow—his scornful air of insistence. My God, my God!—that I should sink to be one of my own puppets!”

Astounded, I realised the truth. This poltroon—the very proprietor of the show—was in my own actual case, and had hit upon a like way out of his predicament. I saw him seize and trundle the ridiculous presentment of M. Mirabeau to the room end, and then fling it hurriedly down and kick it—the insolent jackass!—under the curtain. I saw him run back and pose himself—with a fatuous vanity even in his terror—as that massive autocrat of the Assembly; and then, with a clap and a roar, I heard at last the hounds of pursuit break covert below and come yelling up the stairs.

I do not think I shook; yet it seemed impossible that they could pass me by. There were one or two amongst them I thought I recognised as Carinne’s captors; but they were all hideous, frantic shapes, elf-locked, malodorous, bestial and drunk with blood.

They uttered discordant cries as they came scrambling into the room; and by a flickering at the nape of his neck I could see that my fellow-sufferer was unable to control the throaty rising of his agitation. Suddenly a horrible silence befell. One of the intruders, a powerful young ruffian of a malignant jesting humour, put his comrades back and silenced them with an arm. His bloodshot eyes were fascinating poor Mirabeau; slowly he raised a finger and pointed it at the creature. The bubbles seemed to fly up the latter’s neck as if his heart were turning into water. It was a terrible moment—then, all at once, the whole room echoed with demon laughter.

“Mother of Christ! what cunning!”

“But, my God! he is a fine libel on the king of patriots!”

“See! the works have not run down. He twitches yet from his last performance!”

“He makes himself a show to the people. He shall be given a lamp in the yard of the Abbaye.”

The figure fell upon its knees with a choking shriek.

“Messieurs! I acted upon my first instinct of preservation! I had no thought, I swear it, to insult the great or to question the majesty of the people. Messieurs, I detest aristocrats and applaud your method of dealing with them. *Merci! merci!* I am a poor exhibitor of waxworks; an excellent patriot and a servant of the public.”

“But that is true!” cried a voice from the stairs. “This is little Tic-tac, that helped to decorate Louis Capet’s chariot with the cockade on the day of the Hôtel de Ville.”

The mob grunted over this advocate.

“But he helped a prisoner to escape.”

(Was there another, then, in the same plight as myself?)

"Messieurs! he asked the way of me, as any stranger might!"

"*Malepeste!* if thou tell'st us so! But thou hast dared to personate a God!"

"Messieurs, he lent his countenance to me, as ever to the unfortunate."

The answer raised a roar of approbation.

"*Comme il est fin!* take thy goose-skin! and yet we must tax thee somehow."

"Let us destroy this show that he has profaned!"

My heart seemed to shrink into itself. I suffered—I suffered; but fortunately for a few moments only.

With the words on his lips, the fellow that had spoken slashed with his sabre, over the kneeling showman's head, amongst the staring effigies. The whistle of his weapon made me blink. What did it matter?—the end must come now.

It was not as I foresaw. The waxen head spun into the air—the figure toppled against that standing next to it—that against its neighbour—its neighbour against me. I saw what was my cue, and went down in my turn, stiffly, with a dusty flop, twisting to my side as I fell, and hoping that him I was bowling over in due order was rich in padding. Nevertheless I was horribly bruised.

There was a howl of laughter.

"*Mon Dieu!* but five at a blow!" cried the executioner. "This is better than the one to fifty yonder!" and he came running to read the names of those he had overturned.

"Necker! it is right that he should be pictured fallen. Pitt—Beaumarchais! ha, ha, little toad! where are those patriot muskets? in your breeches-pocket? but I will cut them out!"

Now I gave up all for lost. He stepped back to get his distance—there came a crash by the stairway,

and the room was plunged in darkness. One of the mob had swung up his weapon over a figure, and had knocked out the lantern with a back-handed blow.

It is the little incidents of life that are prolific as insects. The situation resolved itself into clamour and laughter and a boisterous groping of the company down the black stairway. In a minute the place was silent and deserted.

I lay still, as yet awaiting developments. I could not forget that M. Tic-tac, as a pronounced patriot, might not honour my confidence. For my escape, it must have been as I supposed. Another victim, eluding the murderers, had drawn them off my scent, and the showman had effected yet a second cross-current. He was indeed fortunate to have kept a whole skin.

Presently I heard him softly stirring and moaning to himself.

"*Misérable!* to have dishonoured my rôle! Would he have succumbed thus to an accident? But I am like him—yes, I am like him, for all they may say."

Their mockery was the wormwood in his cup. He dragged himself to his feet by-and-by, and felt his way across the room to recover his abused idol. Then I would delay no longer. I rose, stepped rapidly to the stair-head, and descended to the street. He heard me—as I knew by the terrified cessation of his breathing,—and thought me, perhaps, a laggard member of his late company. Anyhow he neither moved nor spoke.

The killers were at their work again. The agonised yells of the victims followed and maddened me. But I was secure from further pursuit, save by the dogs of conscious helplessness.

And one of these kept barking at my heel: "*Carinne, that you were impotent to defend! What has become of the child?*"

CITOYENNE CARINNE.

It was my unhappiness in the black spring-time of the "Terror" to see my old light acquaintance, the Abbé Michau, jogging on his way to the Place de la Bastille. I pitied him greatly. He had pursued Pleasure so fruitlessly all his days; and into this fatal quagmire had the elusive flame at length conducted him. He sat on the rail of the tumbril—a depressed, puzzled look on his face—between innocence and depravity. Both were going the same road as himself—the harmless white girl and the besotted priest, who shrunk in terror from giving her the absolution she asked;—and poor Charles divided them.

He was not ever of Fortune's favourites. He would make too fine an art of Epicurism, and he sinned so by rule as to be almost virtuous. I remember him with a half-dozen little axioms of his own concocting, that were after all only morality misapplied: "To know how to forget oneself is to be graduate in the school of pleasure." "Self-consciousness is always a wasp in the peach." "The art of enjoyment is the art of selection." On such as these he founded his creed of conduct; and that procured him nothing but a barren series of disappointments. He was never successful but in extricating himself from mishaps. The *ravissantes* he sighed after played with and insulted him—though they could never debase his spirit. The dishes he designed lacked the last little secret of perfection. He abhorred untidiness, yet it was a condition of his existence; and he could not carry off any situation without looking like a thief. One further turn of the wheel, and he would have been a saint in a monastery.

I can recall him with some ten-

derness, and his confident maxims with amusement. That "art of selection" of his I found never so applicable as to the choice of one's Revolutionary landlord. It was Michau's *logeur*, I understand, who caused the poor Abbé to be arrested and brought before the tribunal miscalled of Liberty, where the advocacy of the chivalrous Chauveau de la Garde was sufficient only to procure him the last grace of an unproductive appeal. It was the atrocity with whom latterly I lodged who brought me to my final pass.

In truth, as the letters of apartments were largely recruited from the *valetaille* of *émigrés*, the need of caution in choosing amongst them was very real. M. le Marquis could not take flight in a panic without scattering some of his fine feathers—fortunately, indeed, for him sometimes, for they were as sops thrown to the pursuing wolves while he sped on. Then, down would grovel public accusers, police, and committee-men to snap at the fragments; and amongst them Bon-Jean, Monsieur's *valet de pied*, would secure his share, perhaps, and set up house with it in one of the meaner faubourgs, and trade profitably therein upon the fears of his lodgers.

Simon Mignard was the last who had the honour to entertain me; and to that horrible little grotesque did I owe my subsequent lodgment in La Petite Force. It was a bad choice, and, with my experience, an unpardonable; but I was taken with a certain humour in the creature that put me off my judgment.

For generally, indeed, this faculty of humour I found to be antipathetic to revolution. It was to be looked upon as a mark of social degeneration. The brute "thrown

back" to his primordial state is an animal that takes himself with the most laughterless gravity. He resumes himself corrupt, so to speak, as one resumes the endurance of office full of the rebellious grievance of a holiday. He returns to the primary indulgence of instinct with a debased appetite, and that sense of humour does not accompany him. This is why his prejudices have the force of convictions.

"Citizen Simon," I said one day, "I would put it to you—if revolutionists would reconstitute society by purging the world of the abnormal, should they not offer themselves the first holocausts to their theories?"

"Hey?" he cried, peering over his glasses. His eye-slits were like half-healed wounds; his face was all covered with a grey down, as if he were some old vessel of wrath the Revolution had produced from its mustiest blood-bin in the cellars where its passions were formerly wont to ferment.

"Hey?" he cried. "But explain, Citizen Thibaut."

"Why, obviously a primal simplicity cannot be taught by those who, by their own showing, are an essential condition of degeneration."

"You think so, my friend? But is it not he who has hunted with the wolves can best advise the lamb whither not to stray? Set a thief to catch a thief, but not innocence to lead innocence."

"We are all so disinterested, eh? We must kill to purify—so long as we remain the executioners."

"The physicians! the physicians! Some day we shall provide the tonic."

"At this rate the physicians will have to drink it themselves."

"Meaning the patients will fail us? Rest content. They will last our time. The ills in the constitution of France are many. For the resurrection—*sang Dieu!*" he cried,

with a wry face, "but that is no part of *our* programme!"

Indeed, it was not of his. He was actuated by no passion but the blood-sucker's. One day he showed me a clumsy model guillotine, a foot high, of his own contriving. The axe was a fragment of table-knife sunk in a finger of lead, and with it he would operate upon a gruesome little doll he had with an adjustable neck. Snip! the blade fell and the head, and a spout of crimson gushed forth and stained the floor.

"That is a waste of good wine," said I.

His face puckered like a toad's eyelids.

"Is it not?" he chuckled, "of the brand drunk by the patriot Citoyenne Sombreuil."

"Blood!"

"*Vois tu!*" he cried, with a little shriek of laughter. "It is hollow. Often I fill it from the tap in the Place de la Bastille. My faith, what a fountain! I love it like Dantzic brandy."

Then it was I found his humour a little excessive to my taste; and I severed my connection with him. He might lie; obviously he did, in fact, about the blood; but one's sympathies could not embrace so stupid a falsehood. Promptly he denounced me to his section. I had given him the courteous "you," said he, and amongst my effects was a box of the interdicted hair-powder.

But it is of my earlier landlord, Jacques Crépin, who for a time influenced my fortunes quite admirably, that I desire here to speak.

Upon this rascal I happened on the evening of Lepelletier St Fargeau's murder in Février's Coffee-house. It was the interminable week of the votings on the king's sentence. During the course of it I had many times visited the Hall of Convention, had stayed a while to

watch the slow chain of Deputies hitching over the Tribune, with their dreary chant, "*La Mort*," that was like the response to an endless litany of fatality intoned by the ushers; had heard the future Dictator, spectacled, marmoset-faced, irrepressible in oratory, drone his sour dithyrambs where a word would have sufficed; had fallen half asleep over the phantom scene, and had imagined myself at the *Comédie Française* during a performance of "*Les Victimes Cloîtrées*"—a dreamy fancy to which the incessant sound of feet on boards, high up in the "Mountain" quarter, the reverberating clap of doors, the wide patter of voices and tinkle of laughter from bedizened *chères amies*, pricking down the *ayes* and *noes* upon scented cards, the shriller brabble of *Mère Duchesse* aloft with her priestesses of the *Salpêtrière*, and the intermittent melodramatic drawl of the actors moving across the stage, gave colour and coherence.

By then, I think, I was come to be graduate in Michau's school of Pleasure. It was impressed upon me that to think of myself was a little to foretaste my probable martyrdom. It was philosophy more congenial to read in the serene patriot Thibaut a disinterested sheep fattening on the grass about the *abattoir*. My title was a plague-spot to cover; little but the dust of my patrimony remained; I had long disabused my mind of the dogma that manliness is necessarily a triumphant force in the world.

Yet, a month before, I had been conscious of a little run of pity, that was like a sloughing of the old wound of nobility. It was to see the figure of him I had called *Sire* heavily seated in that same *Salle de Manège*, his attire, appropriately, a drab surtout—the colour of new-turned mould—his powdered hair blotted with a tonsure where he had leaned his weary head back for rest,

that lost look on his ineffectual face—"Messieurs! this strange indignity! But doubtless the saints will explain to me of what I am accused."

Bah! have I not learned the "*Rights of Man*," and seen them illustrated, too, on those days of the "*Severe Justice of the People*." The worse the decomposition below, the thicker will be the scum that rises to the top. But there the wholesome air shall deodorise it by-and-by, and the waters of life be sweet to the taste again—for a time. And in the meanwhile I browse by the *abattoir*.

On that Saturday evening, the last of the voting, I dined with distinction at *Février's* in the *Palais Royal*. I could still afford, morally and materially, this little practice of self-indulgence; for they had not yet begun to make bread of dried pease, and many of the ardent Deputies themselves were admirable connoisseurs in meat and wine.

While I was sitting—the whole place being in a ferment of scurry and babble—a couple, who awakened my curious interest, entered and took a vacant table next to mine. A withered old man it was and a young girl, who sauntered with ample grace in his wake.

The first came down the room, prying hither and thither, bowless and bent like a note of interrogation. He was buttoned up to the throat in a lank dark-green surtout, and his plain hat was tilted back from his forehead, so as to show his eyebrows, each lifted and lost in the creases of a dozen arched wrinkles, and the papery lids beneath them bulging and half closed. His face was all run into grey sharpness, but a conciliatory smile was a habit of his lips. He carried his hands behind his back as if they were manacled there.

The girl who followed was in

features and complexion cold and beautiful. Her eyes were stone-grey under well-marked brows; her forehead rounded from her nose like a kitten's; the curls that escaped from beneath her furred hood were of a rich walnut brown. She had that colourless serenity in her face that is like snow over perfumed flowers. Gazing on such, one longs to set one's heart to the chill and melt it and see the blossoms break.

Now I had at once recognised in this couple the sustainers of the principal rôles in a certain September tragedy *entr'acte*. In these times of feverish movement the manner in which Casimir had secured their escape was indeed an old story with me; yet, seeing them again under these vastly improved circumstances, and remembering in what way I had sought to assist them, my heart was moved beyond its present custom to a feeling of sympathetic comradeship with one, at least, of the two.

The old man chose his table.

"Sit down, wench," said he. "My faith! we must dine, though crowns fall."

She took her seat with a little peevish sigh.

"Though the stars fell in the street like hail, you would dine," she said.

He cocked his head sideways.

"They have fallen, my Carinne. The ruin of them litters the Temple."

She said doggedly, "*Vive le roi!*" under her breath.

"My God!" he whispered, and called the waiter.

He eyed her askance and nervously as the man came. Some distraught admiration seemed to mingle with his apprehension of her. She sat languid and indifferent, and even closed her eyes, with a little disdainful smile, as he leaned down to her and ran his

finger eagerly over the various items of the bill of fare.

"Ostend oysters, carp fried in milk, sweetbread patty—that is good. Ragout of the kidneys and combs of cocks—that is very good—Carinne, see! the ragout! Holy saints, but my pocket! Slice of calf's head, turtle fashion—girl, are you listening? Be reckless. Take of all if you will. I bid thee—thy little uncle, *ma mie*. Slice of—Carinne, this is better than the cabbages and fried eggs of *des Pierrettes*. I will not care—I will not. Though I have to cut down trees to meet it, the palate shall have its holiday. Slice of—*mon Dieu*, Carinne! I ate of it once before in this very house. It melts like the manna of the Israelites. It does not surfeit, but it forms an easy bed for the repose of ecstasies more acute."

The girl broke in with a little high-flung laugh.

"Not trees, but a forest," she said. "There—choose for me. I am indifferent."

"Indifferent! indifferent!—Oh, undeserving of the fine gifts of the gods!"

He turned to the waiter, his eyes still devouring the *carte*, his lips silently busy with its contents. Presently he gave his order, sat down, and remained fixedly gnawing a finger, his face set half in enjoying contemplation, half in a baffled aggravation of selection.

In only one other direction did the couple appear to arouse curiosity. The great nerve of the town was all charged with a leaping electricity, and citizens, staid enough ordinarily, ate now and drank under an excitement they could barely control.

But, over against me, at a little distance, were two men seated at a table; and of these one seemed to take a like interest with mine in my neighbours.

This individual, unmoved, appar-

ently, by the general ferment, had finished his dinner and sat sipping his *Médoc* luxuriously. He was a pimple-faced man, well-nourished and sensual-looking, but with an air of tolerant geniality about him. Ugly as Danton, he had yet a single redeeming ornament in the shape of a quantity of rich auburn hair that fell from his head in natural curls. Though his condition was plain to me, and I saw that the restaurateur treated him with obsequious deference, he appeared more self-complacent than self-sufficient, and as if he were rather accustomed to indulge than abuse his position. For I recognised in him the president of some sectional committee, and that by the little plaque, printed small with the Rights of Man, that hung as a pendant from his tricolour neck-ribbon.

Of the other at the table I took but little notice, save to remark that he devoured his meal with the air of a man to whom good digestion is no essential condition of politics.

Now, of a sudden, Jacques Crépin of the pendant lowered his legs, took up his bottle and glass, and, to my extreme surprise, crossed the room to my table and sat down by me.

He did not speak at first, being engaged in watching our neighbours, before whom were placed at the moment the dishes of the uncle's selection.

Mademoiselle Carinne gave a little *Ouf!* over hers.

"But what is this?" she said.

"It is a pig's foot *à la St Menehould*, Carinne. Such a dish, *mon joujou!*"

The old rascal had taken advantage of her insensibility to procure her one of the cheapest entries on the list.

She pushed it from her with an exclamation of disgust.

"Fie, then!" she cried. "The very hoof of a filthy swine! Wouldst

thou have me make my hunger a footstool to a pig? Take it away. I will not touch it!"

He protested, voluble and shame-faced. She would not listen. Out of mere wilfulness she now selected the most expensive item of the *menu*—a partridge stewed in wine. He seemed like to cry; but she persisted and gained her point.

"We shall be ruined!" he cried, inconsistently enough. "For a month after our return we shall have to live on bread and boiled nettles."

"In December, *mon oncle!* Then I am imperious for white wine of Mont Raché."

The old fellow almost shrieked.

"Carinne! Eight francs the bottle! Consider, my niece. I shall die in Sainte Pélagie!"

The new-comer turned to me with a grin.

"Didst ever hear the like?" said he.

I nodded gravely. I was not then all inured to impertinence.

"He lacks the art of selection," I said coldly, thinking of Michau.

He showed himself good-humouredly conscious of my manner. He leaned towards me and murmured carelessly—

"There, of a truth, speaks Monseigneur le Comte de la Muette."

I reached for my glass and sipped from it; but I have no doubt my hand shook.

"The citizen does not recognise me?"

"No, by my faith."

"I am Jacques Crépin; and formerly I served where I now dine."

I glanced at him. Some faint remembrance of the fellow woke in me.

"M. le Comte," he went on, in the same low voice, "once rewarded me with a handsome vail for some trifling service. It was the lucky louis-d'or of my fortunes. Here was a little of the means;

the Revolution was my opportunity. Now the masters serve the waiters. I devour with my teeth what I once devoured with my eyes. You see me president of a section; but, *pardieu!* I have no quarrel with aristocrats of a fastidious palate. It was the contemplation of such educated me to a right humour in gastronomy. I am indebted to monsieur for many a delicate hint in selection."

Again I thought of the poor Michau.

"I am honoured," I said. "And so, M. Crépin, this is the goal of your high republicanism?"

"My faith!" he said, with a generous chuckle, "I acknowledge it. I have existed forty years that I may live one—perhaps no more. To drink and to eat and to love *en prince*—I have the capacity for it and the will. I have nursed my constitution on broken scraps. This *fesse-Mathieu* here offends me. Had I a fortune, I would fling it away on a single desired dish if necessary. We have waived the right to think of the morrow. But, how is monsieur known?"

"They call me Citizen Thibaut."

"Citizen Thibaut, I drink to our better acquaintance. This Médoc—I have not grudged it you in former years. Your refined appreciation of it has many a time glorified to me my supper of stale fragments. But for you, maybe, I had not learned the secret of its fragrance. To my past master in epicurism I gulp a grateful toast."

He was as good as his word.

"Citizen Crépin," I said, "where do you live?"

"Rue de Jouy, St Antoine," he answered.

"I seek a convenient landlord. Will you accommodate me?"

"With all my heart."

I heard the *vieillard* at the next table gobble and choke. I turned my head to look, sprang to my feet, and my glass crashed on the boards.

In that instant the room had leaped into uproar—for something immediate, swift, and terrible had happened. It was this:

The fast-eating man at the table opposite, having finished his dinner, was risen to pay his bill. He stood with impatient hand outstretched as Février fumbled in his pocket for the change; and at the moment a fellow, thick-set, stubble-bearded, dressed in a blouse and faded cloak, strode up the room and paused by him.

"Are you Deputy Lepelletier?" said he.

The diner turned and nodded.

"You have voted in this affair of the king?"

"*Mais oui,*" said the other—"for death."

"*Scélérat—prends ça!*" and with the word he whipped a long blade from under his cloak and passed it into the body of the deputy. I saw the flash and heard the piteous bleat, as also, I swear, the sound of the flesh sucking to the steel.

Février snatched at the murderer, and was spun to the floor like a skittle. I saw startled figures rise, chairs and tables totter, and the one bounding amongst them. He got clear away.

Then, as the mob closed about the fallen, moaning shape, I turned with an instinct of horror to view of my neighbours.

The old gourmet had flung himself back in his chair, his face twisted from the sight; but *mademoiselle* still picked daintily at her partridge.

BERNARD CAPES.

(To be continued.)

A MODERN ARCADIA.

Of all forms of polity in vogue at the present day, that which obtains on the large *haciendas* in Mexico approaches most nearly the old feudalism of the middle ages. It seems at first sight not a little singular that in a country with a republican form of government and with the United States for its immediate neighbour there should exist a system, known as *peonage*, which some critics do not hesitate to characterise as akin to slavery. Be this as it may, a closer investigation will reveal the fact that content and general well-being pervade the population of rural districts. Poverty does not exist, as we understand it, and under the mild despotism of patriarchal bondage there is liberty without licence, discipline without discontent. And in spite of the rapid advance during the last two decades, the enormous development now going on, and the introduction of modern resources and modern ideas, the polity of the Mexican *haciendado* remains unchanged; with the result that the lot of the farm-labourer is a far happier one than in many countries boasting a higher civilisation, and the position of a landed proprietor can still be maintained with dignity and profit.

In England the owner of land is no longer the envied mortal he once was. The increasing burdens of his much-encumbered property have already undermined the once sacred rock of entail, and long treasured collections are daily being absorbed by the Moloch of free trade. Empty cottages bear witness to the predilection of "Hodge" for town life, the poli-

tical agitator is abroad, and the voice of the demagogue is heard in the land. From the contemplation of this discouraging state of things one turns with relief to the pleasant picture of *hacienda* life in the land of the Aztecs, with its old-world simplicity, its idealistic charm.

At an elevation of from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea, on the temperate plateau of Mexico that stretches northward from San Miguel de Allende to beyond San Luis Potosí, a long green valley extends north to south for twenty or thirty miles. From two to three miles is its utmost width. Either side is hemmed by high mountain-ranges, on whose rocky crests stunted oaks can be seen at intervals outlined against the sky. A broad shallow river-bed winds through the gently undulating land: almost dry in winter, it becomes a rushing torrent in the rainy season, fed by innumerable mountain streams. In summer the Indian corn, seven and eight feet high, waves its tasselled tops in the glaring sunlight over wide level fields, but the greater part of the valley is planted for miles with the large aloe, from the juice of which the spirit called *mescal* is distilled. This is the same plant which at higher elevations produces the other national drink, *pulque*, but in this valley it is devoted entirely to the manufacture of the spirit, the quality of which is renowned. The lower slopes of the mountains are clothed with forests of mesquite and opoponax trees, filling the air with the fragrance of their yellow blossoms; and standing out conspicuously

are the dark-green cactuses, looking like colossal candelabra or the clustered pipes of huge organs.

Herd of cattle roam through the forest, getting both food and drink from the pulpy leaf of the prickly cactus, or cropping the luxuriant pasture of the *mescal* plantations; and it is well to be wary of the bulls, as they sometimes make savage rushes at passers-by. Here and there are reservoirs for irrigation purposes, fringed with willows, and teeming with wild-fowl of many varieties. Hares, rabbits, and wood-pigeons abound, and after the first rains the pastures for a fortnight are white as fresh-fallen snow with esculent mushrooms. Hard by the *hacienda* is a walled garden, where avenues of peach and apricot trees bow their heavily laden branches to the red earth, and apples, pears, and other fruits of colder climates, flourish side by side with pine-apples, oranges, and bananas.

Another walled garden, situated in a sheltered corner facing south, encloses a vineyard, and here the old black mission-grapes, so called from having been originally introduced by the early Jesuit fathers, grow to perfection, protected from the too-scorching rays of the summer sun by rows of tall mangoes and aguacates, whose luxuriant dark foliage forms a vivid contrast to the white walls of the buildings.

The *hacienda* proper consists of a domed church, a general store, and the "Casa Grande," as the owner's house is called. These form two sides of a large square; the houses of the different officials, the distillery, warehouses, and barns occupying the other two. Grouped around are the dwellings of the peons, the labourers of the estate, built of sun-dried bricks

with thatched or tiled roofs, forming quite a little town of many streets.

In addition to the distillery, the enterprise of the owner has erected a woollen mill, where blankets and *serapes* are turned out at a good profit, but not fast enough to supply the constant demand. Close by is a flour-mill and bakery, and a little farther a site is being prepared for a mill, which is destined to convert the abundant fibrous plants of a Mexican forest into paper. All the machinery is driven by water, brought in a masonry aqueduct from one of the reservoirs.

Pedigree cattle graze in the home pastures, shorthorns and Holsteins finding most favour; and the paddocks contain numbers of brood mares and donkeys, with their offspring, foals, jennets, and mules, all of which are largely bred for transport purposes, either as pack-animals or in teams.

Of horses there is any quantity, and the cowboys and overseers are always well mounted. All wear the picturesque Mexican dress. Tall wide-brimmed hat, edged with silver or gold lace, short leather jacket and waistcoat, with silver-lace and buttons; leather trousers or overalls, open from the knee downwards, with more lace and a double row of buttons or silver coins; round the waist is folded a crimson or blue sash, such as is sometimes affected by certain of our gilded youths.

The climate of this part of the State of Guanajuato is probably as near to absolute perfection as it is possible to get: warm in winter, the summer is comparatively cool, and the sun shines year in, year out, in this happy valley of perpetual spring.

A hundred years ago, or more, the whole of it belonged to the Counts Moncarda. The last Count

owned, it is said, forty *haciendas*, and kept a "wife and family" in each *casa grande*. There are no *condes* to-day, but the name of Moncarda is still perpetuated in these parts, and is borne by numbers of families of humble means.

The Mexican peasant, as found on the *haciendas* throughout the "Tierra Fria," is a splendid specimen of manhood; active and of fine physique, he is hard-working and enduring; a contented and obedient child of nature, though quarrelsome when drunk. Naturally intelligent, he excels at agriculture, and with the crude native implement, consisting of a bit of pointed wood attached to a beam with only one handle to guide it, will plough a furrow, often half a mile long, that for straightness and accuracy of alignment would be hard to beat; and to see him managing running water when irrigating a crop, on land apparently level as a billiard-table, is a lesson in practical engineering.

Piece-work is generally given whenever possible, as day-work is calculated to make a peon idle. Give him the former, and he will be up and at his task before dawn, so that by midday he has finished, and can spend the afternoon smoking cigarettes in the shade, or exercising his game-cock and getting it into training for a "main" on the first feast day.

When Saturday comes, there is a heavy pay-sheet to be got through, as might be expected on these large *haciendas*; but in reality the word "pay-day" is rather a misnomer, at least so far as the ordinary labourer is concerned, for very little money does he actually handle, as he invariably owes his week's wages to the *hacienda*.

The system has the merit of

great simplicity. All the necessities of life, clothing, food, drink, and tobacco—everything, in fact, that a man can want—is freely supplied on credit, at more or less fair prices, from the general store. At the week-end the bill of each individual is made up, and he is of course entitled to any balance in his favour. But this seldom happens, for it would never do for every one to be flush of money at once. The result would be endless carousing and little work. As a matter of fact, however, the peon always spends a great deal more than he can earn, and consequently is never out of debt to the *hacienda*; and until he is clear of his liabilities he cannot get employment elsewhere. He is always certain of employment in some form or another; and while his boys are herding the large flocks of sheep and goats on the mountain pastures, his wife and daughters will perhaps be earning good wages in the woollen mill, where they learn to manipulate a loom with great skill. He has therefore no inducement to leave a place, where he can at least earn a living, even if he does belong body and soul to his master. He has been probably born on the estate, and there he will live, work, and die where his family have lived, worked, and died for generations.

Pay-day simply means, then, the transference of the peon's wages, which amount perhaps to eight shillings, to the credit of his account. Whenever he does manage to scrape together a few *reales*, it only means more money to gamble with on Sunday; and as long as he can gamble, and pay for his *mescal*, he is supremely content. This passion for the "hazard of the die" is universal, and can be indulged in to any

extent at the numerous licensed booths which abound in every town and village throughout the country.

Sunday is a gala day, and the *hacienda* puts on its best face, presenting an especially cheerful appearance with the clean clothes and bright rose-gardens.

After the morning coffee, as soon as the sun is well up, the whole village, male and female, proceed to the nearest stream or reservoir for the weekly bath—an important function never neglected by this cleanly people. The Sunday toilet follows, and then all troop into church to high mass. The men are dressed in white cotton shirts and trousers, shirt *outside* and well starched, with a bright coloured *serape* drooping from the shoulders. The women in clean white frocks too, with something scarlet or yellow for colour, their black hair neatly bound up with bright ribbon, with a mantilla of pale blue cotton thrown over the head. The occupants of the *casa grande* are provided with chairs, but the remainder of the congregation sit or kneel on the bare floor. These simple peasants are earnest, attentive, and full of faith, under the guidance of their *cura*. At the elevation of the Host small mortars are fired in front of the church, making the surrounding hills reverberate again with the terrific noise of their report. This salute has latterly been prohibited in large towns as a relic of barbarism, but it is still practised in out-of-the-way places.

After mass comes the midday meal of dried goat's flesh, beans, chiles, and *tortillas*. The latter, by the way, is a thin flat pancake of Indian corn-flour, and is eaten by all classes at every meal. Making *tortillas* is the common occu-

pation of every woman in the country for part of the day. When she is not washing clothes in the river, she is making *tortillas* in the house; and one can hardly pass by any dwelling without seeing a woman on her knees, grinding wet maize between two stones, and making *tortillas* for the household. It is, in fact, part of the scenery of the country, and there is nothing that would more astonish a British cook or housemaid than to see the kind of fire with which the women prepare these same *tortillas*. Two or three large stones on which to balance the flat earthenware dish, two feet in diameter, and three pieces of firewood, as big as a man's arm, laid with their points touching, like the three legs on the Manx coat-of-arms. Where they touch they burn. Why they burn is a mystery; but once lit, for some reason or other they always keep alight, and the same logs are used over and over again, till, getting shorter and shorter, they are finally consumed. At this unique kitchen-range *tortillas* are baked, as on the Scotch "girdle," the beans are boiled, and the goat-rib cooked.

The rest of the day is given up to gambling and cock-fighting in particular, love-in-idleness in general; and the peon is as happy as his hot temper and his devotion to Bacchus will permit him to be. Considering the cheapness and the potency of *mescal*, it is wonderful there is not more drunkenness. Knives and *machetes* do occasionally flash forth, particularly where a woman is concerned; but serious disturbances are not common, and the *hacienda* police quickly put down any fighting, and away go the inebriated offenders to the lock-up to sleep off their heated feelings.

Formerly many *haciendados* ex-

crised the power of life and death on their estates, but now that railways have brought all places of importance into close communication, and courts of justice are everywhere established, it is doubtful if any one ever takes the law into his own hands among his own people. It is easier nowadays to send for the *rurales*, as the mounted gendarmerie are called. They deal quickly and quietly with malefactors.

The actual management of the estate is left to the *administrador*, as he is called. In him are combined the duties of both agent and bailiff, and his position is one of great authority, responsibility, and importance. He is usually an imposing-looking personage, dressed in a black-and-gold suit, and an enormous pair of silver spurs; is always mounted on the best horses, and carries a long nickel-plated revolver in his belt. When he goes out he is followed by a couple of grooms armed with sword and revolver and carrying a lasso.

Feared and respected by all under him, he executes his responsible charge with intelligence and discretion, and not without profit to himself. His hospitality is proverbial, and he of course places the resources of the *hacienda* at your disposal, often in fact as well as in word; and if it is a question of obtaining men for some such work as railway construction, will provide you with 300 or 400 peons at a day's notice. He is, of course, a connoisseur of *mescal*—*vino* he calls it; and while explaining the merits of the various vintages, will make you as "drunk as a lord" if you give him the chance.

Every one rides in Mexico, such a thing in the country as a dogcart or phaeton apparently

being unknown; but when the *haciendado* is leaving or arriving at his home, a prehistoric-looking vehicle, bearing an ancestral affinity to a dilapidated four-wheeler, is brought out, to which are harnessed six, eight, or even ten mules, according to the state of the roads; an embroidered coachman mounts the box, and away rumbles the family coach to the nearest station on the Mexican National Railway, by which the valley is traversed throughout its entire length.

A visit to the *hacienda* while the owner is at home is a delightful experience, though you are apt to wake with a heavy head the next day. You are asked to come early, of course, so as to see all there is to be seen before dinner, which is between twelve and one o'clock. Several liqueur-glasses of *mescal* always open proceedings, and then after visiting the distillery and mills, the stables and the farm, you will be taken into the garden to eat peaches and mangoes in the cool shade of gigantic ilexes, quench your thirst with a mild absinthe, and smoke cigarettes till dinner-time, deftly rolled for you by the *señora* herself or her pretty daughters.

The house is a large rambling structure of two storeys, often built in the form of a quadrangle, with an imposing entrance. Corridors run all round the *patio*, in the centre of which is a fountain and a few palm-trees, and in an upper corridor a long table is laid, where the family and the entire staff to the number of twenty or thirty sit down together. Host, hostess, and guests at one end, the *administrador* at the other, in the intervening space being seated the numerous clerks, bailiffs, and overseers. All drink water

in porous pipkins of rough red ware, ornamented with quaint designs in blue-and-white mosaic; but "above the salt" there will be a good natural burgundy made from the vineyard, white wine, and champagne.

Servants, both male and female, wait at table with noiseless footsteps, coming and going softly with their naked feet.

Certain dishes invariably appear at a Mexican dinner—namely, soup, eggs in some form or another, and rice, dry and pink, cooked with tomatoes. The rest of the *menu* is much like dinner anywhere else. With the coffee—and such coffee!—comes *crème de cacao*, a delicious liqueur tasting of chocolate, and a box of enormous cigars, with which, on rising from the table, the host with profuse hospitality insists on filling your pockets. The dependents now vanish in all directions

to their different avocations, and you are conducted by one of the brown-eyed maids, who ministers to your wants, to a room provided for the customary siesta.

And here, lying in a luxurious hammock, after a short but profound sleep in the stillness of the hot hours, one can reflect at leisure on the many delights of *hacienda* life, with its manifold interests, its attractive and reliable people, its well-ordered feudalism, and its certain results in material gain; and one is surprised to find that, even in these turbulent times of "liberty and advancement," there still exists the sunny land philosophers have dreamt of, where agricultural industries may be pursued with profit, where the "labouring man and the wayfarer" are contented and happy, and the vision of Arcadia may be realised.

E. F. AMES.

AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.

LETTER FROM MISS ROBERTSON OF GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH,
TO HER MOTHER.

[Miss Elizabeth Robertson (born 1766, died 1858), second daughter of David Robertson, H.E.I.C.S., and Marion Forbes. After retiring from service in the Indian Navy, her father settled in 1760 at Loretto, Musselburgh, and afterwards in George Square, Edinburgh, and died in 1790.

She was one of a family of ten, consisting of four sons and six daughters, the latter of whom all died unmarried—the shortest-lived reaching 78 years, and the longest-lived 95 years. It is now thirty-three years since the last survivor passed away at this venerable age. For many years she and her sisters afforded in their house, 46 George Square, to nephews and nieces, to grand-nephews and grand-nieces, a glimpse of Scottish ladies of the olden time. Talent, taste, and travel combined to give a charm and piquancy to their conversation, and to make them the centre of a large and interested circle of relatives and friends.

We are indebted to Major-General D. Robertson, late of the Indian Army, a grand-nephew of the writer, for the opportunity of placing the letter before our readers.]

Tuesday, July 24, 1821.

HERE is the longest sheet I can find, and were it ten times longer, and had each of my ten fingers the pen of a Walter Scott busy at its point, the tenth part of all I have seen since this day ten days would hardly be told. Walter's pen alone can attempt, with any hopes of success, to give an idea of the witchery of the scene represented in Westminster Hall and Abbey. It was the realisation of scenes he has given lively paintings of; but, as he confessed himself (for I had the happiness of having him next me for several hours during the King's banquet), far surpassing what imagination could form an idea of, except in a fairy-inspired dream. Several of the newspapers have given a very faithful account of all the marshalling of the procession, and all the forms and ceremonies, but as you will observe, if you read them, none of

them have said one word of where or what *your daughter* was or did; that they have left for me to tell, and as I have survived to tell the tale after twenty-four hours of excitation, rejoicing, and the consequent fatigue, I may as well employ this my first quiet hour to say as much as I can, and to carry you along through the whole of my gay life.

I shall turn back to where I left Henry one day, when I was snatched away from him and Lady Willoughby's party just after I had, with nerves screwed to their utmost pitch, done the courageous thing to enter that magnificent palace, the residence of ancestors since the flood: through halls and stairs and troops of servants, I was ushered into a magnificent drawing-room, where numerous lords and ladies fair were in groups here and there and everywhere. Lady Perth was near the entrance,

. . . where I was presented to a little *croodendoo* of a woman that hardly reached my elbow; dressed like a true widow indeed, . . . and then I saw Lady Elphinstone and her daughter, Miss Carmichael, and black Charlotte, who lives with Lady Willoughby, so very genteel: keeps her own carriage and footman, and is with her tail quite grand; and she was very good-natured, came and sat by me, and told me all the people. There was Lady Exeter and Lady Cecil, her *belle-fille*, and there was the Duke of Wellington's brother, Wellesley Pole (the day before created Lord Maryborough), and Miss Fitzroy, his niece, &c., &c. Amongst the throng I saw a face quite familiar to me, that tormented me to find out who she was or where I had seen her. She spoke to me, yet still I could not tell, but in the coach Lady P. told me, and it was that *fine bust of a woman*, from the chin downwards, that visited in our house when Elly was two-and-twenty months old, called Mrs Villiers.

Well, at eleven o'clock we proceeded — after having seen the exhibition of the herb-women, who were all ladies (you must know Lady Willoughby is the hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, and her son, Lord Gwydyr, is only her deputy; they had come to show themselves to her, as she was not to go to the Coronation) — we proceeded to the Hon. Mrs Stanhope's, where was a great rout in an elegant house, and there were Lady Hertford and the Duchess of Richmond, and heaps of my new grand acquaintances. Lord St Helens and I were again *comrades*, a very gentle, oldish sea lord; but tell Hunt, nowhere except in the procession of Piers have I again set eyes on Lord Glenburnie.

Home we went at the sma' hours. You may guess my bed a blythe sight to me after all I had gone through that day.

Wednesday, the town took the most wonderful appearance; there, from our windows, we saw the Scots Greys scampering by one way and the Life Guards another, two or three regiments inspecting in the Park, drums beating, trumpets sounding, coaches - and - four rattling by, filled with nobles arriving, lamps putting up for the illuminations, Congreve busy just under us preparing his fireworks, millions of people hurrying wherever there was anything to look at, showmen on stages, and *fowls* jumping — in short, such a hubbub as was enough to drive any sober head from the country mad, except mine, which I continue to keep always very sane on my shoulders. Lady Perth going out on some business, I sat down in the full sight of all and wrote the scrawl to Hunt, which a member came in very opportunely to frank. The coach came, and off we set to go to see many people and the *outside* of Westminster, which was a perfect curiosity with scaffolding, but such the immensity of the crowd we never could pass Charing Cross. In coming along Pall Mall we fell in with such a show! Just as we approached the Palace we saw it was levée-day, and at that moment all the foreign princes in their State carriages, and attended by their State-dressed servants, came in a train past us, and no words can describe the glare of these carriages. The Duc de Gramont's was bright geranium colour, covered with coronets and borders of the most brilliant enamel, the livery bright yellow, with crimson satin linings and covered with silver. Some were bright green and purple, with lilac servants, covered with gold — in

short, it was perfectly dazzling, and more gaudy than the Croesus on Hansel Monday. As the Duc de Gramont passed me in his golden jacket, I could not help thinking, "Changed days with you, Mr Pamela, since you and I last parted (as Marianne will well recollect) in the striking style, close by our Abbey of Holyrood."

After much driving we came home to an early dinner at six o'clock: Lady Elphinstone and her son the young lord, and daughter, and young Stewart of Gairntully dined, and they all went and Lady Perth to a party at nine, and I, after laying my Coronation robes in order to be ready, to my bed as fast as I could and got in by ten. I had just fallen fast asleep when I was awoke by a candle and maid at my bedside. "Is it half-past two?" said I. "Oh no," said she, "only eleven; but there is a beautiful young gentleman in the drawing-room going mad to see you, and to hear about his ticket for the Coronation." This was John Pringle. I could only with my eyes half open tell where Lady Perth was, and off he set and left me to repose till a quarter before two, when up I got (a lovely moon), and at that hour, carriages beginning to pass down by Park Lane, with Court plumes in them, although the doors of the Hall were not to be open till four. I dressed very smart in my new white satin, with all the white feathers I could catch and all the brilliant things. I had a beautiful hothouse bouquet to match my trimming. I eat a breakfast I had bespoke overnight—a large mess of sago, with wine and sugar and a biscuit. Just when it was over, a message came from Lady Morton that Admiral Halkett was coming in for me. In his full uniform he appeared *chapeau bas*,

and we met the carriage at the door, come with General Brown and Helen Home, and off we drove.

At Hyde Park Corner we caught the string of carriages and got into our place. It then struck four, and we were two miles from the Hall. Our way (there were five different ways) was down Grosvenor Street and to the side of the Thames, by which we travelled at the rate of a mile an hour, the carriages extending in one close string that length before us, and as far behind. The morning was quite inspiring, and the breezes from the river acted on us like champagne. The crowd was immense on both sides, and at that early hour thousands of nice-dressed misses were walking on the pavements, and all the windows filled with people, every human being in the highest spirits and best humour. The Hussars and fierce-looking Cuirassiers had nothing to do but look beautiful in their full costume and armed *cap-à-pie*, scampering about, their immense plumes floating in the morning breeze. Exactly at six we reached the Hall gate, and were as quietly set down as ever I was at Lady Mary Clark's rout.

But here came the moment big, as I thought, with my ruin; for when our tickets were examined by an elegant page in scarlet and gold, mine was for Lord Gwydyr's box, and all the other four for the place destined for the Peers' friends. My heart died within me when, without the stop of a moment, a page presented his arm to me, and I was torn from my friends. This page was a navy captain, and friend of the Admiral's, so he had only time to say, "Take care of the lady," when a call of the "Princess Augusta" made every one stand

round as far as they could, and the sweetest-looking, unpresuming Princess was squeezed close against my arm. My page and I followed her, and we entered an anteroom behind the throne. She soon reached her seat on the right of it. I had to promenade past it, and down the steps and all along the Hall, and then up a stair and along a passage till my page placed me where the ticket directed in the Chamberlain's box, and bowing, left me to my fate. At first all my senses were scattered, and I only had as much gumption as to think, "Here am I to sit amongst perfect strangers for twenty-four hours, and never again see my friends;" but being a *composed creature*, I soon gathered my scattered ideas, and on looking round, found the following people near me—viz., Lady Elphinstone, her son, daughter, and Charlotte Elliot, Abercainey, his wife and Miss Erskine, James Hunter Blair, William Wauchope, and Mrs Spottiswood. Can you conceive such luck? Besides them there were about a hundred Englishers, Peeresses, that had preferred it to their own seats, that they might be near their daughters. All the rest were Peers' daughters. Lady Gwydyr herself was in a box near the throne, called the Royal, because the King named who should be asked there. It was filled with all the Ministers' wives, blazing like jewels, the favourite and her daughters, and all the beauties to the amount of twenty-five only. My seat was quite to my taste, being exactly the centre of the Hall, and the second row, with a niece of the Duke of Wellington before me, who had young feathers. She obligingly always gave me plenty of room to come front when I liked; indeed, never, I daresay, was there such a family

of love as all London exhibited that day—everybody spoke to their neighbour as if they had been born brothers. The mob did nothing worse than say how elegant and beautiful we were, and the pickpockets were so busy being happy, they kept their ready fingers out of their neighbours' pie, for never was there known on any day fewer accidents or transgressions.

We had to amuse ourselves the best way we could from six to eight, and Queen Caroline did her best to amuse us. There came a *sough* to the Hall that the Queen was come down, and that she had got into the Abbey alone. Just as the crowded boxes and galleries were all murmuring about this news, we were electrified by a thundering knock at the Hall door, and a voice from without loudly said, "The Queen, open." A hundred red pages ran to the door, which the porter opened a little, and from where I sat I got a glimpse of her, leaning on Lord —, followed by Lady — and Lady —, standing behind the door on their own *ten toes*, with the crossed bayonets of the sentry under her chin. She was raging and storming and vociferating, "Let me pass; I am your Queen, I am Queen of Britain." The Lord High Chamberlain was with the King, but he sent his deputy, who, with a voice that made all the Hall ring, cried, "Do your duty, shut the Hall door," and immediately the red pages slapped it in her face! By the time she got where I saw her there was not a creature at her heels but Lady — and trollopy Lady —, so that no one had the least fear of the consequence of a door being banged in the face of the Queen of Britain!

As you would see by the papers,

the King entered the Hall about nine o'clock. After all the procession had been marshalled in the Hall, and it was so bright and light where I sat, I was so near the assembled nobles that I could have spoken to them all, but I only had nods from those I knew. It was a most imposing sight. Everything that was grand or noble in our noble island, in that noblest of all halls, glittering with gold, silver, and precious stones, ten million [*sic*/] of plumes slightly waving in the morning breeze, admitted by the high Gothic windows being open in the roof. Rising at once as the King entered, at the same moment the fine band played "God save the King." The prayer was granted, for although much agitated at first, almost to fainting, he soon recovered, and looking round, held out his hand to the Duke of York, who with zeal and great affection bent as he took it and pressed it to his good fat heart. The King then good-naturedly spoke to all his little pages and train-bearers; one of them was Lord D., the Duke of Wellington's son, whom he shook by the hand. The procession then moved on exactly as described by the newspapers, and when the King rose again, we all did. It is impossible to conceive the beauty of the scene. The King looked with great exultation, and as he passed under me, I almost heard what he said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as he pointed first to the one side and then to the other where the ladies sat, gave a look of admiration, and clasped his hands. So collected was he that at that moment he observed the beautiful Miss Seymour, who has been brought up by Mrs Fitzherbert, and kindly smiled and nodded. She stood exactly next me, by which means I caught

a bit of his smile, and it did my heart good to see him look so happy. It was about ten, I fancy, when he passed to the Abbey, and from my place I saw the procession for as long a way as from our house to Lady Purves', taking that sort of turn up the platform, and beautiful it looked, glittering in the bright sunshine through the high Gothic gateway.

For many hours I had been delightfully seated between two such agreeable Englishmen, my Scotch ones having been squeezed away by the fate of woe. The one was Colonel Cotton of the Guards, a particular friend of the King's, and I thought the most agreeable man I ever met with, and on mentioning so to Lady Perth, she said I was quite right, he was accounted the very pleasantest man in London. On my other hand was another almost as delightful, an acquaintance of Cotton's, who always called him Lord Charles. They knew every living soul, and took such pains to point them all out to me, and during our long morning seat we had so much conversation on every subject, such fun and laughing, I never spent so pleasant a five hours in my life.

But now came my difficulties. I had a ticket for the Abbey. About one-half of the Hall company moved off there, but, alas! I was far from my Admiral, and I had discovered neither Cotton nor Lord Charles's tickets went to the same place with mine. If I could have had courage to ask either of them to take me with them! Cotton had Lady Augusta, his wife, and Lord Charles had a young missie of a daughter, and both were afterwards in despair when they found I had a ticket and did not go, which I could have done with Lady Elphinstone, but I perfectly lost courage, for the

crowded passages, and the fear of never getting back to my delightful seat, and to see the champion and banquet. After hesitating I at last let Lady E. and black Charlotte go without me, and, sure enough, they never could reach their good seats again, as naturally those left in the box took the best. Mine was so good I did not change it, but left my shawl on it while we went about to amuse ourselves. Some scampering about there was in search of food. About twelve o'clock my hunger became so outrageous I verily thought I would have died. I had stretched myself out to try and *sleep*, and forget it, when a most entertaining page (they were all gentlemen) had his dinner brought to him, as he did not dare to leave his post at our box door. He asked me to partake of it, which I most joyfully accepted, and he cut up his cold fowl with a penknife, and gave me all the breast on a lump of bread. Never had I tasted anything half so delicious. I was forced to offer some to Lady Middleton and the Misses Broderick, and some friends who were next me. They spared my hen, some one having gone for something for them; but the Duke of Wellington's niece was glad of a bit, and his niece I did not grudge it on. I was quite another creature after this banquet, and could with more patience see the King's laid out on the tables under us.

We really did get good fun during our wait, and at two o'clock the guns firing told us the crown was fairly on the head of the 4th George. I, and all my friends around, began next to suffer from thirst: many set out in search of water, but my page touched me on the shoulder, and asked if I could drink ale, and a large tumbler of that liquid went over

like nectar; but a little after, a tumbler of Madeira was the true ambrosia. The exhaustion was so great, I might have drunk a gallon. A French nobleman gave me two oranges and a biscuit. I rather thought monsieur took a fancy for me, and I shall never forget his real kindness. This comfortable feed being over, the Peeresses and folks began to come hurrying back from the Abbey, and then it was "*he* to a seat, and *she* to a seat, and *highle mickle* to a seat." I was as well pleased I had not left mine, as few people had got a good one at the Abbey, owing to those people who had only Abbey tickets being before them. When all were again seated, and *more* than the all that went away, I looked and saw *my* Otton at my back, so happy to meet again that we shook hands!

Now was the sight of sights. All the marshalled Peers entered and ranged themselves, forming a noble hedge on each side of the hall, their coronets now on their heads. Never shall I forget the Grand Cross Knights, each with about fifty, some sixty, long white feathers in their hats, which the air tossed in all directions, as three and three they all entered under the arch, many of them with honourable scars, some with wooden legs, some without an arm—all of them having served their king and country. First of the princes came Leopold, and being a Knight of the Garter, his robes were dark blue, which amongst all the crimson looked very well, and suited his melancholy cast of countenance. Many feelings were expressed on his fine countenance. At last the King—now an anointed one—his royal diadem on his head and crimson robe exchanged for the imperial purple, under his canopy of burnished gold entered

the gate. But oh! the feelings of the moment when that immense multitude outside and inside the hall burst forth as if with one voice, "God save the King! long live our King!" and the trumpets sounded, and the music struck up "God save the King!" The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men their hats, the knights their many feathers, the soldiers their helmets, whereat Walter Scott, who by that time had got on my right hand, could alone make any one not present comprehend the splendour or the feeling with which the scene was seen. To the papers you must go for all that was done on his return. I shall only tell you what I felt, when at last I saw the Duke of Wellington on his prancing war-horse, the stirrup held by his little silver page, Lord Chorley, his youngest son! I really could have eat up the boy, he looked so enchanting and so like another Wellington, so undaunted as the horse pranced, he minded not his own little feet. They favoured us four times, riding up and backing out before and after each course, between the courses, and the champion came attended by the Duke and Lord Howard, and, poor lad, he really did it well, and carried off a handsome gold cup for his pains, no one gainsaying him. It was delightful to watch Walter Scott's face when he saw the reality of what he has described, and much it lightened up as the Duke of Argyle, sword in hand, with such royal grace walked up the hall. Walter and I at one moment exclaimed, "Mac-Callum More"; and Glengarry, in full Highland costume, likewise made Walter's een blink, he brought the Land of Cakes so favourably before us. The Duke of Athole, with his falcons on his

hand, likewise moved our Scotch hearts—in short, it was all like a beauteous, splendid dream, and I awoke and wondered for the first time how my party and I were once again to meet. I have no room for all the huzzaing of the King we did, but I must say nothing could be more affecting or more graceful and royal than the manner the King rose. After we had all joined the choristers in singing "God save the King," raising his hands, he pronounced in a full manly voice that was heard all over the Hall, "God bless my Peers and all my people," and seizing a golden cup, bowed all round and drank. I am sure even you must have heard in your dining-room the burst of acclamation that succeeded.

When everything was over, I looked towards my friends on the opposite side. The Admiral pointed to the Hall. I understood him and instantly nodded, and, attended by a page, reached it with ease. Sir Alexander Don met me and gave me his arm till my party came down their stair. We then enjoyed a royal rout. All sorts of people crowded the Hall, Peers and Peeresses, Bishops and Cuirassiers, French and Spaniards, Persians and Medes, for all I knew—in fact, the best rout I ever was at; and then one met and shook hands with friends, and a lovely Bishop gave me a large glass of wine-and-water, and we walked towards the throne, and saw the King sitting with a most comfortable face, enjoying the scene, and that it was near bedtime and all well over. Just as he prepared to retire we hurried away, and, arm-in-arm with the Admiral, we reached the gate at the House of Lords. A policeman called our servants. They both instantly appeared. The

carriage was exactly a mile from the door. Away we walked, a heavenly evening. The mob, perfect lambs, did nothing but admire how beautiful we were. We got the carriage—it had room to turn. We left the string and got safe home. In half an hour a nice dinner at nine o'clock at Lady Morton's. Went home at ten, found a smart party of all the Percys of Northumberland assembled to see the fireworks in the Park, which were superb, and Allan might well have said, "It was £50 not ill spent." More than ten thousand people were standing under us, all in good humour and quietness. Lady Perth was dining with Mrs Fitzherbert. I had to do the honours to the Percys. They went at 11.30. I wrote to Jane Campbell to let her know all was safe. Lady P. came. I had to tell

my news: went to my room and undressed at the window that I might not miss the fireworks, and into my bed more dead than alive, exactly twenty-four hours after rising. I slept like a stone, drove all over the town next day, dined with a pleasant party at Becky Scott's: and came home to dress for the Gwydyr's grand rout. Lady P. not well, could not go, went to bed instead. Next night the Opera, crowded to excess; all the Royal Family there, loyalty excessive; "God save the King," encored, sung by the whole house. At Church; Park; to the Duke of Buccleugh's in the evening. Packed on Monday morning. So ends my tale and paper. Tell Mrs Blair that I have got a lovely watered tabby which all the London ladies make their pelisses of.

TIGER MAJESTY.

THERE were once three Chinamen on their trial at Singapore for piracy and murder on the high seas. The jury had found them guilty, and the judge proceeded to pass sentence. This he did in a speech of some length, in the course of which he spoke of *alibis* and *onus probandi*, now alluding to this argument, now referring to that piece of evidence, with a word here as to the heinous nature of the offence, and something to say on British justice. And in the end: "The sentence of the court is . . . And now, Mr Interpreter, I will have you tell the prisoners what I have said." In those days the court interpreter had but small English and no Latin at all; however, being put to it to make some sort of translation, he laid his hands on the dock and bawled thus into the mouths of the terror-stricken prisoners: "*Hi! you wretches! Ho! you scoundrels! To-morrow he will chop off your heads!*" Naturally the anger of the learned judge was great; and indeed the procedure did not altogether accord with our ideas of decorum. But very different was the impression made on the Chinese in the body of the court. "True justice: Tiger Majesty!" was their opinion.

At a time when our policy with the native races under our rule seems put, in a manner, on its trial; when the English democracy seems wavering in its belief that freedom of speech should be accorded to races by whom truth is not considered a virtue, and trial by jury to people who regard perjury as an accomplishment,—it seems to me to be an apt moment to look at the question of our

administration from a native point of view. I propose in this article to speak of our rule in the Straits Settlements, the colony I know best, as it appears to a Chinese immigrant; and then I shall try to show what are the conditions which prevail in his own land, and with which he is quite satisfied.

As my type of the thousands of adventurers who pour annually from South China into the Malay Peninsula, I select a young peasant living with his father and a host of kinsfolk on a plot of land within forty or fifty miles of Swatow. Living at the best on the verge of starvation, this family finds ever greater difficulty in winning enough rice for its increasing numbers; and so the next time the agent appears who recruits coolies for the "Myriad Joys" sugar estate in the "Four Settlements," as they call the Malay Peninsula, then our respected friend is to go with him. But first it must be clearly understood what manner of man he is. Physically a thick-set, sturdy little man, he has a very complete knowledge of the culture of the sugar-cane; beyond this his ignorance is phenomenal. He can neither read nor write; in history, perhaps, he knows that the Tshin dynasty upset the Mings two hundred odd years ago; his religion consists of a knowledge of ancestor-worship as performed in his father's household; with a tag or two he has heard of the wisdom of Confucius, such as "To worship at another's altar is called flattery," or some text equally inspiring. As for geography, should his mind ever dwell on such a subject (which I doubt), he would believe the world

to be China, bounded by the four seas, over which seas are strewn the barbarous islands he has heard of from his travelled friends—to wit, the New and Old Gold Hills (Australia and California), Hong-Kong, the Red-haired country (England), the Tin Hills, Luzon, or Penang. With such mental equipment he bows to his father, kisses his son, and sets out on his travels; and eventually steams out of Swatow harbour in a little native-owned steamboat, he and fifty companions in fortune.

Small as she is, the steamer bulks very huge by his own boat alongside her, and it might be thought that here is an impressive object-lesson for him of a new civilisation at the very outset of his travel. Unfortunately his surprise and admiration are but feelings of the moment. Nothing of the discontent with inferiority that is big with progress comes into his mind. Like a child, indifferent in a world of wonder, he stares for a minute or two at the bright convolutions of the machinery, and listens in bewilderment to the rattle of the donkey-engine; after which he will turn aside to matters touching him more nearly, and reserve his faculty of wonder for the spasms of sea-sickness or the plague of weevils in his rice.

In venturing so far from his native land our friend the coolie thinks no small thing of his courage. And we who talk of the unsettled state of China, and go as secure in a British colony as in Bond Street, must not be too ready to laugh at him. There may be dangers for him from which we are exempt. I hold in my hand a petition addressed to the Protector of Chinese at Singapore from one Chang Tek Ham beginning thus: "A petition concerning a kidnapper who entraps and en-

snares men and sells them as slaves." He implores that "examination may be made and schemes devised to safeguard poor travellers and as a warning to sly rogues." And to show how such dangers may be not altogether imaginary, I am almost tempted to have our immigrant crimped from the coolie depot in Penang and carried away into a three years' bondage on a tobacco estate in Dutch territory, to his infinite discomfort. But spared from this, he passes quietly to his temporary home on the "Myriad Joys" estate. First, though, he must go through an ordeal to which we English attach great importance. He is told by the agent who brought him from China that he must come before the Red-haired mandarin and say "Yes" to all questions put to him. His whole experience of our methods hitherto has been gained from an irate Aberdonian engineer who knocked him down for experimenting with the steam-gauge; and he enters the presence with trembling.

There are a crowd of Chinese standing before a desk where a Red-hair devil is sitting. Is that a mandarin! He is dressed in a short coat; and has not so much as a hat, much less a button. . . . His hair is black, though, . . . and he appears to be trying to "talk language" (that is, to talk the *only* language—Chinese, to wit). . . . Perhaps he is only a devil on the father's side. Well, he finds himself pushed up to the desk and plied with a string of questions. "Are you willing to . . . ?" *et cætera*. "No! . . . I don't understand. . . . I mean yes, yes, yes," and the interview is over. His new master takes him away and explains that he need not trouble about these ceremonies; only whenever he is asked by any Red-

hair whether he is contented, he must declare that he is.

So this poor ignorant fellow is taken away to the sugar estate; and if a few months later a magistrate on inspection duty shall find the man's back striped with weals and demand an explanation, he will take his cue from his master and his fellow-labourers and swear that the weals were due to bad water, or a snake-bite, or anything else except a popular castigation. Equipped with Chinese powers and a few joints of bamboo, the magistrate would soon be getting at the truth: as it is, he is constrained to pass on with a shrug of his shoulders.

If we pursue the further adventures of this typical colonist, we are likely to find that the duration of his stay in the country brings no proportionate increase to his comprehension of its institutions. After he has worked off, by a year's labour, the cost of his passage from China, we may suppose him to join a gang of wood-cutters or charcoal-burners; or perhaps he will squat on a corner of land and grow vegetables for the local market. In any case, he will probably be induced by his associates to join in some illegal society, the ostensible motive of which may be a revolution in China—"Upset the Tshins, Recall the Mings"; but which has none the less for its practical end to shelter and defend its members from the clumsy fingers of our criminal law.

From his new friends he will learn of the thousand and one offences under our legal codes—cutting a stick here, driving your bullock-cart there; gambling with your friend, or fighting with your enemy: which offences, as they are innumerable and not to be kept in the memory, so it is advisable to run at the bare sight of a Sikh

policeman, and if caught, to offer the "Mata-devil" ten cents, or it may be half a dollar, without more ado. Or if that will not serve, and he comes before the court and eventually into prison, why, even so things will not be so bad but that they might be worse. The prison fare is wholesome, and the prison labour no harder than what he is accustomed to. After working out a sentence or two, he becomes more familiar with our methods. He scrapes an acquaintance with the law of evidence; and when he quarrels, lays an information against his enemy, whose liberty he and his friends are prepared to swear away on any plausible charge from murder to chicken-stealing. If a conviction is obtained—so much for Red-hair justice! If the case breaks down, no worse harm can befall the bearers of false witness than a possible "loss of countenance."

But with ordinary luck our friend contrives to keep clear of the courts, in which case his intercourse with Europeans will be still less extensive. After many years of industry, it may be that he contrives to amass a small fortune of £30 or £40, sufficient to buy another rice-field to add to the family domain. With these savings it is to be hoped he will run the gauntlet of the swarms of thieves and desperadoes that our tin-fields and busy ports attract, and make his way safely to the treaty port he left a dozen years before.

Men may come and men may go, but China changes not. The returned wanderer shoulds his bundle and treads the tangled mountain tracks as if it was but yesterday he traversed them on his journey forth. There is the wayside shrine; there the pine-tree; there the water-wheel. And

now the homestead comes into sight, as he has seen it in his dreams a thousand times, deep set in the golden sugar-cane. An old man is sitting at the porch, with a sun-burned boy of sixteen by his side, and the third figure is his old wife. "You don't remember me," says our exile, grinning as he kicks a new generation of curs from the threshold. There we will leave him, older certainly and richer, and possibly a little wiser than on his setting out.

I have spoken with many Chinese who have returned home from abroad with the mark of our civilisation on them in the shape of a pair of leather shoes. Skill in the mechanical arts it is admitted that we possess; and if only those home-comers would but be discontented with the toil of the weary journey on foot or the slow passage by barge after experience of our railways and steamers,—if only, I say, they would but wish for such appliances even for a moment, then China would have moved a point on the dial nearer to her awakening. But no! Ask in the first house where you see a Straits-made easy-chair, ask the travelled owner, "Why have you no railways here?" and he will make unhesitating reply, "Because, sir, in China there *are* no railways."

Let us see in what fresh light he can set our ways for the instruction of his family. We are clever workmen. (That they knew.) We are stupid and gullible, of course; and we have no acquaintance with the principles of propriety or of right and wrong. And as for our mandarins, so-called, they are like those of China, venal and corrupt. (It is hardly to be hoped that any distinction will be drawn between the Government tax collected by

the magistrate and the "squeeze" which sticks to the fingers of his clerk.) Lastly, to our misrule are attributed such lawless acts as are found inevitably among the untrammelled and adventurous population of a newly opened country, but which are scarce known in the quiet country districts of China.

Lest I overstate my case, I must not forget to tell of one instance, at any rate, in which I found that the beneficence of our administration was recognised. A man I knew had been cured of dysentery in a Straits hospital, and his son, who afterwards became my servant, begged of me, in his filial gratitude, a photograph of the "Red-haired Great Queen," which, when I gave it, he set up in his room, and I have seen sticks of incense burning before it. But such instances, I fear, must be regarded as very exceptional. It is little gratitude our hospitals bring us, as a rule. I have seen too many men lying in the wards, incurable cases of ophthalmia or of that disease whose ravages we are forbidden to circumscribe—men who, though treated with every conceivable kindness and attention, have had nothing better to say to me, when asked how they did, than, "The great doctor poured acid on my eyes and blinded them." "He smeared us with bad ointment and rotted away our flesh." Whether they believe what they say in the beginning, or whether the lie gains plausibility by repetition, is beside the mark. It is clear that letters sent home by men like these will not endear us in the affections of their countrymen. As for the belief so commonly heard, that the emigrants returning home will bring with them a leaven that will leaven the Chinese lump, *that*, I fear, is visionary indeed.

I have tried to show that the Chinese of our Colonies have not that respect for our rule which we might have hoped for from the reputed defects of their own. My next object will be to give a brief description of a Chinese court of law, its powers and its limitations; and lastly, I shall attempt to trace how far its influence extends over the districts which are, nominally at any rate, under its jurisdiction. And I shall continue to deal in illustration rather than in argument, preferring that the reader should draw his own conclusions from the facts thus laid before him.

The court I have in my mind's eye is that of a district magistracy in South China. The magistrate, a man named Chong, was connected by marriage with the brother of Li Hung Chang, then viceroy of the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwang-si. He had no great reputation for learning, and it was common gossip of the tea-houses that the money or influence of his great relations had weighed with the High Examiner who qualified him for his appointment. For the rest he was a man of about forty years, tall for a Chinaman, with high cheek-bones and a long pointed chin, and the grey unwholesome skin of a slave to opium.

His judgment-seat was in a flagged courtyard, the main portion of which was open to the sky, with rude frescoes in colour done on its whitewashed walls. A covered pathway ran the length of it on each side, and terminated in a kind of pent-house roof which sheltered that end of the enclosure; and the space under this roof (some thirty feet in width and fifteen or twenty deep) was raised above the level of the rest of the courtyard, and was approached from it by

two or three steps. On this raised platform or dais sat the magistrate in his blue robe and biretta with the button, having in front of him a large table covered and valanced with red cloth, on which were placed a Chinese inkstand, a lead pen-rack, an imposing pile of law books, and a pot, made out of a section of the giant bamboo, filled with slips of wood bearing various numbers—twenty, fifty, or a hundred. A tablet (green, if I remember) to Confucius adorned the wall behind, as also sundry scriptures from the Classics writ large in black and red. One of these sticks in my memory, which runs thus: "Learning without Thought, Time lost; Thought without Learning, Perdition." There used to stand behind the magistrate two sorry-looking rogues with silk banners in their hands, and along with them grouped about the bench were a throng of satellites—constables and runners, and jailors, with their chains—all very ragged and slovenly and dirty. The dais itself was usually very foul and unswept, the plaster from the walls lying for days where it had flaked off and fallen. The courtyard below the dais would be thronged with the friends of the parties to the causes on trial; with whom also you would find a large collection of the lowest classes—professional gamblers, paid bullies from the houses of ill repute, vagabond beggars, and so on—all attracted by the fascination of the rod at play.

The foreigner who frequents these courts is early struck by the absence of any form of Crown prosecution. There are none of those cases which with us occupy so large a proportion of the time of a police magistrate,—such as vagrancy, drunkenness, public nuisances, or adulteration. These do not appear

to be indictable offences. If offenders in this kind inflict injury on a large number of persons, they will shortly be suppressed without need of any trial; but if only an individual suffers, he will either be strong enough to redress his own wrong himself, or else too weak to gain anything by an appeal to Cæsar. In fact, it seems hardly too much to say that the law is not called upon unless the object of the complaining party is either revenge or else a wish to re-establish a weakened prestige among his neighbours. The scene I am about to describe will serve as well as one of greater consequence to explain my meaning.

One day while we in the body of the court were hearing some endless land case drag its slow length along, on a sudden the quiet was broken by shrill cries of "Grant justice," and a dishevelled female pushed her way through us up to the dais, a crowd after her dragging among them a frightened angry man. Screaming, she flung herself down before the bench, and beat her head on the ground till the blood ran from her forehead, while the man was forced down on his knees beside her. It seemed as if she were trying to articulate her complaint, but again and again her rage, feigned or real, appeared to overcome her. All that I could distinguish was, "Great old father! extend compassion!" For a minute the great old father sits patient: suddenly his bland expression vanishes, and a network of frowns and wrinkles distorts his countenance. "Ta!" (Strike!) he cries, and at the word one of the attendants whips his shoe off and belabours her with it, over neck and face, till she is half stunned. But this brings her to her senses as it seems, and she launches forth into a turbid story, above the eddies

and torrent of which one fact alone floats clear—the defendant wished to steal her duck. He, on the other hand, denies it all,—will admit nothing. "Ka, ka!" (False! false!) he cries, like an indignant crow, to each fresh evolution of the charge before it has fairly left her lips. The interpreter translates as much as he considers relevant from the local dialect into Pekinese; and the mandarin sits motionless with that blank face a Chinaman assumes so naturally. But presently, in the twinkling of an eye, the breath of the true "Tiger Majesty" is again upon him: the pleadings may now be hushed: sentence is about to pass. "Ha!" he shouts. "Ha! ha!" roar the constables, the bannermen, the flagellist, the jailors, as they stamp and clank their chains. The mandarin draws a slip from the bamboo jar and flings it down on the table. The flagellist picks it up. It bears the number twenty. They hold the head of the defendant, he nowise resisting, upon the ground, and bare his thighs, while the flagellist administers the twenty strokes with a flat bamboo cricket-bat. It seems he has not been bribed; he certainly does not strain the quality of mercy, but lays on with a will. The sound of the blows—clap, clap—rings back from the walls; and by the time he has finished, the victim's flesh is bruised and swollen wellnigh to bleeding-point. Then accuser and accused rise up and make their bow and vanish in the crowd. I never heard anything more about these people, but of one thing I am sure—a duck was not the subject of the quarrel.

It must not be supposed that every cause can be disposed of in this summary fashion. On the contrary, there are complex lawsuits, which are handed down

through the tenure of half-a-dozen mandarins, where all the parties are bribing the Yamen and its whole establishment, from the magistrate to the man with the bamboo bat. But in such cases as these, too, the real motive of the suit will generally be found to lie deeper than its ostensible cause. It will have been, not the bit of land in dispute, but some local ascendancy to be won or retained, that has brought the parties into court.

What, then, shall we say is the mental attitude of the average Chinaman towards the courts? It is certainly one of acquiescence; but the mixture of feelings that underlies this acquiescence is not easy to analyse. That the popular mistrust of the courts is deep-rooted is beyond a doubt. Every child in Canton province has this stanza by heart—

“ Like figure eight gapes Yamen gate.¹
Beware, ye poor!
Right *sans* Might's a woeful wight
Once past this door.”

And it cannot be said that a corrupt officialdom seems to them a natural or inevitable state of things. Such aphorisms as this, “Promote righteousness, discard obliquity; then will the people be loyal,” are commonplaces of polite conversation. But the mandarin, however venal and brutal he may be, is careful, as a rule, not to outrage popular prejudices. He will not beat an old man, for example, though if his son were present he would not scruple to transfer the punishment to *him*, to the huge delight, probably, of the public. For your average peasant seems to find a sort of

pleasure in those beatings and buffetings; perhaps, like the hideous deities he sets up and worships, they titillate his jaded nerves with a delightful horror.

But, after all, these are mere matters of sentiment; and sentiment alone would hardly sanctify a tyranny, in China least of all countries, where the authority of the law rests on such a weak foundation of physical power. The real cause of this general acquiescence in bad government, and of such outward shows of respect as are paid to it, lies, I think, in this,—the weight of the injustice may crush an individual here and there, but it presses far from heavily on the community as a whole. I remember hearing of one village whose common right over a certain piece of moorland was invaded by their magistrate. The villagers took counsel together and sulked, shut up their shops and their market, and behaved as if they were mourning over a public calamity. Such a state of things might have quickly reached the ears of the viceroy, attentive as the high authorities are to hear anything that resembles a popular uprising. A commission might have been sent to report, whose good graces the magistrate could hardly purchase with less than a year's income of the office. The mandarin saw that he had gone too far, and gave in.

Indeed I will venture to go further and assert that in no country in the world is there more actual freedom, less of the meddlesomeness of Government, than in China. What do the myriad villages and the unnumbered country homesteads

¹ The Chinese character for eight (*pat*) is formed of two strokes sloping inwards, like folding-doors partly opened 八. Ingress is easy, but the way out is hard to find.

know either of mandarin or central Government, beyond the more or less spasmodic exaction of a land-tax? There is a true local autonomy, of the *laissez-faire* school, in each small community. In the country homesteads, that account, I daresay, for one-half of the population, questions of right and wrong go by the will of the head of the family. Should one of these homesteads fall out with another over a diverted water-course or a violated grave, then the greybeards on either side discuss the quarrel, and the household found to be in the wrong must make amends. Very often justice is satisfied with a formal admission of wrong-doing, the offending party giving expression of this by the purchase of several thousands of fire-crackers, which, let off in the spirit of good fellowship, will clear the moral atmosphere of all bad feeling. Or perhaps the offenders may be ordered to provide a feast, at which the seniors on both sides will sit down with the assessors (if any friends to both parties have rendered this good office) and drink in glasses of rice-brandy to a better understanding for the future. But at all costs reconciliation must be come at. No thought is more repugnant to a Chinaman than that of an unappeased enemy marking his goings, and on the look-out for a false step.

Should a quarrel wax serious, and fail to be adjusted by such pacific measures as I have described, the aggrieved party will send a representative, who calls politely on the other side, and who on leaving will deposit a few betel-nuts on the table by way of challenge. Whereupon a collision between the younger men of the two factions may well ensue, and the bad blood find vent through

broken coxcombs. But unless both parties are exceedingly powerful or in deadly earnest, they will keep their enthusiasm in check; which if they do not, the mandarin will be sending his clerks and a dozen ragged constables to billet themselves on the warring houses, devouring their substance, and making themselves an abomination, until an enforced reconciliation is arrived at.

As regards such matters as the adulteration of food and other forms of fraud, or such nuisances as result, for example, from vagrancy or mendicancy, it is enough to say that these offences, as we should call them, are not in China held to be misdemeanours at all, but merely inconveniences against which people are expected to guard themselves. *Caveat emptor* is the advice to the purchaser. *Beware the dog* is the warning to the tramp. Of real crime, according to Chinese notions, I remember seeing very little. But two cases of detected theft I do remember, which, as they were dealt with in very characteristic wise, it will be worth while to relate somewhat fully.

Fi Ohu Fu, on the east branch of the Canton river, is the headquarters of the Tao-toi or Intendant of Circuit, which may account for its being the nest of a very pestilential swarm of rascals. One of these, a fellow named Leung Ah Kim (as I see from my diary), happened about December 1893 to have made the town too hot to hold him; and so he strayed away to the country villages to the southward for what he could beg or steal, arriving, as it happened, at a little town, Newmarket by name, on the same day as I did, making my way north from Kow Loon. It was about midday when I saw him first. I came in by way of the

market-place, which was crowded, it being market-day. I had resigned myself, hot and tired as I was, to the inevitable stir at the sight of a foreigner,—the laughter, the crowding, and the endless questions. But to my surprise no notice was taken of my entrance. The assembled people were standing with their backs to me and their faces to the opposite wall,—a low buzz of conversation running through them, differing in tone somehow from the busy chatter of a fair-day. Presently through a fissure in the crowd we saw a man half naked with his face to the wall, sprawling up against it with hands and feet, as if he were trying to climb it. I remember my Perak servant laughing, as a Chinaman does at a thing in pain, and saying to me in Malay, "Like a cockchafer in a finger-glass." I wondered a little, but glad to escape observation quickly, I made my way to an inn, where I passed the afternoon in a secluded hay-loft, and did not come down till the winter day was drawing to a close.

When I joined my servant, I found him talking in the kitchen with a couple of decent middle-aged men who, it seemed, had heard of my advent and wished to see me, thinking I must be my friend Herr —, a German missionary doctor of the neighbourhood. I asked what was the matter; they replied, "A man with sore eyes!" So when they had finished their tea they went out, and I with them. We passed along the narrow alley into the open market-place, to where I had seen the man scrambling along the wall six hours before. That side of the market-place was then quite deserted and quite dark; and before I noticed that the man was still there, I had almost stepped upon him. He was squatting on his haunches,

native fashion, silent, or it may be moaning a little. I took him by the forearm (he was naked but for a pair of blue cotton drawers, and the evening was clear and cold, as I remember), and I raised him up and led him across the market-place into the moonlight. There I saw what ailed him. From where his eyebrows may once have grown to his lips and his chin his face was nothing but one blister. It remains very vividly in my mind; but it is a memory so ghastly that I prefer not to dwell upon it. A glance was sufficient to show that his eyesight had been utterly destroyed.

The two worthy fellows who accompanied me led him between them to their house, while I went back to my inn and got a clean handkerchief and some vaseline. They made him some skilly, and he drank it with eagerness. Then I heard the story, Leung Ah Kim himself corroborating it, and adding a detail here and there.

He had wandered south to Newmarket, as I have said, arriving there about ten in the forenoon. He had slunk about the market-stalls for a while, and finally had stolen from a butcher's table a little pile of cash (seventy, I think they said, worth about a penny farthing), which he slipped up his sleeve. Unfortunately for him, he was caught in the act. Unfortunately, too, there had been recently a recurrence of such thefts. One can hear the cry, "Thief, old thief!" raised by the witness and caught up by the bystanders as they fell on him tooth and nail, while the elder men were devising a suitable punishment. Presently his undercoat is torn loose and a sheath-knife concealed beneath it lay exposed to view. Then his fate

was sealed. They sent to the oil merchant and bought bean oil for five or six cash, with which, having boiled it, they deliberately burned the eyes out of his head.

The man gave his share of the story with little display of emotion. He was probably too exhausted for that; and after all, nothing could be done. And observe, the question of an appeal to the mandarin, either to punish the theft or to avenge the atrocious act that followed on it, never entered into the mind of any one of the actors in this wayside tragedy.

So I left the victim for the night in the care of my fellow Samaritans, who refused any payment, preferring, as the phrase runs, to "accumulate virtue." I like to dwell on their charity, as such sensibility is far to seek and hard to find in their dull-nerved and cold-blooded nation.

My servant was very indignant when he heard of my doings. He declared I should have all the beggars in the village at my heels, —as, indeed, I had. However, I visited the blind man next day, and gave him a letter to the missionary doctor. He never delivered it, and I cannot say what became of him. Perhaps he died; perhaps at this minute he is feeling his way along the purlieus of Fi Chu Fu, begging from door to door with a little tin pot in one hand and a staff to guide his footsteps in the other. Whining "Charity! charity!" professionally filthy and diseased, I can see him, entering shop after shop, and hanging about till the shopman, seeing that he drives away custom, or is soiling the goods with his pestiferous hands, gives him a few cash to be gone. In the evening he will disappear into some unspeakable lair, having laid out his day's earnings in rice enough to

sustain life, and as much opium as the balance will buy. You may see such blind beggars any evening at Canton finding their way "home." Ragged, dirty, and diseased beyond description, they feel their way along in queues of eight or ten, each holding to the coat of the other, like a vision of nightmare children playing some grim travesty of "oranges and lemons."

Earlier in this article I have suggested the contempt that a Chinaman is likely to feel at our nerveless ways of dealing with a recalcitrant witness or stubborn prisoner. He is familiar with sterner methods, as the following story, for the truth of which I can vouch, may serve to illustrate. It may be objected that because the injured party, judge, and avenger was in this instance a European —a French priest, in fact—the case may be exceptional. But so intimate a knowledge had this gentleman of Chinese characteristics, acquired by residence in the country during many years; so well was he aware of the scant justice likely to be obtained by any injured person (and a French missionary least of all), at the mandarin's Yamen; in a word, so thoroughly had he caught the Chinese habit of mind in regard to such matters—that we may accept his action as typical without any reserve whatever. That this action should have passed without in the smallest degree exciting his neighbours' indignation, seems alone sufficient to stamp it as being in nowise extraordinary. As for me, I was a mere looker-on, and stood entirely dissociated from what was passing.

The French priest's chapel was open all day long, and frequently some one or other of his converts would go in to pray or to rest for

a few minutes on the benches, or would bring in a friend—perhaps one of *les paiens*—to look at the carving or the pictures. This chapel was the object of the priest's deepest pride and affection; and most gladly would he have continued to welcome all such chance visitors if the successive disappearance of the poor fittings and ornaments of the building had not excited his misgivings, and finally driven him into a perfect rage of annoyance and distress. One day a candlestick would disappear; next week the embroidered altar-cloth was missing. But the climax was reached when one evening I strolled into his house to find him on his knees, the tears running down his cheeks. The people, he said, had been in and out of the chapel that afternoon, as usual, and some one of them—"Oes animaux, cette canaille"—had stolen the gem of all its gems, the silver-gilt chalice that stood on the altar. After several days of wretchedness and universal mistrust, suspicion seemed to condense about the person of the son of my landlord, one Ohan the Virtuous—a lukewarm Christian and a surly ill-conditioned dog. I knew him well. This fellow was reported to have bought recently a new and handsome pair of shoes, though the village could not imagine where the money came from. And when to the shoes was added a new "four-seamed" coat, and it became known also that the Virtuous was smoking surreptitious opium, then suspicion seemed to ripen into certainty. The evidence may not have been sufficient, according to our ideas, to justify so much as a remand; but with his acquired Chinese notions, the priest felt justified in much stronger measures. Taking the young man on

some pretext or other into his garden, he opened the case for the prosecution by beating him with his slipper. Ah Hon, my boy-of-all-work, came running into my house all aglow with the intelligence, "Our soul-father beats Ohan the Virtuous!" I ran out, but when I arrived on the battle-field the soul-father was in the hen-house, too busy to attend to me, being at hand-gripes with the Virtuous in a whirl of dust and feathers. At length he emerged triumphant, and locking the door, he passed, with a hurried greeting to me, into the house, and quick returned with a coil of rope. By this time the spirit of the Virtuous had evaporated, and he passively submitted to be tied to the hinge of the door; so that he had dog's liberty, and could sit down as he liked inside his kennel or outside. At this point in the proceedings prisoner was charged with theft and entered a plea of Not guilty, whereupon his case was remanded, and he was left till the morrow to meditate on his position over a cupful of rice and half a cup of water.

Next morning I saw him again, and a sorrowful figure he made after a night's exposure to the mosquitoes of the rice-plain; but still he declined to confess. His father came and threw himself on his knees before the priest, but the priest was inexorable; and having, indeed, a pretty skill in carpentry, he busied himself through the rest of the day in the manufacture of a machine which is the Chinese equivalent for the thumb-screw, and by nightfall a rude but serviceable instrument had been constructed. He was kind enough to bring it across to my house first, and I accompanied him to the hen-house to see the end.

Whether this argument would actually have been employed or no must remain among the things that are hid. Because, after a hasty glance at the screws and strings, Chan the Virtuous demanded to know whether he was to be left for another night among the mosquitoes, and on receiving an emphatic assurance that he would be so left, without more ado he burst into tears and said, "Very well, everything I dare confess!" And gradually the story was told. He had taken the chalice and had sold it in a neighbouring town. It was decided that his father, who was now elaborately shocked and scandalised, should go with the Chinese catechist and buy it back. So off they went. And now comes the weak part of my story.

There is no doubt that the unpunished lies we get from native witnesses in our courts, and the acquittal of the manifestly guilty by the favour of some legal quibble, do serve to bring our justice into contempt among the Chinese. So I wish that I could lend a more complete justification to the means of my friend the priest, by crowning the end with complete success. But I must admit that when the two men returned from the town, it was with empty hands. They declared that the man who bought the chalice had sold it away again for eleven dollars. The chalice was not worth much more; and if the whole story of the selling and reselling was a fabrication, backed up by the catechist with the laudable idea of getting the matter set at rest, still it was strong evidence that either the Virtuous

or his father, or some one of the family, had committed or connived at the theft. But a jury would have liked to see the chalice.

At any rate, that was the way it ended. The old man, groaning heavily, produced eleven dollars wrapped in red paper and paid them to the priest, and Chan the Virtuous regained his liberty. Shaking the dust of the fowl-house from his feet, he limped away, and a few days afterwards disappeared from the neighbourhood. I believe he was sent abroad by his family.

I have tried to give my reader in peep-show fashion some glimpses of the life and thought of the poorer sort of Chinese. He will recognise in my rough pictures a hard-worked man, who would sooner have a bowl of salt cabbage with his rice than a vote, even if he could understand what that meant. Being used to guard his own interests, he will sometimes misunderstand and fail to appreciate the bristling array of orders, codes, and prohibitions which prevent him and his neighbour from doing that which seems good in their eyes. His idea of justice is something as far removed from this as it is from the corruption of the courts of his own country. A stern suppression of all overt breaches of the peace would best satisfy his ideal, with perhaps a frilling of "*Tiger Majesty*" to comfort his æsthetic longings. Given this true Queen's Peace, he would ask no more from us than he asks of his gods,—a fair field, and then—to be let alone.

EDWARD A. IRVING.

DISOBEDIENCE IN ACTION.

THERE is a very important question which must sometimes arise in the operations of war—Is an officer ever really justified in disobeying the direct orders which have been given to him by his superior, either in doing that which he has been told not to do, in substituting a course of action originated by himself for the one which has been prescribed to him, or in not doing that which he has been told to do? This question it is by no means easy to answer. No doubt the problem has been solved practically over and over again by the independent unauthorised action of subordinate officers at critical times; but where quasi-disobedience has had a successful issue, there is also equally little doubt that it has generally been condoned, and has even been altogether lost sight of, for the superior who has been disobeyed is generally willing enough to assume credit for what has been done, as if it were part of his own prearranged plan. Disobedience is like treason:—

“Treason doth never prosper, what’s the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.”

We propound the question again, Is it really ever justifiable in an officer to act in disobedience of orders? It may be that an important temporary advantage may be gained by his doing so; but is that problematic advantage worth the risk of disarranging the presumably carefully thought-out plans of a superior on whom rests the ultimate responsibility of the issue? One of the few authoritative dicta on the subject has been enunciated by Napoleon, who said:—

“Un ordre militaire même n’exige une obéissance passive que lorsqu’il est donné par un supérieur qui, se trouvant présent au moment où il le donne, a connaissance de l’état des choses, peut écouter les objections et donner les explications à celui qui est chargé d’exécuter l’ordre.”

It appears to us that, if the order is not part of a chain of interdependent instructions, has been given by a superior who is not on the spot, who has no knowledge of the actual state of affairs, and who has presumably only given directions to be acted upon in case the subordinate finds himself with no sense of initiative at all, then only it is possible that the said subordinate, if he feels a sense of initiative, and if he is satisfied that he possesses such information as gives a special complexion to events, may consider rightly that he is justified in disregarding instructions and acting for himself.

It is worth our while to examine a few well-known cases of direct disobedience to orders, which were so publicly and deliberately committed that they could not be ignored, but some of which were for the time so completely justified by their results that, far from being imputed to the men who committed them as faults, they have passed into history as actions full of glory and credit. The rationale of discipline is so similar in the army and the navy, and both services have so generally recognised implicit obedience to orders as a theoretical rule of conduct, that it is not out of place here again to repeat the well-known story of Nelson’s action at Copenhagen in direct defiance of the order signalled by his chief, Sir Hyde Parker. It is to be remembered,

in considering the incident, that the whole tactical plan by which that portion of the British force under Nelson engaged the Danish ships and batteries was entirely of that hero's devising, and that he had only with difficulty gained a reluctant assent from Sir Hyde Parker that it should be carried out. Such being the case, even if Nelson had failed instead of gloriously succeeding, after disobeying the order given to him in the middle of the action, he might not have been held guilty in the highest degree, for he alone might be presumed to be completely acquainted with all the details of his position, both from actual present knowledge and previous deliberate study. Nelson had, with a detached force of twelve line-of-battle ships and a squadron of frigates, passed through the intricate channel by which he had turned the Danish position and made his attack from an unexpected direction. Two of his line-of-battleships had run aground, one was unable to come into action at all, and his fighting power was thus practically reduced by one-fourth when the battle began. The Danish resistance was prolonged and stubborn, and its unlooked-for sturdy character, together with the mishaps which had happened to three of Nelson's ships, were evident to Sir Hyde Parker, who was about four miles distant. The old admiral became nervous about the result, and made the signal to leave off action. Captain Mahan, in his monumental work, records the possibility that the signal was so arranged that it was optional with Nelson whether he should obey it or not, but he also records his well-founded opinion that no choice was left to Nelson in the matter, and that, in disobeying the signal, he acted in direct disobedience of orders. He continues:—

"Never was disobedience more justified, more imperative, more glorious. To retire, with crippled ships and mangled crews, through difficult channels, under the guns of the half-beaten foe, who would renew his strength when he saw the movement, would be to court destruction—to convert probable victory into certain, and perhaps overwhelming, disaster."

Nelson paid no attention to the signal, and, by his persistency, gained a glorious victory. We are all familiar with the dramatic side of the story,—how Nelson applied his telescope to his blind eye, observing to Captain Foley, "You know, Foley, I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes." But how few of us have ever reflected on the full meaning of Nelson's conduct, the assumption of tremendous responsibility, the ethics of the deed, the momentous effects which such an example might have among officers of the fighting services during future wars,—effects which might react on the power and wellbeing of the country. The disobedience at Copenhagen was successful, but it is a question that may well be argued whether its success was not dearly bought at the expense of the possible shock given to discipline,—a shock which in subsequent battles might have had deleterious, if not fatal, consequences. Such an example of disobedience might well have had a malign influence on officers with less well-balanced minds than those in England's Royal Navy.

Pass we to another episode taken from one of the great Napoleonic campaigns. General Oudinot had succeeded Marshal Lannes in command of the 2nd Corps d'Armée, and found himself, on the eve of the great struggle at Wagram, between Masséna on the left and Davout on the right. The following morning he had received the

order not to engage unless the Archduke Ferdinand attacked,—a very doubtful eventuality. The Emperor presumably required to retain him in reserve. When, however, Oudinot saw that Davout had succeeded in occupying the easily sloping heights of Neusiedel, he at once understood that the possession of these summits by the French troops rendered the steep ridges of Wagram, the key of the position, more accessible. In defiance of his orders, he felt that he must let himself be carried away by the inspiration of the moment, commenced an attack on the enemy's position, and, in the face of determined opposition, drove that enemy before him. He was successful at all points, and, in a decisive part of the battle-field, contributed largely to Napoleon's victory. At their first subsequent interview Napoleon said to Oudinot—

“Savez-vous ce que vous avez fait hier?”

“Mais, Sire, j'espère n'avoir pas trop mal fait mon devoir.”

“Ce que vous avez fait. . . Vous avez mérité d'être fusillé.”

Some days later, in a letter to the Minister of War, dated from Schönbrunn, 29th July 1809, the Emperor said, “C'est le Général Oudinot qui a pris Wagram le 6, à midi”; and in general orders of the 5th August he confirmed the statement thus: “Sa Majesté doit le succès de ses armes au duc de Rivoli et à Oudinot, qui ont percé le centre de l'ennemi en même temps que le duc d'Auerstaedt le tournait par sa gauche.”

The great chief recognised the all-important service that had been done, but he indicated sufficiently plainly how great was the responsibility which Oudinot had assumed, and to what penalties he had exposed himself if the result had not been what it was. Oudinot

ran a terrible risk, but the man in whom there was the stuff to make a marshal of France was little likely to be deterred from making a bid for fortune by any consideration of the results of failure; and the usual rule of conduct among the leaders of the Grand Army was certainly not to consider how the general issue might be affected as long as personal glory and success were gained.

A remarkable instance, if not of actual disobedience of orders, though this is a doubtful point, yet certainly of acting without orders, and possibly in contravention to his superior's intentions, is found in Sir Thomas Picton's conduct at the battle of Vittoria. The story is best told in the words of that distinguished warrior's biographer:—

“During the struggle on the right the centre was inactive. General Picton was impatient: he inquired of several aides-de-camp who came near him from headquarters, whether they had any orders for him? His soldiers were anxiously waiting to advance. Picton knew the spirit of his men, and had some difficulty in restraining it. As the day wore on, and the fight waxed warmer on the right, he became furious, and observed to an officer who communicated these particulars, ‘D—n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us.’ It was near noon and the men were getting discontented, for the centre had not yet been engaged; Picton's blood was boiling, and his stick fell with rapid strokes upon the mane of his horse; he was riding backwards and forwards, looking in every direction for the arrival of an aide-de-camp, until at length a staff-officer galloped up from Lord Wellington. He was looking for the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, which had not yet arrived at its post, having had to move over some difficult ground. The aide-de-camp, riding up at speed, suddenly checked his horse and demanded of the general whether he

had seen Lord Dalhousie. Picton was disappointed,—he expected now at least that he might move; and, in a voice which did not gain softness from his feelings, he answered in a sharp tone, ‘No, sir, I have not seen his lordship: but have you any orders for me, sir?’ ‘None,’ replied the aide-de-camp. ‘Then pray, sir,’ continued the irritated general, ‘what are the orders you *do* bring?’ ‘Why,’ answered the officer, ‘that, as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, shall commence an attack upon that bridge’ (pointing to the one on the left), ‘the fourth and sixth are to support him.’ Picton could not understand the idea of any other division fighting in his front; and, drawing himself up to his full height, he said to the astonished aide-de-camp with some passion, ‘You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the third division under my command shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and the fourth and sixth divisions may support if they choose.’ Having thus expressed his intention, he turned from the aide-de-camp and put himself at the head of his soldiers, who were quickly in motion towards the bridge; encouraging them with the bland appellation of ‘Come on, ye rascals!’—come on, ye fighting villains!’

Picton well fulfilled his promise. His attack was irresistible. The other divisions followed where the third led and deployed in line with them. The enemy gave way everywhere and took to flight, leaving their artillery in the hands of the victors in the long struggle.

No special remark is made by Sir W. Napier on the incident which we have related, nor is it alluded to in the Duke of Wellington’s despatch reporting the battle. It may be noted that Sir T. Picton, in a private letter, said: “The ‘Gazette’ account of the battle of Vittoria is a most incorrect relation of the circumstances of that memorable event,—most uncandidly attributing to arrangement and manœuvre alone what was in

a very considerable degree effected by blood and hard fighting.” This criticism of Picton’s may have been justified from his own naturally somewhat limited point of view, but of course we must accept as correct the statement of Wellington, who felt the pulse of the battle from beginning to end, and had every detail under his own eye. It is very possible that Wellington, in his original plan, intended the seventh division to take precedence of Picton, but that, when he found that Picton had thrown himself into the fight, he accepted the situation and modified his plans accordingly. He may have been displeased with Picton’s action, though this does not anywhere definitely appear, for in his despatch he only names that general’s division in company with those of other leaders, giving no word of special praise to it as a whole, though he mentions in terms of compliment Major-General the Hon. O. Colville’s brigade, which formed a part of it. The Duke of Wellington was not a man to overlook the smallest assumption of unauthorised initiative by any of his subordinates, even if their actions were manifestly beneficial, as the records of his relations with Sir James M’Grigor, his principal medical officer, very clearly illustrate; and disobedience of orders, even if committed under misapprehension, was severely punished by him, as Norman Ramsay, the brilliant horse-artilleryman, found to his bitter cost. Whether, in the story of Picton that we have quoted, the disobedience was as marked as it appears to have been, we know not, but it is more than likely that it really did not amount to more than a very partial and perhaps judicious modification of a prearranged plan.

Sir W. Napier says, in sum-

ming up the characters of Picton and Craufurd, two of the most celebrated among the divisional generals in the Peninsula, "Both were inclined to harshness, and rigid in command; both prone to disobedience, yet exacting entire submission from inferiors." We have seen an example of Picton's disobedience which was part of the operations in a great victory. Let us turn to Craufurd's action on the Coa, fought in disregard of explicit orders, and differing from the others we have quoted as being only saved from bringing on a grave disaster by the manner in which "the British regiments, with singular intelligence and discipline, extricated themselves from their perilous situation." Craufurd, with the famous light division, had been sent across the Coa to watch the enemy's movements, while Wellington sought to find an opportunity to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo, then closely besieged by the French. That opportunity never came, and Wellington never showed his steadfastness of mind and the qualities of a great general more clearly than when he refused to be moved, by the feeling of his army, by the demands of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and by the taunts of his adversary Masséna, into attempting an enterprise which was almost hopeless, and, even if successful, would have borne but little profit in comparison with the unavoidable expenditure of men and *matériel*. Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered and Craufurd was obliged to fall back. He

"demanded a reinforcement of two battalions. Wellington replied that he would give him two divisions if he could hold his ground, but that he could not do so; and, knowing the temper of the man, repeated his former orders 'not to fight beyond the Coa.'"

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Craufurd was again forced to fall back—

"apparently disposed to cross the Coa, yet nothing was further from his thoughts. He had kept a weak division for three months within two hours' march of sixty thousand men, appropriating the resources of the plains entirely to himself; but this exploit, only to be appreciated by military men, did not satisfy his feverish thirst of distinction; he had safely affronted a superior power, and forgetting that his stay beyond the Coa was a matter of sufferance, not real strength, he with headstrong ambition resolved, in defiance of reason and the reiterated orders of his general, to fight on the right bank."

For the tale of the stubborn fight on the Coa we must refer to the spirit-stirring page of Napier's History. It could not be given in more concise language, and is too long to be quoted here. Suffice it to say that though the French failed in their attempt to cut off the English retreat, "forty-two Portuguese, two hundred and seventy-two British, including twenty-eight officers, were killed, wounded, or taken." What a price to pay for disobedience to a man who had proved that he deserved confidence! What a penalty for trying to satisfy "a feverish thirst for distinction"! What bitterness of thought in reflecting on the loss of so many brave men and invaluable soldiers!

We have now noted several occasions on which an officer in high command has traversed the orders which were given to him. Let us now glance at one occasion on which a comparatively junior officer had the courage, the initiative, and, as generally accepted, the clear-sightedness to act contrary to his instructions, to perform a brilliant feat of arms, and in doing so to incur the wrath of one of England's most able and valiant

generals. It was during the long and anxious operations which constituted the second relief of Lucknow. The old messhouse of the 32nd, strongly held by the rebels, stood in the way of Sir Colin Campbell's advance, and beyond it was the Moti Mahal. These two strong positions carried, a junction with the beleaguered garrison could be effected. Sir Colin, having made arrangements to secure his communications, directed the gallant Peel to open fire with his heavy guns on the messhouse. "The fire continued from the early morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour, the musketry-fire of the enemy having been almost completely silenced, it appeared to Sir Colin that the messhouse might be stormed without much risk." He ordered for this duty a company of the 90th under Captain Wolseley with some other details. The actual leader of the storming-party was Captain Wolseley. "Never was a daring feat of arms better performed." Through the hot fire Wolseley led his men, clambered through the breach made by Peel's guns, and entered the house, driving the enemy before him. His orders had been only to take the messhouse, but "the victorious stormers followed the fleeing enemy, and Wolseley, far from checking them, determined to push his advantage to the utmost." He pressed on to the Moti Mahal, and, with the assistance of the sappers, succeeded after a time in making narrow openings in the solid wall.

"Through these Wolseley and his men eagerly marched, and attacked the network of buildings within. The resistance they encountered was, however, stout, and even desperate, every room being contested. At length the enemy were expelled, and the Moti Mahal, the last building held by the rebels, on the line com-

municating with Outram and Havelock, came completely into British possession."

The best known biographer of the present Commander-in-Chief, and indeed the vast majority of persons who know the story, think that it was an astonishing thing "that Sir Colin was furious with him for having exceeded the letter of instructions in that, when he was only ordered to take the messhouse, he actually of his own motion had driven the enemy out of the Moti Mahal! The Brigadier (Adrian Hope) advised him to keep out of the way, as the Chief was asking for him, and he never saw a man more enraged in his life." But let us consider the circumstances. Sir Colin was engaged, with a very inadequate force under his command, in a most delicate and dangerous operation, on the success of which hinged the delivery from extreme danger not only of a beleaguered force but of a number of English women and children. He had been careful not to risk an attack on the messhouse until it had been pounded for long hours by Peel's guns, and it may be presumed that he had thoroughly considered the fact of the Moti Mahal's existence, and that he had formed in his own mind a scheme for overcoming its formidable strength. He could not afford to run the risk of being checked at a critical time, and Wolseley's unauthorised action certainly does not clearly appear to have been unaccompanied by such risk to the Commander-in-Chief in the field. It is very possible that, if Sir Colin Campbell had been by Wolseley's side, he might have come to the same decision as did the captain of the 90th, but it is equally possible that he might have adhered to his original plan of action, whatever it may have been, and that that

plan might have been carried out with less of resistance and loss than Wolseley encountered. Everybody must recognise the initiative, the force of character, the brilliant daring displayed by Wolseley,—qualities which he has so often shown before and since the relief of Lucknow; but we cannot help doubting whether their particular display at that time was altogether justifiable. Sir Colin was a man of vast experience in war, and had been specially selected for a most responsible and arduous task; he had been trained in the old school of discipline and self-abnegation, was very careful of the lives of his soldiers, and we cannot help thinking that he did right to be angry when he saw his functions arrogated by a junior officer, and the success of his matured plans, the security of his reputation, the lives of his men, hazarded by a man acting on the impulse of the moment, and presumably without more knowledge of the general situation than any other captain in the army. We know that the grand old soldier subsequently, after having administered a severe wiggling, condoned the offence, congratulated the offender on his courage and ability, and promised to recommend him for promotion. But is the example given by Captain Wolseley one to be received as approaching a rule of conduct for the army? Has the present Commander-in-Chief perfect confidence in its propriety?

Bodies of men as well as individuals have sometimes taken the bit between their teeth and have acted in defiance of orders or without receiving orders. In the action at Khudaganj the 53rd thus transgressed the bounds of discipline. Lord Roberts tells the tale:—

“There was a feeling throughout the army that Sir Colin was inclined to favour Highlanders unduly; and

a rumour got about that the 93rd were to be allowed the honour of delivering the assault on Khudaganj, which was highly resented by the 53rd, and they determined that on this occasion at any rate the Highlanders should not have it all their own way. The 53rd was composed of a remarkable fine set of fellows, chiefly Irish, and it was Mansfield's own regiment: willing, therefore, to do an old comrade a good turn, he had placed Major Payn, one of the senior officers, in command of the piquets. Payn was a fine dashing soldier and a great favourite with the men, who calculated on his backing them up if they upset Sir Colin's little plan. Whether what happened was with or without Payn's permission, I cannot say, but we were all waiting near the bridge for the attacking party to form when suddenly the ‘advance’ was sounded, then the ‘double,’ followed by a tremendous cheer, and we saw the 53rd charge the enemy. Sir Colin was very angry, but the 53rd could not be brought back, and there was nothing for it but to support them. Hope's and Greathed's troops were instantly pushed on, and the cavalry and horse-artillery were ordered to mount.”

Sir Hope Grant relates the sequel:—

“The Commander-in-Chief was terribly annoyed, and, riding up to the regiment, pitched into it well. But these wild Irishmen were incorrigible; whenever he began to speak, a lot of them exclaimed, as loud as they could, ‘Three cheers for the Commander-in-Chief, boys!’ until at last he himself was obliged to go away laughing.”

It was a noble spirit of emulation that prompted the 53rd, the outcome of an *esprit de corps* which has in the past been such a potent factor in building up the glorious renown of British regiments. The corps had had a long and distinguished service in India. They had shared in the stern contests of the Sikh wars, in frontier campaigns, and were fresh from some of the bitterest fights of the

Mutiny. Everywhere they had proved their valour and trustworthiness, and, tried experienced soldiers as they were, they saw that, of them and the 93rd, one must lead and the other follow in the inevitable immediate attack. Their military pride demanded that they should lead, and, as no risks were involved to their general's obvious plans, their action, though theoretically indefensible, must be counted as a glorious fault, the outcome of their honour and value as a renowned battalion, and is not to be put in the same category with the deeds of individuals, who were swayed by more personal motives.

Before leaving our subject it must be fully admitted that, though we believe disobedience is even at best of doubtful ultimate benefit, there have been many occasions on which the close observance of orders has had immediate evil results. In Kaye's account of the assault on Delhi he tells the story of such an occasion, when obedience involved delay in taking the rebel city, and may have been indirectly responsible for the death of a great English soldier :—

"The story of the Lahore Gate is a curious one. It is the story of a lost opportunity. After the first onslaught of the Second Column, the Brigadier, scarcely knowing the importance of the position, found himself on the Lahore Bastion. A bold front, in the confusion and half-panic which had then set in among the defenders, might have carried everything before it and saved all after-trouble and disaster. But Jones had received his orders. He had gone beyond the point at which he had been directed to await tidings of the fall of the Jumma Musjid; so, in obedience to orders, he fell back and lost the golden opportunity. Emboldened by our inaction at such a time, the enemy clung to the work with desperate pertinacity, and for six days held it, to the infinite discomfiture of the besiegers. . . . Had this cruel Bastion

and the Lahore Gate, with or without orders, fallen to our arms on the 14th of September, when the Second Column first advanced on these works, Delhi would have fallen sooner; and Nicholson might have survived the siege."

But can the gallant and experienced soldier who led the Second Column be fairly held up to blame for this? Four columns of assault had thrown themselves upon Delhi at different points. It would have been just as easy for any of them to make a false step in going too far as by not going far enough. The work of each had been prescribed, and Colonel Jones had been ordered not to go beyond a certain point until the great mosque had been occupied by the British force. When so great daring, dash, and prowess had been displayed in performing the allotted task, it appears rather that great self-restraint and recognition of duty are to be praised than that remissness is to be blamed, because that task was not exceeded. That the result was unfortunate no one can deny, but in military operations, as in everything else, the element of good or bad luck always makes itself felt, and in this instance fortune was unkind. If we can conceive each of the commanders of the four columns taking upon himself to depart from the scheme laid down by authority, what confusion would have been the effect, what disastrous results might have followed. One of them read his orders, it may be, too literally; but, in doing so, though he undoubtedly lost an opportunity, he ran no risk of creating uncertainty and disarray.

Again, let us take an incident from the battle of Wagram. MacDonald had made the determined advance which gained for him his baton of marshal. He was threatened by the Austrian cavalry :—

"Je fis commencer le feu de deux rangs, la fameuse batterie mitraillant la cavalerie ; mon feu très vif la rompit au moment où elle fournissait sa charge à bout portant ; beaucoup d'hommes et de chevaux tombèrent à la point de nos baionnettes. Une éclaircie de fumée me montra l'ennemi dans le plus grand désordre qu'il augmentait en se retirant ; je fis cesser le feu ; j'ordonnai de marcher en croisant la baionnette, et préalablement je commandais au général Nansouty de charger, en invitant les commandants de cavalerie que j'apercevais en arrière de moi d'en faire autant ; malheureusement, ils n'étaient pas sous mes ordres, et l'Empereur n'était pas là pour leur en donner."

After the action was over, Macdonald learned from General Walther, commanding the cavalry of the Guard, that they were the Guard squadrons which had remained inactive at the crisis. General Walther excused himself by saying—

"Dans la garde, il nous faut les ordres directs de l'Empereur ou de notre chef, le maréchal Bessières ; or comme celui-ci est blessé, nous n'avions plus que l'Empereur, et il ne nous a rien fait dire. Il ajouta qu'à la bataille d'Essling plusieurs généraux avaient disposé de plusieurs régiments de la garde, qui avaient été très maltraités, et que c'était depuis lors que le maréchal Bessières avait obtenu qu'elle agirait toujours réunie d'après ses ordres personnels ou d'après les ordres directs de l'Empereur."

Apparently General Walther was reprimanded subsequently by Napoleon for his inactivity ; but he would certainly have assumed heavy responsibility if he had acted contrary to express orders, and no one would have been more unforgiving to such a fault than the Emperor himself, if the result had not afforded most ample justification : for, as we all know, he was very loath to play his last card in battle and to employ his Guard, if it could possibly be avoided, and

indeed failed to make the most of his victory at Borodino because he would not allow this cherished final reserve to come into action. The occasion was no doubt peculiarly favourable for a grand cavalry movement ; but what would Walther's position have been if some unexpected development had taken place and the great Emperor had found that the last resource on which he relied had been already expended ?

If would not be difficult to multiply instances of the same description. Let us finish with one in our own knowledge, which occurred in a tolerably recent British campaign that need not be specified. An officer whom we shall call A., commanding a small mixed force, found himself in the critical case of having taken up a position to cover the retreat of another force whose retirement was inevitable in the face of a threatening enemy, vastly superior in numbers. The commanding officer who was directing the operations of the day, and whom we shall call B., was, or was supposed to be, thoroughly cognisant of the whole situation of affairs, and, from a distant point, sent a written order to A. to move to another position. A. had the gravest doubts as to the advisability of complying with this order. He knew that, in all human likelihood, he was on the very spot where the presence of his force was most necessary ; but believing, as we said above, that his superior officer must be more fully cognisant of the whole situation than himself, he reluctantly obeyed. The event proved that his own impressions were right. He had in the first instance placed himself exactly where he could have been most useful, and the unfortunate written order withdrew him to a spot where he was practically out of action. The re-

treating force, which it had been his intention to cover, was in consequence very sorely pressed, and what might have been a steady retreat was converted into something very like a disaster. Before he obeyed the order A. had weighed the whole circumstances, and had it in his mind preferably to act according to his judgment; but entirely ignorant as he was of the other occurrences on a widely extended field, he deferred to authority, and, in so doing, did irremediable injury to his military career. In sending the written order, B., it is to be supposed, had not made himself acquainted with A.'s position, and, in the order itself, gave no explanation, no alternative to its purport. We maintain that, under the circumstances, and unfortunate though the issue was, A. had no choice but to obey. As it happens, he would have done well to disobey; but if, with no accurate knowledge of all the interests dependent on his action, he had put his own judgment before that of his superior, it is very easy it is to conceive a possible turn of events which would have made his disobedience a grave crime.

The more carefully the subject is considered, the stronger, we believe, will be the impression upon all minds that it is only in very rare combinations of circumstances that anything short of implicit compliance with orders is in any degree excusable. The stronger and more competent a commanding general is, the more will impetuous and unauthorised action of an inferior be deleterious. Even if a wrongly judged order has been given by the man who holds all the threads of an operation in his hands, he may be able to rectify

its evil, whereas even a movement, right in itself, unexpectedly executed by a subordinate, may disarrange fatally the commander's plan of action.

It is worth remembering, in connection with the subject, that the means of intercommunication on a battle-field have been so much added to of late years by the invention and gradual perfecting of the field-telegraph and various forms of signalling, by cyclotrons supplementing the mounted A.D.C.'s and orderlies, who in old wars were the only bearers of orders, that we may reasonably believe that emergencies, such as those which we have noticed, are less likely now to occur, and that a subordinate commander will be in such close touch with his chief that he could not act in opposition to his directions without at once reporting his intention to do so. Widely extended as modern battle-fields are, it will be seldom indeed that a commander-in-chief loses for any length of time the control of any fraction of his force and is unable to exert his authority effectively. It may be that this enlarged control may prevent some brilliant deeds from being done, some happy thoughts from being carried into execution, but it will also prevent any part of a great plan from being marred by unlooked-for developments, and it will relieve subordinate commanders from doubt and uncertainty at critical times.

We may conclude by saying that, to our way of thinking, the man who disobeys an order on a battle-field is like one who plays from a single card at whist. He may succeed, but the game is radically wrong.

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JOHN SPLENDID:¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

CHAPTER V.—KIRK LAW.

OF course Clan MacNicoll was brought to book for this frolic on Inneraora fair-day, banned by Kirk, and soundly beaten by the Doomster in name of law. To read some books I've read, one would think our Gaels in the time I speak of, and even now, were, and are, pagan and savage. We are not, I admit it, fashioned on the prim style of London dandies and Italian fops; we are—the poorest of us—coarse a little at the hide, too quick, perhaps, to slash out with knife or hatchet, and over-ready to carry the most innocent argument the dire length of a thrust with the sword. That's the blood; it's the common understanding among ourselves. But we were never such thieves and mauraunders, caterans bloody and unashamed, as the Galloway kerns and the North-

men, and in all my time we had plenty to do to fend our straths against reivers and cattle-drovers from the bad clans round about us. We lift no cattle in all Campbell country. When I was a lad some of the old-fashioned tenants in Glenaora once or twice went over to Glen Nant and Rannoch and borrowed a few beasts; but the Earl (as he was then) gave them warning for it that any vassal of his found guilty of such practice again should hang at the town-head as ready as he would hang a Cowal man for theftuously awaytaking a board of kipper salmon. My father (peace with him!) never could see the logic of it. "It's no theft," he would urge, "but war on the parish scale: it needs coolness of the head, some valour, and great genius to take fifty or maybe a hundred

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head of bestial hot-hoof over hill and moor. I would never blame a man for lifting a mart of black cattle any more than for killing a deer: are not both the *feræ nature* of these mountains, prey lawful to the first lad who can tether or paunch them?"

"Not in the fold, father," I mind of remonstrating once.

"In the fold too," he said. "Who respects Bredalbane's fenced deer? not the most Christian elders in Glenurchy: they say grace over venison that crossed a high dyke in the dead of night tail first, or game birds that tumbled out of their dream on the bough into the reek of a brimstone fire. A man might as well claim the fish of the sea and the switch of the wood, and refuse the rest of the world a her-ring or a block of wood, as put black cattle in a fank and complain because he had to keep watch on them!"

It was quaint law, but I must admit my father made the practice run with the precept, for more than once he refused to take back cattle lifted by the Macgregors from us, because they had got over his march-stone.

But so far from permitting this latitude in the parish of Inneraora, Kirk and State frowned it down, and sins far less heinous. The session was bitterly keen on Sabbath-breakers, and to start on a Saturday night a kiln-drying of oats that would claim a peat or two on Sabbath, was accounted immorality of the most gross kind.

Much of this strict form, it is to be owned, was imported by the Lowland burghers, and set up by the Lowland session of the English kirk, of which his lordship was an elder, and the Highlanders took to it badly for many a day. They were aye, for a time, driving their cattle through the town on

the Lord's day or stravaiging about the roads and woods, or drinking and listening to pipers piping in the change-houses at time of sermon, fond, as all our people are by nature, of the hearty open air, and the smell of woods, and lusty sounds like the swing of the seas and pipers playing old tunes. Out would come elders and deacons to scour the streets and change-houses for them, driving them, as if with scourges, into worship. (Gaelic sermon (or Irish sermon, as the Scots called it) was but every second Sabbath, and on the blank days the landward Highlanders found in town bound to go to English sermon whether they knew the language or not, a form which it would be difficult nowadays to defend. And it was, in a way, laughable to see the big Gaels driven to chapel like boys by the smug light burghers they could have crushed with a hand. But time told; there was sown in the landward mind by the blessing of God (and some fear of the Marquis, no doubt) a respect for Christian ordinance, and by the time I write of there were no more devout churchgoers and respecters of the law ecclesiastic than the umquhile pagan small-clans of Loch Finne and the Glens.

It is true that Nicol Beg threatened the church-officer with his dirk when he came to cite him before the session a few days after the splore in Inneraora, but he stood his trial like a good Christian all the same, he and half a score of his clan, as many as the church court could get the names of. I was a witness against them, much against my will, with John Splendid, the Provost, and some other townsfolk.

Some other defaulters were dealt with before the MacNicolles, a few throughhither women and lads from the back-lanes of the burghs, on the

old tale—a shoreside man for houghing a quey, and a girl MacVicar, who had been for a season on a visit to some Catholic relatives in the Isles, and was charged with malignancy and profanity.

Poor lass! I was wae for her. She stood bravely beside her father, whose face was as begrutten as hers was serene, and those who put her through her catechism found to my mind but a good heart and tolerance where they sought treachery and rank heresy. They convicted her notwithstanding.

"You have stood your trials badly, Jean MacVicar," said Master Gordon. "A backslider and malignant proven! You may fancy your open profession of piety, your honesty and charity, make dykes to the narrow way. A fond delusion, woman! There are, sorrow on it! many lax people of your kind in Scotland this day, hangers-on at the petticoat tails of the whore of Babylon, sitting like you, as honest worshippers at the tables of the Lord, eating Christian elements that but for His mercy choked them at the thrapple. You are a wicked woman!"

"She's a good daughter," broke in the father through his tears; but his Gaelic never stopped the minister.

"An ignorant besom."

"She's leech-wife to half Kenmore," protested the old man.

"And this court censures you, ordains you to make public confession at both English and Gaelic kirks before the congregations, thereafter to be excommunicate and banished furth and from this parish of Innersaora and Glensaora."

The girl never winced.

Her father cried again. "She can't leave me," said he, and he looked to the Marquis, who all the time sat on the hard deal forms, like a plain man. "Your lordship kens she is motherless and my

only kin; that's she true and honest."

The Marquis said yea nor nay, but had a minutes talk with the clergyman, as I thought at the time, to make him modify his ruling. But Master Gordon enforced the finding of the session.

"Go she must," said he; "we cannot have our young people poisoned at the mind."

"Then she'll bide with me," said the father, angrily.

"You dare not, as a Christian professor, keep an excommunicate in your house," said Gordon; "but taking to consideration that excommunication precludes not any company of natural relations, we ordain you never to keep her in your house in this parish any more; but if you have a mind to do so with her, to follow her wherever she goes."

And that sorry small family went out at the door, in tears.

Some curious trials followed, and the making of quaint bylaws; for now that his lordship, ever a restraining influence on his clans, was bound for new wars elsewhere, a firmer hand was wanted on the people he left behind, and Master Gordon pressed for stricter canons. Notification was made discharging the people of the burgh from holding lyke-wakes in the smaller houses, from unnecessary travel on the Sabbath, from public flyting and abusing, and from harbouring ne'er-do-weels from other parishes; and seeing it had become a practice of the women attending kirk to keep their plaids upon their heads and faces in time of sermon as occasion of sleeping, as also that they who slept could not be distinguished from those who aleep not, that they might be awakened, it was ordained that such be not allowed hereafter, under pain of taking the plaids from them.

With these enactments too came

evidence of the Kirk's paternity. It settled the salary (200 lb. Scots) of a new master for the grammar-school, agreed to pay the fees of divers poor scholars, instructed the administering of the funds in the poor's-box, fixed a levy on the town for the following week to help the poorer wives who would be left by their fencible husbands, and paid ten marks to an elderly widow woman who desired, like a good Gael, to have her burial clothes ready, but had not the wherewithal for linen.

"We are," said Master Gordon, sharpening a pen in a pause ere the MacNicolls came forward, "the fathers and guardians of this parish people high and low. Too long has Loch Finne side been ruled childishly. I have no complaint about its civil rule — his lordship here might well be trusted to that; but its religion was a thing of rags. They tell me old Campbell in the Gaelic end of the church (peace with him!) used to come to the pulpit with a broadsword belted below his Geneva gown. Savagery, savagery, rank and stinking! I'll say it to his face in another world, and a poor evangel and ensample truly for the quarrelsome landward folk of this parish, that even now, in the more unctuous times of God's grace, doff steel weapons so reluctantly. I found a man with a dirk at his hip sitting before the Lord's table last Lammas!"

"Please God," said the Marquis, "the world shall come to its sight some day. My people are of an unruly race, I ken, good at the heart, hospitable, valorous, even with some Latin chivalry; but, my sorrow! they are sorely unamenable to policies of order and peace."

"Deil the hair vexed am I," said John Splendid in my ear; "I have a wonderful love for nature that's raw and human, and this session-

made morality is but a gloss. They'll be taking the tartan off us next maybe! Some day the old dog at the heart of the Highlands will bark for all his sleek coat. Man! I hate the very look of those Lowland cattle sitting here making kirk laws for their emperors, and their bad-bred Scots speech jars on my ear like an ill-tuned bagpipe."

Master Gordon possibly guessed what was the topic of Splendid's confidence,—in truth few but knew my hero's mind on these matters; and I have little doubt it was for John's edification he went on to sermonise, still at the shaping of his pen.

"Your lordship will have the civil chastisement of these Mac-Nicolls after this session is bye with them. We can but deal with their spiritual error. Nicol Beg and his relatives are on our kirk rolls as members or adherents, and all we can do is to fence the communion-table against them for a period, and bring them to the stool of repentance. Some here may think a night of squabbling and broken heads in a Highland burgh too trifling an affair for the interference of the kirk or the court of law: I am under no such delusion. There is a valour better than the valour of the beast unreasoning. Your lordship has seen it at its proper place in your younger wars; young Elrigmore, I am sure, has seen it on the Continent, where men live quiet burgh lives while left alone, and yet comport themselves chivalrously and gallantly on the stricken fields when their country or a cause calls for them so to do. In the heart of man is hell smouldering, always ready to leap out in flames of sharpened steel; it's a poor philosophy that puffs folly in at the ear to stir the ember, saying, 'Hiss, catch him, dog!' I'm for keeping hell (even in a wild Highlandman's heart) for

its own business of punishing the wicked."

"Amen to yon!" cried MacCaillein, beating his hand on a book-board; and Master Gordon took a snuff like a man whose doctrine is laid out plain for the world and who dare dispute it. In came the beadle with the MacNicolls, very much cowed, different men truly from the brave gentlemen who cried blood for blood on Provost Brown's stair.

They had little to deny, and our evidence was but a word ere the session passed sentence of suspension from the kirk tables, as Gordon had said, and a sheriff's officer came to hale them to the Tolbooth for their trial on behalf of the civil law.

With their appearance there my tale has nothing to do; the Doomsman, as I have said, had the handling of them with birch. What I have described of this kirk-session's cognisance of those rough fellows' ill behaviour is designed ingeniously to convey a notion of its strict ceremony and its wide dominion,—to show that even in the heart of Arraghael we were not beasts in that year when the red flash of the sword came on us and the persecution of the torch. The MacNicolls night in the Hie Street of MacCaillein Mor's town was an adventure uncommon enough to be spoken of for years after, and otherwise (except for the little feuds between the Glensmen and the burghers without tartan), our country-side was as safe as the heart of France—safer even. You might leave your purse on the open road anywhere within the Crooked Dyke with uncounted gold in it and be no penny the poorer at the week's end; there was never lock or bar on any door in any of the two glens—locks, indeed, were a contrivance the Lowlanders brought for the first time to the

town; and the gardens lay open to all who had appetite for kail or berry. There was no man who sat down to dinner (aye in the landward part I speak of; it differed in the town) without first going to the door to look along the highroad to see if wayfarers were there to share the meal with him and his family. "There he goes," was the saying about any one who passed the door at any time without coming in to take a spoon—"there he goes; I'll warrant he's a miser at home to be so much of a churl abroad." The very gipsy claimed the cleanest bed in a Glenman's house whenever he came that way, and his gossip paid handsomely for his shelter.

It was a fine fat land this of ours, mile upon mile thick with herds, rolling in the grassy season like the seas, growing such lush crops as the remoter Highlands never dreamt of. Not a foot of good soil but had its ploughing, or at least gave food to some useful animal, and yet so rocky the hills between us and lower Lochow, so tremendous steep and inaccessible the peaks and corries north of Ben Bhuidhe, that they were relegated to the chase. There had the stag his lodging and the huntsman a home almost perpetual. It was cosy, indeed, to see of an evening the peat-smoke from well-governed and comfortable hearths lingering on the quiet air; to go where you would and find bairns toddling on the braes or singing women bent to the peat-creel and the reaping-hook.

In that autumn I think nature gave us her biggest cup brimmingly, and my father, as he watched his servants binding corn head high, said he had never seen the like before. In the hazel-woods the nuts bent the branches, so thick were they, so succulent; the hip and the haw, the blaeberry and the rowan, swelled grossly in a constant sun;

the orchards of the richer folks were in a revelry of fruit. Somehow the winter grudged, as it were, to come. For ordinary, October sees the trees that beard Dunchuach and hang for miles on the side of Creag Dubh searing and falling below the frost; this season the cold stayed aloof long, and friendly winds roved from the west and south. The forests gleamed in a golden fire that only cooled to darkness when the firs, my proud tall friends, held up their tasselled heads in unquenching green. Birds swarmed in the heather, and the sides of the bare hills moved constantly with deer. Never a stream in all real Argile but boiled with

fish; you came down to Eas-a-chleidh on the Aora with a creel and dipped it into the linn to bring out salmon rolling with fat.

All this I dwell on for a sensible purpose, though it may seem to be but an old fellow's boasting and a childish vanity about my own calf-country. 'Tis the picture I would paint—a land laughing and content, well governed by Gillesbeg, though Gruamach he might be by name and by nature. Fourpence a-day was a labourer's wage, but what need had one of even fourpence, with his hut free and the food piling richly at his very door?

CHAPTER VI.—MY LADY OF MOODS.

On the 27th of July in this same year 1644, we saw his lordship and his clan march from Inneraora to the dreary north. By all accounts (brought in to the Marquis by foot-runners from the frontier of Lorn), the Irishry of Colkitto numbered no more than 1200, badly armed with old matchlocks and hampered by two or three dozen camp-women bearing the bairns of this dirty regiment at their breasts. Add to this as many Highlanders under Montrose and his cousin Para Dubh of Inchbrackie, and there was but a force of 3500 men for the good government of Argile to face. But what were they? If the Irish were poorly set up in weapons the Gaels were worse. On the spring before, Gillesbeg had harried Athole, and was cunning enough to leave its armouries as bare as the fields he burned, so now its clans had but home-made claymores, bows, and arrows, Lochaber *tuagh*s and cudgels, with no heavy pieces. The cavalry of this unholy gang was but three garrons, string and bone—*omnino strigosos et emaciatos*. Worse than

their ill-arming, as any soldier of experience will allow, were the jealousies between the two bodies of this scratched-up army. Did ever one see a Gael that nestled to an Irishman? Here's one who will swear it impossible, though it is said the blood is the same in both races, and we nowadays read the same Gaelic Bible. Colkitto MacDonald was Gael by birth and young breeding, but Erinach by career, and repugnant to the most malignant of the west clans before they got to learn, as they did later, his quality as a leader. He bore down on Athole, he and his towsey rabble, hoping to get the clans there to join him greedily for the sake of the old feud against MacCailein Mor, but the Stewarts would have nothing to say to him, and blows were not far off when Montrose and his cousin Black Pate came on the scene with his king's licence.

To meet this array now playing havoc on the edge of Campbell country, rumour said two armies were moving from the north and east: if Argile knew of them he

kept his own counsel on the point, but he gave colour to the tale by moving from Inneraora with no more than 2000 foot and a troop of horse. These regimentals had mustered three days previously, camping on the usual camping-ground at the Maltland, where I spent the last day and night with them. They were, for the main part, the Campbells of the shire: of them alone the chief could muster 5000 half-merkland men at a first levy, all capable swordsmen, well drilled and disciplined *soldadoes*, who had, in addition to the usual schooling in arms of every Gael, been taught many of the niceties of new-fashioned war, countermarch, wheeling, and pike-drill. To hear the old orders, "Pouldron to pouldron; keep your files; and middlemen come forth!" was like an echo from my old days in Germanie. These manoeuvres they were instructed in by hired veterans of the Munro and Mackay battalions who fought with Adolphus. Four or five companies of Lowland soldiers from Dunbarton and Stirling eked out the strength; much was expected from the latter, for they were, unlike our clansmen, never off the parade-ground, and were in receipt of pay for their militant service; but as events proved, they were MacCailein's poor reed.

I spent, as I have said, a day and a night in the camp between Aora river and the deep wood of Tarra-dubh. The plain hummed with our little army, where now are but the nettle and the ivied tower, and the yellow bee booming through the solitude; morning and night the shrill of the *piob-mhor* rang cheerily to the ear of Dunchuach; the sharp call of the chieftains and sergeants, the tramp of the brogued feet in their simple evolutions; the clatter of arms, the contention and the laughing, the song,

the reprimand, the challenge, the jest,—all these were pleasant to me.

One morning I got up from a bed of gall or bog-myrtle I shared with John Splendid after a late game of chess, and fared out on a little eminence looking over the scene. Not a soldier stirred in his plaid; the army was drugged by the heavy fir-winds from the forest behind. The light of the morning flowed up wider and whiter from the Cowal hills, the birds woke to a rain of twittering prayer among the bushes ere ever a man stirred more than from side to side to change his dream. It was the most melancholy hour I ever experienced, and I have seen fields in the wan morning before many a throng and bloody day. I felt "fey," as we say at home—a premonition that here was no conquering force, a sorrow for the glens raped of their manhood, and hearths to be desolate. By-and-by the camp moved into life, Dunbarton's drums beat the reveille, the pipers arose, doffed their bonnets to the sun, and played a rouse; my gloom passed like a mist from the mountains.

They went north by the Aora passes into the country of Bredalbane, and my story need not follow them beyond.

Inneraora burghers went back to their commercial affairs, and I went to Glen Shira to spend calm days on the river and the hill. My father seemed to age perceptibly, reflecting on his companion gone, and he clung to me like the *crotal* to the stone. Then it was (I think) that some of the sobriety of life first came to me, a more often cogitation and balancing of affairs. I began to see some of the tanglement of nature, and appreciate the solemn mystery of our travel across this vexed and care-warped world. Before, I was full of the wine of

youth, giving doubt of nothing a lodgment in my mind, acting ever on the impulse, sucking the lemon, seeds and all, and finding it unco sappy and piquant to the palate. To be face to face day after day with this old man's grief, burdened with his most apparent double love, conscious that I was his singular bond to the world he would otherwise be keen to be leaving, set me to chasten my dalliance with fate. Still and on, our affection and its working on my prentice mind is nothing to dwell on publicly. I've seen bearded men kiss each other in the France, a most scandalous exhibition surely, one at any rate that I never gazed on without some natural Highland shame, and I would as soon kiss my father at high noon on the open street as dwell with paper and ink upon my feeling to him.

We settled down to a few quiet weeks after the troops had gone. Rumours came of skirmishes at Tippermuir and elsewhere. I am aware that the fabulous Wishart makes out that our lads were defeated by Montrose at every turning, claiming even Dundee, Crief, Strathbogie, Methven Wood, Philiphaugh, Inverness, and Dunbeath. Let any one coldly calculate the old rogue's narrative, and it will honestly appear that the winner was more often Argile, though his lordship never followed up his advantage with slaughter and massacre as did his foes at Aberdeen. All these doings we heard of but vaguely, for few came back except an odd lad wounded and cut off in the wilds of Athole from the main body.

Constant sentinels watched the land from the fort of Dunchuach, that dominates every pass into our country, and outer guards took day and night about on the remoter alleys of Aora and Shira Glens.

South, east, and west, we had friendly frontiers; only to the north were menace and danger, and from the north came our scaith—the savage north and jealous.

These considerations seemed, on the surface, little to affect Inneraora and its adjacent parts. We slept soundly at night, knowing the warders were alert; the women with absent husbands tempered their anxiety with the philosophy that comes to a race ever bound to defend its own doors.

The common folks had *ceilidhs* at night, gossip parties in each other's houses, and in our own hall the herds and shepherds often convocat to change stories, the tales of the Fingalians, Ossian and the Finne. The burgh was a great place for suppers too, and never *ceilidh* nor supper went I to but the daughter of Provost Brown was there before me. She took a dislike to me, I guessed at last, perhaps thinking I appeared too often; and I was never fully convinced of this till I met her once with some companions walking in the garden of the castle, that always stood open for respectable visitors.

I was passing up the Dame's Pad, as it was called, a little turfed road, overhung by walnut trees brought by the old Earl from England. I had on a Lowland costume with a velvet coat and buckled shoes, and one or two vanities a young fellow would naturally be set up about, and the consciousness of my trim clothing put me in a very complacent mood as I stopped and spoke with the damsels.

They were pretty girls all, and I remember particularly that Betty had a spray of bog-myrtle and heather fastened at a brooch at her neck.

She was the only one who received me coldly, seemed indeed impatient to be off, leaving the conversation to her friends while she toyed with a few late flowers on the bushes beside her.

"You should never put heather and gill together," I said to her, rallyingly.

"Indeed!" she said, flushing. "Here's one who wears what she chooses, regardless of custom or freit."

"But you know," I said, "the badge of the Campbell goes badly with that of so bitter a foe as the MacDonald. You might as well add the oat-stalk of Montrose, and make the emblem tell the story of those troubles."

It was meant in good-humour, but for some reason it seemed to sting her to the quick. I could see it in the flash of her eyes and the renewed flush at her temples.

There was a little mischievous girl in the company, who giggled and said, "Betty's in a bad key to-day; her sweetheart has vexed her surely."

It was a trivial remark, but I went off with it in my mind.

A strange interest in the moods of this old school-friend had begun to stir me. Meeting her on my daily walks to town by the back way through the new avenue, I found her seemingly anxious to avoid me, and difficult to warm to any interest but in the most remote and abstract affairs. Herself she would never speak of, her plans, cares, ambitions, preferences, or aversions; she seemed dour set on aloofness. And though she appeared to listen to my modestly phrased exploits with attention and respect, and some trepidation at the dangerous portions, she had notably more interest in my talk of others. Ours was the only big house in the glen she never came

calling to, though her father was an attentive visitor and supped his curds-and-cream of a Saturday with friendly gusto, apologising for her finding something to amuse and detain her at Roderick's over the way, or the widow's at Gearran Bridge.

I would go out on these occasions and walk in the open air with a heart uneasy.

And now it was I came to conclude, after all, that much as a man may learn of many women studied indifferently, there is something magical about his personal regard for one, that sets up a barrier of mystery between them. So long as I in former years went on the gay assumption that every girl's character was on the surface, and I made no effort to probe deeper, I was the confidant, the friend, of many a fine woman. They all smiled at my *douce* sobriety, but in the end they preferred it to the gaudy recklessness of more handsome men.

But here was the conclusion of my complacent belief in my knowledge of the sex. The oftener I met her the worse my friendship progressed. She became a problem behind a pretty mask, and I would sit down, as it were, dumb before it and guess at the real woman within. Her step on the road as we would come to an unexpected meeting, her handling of a flower I might give her in a courtesy, her most indifferent word as we met or parted, became a precious clue I must ponder on for hours. And the more I weighed these things, the more confused thereafter I became in her presence. "If I were in love with the girl," I had to say to myself at last, "I could not be more engrossed in her mind."

The hill itself, with days of eager hunting after the red-deer, brought not enough distraction, and to stand

youth, giving doubt of nothing a lodgment in my mind, acting ever on the impulse, sucking the lemon, seeds and all, and finding it unco sappy and piquant to the palate. To be face to face day after day with this old man's grief, burdened with his most apparent double love, conscious that I was his singular bond to the world he would otherwise be keen to be leaving, set me to chasten my dalliance with fate. Still and on, our affection and its working on my prentice mind is nothing to dwell on publicly. I've seen bearded men kiss each other in the France, a most scandalous exhibition surely, one at any rate that I never gazed on without some natural Highland shame, and I would as soon kiss my father at high noon on the open street as dwell with paper and ink upon my feeling to him.

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damsels. They were pretty girls as I remember particularly. They had a spray of bog heather fastened at their neck.

by the mountain tarns and fish the dark trout was to hold a lonely carnival with discontent.

It happened sometimes that on the street of Inneraora I would meet Betty conveying her cousin young MacLachlan to his wherry (he now took care to leave for home betimes), or with his sister going about the shops. It would be but a bow in the bye-going, she passing on with equanimity and I with a maddening sense of awkwardness, that was not much bettered by the tattle of the plainstanes, where merchant lads and others made audible comment on the cousinly ardour of young Lachie.

On Sundays, perhaps worst of all, I found my mind's torment. Our kirk to-day is a building of substantiality and even grace; then it was a somewhat squalid place of worship, in whose rafters the pigeons trespassed and the swallow built her home. We sat in torturous high-backed benches so narrow that our knees rasped the boards before us, and sleep in Master Gordon's most dreary discourse was impossible. Each good family in the neighbourhood had its own pew, and Elrigmore's, as it is to this day, lay well in the rear among the

shadows of the loft, while the Provost's was a little to the left and at right angles, so that its occupants and ours were in a manner face to face.

Old Gordon would be into many deeps of doctrine no doubt while I was in the deeper depths of speculation upon my lady's mind. I think I found no great edification from the worship of those days—shame to tell it!—for the psalms we chanted had inevitably some relevance to an earthly affection, and my eyes were for ever roaming from the book or from the preacher's sombre face.

They might rove far and long, but the end of each journey round that dull interior was ever in the Provost's pew, and, as if by some hint of the spirit, though Betty might be gazing steadfastly where she ought, I knew that she knew I was looking on her. It needed but my glance to bring a flush to her averted face. Was it the flush of annoyance or of the conscious heart? I asked myself, and remembering her coldness elsewhere, I was fain to think my interest was considered an impertinence. And there I would be in a cold perspiration of sorry apprehension.

CHAPTER VII.—CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

The Highlanders of Lochaber, as the old saying goes, "pay their daughters' tocher by the light of the Michaelmas moon." Then it was that they were wont to come over our seven hills and seven waters to help themselves to our cattle when the same were at their fattest and best. It would be a skurry of bare knees down pass and brae, a ring of the robbers round the herd sheltering on the bieldy side of the hill or in the hollows among the ripe grass, a

brisk change of shot and blow if alarm rose, and then hie! over the moor by Macfarlane's lantern.

This Michaelmas my father put up a *buaille-mhart*, a square fold of wattle and whinstone, into which the herdsmen drove the lowing beasts at the mouth of every evening, and took turn about in watching them throughout the clear season. It was perhaps hardly needed, for indeed the men of Lochaber and Glenfalloch and the other dishonest regions around us

were too busy dipping their hands in the dirty work of Montrose and his Irish major-general to have any time for their usual autumn's recreation. But a *buaille-mhart* when shifted from time to time in a field is a profitable device in agriculture, and custom had made the existence of it almost a necessity to the sound slumber of our glens. There was a pleasant habit, too, of neighbours gathering at night about a fire within one of the spaces of the fold and telling tales and singing songs. Our whole West Country is full of the most wonderful stories one might seek in vain for among the world of books and scholars—of giants and dwarfs, fairies, wizards, and water-horse and sea-maiden. The most unlikely looking peasant that ever put his foot to a *cas-chrom*, the most uncouth hunter that ever paunched a deer, would tell of such histories in the most scrupulous language and with cunning regard for figure of speech. I know that nowadays, among people of esteemed cultivation in the low country and elsewhere, such a diversion might be thought a waste of time, such narratives a sign of superstition. Of that I am not so certain. The practice, if it did no more, gave wings to our most sombre hours, and put a point on the imagination. As for the superstition of the tales of *ceilidh* and *buaille-mhart* I have little to say. Perhaps the dullest among us scarce credited the giant and dwarf; but the Little Folks are yet on our topmost hills.

A doctor laughed at me once for an experience of my own at the Piper's Knowe, in which any man, with a couchant ear close to the grass, may hear fairy tunes piped in the under-world.

"A trick of the senses," said he.

"But I can bring you scores who have heard it!" said I.

"So they said of every miracle

since time began," said he; "it but proves the widespread folly and credulity of human nature."

I protested I could bring him to the very spot or whistle him the very tunes; but he was busy, and wondered so sedate a man as myself could cherish so strange a delusion.

Our fold on Elrigmore was in the centre of a flat meadowland that lies above Dhu Loch, where the river winds among rush and willow-tree, a constant whisperer of love and the distant hills and the salt inevitable sea. There we would be lying under moon and star, and beside us the cattle deeply breathing all night long. To the simple tale of old, to the humble song, these circumstances gave a weight and dignity they may have wanted elsewhere. Never a teller of tale, or a singer of song so artless in that hour and mood of nature, but he hung us breathless on his every accent: we were lone inhabitants of a little space in a magic glen, and the great world outside the flicker of our fire hummed untenanted and empty through the jealous night.

It happened on a night of nights—as the saying goes—that thus we were gathered in the rushy flat of Elrigmore and our hearts easy as to reiver—for was not MacCailein scourging them over the north?—when a hint came to us of a strange end to these Lorn wars, and of the last days of the Lord of Argile. A night with a sky almost pallid, freckled with sparkling stars; a great moon with a *broch* or aureole round it, rolling in the east, and the scent of fern and heather thick upon the air.

We had heard many stories, we had joined in a song or two; we had set proverb and guess and witty saying round and round, and it was the young morning when through

the long grass to the fold came a band of strangers. We were their equal in numbers, whatever their mission might be, and we waited calmly where we were, to watch.

The bulk of them stood back from the pin-fold wall, and three of them came forward and put arms upon the topmost divots, so that they could look in and see the watchers gathered round the fire.

"Co tha'n sud's an uchd air a bhuaile?" ("Who is there leaning on the fold?") asked one of our men, with a long bow at stretch in his hands.

He got no answer from any of the three strangers, who looked ghastly eerie in their silence on the wall.

"Mar freagar sibh mise bithidh m'inthaidh aig an fhear as gile broilleach agaibh" ("My arrow's for the whitest breast, if ye make no answer"), said my man, and there was no answer.

The string twanged, the arrow sped, and the stranger with the white breast fell—shot through her kerchief. For she was a woman of the clan they name Macaulay, children of the mist, a luckless dame that, when we rushed out to face her company, they left dying on the field.

They were the robber widows of the clan, a gang then unknown to us, but namely now through the west for their depredations when the absence of their men in battles threw them upon their own resource.

And she was the oldest of her company, a half-witted creature we grieved at slaying, but reptile in her malice, for as she lay passing, with the blood oozing to her breast, she reviled us with curses that overran each other in their hurry from her foul lips.

"Dogs! dogs!—heaven's worst ill on ye, dogs!" she cried, a wae-

ful spectacle, and she spat on us as we carried her beside the fire to try and staunch her wound. She had a fierce knife at her waist and would have used it had she the chance, but we removed it from her reach, and she poured a fresher, fuller stream of malediction.

Her voice at last broke and failed to a thin piping whisper, and it was then—with the sweat on her brow—she gave the hint I speak of, the hint of the war's end and the end of MacCailein Mor.

"Wry-mouths, wry-mouths!" said she; "I see the heather above the myrtle on Lhinne-side, and MacCailein's head on a post."

That was all.

It is a story you will find in no books, and yet a story that has been told sometime or other by every fireside of the shire—not before the prophecy was fulfilled but after, when we were loosed from our bonded word. For there and then we took oath on steel to tell no one of the woman's saying till the fullness of time should justify or disgrace the same.

Though I took oath on this melancholy business like the rest, there was one occasion, but a day or two after, that I almost broke my pledged word, and that to the lady who disturbed my Sunday worship and gave me so much reflection on the hunting-road. Her father, as I have said, came up often on a Saturday and supped his curds-and-cream and grew cheery over a Dutch bottle with my father, and one day, as luck had it, Betty honoured our poor doorstep. She came so far, perhaps, because our men and women were at work on the field I mention, whose second crop of grass they were airing for the winter byres—a custom brought to the glen from foreign parts, and with much to recommend it.

I had such a trepidation at her

presence that I had almost fled on some poor excuse to the hill ; but the Provost, who perhaps had made sundry calls in the bye-going at houses farther down the glen, and was in a mellow humour, jerked a finger over his shoulder towards the girl as she stood hesitating in the hall after a few words with my father and me, and said, "I've brought you a good harvester here, Colin, and she'll give you a day's darg for a kiss."

I stammered a stupid comment that the wage would be well earned on so warm a day, and could have choked, the next moment, at my rusticity.

Mistress Betty coloured and bit her lip.

"Look at the hussy!" said her father again, laughing with heaving shoulders. "'Where shall we go to-day on our rounds?' said I; 'Where but to Elrigmore,' said she; 'I have not seen Colin for an age!' Yet I'll warrant you thought the cunning jade shy of a gentleman soldier! Ah, those kirtles, those kirtles! I'll give you a word of wisdom, sir, you never learned in Glasgow Hie Street nor in the army."

I looked helplessly after the girl, who had fled, incontinent, to the women at work in the field.

"Well, sir," I said, "I shall be pleased to hear it. If it has any pertinence to the harvesting of a second crop it would be welcome."

My father sighed. He never entered very heartily into diversion nowadays—small wonder!—so the Provost laughed on with his counsel.

"You know very well it has nothing to do with harvesting nor harrowing," he cried; "I said kirtles, didn't I! And you needn't be so coy about the matter; surely to God you never learned modesty at your trade of sacking towns. Many a wench——"

"About this counsel," I put in; "I have no trick or tale of wenchcraft beyond the most innocent. And beside, sir, I think we were just talking of a lady who is your daughter."

Even in his glass he was the gentleman, for he saw the suggestion at once.

"Of course, of course, Colin," he said hurriedly, coughing in a confusion. "Never mind an old fool's hawering." Then said he again, "There's a boy at many an old man's heart. I saw you standing there and my daughter was yonder, and it just came over me like the verse of a song that I was like you when I courted her mother. My sorrow! it looks but yesterday, and yet here's an old done man! Folks have been born and married (some of them) and died since syne, and I've been going through life with my eyes shut to my own antiquity. It came on me like a flash three minutes ago, that this gross oldster, sitting of a Saturday sipping the good *aqua* of Elrigmore, with a pendulous waistcoat and a wrinkled hand, is not the lad whose youth and courtship you put me in mind of."

"Stretch your hand, Provost, and fill your glass," said my father. He was not merry in his later years, but he had a hospitable heart.

The two of them sat dumb a space, heedless of the bottle or me, and at last, to mar their manifest sad reflections, I brought the Provost back to the topic of his counsel.

"You had a word of advice," I said, very softly. There was a small tinge of pleasure in my guess that what he had to say might have reference to his daughter.

"Man! I forget now," he said, rousing himself. "What were we on?"

"Harvesting," said father.

"No, sir; kirtles," said I.

"Kirtles—so it was," said the

Provost. "My wife at Betty's age, when I first sought her company, was my daughter's very model, in face and figure."

"She was a handsome woman, Provost," said my father.

"I can well believe it," said I.

"She is that to-day," cried the Provost, pursing his lips and lifting up his chin in a challenge. "And I learned one thing at the courting of her which is the gist of my word of wisdom to you, Colin. Keep it in mind till you need it. It's this: There's one thing a woman will put up with blandly in every man but the one man she has a notion of, and that's the absence of conceit about himself or her."

In the field by the river, the harvesters sat at a mid-day meal, contentedly eating their bannock and cheese. They were young folks all, at the age when toil and plain living but give a zest to the errant pleasures of life. So they filled their hour of leisure with gallivanting among the mown and gathered grass.

Let no one, remembering the charm of an autumn field in his youth, test its cheerfulness when he has got up in years. For he will find it lying under a sun less genial than then; he will fret at some influence lost; the hedges tall and beautiful will have turned to stunted boundaries upon his fancy; he will ache at the heart at the memory of those old careless crops and reapers when he sits, a poor man or wealthy, among the stubble of grass and youth.

As I lay on the shady side of an alder bank watching our folk at their gambols, I found a serenity that again set me at my ease with the Provost's daughter. I gathered even the calmness to invite her to sit beside me, and she made no demur.

"You are short of reapers, I

think, by the look of them," she said; "I miss some of the men who were here last year."

They were gone with MacCailein, I explained, as paid volunteers.

"Oh! those wars!" she cried sadly. "I wish they were ended. Here are the fields, good crops, food and happiness for all, why must men be fighting?"

"Ask your Highland heart," said I. "We are children of strife."

"In my heart," she replied, "there's but love for all. I toss sleepless, at night, thinking of the people we know—the good, kind, gallant, merry lads we know—waging savage battle for something I never had the wit to discover the meaning of."

"The Almighty's order—we have been at it from the birth of time."

"So old a world might have learned," she said, "to break that order when they break so many others. Is his lordship likely to be back soon?"

"I wish he might be," said I, with a dubious accent, thinking of the heather above the myrtle and MacCailein's head on a post. "Did you hear of the Macaulay beldame shot by Roderick?"

"Yes," she said; "an ugly business! What has that to do with MacCailein's home-coming?"

"Very little indeed," I answered, recalling our bond; "but she cursed his lordship and his army with a zeal that was alarming, even to an old soldier of Sweden."

"God ward all evil!" cried Betty in a passion of earnestness. "You'll be glad to see your friend M'Iver back, I make no doubt."

"Oh! he's an old hand at war, madam; he'll come safe out of this by his luck and skill, if he left the army behind him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said she, smiling.

"What!" I cried in raillery;

"would you be grateful for so poor a balance left of a noble army?"

And she reddened and smiled again, and a servant cried us in to the dinner-table.

In spite of the Macaulay prophecy, MacCailein and his men came home in the fulness of time. They came with the first snowstorm

of winter, the clan in companies down Glenaora and his lordship roundabout by the Lowlands, where he had a mission to the Estates. The war, for the time, was over, a truce of a kind was patched up, and there was a cheerful prospect—too briefly ours—that the country would settle anon to peace.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BALE-FIRES ON THE BENS.

Hard on the heels of the snow came a frost that put shackles on the very wind. It fell black and sudden on the country, turning the mud floors of the poorer dwellings into iron that rang below the heel, though the peat-fires burned by day and night, and Loch Finne, lying flat as a girdle from shore to shore, visibly crisped and curdled into ice on the surface in the space of an afternoon. A sun almost genial to look at, but with no warmth at the heart of him, rode among the white hills that looked doubly massive with their gullies and corries, for ordinary black or green, lost in the general hue; and at mid-day bands of little white birds would move over the country from the north, flapping weakly to a warmer clime. They might stay a little, some of them, deceived by the hanging peat-smoke into the notion that somewhere here were warmth and comfort; but the cold searched them to the core, and such as did not die on the roadside took up their dismal voyaging anew.

The very deer came down from the glens—*cabarfeidh* stags, hinds, and prancing roes. At night we could hear them bellowing and snorting as they went up and down the street in herds from Ben Bhrec or the barren sides of the Black Mount and Dalness in the land of Bredalbane, seeking the shore and

the travellers' illusion—the content that's always to come. In those hours, too, the owls seemed to surrender the fir-woods and come to the junipers about the back-doors, for they keened in the darkness, even on, woeful warders of the night, telling the constant hours.

'Twas in these bitter nights, shivering under blanket and plaid, I thought ruefully of foreign parts, of the frequented towns I had seen elsewhere, the cleanly paven streets, swept of snow, the sea-coal fires, and the lanterns swinging over the crowded causeways, signs of friendly interest and companionship. Here were we, poor peasants, in a waste of frost and hills, cut off from the merry folks sitting by fire and flame at ease! Even our gossiping, our *ceilidh* in each other's houses, was stopped; except in the castle itself no more the song and story, the pipe and trump.

In the morning when one ventured abroad he found the deer-slot dimpling all the snow on the street, and down at the shore, unafraid of man, would be solitary hinds, widows and rovers from their clans, sniffing eagerly over to the Cowal hills. Poor beasts! poor beasts! I've seen them in their madness take to the ice for it when it was little thicker than a groat, thinking to reach the oak-woods of Ardchyline. For a time the bay at the

river mouth was full of long-tailed ducks, that at a whistle almost came to your hand, and there too came flocks of wild-swan, flying in wedges, trumpeting as they flew. Fierce otters quarrelled over their eels at the mouth of the Black Burn that flows underneath the town and out below the Tolbooth to the shore, or made the gloaming melancholy with their doleful whistle. A roebuck in his winter jacket of mouse-brown fur died one night at my relative's door, and a sea-eagle gorged himself so upon the carcass that at morning he could not flap a wing, and fell a ready victim to a knock from my staff.

The passes to the town were head-high with drifted snow, our warders at the heads of Aora and Shira could not themselves make out the road, and the notion of added surety this gave us against Antrim's Irishmen was the only compensation for the ferocity of nature.

In three days the salt loch, in that still and ardent air, froze like a fishpond, whereupon the oddest spectacle ever my country-side saw was his that cared to rise at morning to see it. Stags and hinds in tremendous herds, black cattle, too, from the hills, trotted boldly over the ice to the other side of the loch, that in the clarity of the air seemed but a mile off. Behind them went skulking foxes, polecats, badgers, cowering hares, and bead-eyed weasels. They seemed to have a premonition that *Famine* was stalking behind them, and they fled over luckless woods and fields like rats from a sinking ship.

To Master Gordon I said one morning as we watched a company of dun heifers mid-way on the loch, "This is an ill omen or I'm sore mistaken."

He was not a man given to superstitions, but he could not gainsay me. "There's neither hip

nor haw left in our woods," he said; "birds I've never known absent here in the most eager winters are gone, and wild-eyed strangers, their like never seen here before, tamely pick crumbs at my very door. Signs! signs! It beats me sometimes to know how the brute scents the circumstance to come, but — what's the Word? — 'Not a sparrow shall fall.'"

We fed well on the wild meat driven to our fireside, and to it there never seemed any end, for new flocks took up the tale of the old ones, and a constant procession of fur and feather moved across our white prospect. Even the wolf — from *Benderloch* no doubt — came baying at night at the empty gibbets at the town-head, that spoke of the law's suspense.

Only in *Castle Inneraora* was there anything to be called gaiety. *MacCailein* fumed at first at the storm that kept his letters from him and spoiled the laburnums and elms he was coaxing to spring about his garden; but soon he settled down to his books and papers, ever his solace in such homely hours as the policy and travel of his life permitted. And if the burgh was dull and dark, night after night there was merriment over the drawbrig of the castle. It would be on the 10th or the 15th of the month I first sampled it. I went up with a party from the town and neighbourhood, with their wives and daughters, finding an atmosphere wondrous different from that of the cooped and anxious tenements down below. Big logs roared behind the fire-dogs, long candles and plenty lit the hall, and pipe and harp went merrily. Her ladyship had much of the French manner — a dainty dame with long thin face and bottle shoulders, attired always in Saxon fashion, and indulgent in what I then thought a whole-

some levity, that made up for the Gruamach husband. And she thought him, honestly, the handsomest and noblest in the world, though she rallied him for his over-much sobriety of deportment. To me she was very gracious, for she had liked my mother, and I think she planned to put me in the way of the Provost's daughter as often as she could.

When his lordship was in his study, our daffing was in Gaelic, for her ladyship, though a Morton, and only learning the language, loved to have it spoken about her. Her pleasure was to play the harp—a clarsach of great beauty, with Iona carving on it—to the singing of her daughter Jean, who knew all the songs of the mountains and sang them like the bird. The town girls, too, sang, Betty a little shyly, but as daintily as her neighbours, and we danced a reel or two to the playing of Paruig Dall, the blind piper. Venison and wine were on the board, and whiter bread than the town baxters afforded. It all comes back on me now—that lofty hall, the skins of seal and otter and of stag upon the floor, the flaring candles and the glint of glass and silver, the banners swinging upon the walls over devices of pike, gun, and claymore—the same to be used so soon!

The castle, unlike its successor, sat adjacent to the river-side, its front to the hill of Dunchuach on the north, and its back a stone-cast from the mercat cross and the throng street of the town. Between it and the river was the small garden consecrate to her ladyship's flowers, a patch of level soil, cut in dice by paths whose tiny pebbles and broken shells crunched beneath the foot at any other season than now when the snow covered all.

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John Splendid, who was of our party, in a lull of the entertainment was looking out at the prospect from a window at the gable end of the hall, for the moon sailed high above Strone, and the outside world was beautiful in a cold and eerie fashion. Of a sudden he faced round and beckoned to me with a hardly noticeable toss of the head.

I went over and stood beside him. He was bending a little to get the top of Dunchuach in the field of his vision, and there was a puzzled look on his face.

"Do you see any light up yonder?" he asked, and I followed his query with a keen scrutiny of the summit, where the fort should be lying in darkness and peace.

There was a twinkle of light that would have shown fuller if the moonlight was less.

"I see a spark," I said, wondering a little at his interest in so small an affair.

"That's a pity," said he, in a rueful key. "I was hoping it might be a private vision of my own, and yet I might have known my dream last night of a white rat meant something. If that's flame there's more to follow. There should be no lowe on this side of the fort after nightfall, unless the warders on the other side have news from the hills behind Dunchuach. In this matter of fire at night Dunchuach echoes Ben Bhuidhe or Ben Bhrec, and these two in their turn carry on the light of our friends farther ben in Bredalbane and Cruachan. It's not a state secret to tell you we were half feared some of our Antrim gentry might give us a call; but the Worst Curse on the pigs who come guesting in such weather!"

He was glowering almost feverishly at the hill-top, and I turned round to see that the busy room had no share in our apprehension.

The only eyes I found looking in our direction were those of Betty, who finding herself observed, came over, blushing a little, and looked out into the night.

"You were hiding the moonlight from me," she said with a smile, a remark which struck me as curious, for she could not see out at the window from where she sat.

"I never saw one who needed it less," said Splendid, and still he looked intently at the mount. "You carry your own with you."

Having no need to bend, she saw the top of Dunchuach whenever she got close to the window, and by this time the light on it looked like a planet, wan in the moonlight, but unusually large and angry.

"I never saw star so bright," said the girl, in a natural enough error.

"It's a challenge to your eyes, madam," retorted Splendid again, in a raillery wonderful considering his anxiety, and he whispered in my ear—"or to us to war."

As he spoke, the report of a big gun boomed through the frosty air from Dunchuach to the plain, and the beacon flashed up, tall, flaunting, and unmistakable.

John Splendid turned into the hall and raised his voice a little, to say with no evidence of disturbance—

"There's something amiss up the glens, your ladyship."

The harp her ladyship strummed idly on at the moment had stopped on a ludicrous and unfinished note, the hum of conversation ended abruptly. Up to the window the company crowded, and they could see the balefire blazing hotly against the cool light of the moon and the widely sprinkled stars. Behind them in a little came Argile, one arm only thrust hurriedly in a velvet jacket, his hair in a disorder, the pallor of study on his cheek.

He very gently pressed to the front, and looked out with a lowering brow at the signal.

"Aye, aye!" he said in the English, after a pause that kept the room more intent on his face than on the balefire. "My old luck bides with me. I thought the weather guaranteed me a season's rest, but here's the claymore again! Alasdair, Craignish, Sir Donald, I wish you gentlemen would set the summons about with as little delay as need be. We have no time for any display of militant science, but as these beacons carry their tale fast we may easily be at the head of Glen Aora before the enemy is down Glenurchy."

Sir Donald, who was the eldest of the officers his lordship addressed, promised a muster of five hundred men in three hours' time. "I can have a *crois-tara*," he said, "at the very head of Glen Shira in an hour."

"You may save yourself the trouble," said John Splendid; "Glen Shira's awake by this time, for the watchers have been in the hut on Ben Bhuidhe since ever we came back from Lorn, and they are in league with other watchers at the Gearron town, who will have the alarm miles up the Glen by now if I make no mistake about the breed."

By this time a servant came in to say Sithean Slúaidhe hill on Cowal was ablaze, and likewise the hill of Ardno above the Ardkinglas lands.

"The alarm will be over Argile in two hours," said his lordship. "We're grand at the beginnings of things," and as he spoke he was pouring, with a steady hand, a glass of wine for a woman in the tremors. "I wish to God we were better at the endings," he added, bitterly. "If these Athole and Antrim caterans have the secret of our passes,

we may be rats in a trap before the morn's morning."

The hall emptied quickly, a commotion of folks departing rose in the courtyard, and candle and torch moved about. Horses put over the bridge at a gallop, striking sparks from the cobble-stones, swords jingled on stirrups. In the town, a piper's tune hurriedly lifted, and numerous lights danced to the windows of the burghers. John Splendid, the Marquis, and I were the only ones finally left in the hall, and the Marquis turned to me with a smile—

"You see your pledge calls for redemption sooner than you expected, Elrigmore. The enemy's not far from Ben Bhuidhe now, and your sword is mine by the contract."

"Your lordship can count on me to the last ditch," I cried; and indeed I might well be ready, for was not the menace of war as muckle against my own hearth as against his?

"Our plan," he went on, "as agreed upon at a council after my return from the north, was to hold all above Inneraora in simple defence while lowland troops took the invader behind. Montrose or the MacDonalds can't get through our passes."

"I'm not cock-sure of that, MacCaillein," said Splendid. "We're here in the bottom of an ashet; there's more than one deserter from your tartan on the outside of it, and once they get on the rim they have, by all rules strategic, the upper hand of us in some degree. I never had much faith (if I dare make so free) in the surety of our retreat here. It's an old notion of our grandads that we could bar the passes."

"So we can, sir, so we can!" said the Marquis, nervously picking at his buttons with his long white

fingers, the nails vexatiously polished and shaped.

"Against horse and artillery, I allow, surely not against Gaelic foot. This is not a wee foray of broken men, but an attack by an army of numbers. The science of war—what little I learned of it in the Low Countries with gentlemen esteemed my betters—convinces me that if a big enough horde fall on from the rim of our ashet, as I call it, they might sweep us into the loch like rattons."

I doubt MacCaillein Mor heard little of this uncheery criticism, for he was looking in a seeming blank abstraction out of the end window at the town lights increasing in number as the minutes passed. His own piper in the close behind the buttery had tuned up and into the gathering—

"Bha mi air banais 'am bail' Inneraora.

Banais bu mhiosa bha riamh air an t-saoghal!"

I felt the tune stir me to the core, and M'Iver, I could see by the twitch of his face, kindled to the old call.

"Curse them!" cried MacCaillein; "Curse them!" he cried in the Gaelic, and he shook a white fist foolishly at the north; "I'm wanting but peace and my books. I keep my ambition in leash, and still and on they must be snapping like curs at Argile. God's name! and I'll crush them like ants on the ant-heap."

From the door at the end of the room, as he stormed, a little bairn toddled in, wearing a night-shirt, a curly gold-haired boy with his cheeks like the apple for hue, the sleep he had risen from still heavy on his eyes. Seemingly the commotion had brought him from his bed, and up he now ran, and his little arms went round his father's

knees. On my word I've seldom seen a man more vastly moved than was Archibald, Marquis of Argile. He swallowed his spittle as if it were wool, and took the child to his arms awkwardly, like one who has none of the handling of his own till they are grown up, and I could see the tear at the cheek he laid against the youth's ruddy hair.

"Wild men coming, dada?" said the child, not much out about after all.

"They shan't touch my little Illeasbuig," whispered his lordship, kissing him on the mouth. Then he lifted his head and looked hard at John Splendid. "I think," he said, "if I went post-haste to Edinburgh, I could be of some service in advising the nature and route of the harassing on the rear of Montrose. Or do you think—do you think——?"

He ended in a hesitancy, flushing a little at the brow, his lips weakening at the corner.

John Splendid, at my side, gave me with his knee the least nudge on the leg next him.

"Did your lordship think of going to Edinburgh at once?" he asked, with an odd tone in his voice, and keeping his eyes very fixedly on a window.

"If it was judicious, the sooner the better," said the Marquis, nuzzling his face in the soft warmth of the child's neck.

Splendid looked helpless for a bit, and then took up the policy that I learned later to expect from him in every similar case. He seemed to read (in truth it was easy enough!) what was in his master's mind, and he said, almost with gaiety—

"The best thing you could do, my lord. Beyond your personal encouragement (and a Chief's aye a consoling influence on the field, I'll never deny), there's little you could

do here that cannot, with your pardon, be fairly well done by Sir Donald and myself, and Elrigmore here, who have made what you might call a trade of tulzie and brulzie."

MacCailein Mor looked uneasy for all this open assurance. He set the child down with an awkward kiss, to be taken away by a servant lass who had come after him.

"Would it not look a little odd!" he said, eyeing us keenly.

"Your lordship might be sending a trusty message to Edinburgh," I said; and John Splendid with a "Pshaw!" walked to the window, saying what he had to say with his back to the candle-light.

"There's not a man out there but would botch the whole business if you sent him," he said; "it must be his lordship or nobody. And what's to hinder her ladyship and the children going too? Snugger they'd be by far in Stirling Lodge than here, I'll warrant. If I were not an old runt of a bachelor, it would be my first thought to give my women and bairns safety."

MacCailein flew at the notion. "Just so, just so," he cried, and of a sudden he skipped out of the room.

John Splendid turned, pushed the door to after the nobleman, and in a soft voice broke into the most terrible torrent of bad language ever I heard (and I've known cavaliers of fortune free that way). He called his Marquis everything but a man.

"Then why in the name of God do you egg him on to a course that a fool could read the poltroonery of? I never gave MacCailein Mor credit for being a coward before," said I.

"Coward!" cried Splendid. "It's no cowardice but selfishness—the disease, more or less, of us all. Do you think yon gentleman a

coward? Then you do not know the man. I saw him once, empty-handed, in the forest, face the white stag and beat it off a hunter it was goring to death; and they say he never blenched when the bonnet was shot off his head at Drimtyne, but jested with a 'Close on't: a nail-breadth more, and Colin was heir to an earlhood!"

"I'm sorry to think the worst of an Argile and a Campbell, but surely his place is here now."

"It is, I admit; and I egged him to follow his inclination because I'm a fool in one thing, as you'll discover anon, because it's easier and pleasanter to convince a man to do what he wants to do than to convince him the way he would avoid is the only right one."

"It's not an altogether nice quirk of the character," I said, drily. It gave me something of a stroke to find so weak a bit in a man of so many notable parts.

He spunked up like tinder.

"Do you call me a liar?" he said, with a face as white as a clout, his nostrils stretching in his rage.

"Liar!" said I, "not I! It would be an ill time to do it with our common enemy at the door. A lie (as I take it in my own Highland fashion) is the untruth told for cowardice or to get a mean advantage of another: your way with MacCailein was but a foolish way (also Highland, I've noticed) of saving yourself the trouble of spurring up your manhood to put him in the right."

"You do me less than half justice," said Splendid, the blood coming back to his face, and him smiling again; "I allow I'm no preacher. If a man must to hell, he must, his own gait. The only way I can get into argument with him about the business is to fly in a fury. If I

let my temper up I would call MacCailein coward to his teeth, though I know it's not his character. But I've been in a temper with my cousin before now, and I ken the stuff he's made of: he gets as cold as steel the hotter I get, and with the poorest of causes he could then put me in a black confusion——"

"But you——"

"Stop, stop! let me finish my tale. Do you know I put a fair face on the black business to save the man his own self-respect. He'll know himself his going looks bad without my telling him, and I would at least leave him the notion that we were blind to his weakness. After all it's not much of a weakness—the wish to save a wife and children from danger. Another bookish disease, I admit: their over-much study has deadened the man to a sense of the becoming, and in an affair demanding courage he acts like a woman, thinking of his household when he should be thinking of his clan. My only consolation is that after all (except for the look of the thing) his leaving us little matters."

I thought different on that point, and I proved right. If it takes short time to send a fiery cross about, it takes shorter yet to send a naughty rumour, and the story that MacCailein Mor and his folks were off in a hurry to the Lowlands was round the greater part of Argile before the clansmen mustered at In-neraora. They never mustered at all, indeed; for the chieftains of the small companies that came from Glen Finne and down the country no sooner heard that the Marquis was off than they took the road back, and so Montrose and Colkitto MacDonald found a poltroon and deserted countryside waiting them.

(To be continued.)

THE ENTRY AND TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

THE naval revival which took place nearly ten years ago, and the vast amount of literature on naval matters which has since then been put before the public, have awakened such a keen interest in the navy that not only statesmen have come to realise that Great Britain can continue to exist as an independent Power just so long as her naval supremacy is assured, but the great rank and file of the people have also recognised and assimilated this fact, so that they will now give attention to naval subjects which ten years ago they would have put on one side with contempt and a total lack of interest. This change of feeling and sentiment is, of course, reflected largely in the popular branch of the Legislature, so that almost any amount of money which the Cabinet considers necessary for the maintenance of our naval supremacy is cheerfully voted, with the opposition only of a few cranks and amiable theorists, who ask us to trust the safety of our sea-borne commerce, and all our other great national interests depending on the freedom of the seas, to the Christian feelings and complete absence of jealousy amongst our neighbours, instead of to the guns of our fleet. Happily for our country, the cranks have not yet got the upper hand, and there are still enough practical men who take the world as they find it, instead of as they wish it to be, to maintain the supremacy of the navy so far as the supply of a sufficiency of ships, guns, and docks is concerned. But of at least equal importance with the supply of these is the supply of efficient officers; and it is under

this head that we fear an unwise step has lately been taken. We allude to the raising of the age for the entry of naval cadets.

The question of the best age to enter our future naval officers has been a subject of acute controversy amongst the best authorities for many years. There have always been two schools of thought and opinion,—one, which may properly be described as the naval school, in favour of early entry; and the other, which we might call the academic school, in favour of later entry, and consequently a more advanced general education, but with the sacrifice of an earlier technical and specially nautical training. The academics have for the present got their way, and the age of entry has just been raised considerably. Thus we may reasonably expect that our future naval officers will have a better general education, but a worse nautical and technical education. To suppose that we can get an increase of one without a corresponding diminution of the other is illogical, in fact ridiculous; and such an idea can be entertained only by those who have not yet discovered that they cannot get a quart of beer into a pint-pot.

One of the reasons given for raising the age of entry of our future naval officers is, that it will help to defeat the crammers, and draw lads direct from our great public schools. How the raising of the age will defeat the crammers we fail entirely to see. The only way to defeat the crammer is to do away with competitive examinations. As long as even the present limited competition lasts, so long will the man who makes these examinations his

special study, and can show by statistics that a large proportion of pupils prepared by him have succeeded in the competition,—so long will he continue to flourish, call him “crammer” or what you will; and unless the public schools are specially favoured by the Admiralty, and nominations are given with only test examinations, after the manner of “Service” and “Colonial” cadetships, the public schools will have no chance against the crammers.

The first thing a father wants is to get his boy into the navy, and it will be time enough to talk about whether he is well grounded, and has received a broad and liberal education, after he is in; but if he fails in the competitive examination, it will matter nothing—so far as the special object of entering the navy is concerned—whether he is the best educated boy in the United Kingdom or the greatest dunce. If, then, a father wants to send his boy to sea in the Royal Navy, he will naturally first discuss with his friends and naval acquaintances as to the surest method of getting him in. Even if his means are ample, and expense no object, he will not send his boy to Eton or Harrow unless Eton and Harrow can show that they have passed a larger percentage of candidates sent up by them than the crammers have succeeded in passing. It seems to us most improbable that this will ever be the case. If it does occur, the crammers of course will be defeated; they will doubtless haul down their colours and retire from the contest. But is there any reasonable prospect of such a result? Is it at all likely that any of our great public schools, with the multifarious interests which they have to consider, will ever be able (even if they form special naval classes) to

compete successfully with specialists who make this one subject of passing a certain kind of examination their sole study, and get their living by squeezing their pupils somehow through the mill a few marks ahead of their rivals?

We have no wish to speak contemptuously of the so-called “crammers,” for we have always admired their great energy and perseverance; and although we are unable to rejoice at the achievement of their most brilliant successes—viz., the passing of dunces into the navy—yet we cannot but admit that even in this case the crammer is not to be blamed, for he has only done exactly what he was paid to do. Anybody can pass in a clever, hard-working boy; but it takes a clever, hard-working crammer to pass in a stupid or idle boy: and this is his special business, and greatest triumph.

So long, therefore, as the system of competitive examinations for entry into the navy exists, it is perfectly useless to grumble at the crammer, and equally futile to endeavour to defeat him. The last move on the part of the Admiralty does nothing to defeat him, and he must already be laughing in his sleeve at the idea that he is to be out-manœuvred by simply raising the age, and asking the headmasters of some of the public schools to form naval classes.

We shall doubtless be told once more—as indeed we have been often told before—that education and training are two separate things, and must be considered separately. Undoubtedly, general education and special technical training are two separate things, but yet they cannot be considered separately, for the simple reason that time is limited. A boy's learning years are all too few for the ever-increasing number of sub-

jects which he is expected to master. Only a certain amount of learning, or knowledge, or special training, or whatever you please to call his work as distinguished from his play, can be put into him in a certain time without bursting him. The quart of beer will not go into the pint-pot; and the whole controversy resolves itself into the simple question of whether our future naval officers are likely to be better than the present ones, if they have more book-learning, and less actual experience at sea as youngsters.

In discussing this subject it is most necessary to keep in view some rational ideal of what we want naval officers to be. Of course we should like them all to be perfect, both in theory and practice, but this would not be rational; and there is no baulking the alternative, put thus—More theory and less practice, or less theory and more practice?

We are proverbially an illogical nation; yet in no action we have ever taken (and it must be admitted that it is an act of national importance) have we cast logic so utterly to the winds as in this last act of raising the age of entry of our young sea officers.

The special business of a sea officer is to be able to handle ships, and to command men; and in these two respects our present generation of naval officers is second to none. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the ability with which our naval officers discharge these two functions has been the admiration of all Europe for many years. And yet we are about to copy those who envy us, by sending our midshipmen to sea older, as they do, in order to be able to give them a little more book learning. It is, of course, easy to argue—as the 'Times' does—that the

special attributes of our naval officers are not due to their early entry, but rather to their inherent ability, which is thus supposed to be greater than that of any other European nation. This is a method of argument, or rather of assumption, with which we cannot agree. It has been frequently assumed in the same way that the superiority of our seamanship over that of the French in our last war with them was due to some congenital quality of a seaman which was supposed to be born in all Englishmen, instead of to the fact that our men received about five times as much actual sea training as the French; *because we were numerically so much stronger that we kept them shut up in their ports.* Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, who thinks deeply and writes cleverly on this subject, as on many others, published not long ago an interesting conversation which he had with an American admiral, wherein the latter spoke with the warmest admiration of the manner in which he saw our young midshipmen handling their boats and keeping their men in order, and then drew comparisons between them and his own "fine gentlemen," most unflattering to the latter. His young gentlemen, he said, knew how it ought to be done, but ours knew how to do it.

The difference is great. The British midshipman is brought up in his profession, and when he finds himself suddenly in a tight place he knows what to do instinctively without waiting to reason about it: he does the right thing at once; and as rapidity of action is one of the most important factors of success in nautical matters, he generally gets out of his tight place with credit to himself and his profession. Thus he gains confidence at every step, and prepares himself

for more important commands. On what grounds, then, of logic or of common sense, are we about to alter a system which has produced such excellent practical results?

It is only fair, however, to see what can be said on the other side of the question, and thus we would frankly acknowledge that our naval officers are the worst educated in Europe, taking the word "education" in the sense in which it is generally used. It is only quite natural and reasonable that they should be so, for reasons which we have already sufficiently indicated. For our own part we do not think they are by any means such utter ignoramuses as they are sometimes supposed to be, and portrayed as being by some self-constituted critics.

For instance, a well-known civilian writer on naval subjects, masquerading under the title of "Nauticus," published lately a violent diatribe on the gross and deplorable ignorance of British naval officers. He described them as being altogether behind the times; as comparing most unfavourably in point of general knowledge with the officers of all European nations, as well as with those of the United States. They were held up to scorn for not being "men of the world," and for not being able to "shine in society," in consequence of their faulty education; and it was further stated that they were not sound scientific officers. It is quite possible that all three accusations might be true—the third modified—and yet that ours might be the best naval officers in the world. We say the third modified, as it depends a good deal upon what we understand by a sound scientific officer. It is probable—nay, almost certain—that, so far as abstract science is concerned, our

naval officers are surpassed by those of most other countries, and certainly by those of France and Germany; but when it comes to the practical application of such scientific or other knowledge as the officers of the different nationalities possess, it has been proved a hundred times over that our officers are ahead of all. Ten thousand horse-power which cannot be applied is not so good for propulsive purposes as five thousand horse-power which can be applied.

It is unnecessary to allude further to the strictures of "Nauticus"; they were violent and illogical, and although there was some truth in many of his assertions, that truth was stultified and rendered completely misleading by the way it was turned into side channels, and brought to bear on irrelevant issues. Of more consequence, perhaps, is the fact that the "Times" supports the recent change in the age of entry; for the "Times" is a power in the State, though on this occasion it does not exhibit its usual sound logic.

The "Times," however, is admirably answered in its own columns (for it is always eminently fair) by a bold anonymous writer signing himself "S.," who beards the lion in his den; and who is so obviously a master of his subject, and states the case so clearly and concisely, that we cannot refrain from quoting some of his remarks. He says to the editor:—

"I have studied your leading article without discovering a single argument in favour of the recent change in the age of entry into the navy. No one is sufficiently foolish to maintain that 'the splendid quality of the existing body of naval officers' is solely due to their age of admission; but if you have secured that 'splendid quality' under existing arrangements, reluc-

tance to accept a plunge into the unknown is surely justified. The *onus probandi* does not lie with the opponents of the new system."

This is sound logic and good common-sense.

With equal sense and logic the writer goes on to say:—

"Habits crystallise only too quickly, and it is quite impossible that the boy of 15½ can as easily adapt himself to the peculiar conditions of the life of a cadet and midshipman as one of 13½. In any case a revolution of habits has to be accomplished. The earlier this revolution occurs, the less must be the natural shock. We do not want to create a feeling of aversion in the minds of our boys, a feeling which may grow into positive dislike, and which is certain to increase a craving for the shore already too marked. You have most wisely laid stress on the vital importance of sea training. The recent change will inevitably tend to make life at sea less palatable to the average officer, and in the long run the predilections thus stimulated will bear undesirable fruit. There is nothing more delusive in such a connection than the 'fair trial' theory. You cannot claim to be able to judge the results of this experiment for at least twenty-five years. Even then you will be quite unable to give a just verdict. It is almost impossible to compare the all-round efficiency of a large body of men at two different periods, and amid a number of varied considerations it is hopeless to expect to accurately analyse causes. Just as you now hold that the splendid qualities of our naval officers owe nothing to their early entrance, so in 1922, if deterioration is alleged, it will be open to any one to contend that late admission could not be to blame. I am far from believing that our present system of educating naval officers is perfect; but I regard the early age of entry as its most satisfactory feature."

The anonymous writer, whoever he may be, expresses with precision the views of those who deprecate any raising of the age for the

entry of naval cadets: for although we do not maintain (and probably nobody ever even suggested) that the early entry of cadets is the sole cause of the marked efficiency of our officers, yet we do certainly maintain that it is one of the causes, if not the principal cause; and as "S." pertinently remarks, the *onus probandi* lies with the other side.

It is much to be regretted that Mr Goschen, who has shown such great ability, resolution, and courage in his administration of our navy, should have taken a step involving such wide and far-reaching consequences without having on his side at least a respectable majority of the best naval opinion; and this we feel positive he has not. In fact, our information leads us to believe that a large majority of naval opinion is against him. We do not mean to suggest that Mr Goschen has in this matter taken a headstrong and obstinate step in opposition to his naval colleagues. Most probably the majority of his naval colleagues are with him; but they form a very small section of the navy, though they may be the most able men in it. A change so pregnant with possible consequences would seem to have demanded a far wider appeal to naval opinion than any that has been made: we would almost go so far as to say that a plebiscite of all the commissioned executive officers in the navy would have been justified in such a case. Certainly they and not the schoolmasters would have been the most competent judges in the matter. Yet the scholastic element has won for the present: though we sincerely hope that some board of Admiralty in the near future will have the courage to incur the odium of reversing judgment.

We have already pointed out

that one of the main reasons given for raising the age of entry was not a good one—viz., that we might get boys into the navy from the public schools. We suggested that a boy who had spent, say, two years at a public school would have very little chance in competition with a boy specially prepared for two years by a crammer. And why, we may ask, are public schools to be specially favoured in this matter? There can, of course, be no favouring at the actual examination; but are nominations to be given to boys at public schools more freely than elsewhere, and if so, on what grounds? A public school is a very expensive place. And are those who can afford to send their sons to public schools to be shown some special favour in the matter? And if not, how are we going to draw boys into the navy from the public schools?

The fact of the matter is, that the more we look into this proposition to draw boys from the public schools, the more certain it seems that the idea will end in moonshine. It is true that a very distinguished officer, the late Sir George Tryon, was at Eton, and that he entered the navy at an unusually late age. It is also true that one or two other distinguished officers now serving were at Eton for a short time. But this scarcely goes to prove that we should get better material into the navy generally if we drew more largely from the public schools than we have hitherto done—supposing, for the sake of argument, that it is possible to draw more largely from them without showing them undue favour. The training and the general surroundings of a boy at one of our large public schools do not seem to be of a nature to fit him for taking amiably and con-

tentedly to the curtailment of elbow-room, and the general discomforts and petty inconveniences entailed by life on board ship in the junior ranks.

Having mentioned the name of Sir George Tryon, it is only proper that we should also mention that we are told that when he left Eton and went to sea at the very mature age of sixteen (the average age of entry at that time being thirteen to fourteen) he was so ignorant of all mathematics that he found himself at the bottom of a class of boys, some of whom were two years his juniors in age, and it was only through the most determined application, coupled with unusual ability, that he managed eventually to work up to the head of his class. We are not told whether or no he had acquired any wide knowledge of Greek and Latin, and if he had, whether it was of any use to him; but of one thing we may feel tolerably certain, and that is, that if there had been anything in the shape of a competitive examination at that time, young Tryon would have had no chance of getting into the navy at all.

We are not aware of what took place at the interview which was held between Mr Goschen and the headmasters of some of the public schools to discuss the subject of the entry of naval cadets from those establishments; but we shall be more than surprised if the combined ingenuity of the First Lord and all the headmasters in England will succeed in defeating the crammers.

A well-known service newspaper stated lately that a syndicate of the so-called crammers had bought up systematically all the past examination papers, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of any save their own clique.

The competitive examinations held by the Civil Service Commissioners are, of course, conducted on a system, each examination bearing more or less of a family likeness to its predecessors. It is obvious, therefore, that a careful study of the back papers will afford some indication of what is to be expected in the future, at anyrate on general lines; hence the manœuvre of the crammers. The story we give for what it is worth, though we think it is extremely likely to be true. That particular manœuvre could, of course, be easily defeated, but it shows the ingenuity of those whose business it is to make a special study of the art of passing their pupils through a competitive examination, whether such pupils be clever or stupid; but there can be little doubt that if that manœuvre is defeated, they will discover others which will enable them to remain masters of the situation so long as the competition is sufficiently drastic to reject two-thirds of those who go up for it. That is to say, the Admiralty give away sixty nominations for every twenty vacancies. Two trials are allowed, yet the majority of the poor boys who are lucky enough in the first instance to get nominations must necessarily be branded for life as having "failed for the navy."

In addition to the two diverse influences already alluded to which are working round this question—viz., the naval influence desirous of sending the boys actually to sea young, and the scholastic influence desirous of keeping them longer on shore in order to give them a more complete education—there is a third influence, an influence of a political character, which is striving to do away with all nominations, and consequently all power of selection and rejection on the

part of the Admiralty,—the examination to be an absolutely open competition for any one who likes to go up for it. Probably the next time the Radicals get into power, if they can find nothing more inviting to tamper with, they will try their hands at tinkering the navy on these lines.

Already complaints have been made of the deterioration in the social status of some of the lads who recently joined the Britannia. To put it into the plainest of English—it is said that they are not the sons of gentlemen. Of course your sound Radical does not recognise social status, and attaches no meaning to the word "gentleman." He breeds his horses and his dogs very carefully, and also his pigs; but when it comes to men, the exigencies of his political creed require that he should discard and disbelieve entirely in the laws of heredity, and assert boldly that one man is as good as another, however he is bred. This, however, is an aspect of the question which we need not dwell upon. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." But the evil of the day which sees the navy thrown open to unrestricted competition will be great indeed.

The noble traditions extending over three hundred years, of a navy which has been mainly instrumental in building up the greatest empire that the world has ever seen, are an asset which is not lightly to be thrown aside. These traditions have been cherished, and maintained, and handed on, often from father to son, for many generations; always amongst a class or a clique, the clique called gentlemen; and this class has frequently proved, up to this very hour, that it has not become effete—is not "played out," as our American friends would express

it. The lofty ideals of honour now held by this class—far nobler than the ideals of the duelling period—have been proved over and over again to be the vivifying spirit which renders our officers in both army and navy so pre-eminently qualified to be the leaders of men of all races, and enables them to gain their respect and obedience, almost without an effort, and simply because they *are* gentlemen, in the best acceptation of the word. Our Radical friends will not, of course, admit that there is such a thing as hereditary or traditional honour,—such an admission would not accord with their political creed; and yet perhaps there is no service in the world—either army or navy—which shows more clearly through every ramification of its branches the impress of the word “tradition” than does the British navy. Not hard and fast, hide-bound, unalterable traditions, hindering progress; but, on the contrary, traditions more spiritual than material, and yet so broad and comprehensive as to admit freely of the revolution in nautical practice which the last thirty years have witnessed. Are these traditions to be thrown overboard, or handed on to those who will be quite incapable of understanding them, in order to humour a Radical fad? God forbid. But we need not anticipate evil. At present this Radical manœuvre has only been talked of.

We are continually being told—and no one has ever attempted to deny—that we want young captains and young admirals; but we cannot have these unless we have young lieutenants and young commanders. From this point of view, also, it seems to us that the last step is in the wrong direction, as we start off with comparatively

old midshipmen; so that sea experience must be curtailed. We are told, on the other hand, that the sub-lieutenant's shore-time at Greenwich is to be shortened; but the Irishman's plan of lengthening his breeches by cutting a piece off the top and sewing it on to the bottom is not generally understood to have been attended with success.

In the old days we got a fair percentage of young admirals on the lists by the exercise of jobbery, favouritism, and nepotism of such an unblushing nature that it would not now be tolerated for a moment. A few of those who rose prematurely to the higher ranks of their profession by this unjust method of promotion proved themselves to be capable officers, but the majority did not; and as merit in these cases had nothing to do with early promotion, it is really wonderful how many of them were successful. It only shows what a good school the inevitable six years as midshipmen actually at sea must have been; as we are speaking of the time before the *Britannia* was invented, and all midshipmen had to serve six years at sea before they were eligible to pass for “mate,” which was the corresponding rank to the sub-lieutenant of to-day. Thus we see that, even in the case of the luckiest of fortune's favourites, a young officer was certain of receiving six years of practical sea-training during the best learning years of his life, and before he had time to form habits or to acquire ideas of comfort inconsistent with the career of a sailor.

The difficulty which now presents itself is how to get young captains and young admirals without the exercise of nepotism and family interest in the selection of officers for promotion from the lieutenants' and commanders' lists. The great block is in the lieuten-

ants' list, and it seems to us that it must always remain so, as the number of officers of this rank required for the work of the fleet bears such a large proportion to those of the higher lists.

In October 1897 we had 915 lieutenants on the active list—exclusive of 81 on the supplementary list from the merchant service, who are warned not to expect promotion—281 commanders, and 183 captains. The great struggle, therefore, is to get on to the commanders' list, and only a minority can hope to do so. The recognised qualifications for selection in order to promotion, until we come to the rank of captain, are merit and war services; and although interest and favouritism can never be wholly eliminated while human nature remains as it is, they are practised but sparingly compared with what formerly took place, and they are usually shrouded under the euphonious phrase of "the just recognition of merit hitherto undiscovered."

Theoretically, where all other things are equal, promotion should go by seniority; but as a matter of fact all other things never are quite equal, and even if we could imagine them to be so, we should then find ourselves face to face with the utterly disheartening, zeal-crushing system of a purely seniority corps, a system which is admitted on all hands to be most undesirable. For our own part, we believe that a return to the exercise of the most rampant family favouritism would be less detrimental to the best interests of the navy than promotion by seniority. If a man knows that so long as he keeps out of trouble and avoids a court-martial he will certainly be promoted when he comes to the top of the list, without giving himself any extra trouble, without volunteering for

dangerous or difficult services, but by simply doing his duty and no more, it is not in human nature for him to put forth the best that is in him without prospect of special reward or recognition of his zeal. It is not uncommon to hear a naval lieutenant say: "I have always done my duty to the satisfaction of my captain, I have never refused an appointment, I have never been invalided from ill-health, I possess good certificates for all my service, and here I am with fourteen years' service as a lieutenant and no prospect of promotion."

The answer is, that the service requires something more of him than his bare duty; or, in other words, that his ideal of duty is not a sufficiently lofty one. It is also quite possible that he may be a good lieutenant but would make an indifferent commander, hence the necessity for selection.

There is undoubtedly, and there always must be, a large amount of luck about promotion. For instance, an officer of no special ability or acquirements happens to see service in one of our little wars, and if he does his duty—about which there is but little doubt on such an occasion—he is immediately recommended for promotion, and goes over the heads of some hundreds of senior and very probably abler men. And this kind of luck it is undesirable, if not impossible, to eliminate.

It has already been noted that promotion in all ranks is made by selection until we come to the rank of captain. This seems on the face of it to be strangely inconsistent. Each list is supposed to be the pick of the list immediately below it, and yet when we come to the most important list of all—viz., the flag list—we no longer select those who are supposed to be the best, but take

them just as they come. Thus it happens that, in spite of the earlier sifting, men get on to our admirals' lists who—although they may have been fairly passable captains—are not fit in the opinion of any one but themselves to take command of a squadron. It might be thought that the severe process of selection which goes on in all the ranks below that of captain would render it impossible for any save the ablest men to get on to the captains' list sufficiently young to become admirals. Yet it does not. The before-mentioned luck has of course a good deal to do with it: besides which, some men get senile before they get old; or, to state the case more gently, they do not retain at middle age their pristine vigour and the nerves of their youth.

The admirals' lists are small for a great navy like ours, and there can be no doubt that every man on them should be thoroughly competent and fit to take command of a fleet or squadron at an hour's notice. It has frequently been suggested that admirals should be made from the captains' list by selection instead of seniority; but two strong objections have been raised against such a course. First, that it would create a most undesirable jealousy amongst the captains in our two principal squadrons, who would naturally be the men expecting selection. And secondly, that it would be too great a piece of patronage, and too heavy a responsibility to put upon any man, even a civilian First Lord of the Admiralty. Yet all naval men are agreed that directly we become involved in a serious naval war such selections will have to be made in order to get younger admirals. Perhaps it will be time enough to do it when the war breaks out, and thus in the meantime avoid unnecessary heart-burnings and jealousies.

It must be admitted that the drastic reforms and compulsory-retirement regulations instituted by Mr Childers, which resulted in such a large reduction in the senior lists of the navy, were on the whole beneficial,—mainly because they made it possible to give both captains and admirals on the active list more frequent employment.

In the old sailing days a man could go on shore for ten years or more, and then if he were given command of a ship, the moment he put his foot upon the quarter-deck he was at home again: he found the main-mast just in the same place that he left it; the bowsprit and jib-boom still stuck out over the bows; and the fore-topsail (with which he paid his tailor's bill) sheeted home and hoisted in exactly the same manner as it did when he went ashore ten, or even twenty, years before. In fact we might say broadly that from the year 1800, or even from an earlier date, up to 1850, there occurred no important change in the rig, organisation, or general management of our ships, or the armament which they carried. But now! Let a man go on shore for ten years, or even five, and he comes on board his ship a perfect stranger to many of the devices he sees around him, and finds himself in the humiliating position of knowing less about his business than many of his subordinates. It is therefore of the first importance to keep seniors as well as juniors in as constant employment as possible, for their training and preparation for war can only thus be ensured.

Having now glanced briefly at the training and employment of all ranks in the executive branch of the navy, we will return for a moment to the question of entry, and sum up in a more concrete form our objections to raising the

age of entry into the *Britannia*. The reasons given for raising the age were, as we have seen, to defeat the crammers, and to get boys direct from the public schools possessing on entry a broader and more general education than that possessed by the lads hitherto entered at an earlier age. We have pointed out the extreme improbability of defeating the crammers, so long as the competitive examination is continued on its present lines; and hence the improbability of getting lads—save in exceptional cases—from the public schools, and even the undesirability of doing so if it were possible. As to the proposition that a boy joining the *Britannia* at fifteen and a-half will be in possession of a broader and more extensive general education than one joining at thirteen and a-half, we do not for a moment question it. But at what price has it been bought? At the cost of wrenching and dislocating habits and associations considerably more formed than they are at the earlier age, with the probability so forcibly pointed out by "S." of creating a decided aversion to the discomforts and inconveniences of a sea life—for, in spite of all modern improvements, these still exist in a very marked degree.

Add to the above the loss of a year or two's training and association with boats and salt water, and all the more fundamental arts and traditions of his future profession, keeping clearly in our minds all the time the special qualities which the country requires in its sea officers, and we cannot help thinking that the broader general education will have been too dearly purchased.

To teach theory before practice in naval matters is to put the cart before the horse, whatever it may

be in law, theology, and the so-called learned professions. No lad can understand the theory of seamanship or the art of handling ships and men until he has at least seen the practice of it.

After some years' practical work and experience, theory can be understood and appreciated, and that is the proper time to learn it. The lieutenant's rank in our navy is that in which the principal sifting of the wheat from the chaff takes place, and the study of theory could then go hand in hand with practice; the really capable and zealous officer would find time for both, no matter how heavy were his practical duties; and if the study of theory and the passing of a theoretical examination after five years' service in the rank of lieutenant were regarded as especial—though perhaps not absolutely essential—conditions for promotion to commander's rank, we should have more real, more substantial, and more useful theory in the upper ranks of the navy in a few years' time than we have ever had before, for whatever it may be worth: we should be putting the theory in at the right end instead of at the wrong end.

Finally, as to the logic of making this alteration in the age of entry for our naval cadets. Where is the logic of changing a system which is admitted even by our rivals to have produced a body of officers who are second to none in the special qualifications which render them pre-eminent in the practical work of their profession? Are we not somewhat in danger of producing that state of affairs so graphically described by the American admiral, where the rising generation of our young sea officers will know how it ought to be done, instead of knowing how to do it?

ADVENTURES OF THE COMTE DE LA MUETTE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.¹

THE FOOTPAD.

EARLY in June of the year '93 I left Paris in company with M. Crépin. At that time in the flower of his, somewhat mediocre, fortunes, he had been intrusted with a mission which was entirely after his own heart. He was to represent the Executive, in fact, in a "sequestering" tour through Limosin and Guienne,—or rather through the new-found departments that had deposed those ancient territories,—and his interest had procured me a post as his clerk or assistant. What duties this embraced perhaps the Government would have found it as difficult to specify as their sub-agent; but, after all, Jacques Bonhomme emancipated was excessively conservative in the matter of his retention of the system of complimentary sinecures. For myself, I looked upon my appointment as the simple means to postpone an inevitable denunciation.

Crépin and I had by then ceased to fraternise. I could never quite learn to adapt my sympathies to a certain *mauvais ton* that underlay in him all the sensitiveness of the voluptuary. Also, perhaps, I was beginning a little to resent the humourless methods of a destiny that had not the wit, it seemed, to rebuke my innate luxuriousness but by affecting a concern to accommodate me with house-fellows of my own kidney. We parted on the best of terms; and he none the less attended to my interests and, as far as possible, to my safety. To the end, I think, he

retained an admiration for the superior quality of my epigastrium; and when his opportunity came to do me a service, he never failed to remind me of his indebtedness to my fastidious *gourmandise*.

We left the city, travelling *en roi*, on a fine blowing afternoon. We had our roomy carriage, with four well-blooded horses, and a postilion to each pair. An escort of four patriots, moreover, mounted, armed, and generally drunk, accompanied us to enforce the letter of the law. We went out by the suburb of Pasi, starting from the Pavillon-Liberté, close by the Thuilleries,—where Crépin received his papers of administration—and whipping along the river-bank by way of the Port aux Pierres. Close by the gates the carriage gave a thudding jolt, and drew up suddenly to an accompaniment of noise like the screaming of a swollen axle.

I started up in my corner.

"What is it?" I exclaimed; but three men, risen at that moment from a bench under some chestnut-trees, engaged my surprised attention. They made at the postilions, it seemed, and the face of him that was foremost twitched with a rage of nervous resentment. Their hats had been laid beside them in the shade, and I noticed that as this individual sprang to his feet, the powder leapt from his head as if a musket-ball had struck it. For he was very sprucely groomed, every hair

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currycombed to run parallel with its fellows; and there was a fastidious neatness about his appearance that was like the peevish delicacy of an invalid.

Such, indeed, he was, from more than one point of view; for he was no other than M. Robespierre himself, dressed in the fine blue coat he was studying to make historical, and exhibiting the weak extremes of his nature in presence of a run-over dog.

"But this is infamous!" I heard him shrill, in a strained wavering voice. "Thus to shock our humanity and our nerves!"

He ran to the carriage window in uncontrollable excitement. He bustled with his shaking speech so that it was hardly audible.

"What mischief produces itself that you tear through the streets like brigands? Messieurs—messieurs! but I say you have no right—citizens, do you hear?"

Orépin, dismayed, muttered something about authority. The other snapped at the word and worried it.

"Authority! there is none in this city to be careless of innocent lives. Authority! who excuses himself to me—to the Republic—by assuming a licence to murder under its ægis,—yes, murder, I say? You would adopt the prerogatives of aristocrats—you are an aristocrat—Tachereau! St Just!"

He was beside himself. His lean hands picked at the window-frame. All the time the poor cur in the road was screeching, and the sound seemed to jar him out of his self-control. One of his companions stepped up to him, put a hand upon his arm, and drew him away. Quite a little mob had gathered about us.

"*Reculez les chevaux!*" said this person to the postillions.

"Complete what you have begun."

The horses backed the carriage once, and drew forward again, stilling the cries. Personally I should have preferred alighting during the operation. Robespierre ran to the trees and put his palms to his ears, doubling himself up as if he had the toothache. The other came to the window once more.

This was the "Apocalyptic!" of the Assembly, its most admirable type of fanaticism. Dark and immovable as a Nubian archer in a wall painting, he might have been represented for ever holding the taut string and the arrow that should whistle to its mark. He was young, a mere boy—melancholy, olive-skinned, beautiful in his way. Cold, incorruptible, merciless, nevertheless, he—this St Just—was yet that one of the ultra-revolutionists I could find it in me to regard admiringly. Of all, he alone acted up to the last letter of his creed of purification. Of all, he alone was willing to do a long life's reaping without wage, without even that posthumous consideration of a niche in the "Pantheon of history." Like the figure of Time on a clock, he was part and parcel of the scythe with which he wrought. He must move when the hour came—cutting right and left—and with the last stroke of inspiration he must stop until the wheels of being should bring him to the front once more. Truly, he was not great, but, quite possibly, necessary; and as such, one could not but exclaim over his faultless mechanism. He sacrificed his life to his cause, long before it was demanded of him, and in the end flung himself to the axe as to a kindred spirit with which his

structural and destructive genius was quite in sympathy. One must acknowledge that he made a consistent practice of that which is the true art of reform—to know whom to exclude from one's system. Only, he was a little too drastic in his exclusion; and that came from a lack of *ton*. For your fanatic sees a reactionary in every one whose mouth opens for what reason soever but to applaud his methods; and the sneers which his sensitiveness regards as levelled at himself, he puts to the account of treason against his policy.

"Citizen Crépin," he said (for he had already identified my companion), "for the future, if you must ride rough-shod, I would recommend you to make the meanest your first consideration."

"But, citizen, it was no fault of mine."

"You have a voice to control, I presume?"—he stepped back and waved his hand. "*Allez vous promener!*"—and the carriage jerked forward.

I shot a glance at the other as we passed. He was retired from the scene, and he seemed endeavouring to control the agitation into which he had been betrayed; but he looked evilly from under his jumping eyelids at us as we went by.

We travelled cautiously until we were gone a long gunshot from the city walls, and then Crépin put his head out of the window and cursed on the postilions furiously.

"*Savant sacré!*" he cried, sinking back on the seat; "we are whipt and rebuked like schoolboys. Is a Republic a seminary for street curs? They should hoist Reason in a balloon if she is to travel. That St Just—he will make it indictable to crack a flea on one's thumb-nail."

"What were they doing in that quarter of the town?"

"How should I know, Citizen Thibaut? Spinning webs under the trees, maybe, to catch unwary flies. They and others spend much of each day in the suburbs. It is the custom of attorneys, as it is of story-writers, to hatch their plots in green nooks. They brood for a week that they may speak for an hour. Robespierre comes to Pasi and Auteuil for inspiration. Couthon goes every day to Neuilly for bagatelle. My faith, but how these advocates make morality unattractive! A dozen lawyers amongst the elect would produce a second revolt of the angels. That is why the devil is loath to recall them."

"To recall them?"

"They are his ambassadors, monsieur, and it is his trouble that they are for ever being handed their passports to quit such soil as he would be represented on. Then they return to him for fresh instructions; but they will not understand that human passions are not to be controlled by rule of thumb."

"Or sounded by depth of plumb, Crépin; and, upon my word, you are a fine bailiff to your masters."

Now, I have no wish to detail the processes of our monotonous journey into the south-westerly departments, whereto—that is to say, to the borders of Dordogne—it took us eight days to travel. We had our excitements, our vexations, our adventures even; but these were by the way, and without bearing on what I have set myself to relate.

One evening as we were lazily rolling along an empty country road, making for the little walled town of Coutras, where the fourth Henry was known to his credit

once upon a time, a trace snapped, leading to more damage and a little confusion amongst the horses. I alighted in a hurry — Orépin, whose veins were congested with Bordeaux, slumbering profoundly on in his corner—and finding that the accident must cause us some small delay, strolled back along the road we had come by, for it looked beautiful in perspective. Our escort, I may say, affecting ignorance of our mishap, had rattled on into the dusk.

It was a night for love, or fairies, or any of those little gracious interchanges of soul that France had nothing the art to conceive in those years. The wind, that had toyed all day with flowers, was sweet with a languorous and desirable playfulness; a ripening girl moon sat low on a causeway of mist, embroidering a banner of cloud that blew from her hands; the floating hills were hung with blots of woodland, and to peer into the trance of sky was to catch a star here and there like a note of music.

I turned an elbow of the road and strolled to a little bridge spanning a brook that I had noticed some minutes earlier in passing. Leaning over the parapet, I saw the water swell to a miniature pond as it approached the arch—a shallow ferry designed to cool the fetlocks of weary horses. The whole was a mirror of placidity. It flowed like a white oil, reflecting in intenser accent the fading vault above, so that one seemed to be looking down upon a subterranean dawn—and, “It is there and thus,” I murmured, “the little people begin their day.”

There were rushes fringing the brook-edge, as I knew only by their sharp reversed pictures in the blanched water-glass, and a leaning stake in mid-stream repeated itself

blackly that the hairy goblins below might have something to scratch themselves on; and then this fancy did so possess me that, when a bat dipt to the surface and rose again, its reality and not its shadow seemed to flee into the depths. At last a nightingale sang from a little copse hard by, completing my bewitchment—and so my thralldom to dreams was nearly made everlasting. For, it appeared, a man had come softly out of the woods behind me, while I hung over the parapet, and was stealing towards me on tiptoe with clubbed bludgeon.

It was a stag-beetle that saved my life—whereout of might be snatched many little rags of reflections; for it shot whizzing and booming past my ear and startled me to a sudden sideways jump. The fellow was almost on my back at the moment, and could not check his impetus. He came crack against the low wall, his club span out of his fist, and he himself clutched, failed, and went over with a mighty splash into the water underneath.

The ludicrous *dénouement* gave me time to collect my faculties. I was at no loss for an immediate solution of the incident. The highways, in these glorious days of fraternity, were infested with footpads, and no farther than five miles out of Paris we had had trouble with them. Doubtless this rascal, the carriage being out of sight, had taken me for a solitary pedestrian.

I looked over the parapet, feeling myself master of the situation, though I had no weapon upon me. My assailant was gathering his long limbs together in the shallow pool. The water dragged the hair over his eyes and ran in a stream from his bristling chin. Suddenly he saw, drew a pistol, and clicked

it at me. It was a futile and desperate action, and calculated only to confirm my estimate of his character.

"*Ventrebleu* and the devil!" he shouted. "Make way for me, sir!"

I waved my hand, right and left of the ferry. Should he emerge either way, I could easily forestall him.

"You have your choice of roads," I said, politely.

He recognised his difficulty, and turned as if to wade up stream and escape by the fields. His fourth step brought him into deep water, out of which he floundered snorting.

"Try under the bridge," I said. "It is the right passage for rats."

He cursed me volubly.

"Well, we are one to one," said he in sudden decision, and came splashing out on the Coutras side.

The moment he climbed up the bank I closed with him. He was fairly handicapped by his liquid load, and out of breath and of conceit with his luck besides. He aimed a blow at me with his pistol-butt, but I easily avoided it and let him topple his length again—assisting him in fact—but this time in the dust. Then I sat on him, and threatened his head with a great stone.

"*Pouf!*" said he, panting. "I protest I am no adept at this business."

"Is it your only one?" said I.

"At this date, yes."

"So—you have been an honest man? And what more can a patriot boast of?"

I whistled and called to my companions. My prisoner looked amazed.

"You are not alone!" he exclaimed.

"By no means. My escort is round the curve of the road there."

He seemed to collapse under me.

"*Merci, monsieur!*" he muttered, "*merci!*"

"What, in these days!"

He dared his chance of the stone, and began to struggle violently. I doubt if I could have held him long if Crépin and one of the postilions had not come running up to my shout. A few words were enough to explain the situation, and we conducted the fellow to the carriage and strapped him upon one of the horses in a way compromising to his dignity. And so he became of our party when we moved on once more.

Coutras clacks with mills and is musical with weirs. The spirit of the warlike king yet informs its old umber walls and toppling houses. I found it a place so fragrant with antique and with natural beauties, that my heart wept over the present human degeneracy that vulgarised it. It lies amongst the last distant swells, as it were, of the great billows of the Auvergne mountains, before those swells have rolled themselves to waste in the sombre flats of the Landes. It is the hill-slope garden on the fringe of the moor; the resting-place of the sea and the high-rock winds; the hostelry where these meet and embrace and people the vineyards with baby breezes. It has grown old listening under its great chestnuts to the sweet thunder of the Isle and the Dronne. Its peasants, pagan in their instinct for beauty, train their vines up the elm and walnut trees, that in autumn they may dance under a dropping rain of grapes. At the same time, I am bound to confess that their wine suffers for the sake of this picturesqueness.

Now, as we entered it by moon

light, it was a panic town, restless, scurrying, lurid. The new spirit ran vile and naked in its venerable streets; the air was poisonous with the breath of *ca ira*. For, since we left Paris, this had happened. The Girondists were fallen and hunted men, and Tallien and Ysabeau were at La Réole, preparing for a descent on Bordeaux. We learned it all at the gate, and also that the spies and agents of these scoundrels were everywhere abroad, nosing after the escaped deputies, bullying, torturing, and denouncing.

"It would appear we are forestalled," said Crépin, drily. "M. Thibaut, have you a mind to rake over dead ashes? Well, I have heard of the white wine of Bergerac. At least I will taste that before I go to bed."

We drove up to the Golden Lion, whither our scamps had preceded us. Patriots hooted our prisoner as we clattered through the streets, or whipped at him with their ramrods. The decent citizens fled before us, and white-faced girls peeped from behind the white curtains of their little bed-chambers, crushing the dimity against their swelling bosoms. Oh! we were great people, I can assure you.

At the hostelry—a high, mud-coloured building, with window-places fringed with stone, and its hill of a roof fretted thick as a dove-cote with dormer casements—they brought to our carriage a poor weeping maid.

"*La demoiselle des pleurs*," said Bonnet-rouge, with a grin.

"Eh?" said Crépin.

"The *aubergiste*, citizen."

Crépin looked at the poor creature with disavour. Certainly she was very plain, though quite young, and her homely face was blowed with tears.

"Why do you cry then, little fool?"

"Monsieur, they have taken my father to La Réole."

"He will return, if innocent."

"Alas! no, monsieur."

"What! you would discredit the impartiality of the Republic?"

He stepped from the carriage and took her by the shoulder.

"He will return, if innocent," I say; and would the law had enlarged him before we arrived! You are in charge here, *citoyenne*?"

"But yes, monsieur."

"A thousand devils!—and disorganised, I'll swear; no fire in the kitchen, no food in the larder."

"Monsieur is in error. I go at once to serve the first monsieur of our best."

"The first—*sacré*! is that also forestalled? But who is this first?"

"The same as monsieur."

"And dost thou know who I am?"

"Alas, monsieur! You come and go, and you are all great and imperious. But I would not with a word offend monsieur."

"Listen, girl." (A crowd stood about. He spoke for the benefit of all.) "I am a high officer of the Republic, *en mission* to root out the disaffected and to enforce the law. Go, and say to this citizen that, with his permission, I will join him."

Our rogues were unstrapping the footpad from the horse as he spoke. As they tumbled him, half silly with his jolting and with the blows he had received, upon his feet, the *aubergiste* gave a faint cry. Crépin caught her as she retreated, and twisted her about once more.

"You know this *Chevalier de la Coupe*?"

"Monsieur, I—how can I say! So many drink wine with us."

He looked at her sternly a moment, then pushed her from him.

"For supper, the best in the house!" he called after her, and

turned to arrange for the disposition of his men and their prisoner.

By-and-by the *aubergiste* came to conduct us to table. As we went thither, Crépin stopped, took the girl by the chin, and looked into her wet inflamed eyes. If the prospect of good fare exhilarated him, I will say, also, for his credit, that I believe he had a kindly nature.

"For the future," he said, "be discreet and make a study to command your nerves. In these days one must look on life through the little window of the *lunette*."

We found our forestaller (who, by the way, had returned no answer to Crépin's polite message) established in the eating-room when we entered it. He was a coarse, blotched ruffian, thick and overbearing, and he stared at us insolently as he lay sprawled over a couple of chairs.

"So, thou wouldst share my supper?" he cried, in a rumbling, vibrant voice. "Lie down under the table, citizen, and thou shalt have a big plate of scraps when once my belly is satisfied."

Crépin paused near the threshold. I tingled with secret laughter to watch the bludgeoning of these two parvenus. But my respected chief had the advantage of an acquired courtesy.

"You honour me beyond my expectations," he said. "But, if I were to break the dish over the citizen's face, the scraps would fall the sooner."

The other scrambled to his feet with a furious grimace.

"*Canaille!*" he shouted (it was curious that I never heard an upstart but would apply this term in a quarrel to those of his own kidney)—"Scum! pigwash! Do you know my name, my office, my reputation? God's-blood! I've a mind to have you roasted in a fat

hog's skin and served for the first course!"

Crépin walked up to the bully very coolly. *M. le Représentant* had plenty of courage in the ordinary affairs of life.

"Do I know who you are?" he said. "Why, I take you for one of those curs that are whipt on to do the dirty work of the people's ministers. And do you know who I am, citizen spy? I hold my commission direct from the Committee of Safety, with full authority of sequestration and requisition, and no tittle of responsibility to your masters at La Réole. If you interfere with the processes of my office, I shall have something additional to say in my report to the chiefs of my department, whom your highness may recognise by the names of Billaud-Varennes and Collot-d'Herbois. If you insult me personally, I shall thrash you with a dog-whip."

The creature was but a huge wind-bag. I never saw one collapse so suddenly. Crépin, it is true, had some fearful names to conjure by.

"*M. le Représentant*," said the former, in a fallen, flabby voice, "I have no desire to oppose or embarrass you. We need not clash if I am circumspect. For the rest, accept my apologies for the heat I was betrayed into through inadvertence. We have to be so careful with strangers."

He bowed clumsily. His neck was choked with a great cravat; a huge sabre clanked on the floor beside him as he moved. He was a very ugly piece of goods, and he bore his humiliation with secret fury, I could perceive—the more so as the *aubergiste* brought in the first of the dishes during the height of the dispute.

Crépin permitted himself to be something mollified by the sight

of supper. He complimented the girl on her promptitude. The poor creature may have been no heroine, but she was a seductive cook. We had *potage*, most excellent, an *entrée* of chestnut-meal *ramequins*, roasted kid stuffed with *truffes de Périgord* and served with sweet wine-sauce. Also a magnificent brand of Bergerac was in evidence.

Under the influence of these generous things our table-fellow's insolence a little revived; but now he would rally me as the safer butt.

"The citizen is dainty with his food." (The fellow himself had lapped and sucked like a pig.)

"I owe it to the cook," said I, serenely.

"A debt of love. Thou shalt pay it her presently when the lights are out."

"You are an ill-conditioned hog," said I.

He sprang, toppling, to his feet.

"Mother of God!" he stammered, hoarsely; "this goes too far, this——"

He caught Crépin's eye and subsided again, muttering. We were all pretty warm with liquor; but my superior officer was grown benignant under its influence.

"For shame, citizens!" he said, blandly, "to put a coarse accent to this heavenly bouquet."

He had bettered me in the philosophy of the palate. I confess it at once.

The other (his name, we came to know, was Lacombe—a name of infamous notoriety in the Bordeaux business) leaned over to me presently—when Crépin was gone from the room a moment to give a direction—with hell glinting out of his eyes.

"*M. le Représentant's* fellow," said he; "I bow to authority, but I kick authority's dog in the ribs if the cur molests me,"

"I don't doubt it. It is probably the measure of your courage."

He nodded pregnantly.

"The resurrection of France shall be in discretion. That is the real courage to those whose overbearing impulse is to strike. We are discreet, and we watch, and we evolve by degrees the whole alphabet of espionage. Let us call A the language of the hands. These the frost of poverty will stunt, the rack of labour will warp and disjoint. There is your sign of a citizen of the people. Monsieur has very pretty fingers and pink nails."

"By the same token a corded fist should prove one to be a hangman. Monsieur has a knot for every knuckle."

He nodded again. His calmness was more deadly than his wrath.

"You spit your insults over the shoulder of your master. You think yourself secure in your office. But there is an order of repartee unknown to patriots, for it was hatched in the hotbeds of Versailles."

He fell back in his chair—still eyeing me—with a grunt; then suddenly leaned forward again.

"The alphabet," he said, "of which B shall be designated the penetration of disguises. Coach-drivers, *colporteurs*, pedlars—oh, one may happen upon the cloven hoof amongst them all."

I laughed, with a fine affectation of contempt. This mummy at the feast——

There was a sound in the room. I turned my head. The little *aubergists* stood at the door, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Monsieur!" she cried, "do not let it be done!"

I rose and went to the child.

"Tell me," I said, "what is it?"

"Monsieur, the poor man that

you captured! they are torturing him in the yard."

I pointed with my hand to a window. Without, all during our meal, had been a confused clatter of voices and the lurid smoke of torches rising about the glass.

"Yes," she sobbed, quite overcome. "It is not right, monsieur. It will bring a curse upon the place."

I ran from the room, my blood on fire. Whatever his offence to me, I had sooner let the rascal go than that he should fall into the hands of drunken patriots.

The yard was a paved space scooped from the rear of the house. A well with a windlass pierced it about the middle, and round the low wall of this were seated a dozen red-bonnets, our own four prominent, shouting and quarrelling and voluble as parrots. Broken bottles strewed the ground, and here and there a torch was stuck into the chinks of the stones, informing all with a jumping glare of red.

I pushed past two or three frightened onlookers, and rushed out into the open.

"Where is he?" I cried in a heat. "What the devil! am I not to pass judgment on my own!"

A moment's silence fell. The faces of all were turned up to me, scowling and furious. In the pause a pitiful voice came booming and wailing up from the very bowels of the well itself.

"*Merci! messieurs, merci!* and I will conduct you to the treasure!"

I wore a sword, and I drew it and sprang to the well-mouth.

"God in heaven!" I cried, "what are you doing with him down there?"

Several had risen by this, and were set at me, snarling like dogs.

"The man is forfeit to the law!" they yelled.

"That is for the law to decide."

"The people are the law. We sit here to condemn him while he cools his heels."

"Send monsieur to fetch his friend up!" cried Lacombe's voice over their heads. "He will be dainty to wash his white fingers after a meal!"

There were cries of "Aristocrat!" Possibly they would have put the brute's suggestion into effect—for a tipsy patriot has no bowels—had not Crépin at that moment run into the yard. I informed him of the situation in a word, as he joined me by the well-side.

"Haul up the man!" he said, coolly and peremptorily. His office procured him some respect and more fear. Our fellows had no stomach but to obey, and they came to the windlass, muttering, and wound their victim up to the surface. He was a pitiable sight when he reached it. They had trussed him to the rope with a savagery to which his swollen joints bore witness, and, with a refinement of cruelty, had cut the bucket from under his feet, that the full weight of his body should hang without support. In this condition they had then lowered him up to his neck in the black water.

He fell, when released, a sodden moaning heap on the stones.

"And what was to be the end?" asked Crépin.

"Citizen *Représentant*, we could not decide; yet a show of hands was in favour of singeing over a slow fire. Grace of God! but it would seem the accused has forestalled the jury."

He had not, however.

"Give him brandy," said Crépin; "and bring him to the shed yonder, when recovered, for the *procès verbal*."

He took my arm, and we went off together to the place designated,

—an outbuilding half full of fagots. On the way he beckoned the crying *aubergiste*, who had followed him into the yard, to attend us.

"For the present the man is saved," he said to her when we were alone. "Now, what is your interest in the rascal?"

"Monsieur, he was an honest man once."

"Of the neighbourhood?"

She looked up at him with her little imploring red eyes.

"Come," he said; "I owe you the debt of a grateful digestion."

"Of the château," she said faintly.

"What château?"

"Des Pierrettes, monsieur."

Crépin, as I, I could see, was beating his brains for some memory connected with the name.

"In Février's *caveau*," I said suddenly. Should it prove the same, for the third time destiny seemed bringing me into touch with a lady of this history.

"Ah!" he said. "But it is not on my list. In what direction does it lie, girl?"

"Monsieur, two leagues away, off the Libourne road by the lane of the Marron Cornu."

"And who inhabits it?"

The poor girl looked infinitely distressed.

"It is M. de Lâge and his niece. You will not make me the instrument to harm them, monsieur.

They are patriots, I will swear. Monsieur, monsieur!"

"Silence, girl! What are you to question the methods of the Republic? It is a good recommendation at least that they commission a footpad to patrol the neighbourhood."

"It is none of their doing. Oh, monsieur, will you not believe me! He was an honest servant of theirs till this religion of Reason drove him to the crooked path. And he has been dismissed this twelvemonth."

"Harkee, wench! If I read you right, you are well quit of a scoundrel."

She fell to sobbing and clucking over that again; and in the midst of her outburst the half-revived felon was hustled into the shed.

The poor broken and collapsed creature fell at Crépin's feet and moaned for mercy.

"Give me a day of life," he snuffled abjectly, "and I will lead you to the treasure."

One of the guard pecked at his ribs with his boot.

"*Pomme de chou!*" he grunted, "have you no other song to sing but that?"

But Crépin was looking extremely grave and virtuous.

"The prisoner is in no state to be examined," he said. "Place him under lock and key, with food and drink; and I will put him to the question later."

DES PIERRETTES.

"*Nous y voici!*"

The carriage pulled back with a jerk, so that the prisoner Michel, who sat opposite us, was almost thrown into our laps. One of our grimy escort appeared at the window.

"Dog of a thief!" he growled. "Is this the turning?"

The other *sacré*d below his breath and nodded sullenly. A vast chestnut (the thick of its butt must have been thirty feet in circumference) stood at the entrance to a narrow lane. Turning, with a worrying of wheels, down the latter, we continued our journey.

Southwards from Coutras we

had broken into a *plat* of country very wild and sterile; but now we were amongst trees again—oak, chestnut, and walnut—that thronged the damp hollows and flung themselves over the low hills in irresistible battalions.

Suddenly Michel bent forward and touched my companion's knee menacingly. The rascal was near restored to himself, and his lowering eyes were full of gloom.

"The treasure, monsieur," he said; "is that the condition of my liberty?"

"I have said—discover it to me and thou shalt go free."

"But I, monsieur, I also must make a condition."

Crépin stared. The man bent still more earnestly forward.

"Mademoiselle Carinne——"

"The niece of De Lâge——?"

"She must be considered—respected. I will not have her insulted with a look."

"What now, Michel?"

"Oh, monsieur! you may do as you will with the old, hard man; but her—her——"

"And is it for the lady's sake thou hast forborne hitherto to appropriate this treasure, the hiding-place of which thou wilt buy thy life by revealing?"

"It is so. I have driven a desperate trade, starving often with this knowledge in my breast."

"But why?"

"How can I tell? I have known her from a child. Once she struck me that I killed a cheeping wolf-cub she had brought from the snow; and then she was sorry and kissed the little stupid bruise; and I swore my arm should rot before it lost the will to protect her."

"I will do my best."

"But that is not enough. My God! if I were to sacrifice mademoiselle's *dot* without purpose!"

"The purpose is thy life."

"That were nothing were she dishonoured."

I put in a serene word—

"Yet it seems you would condemn her to poverty to save your skin?"

"That is different. I should have life; and life means many things—the power, possibly, to influence her fortunes; at least the wash of wine again in one's dusty throat."

"Michel," I said, "I must applaud you for a capital rogue."

He stared at me sombrely, muttered, "*Je suis ce que je suis*," and sank back in his corner.

We were running between dark hedges at the time. Suddenly we came among farm-buildings, a thronging dilapidated group. The byres mouldered on their props; the flat stones of the roofs had flaked generations of rubbish upon the weedy ground beneath.

Crépin rubbed his hands.

"It is well," he said. "This without doubt is a skinflint."

We turned a corner and passed the entrance to a ruined drive. Here the tall iron gates, swinging upon massive posts of rubble-stone, had been recently, it seemed, torn from their moorings of grass and knotted bindweed, for the ground was scarred and the lower bars of metal hung with rags of drooping green. Crépin's features underwent another change at the sight.

"But what is this?" he muttered. "Something unaccustomed—some scare—some panic?"

He looked with sudden fury at the prisoner.

"If he has got wind of our coming—has escaped with——"

He broke off, showing his teeth and grinding his hands together. At the moment we came in view of the château.

It was an old grey house—built

of the same material as the gate-pillars—with a high-pitched roof and little corner *tournelles*. Once, presumably, a possession of importance, decay and neglect had now beggared it beyond description. Yet within and without were evidences of that vulgar miserly spirit that seeks by inadequate tinkering to deceive with half-measures. The tangled grass of the lawn was cut only where its untidiness would have been most in evidence, and its litter left where it fell. Triton blew his conch from a fine fountain basin near the middle of the plot; but the shell, threatening to break away, had been fastened to the sea-god's lips with a ligament of twine that was knotted round the head. A crippled bench was propped with a stone; a shattered ball-capital at the entrance-door held together with a loop of wire. What restoration that was visible was all in this vein of ludicrous economy.

But not a sign of life was about—no footstep in the grounds, no face at any window. To all appearance the place was desolate.

We drew up at the broken stone porch. The door was already flung wide, and we entered, with all the usual insolent clatter of "fraternity," an echoing hall. Here, as elsewhere, were dust and decay—inconsequent patching and the same tawdry affectation of repair. A shallow flight of stairs, broad and oaken, led straight up to a little low gallery that bisected the hall like a transom. Up these steps we scuttled, the escort driving the prisoner amongst them, and came to a corridor from which a number of closed doors shut off the living rooms of the house.

Suddenly Crépin put up his hand and motioned us to silence. From one of the invisible chambers, some distance down the corridor, rose

and fell, like wind in a key-hole a little blasphemous complaining voice.

"In the sober moonlight of my days!" we made it out to cry—"after scaling the rough peaks of self-denial, thus to be tilted over into the depths again by a lying Providence!"

There followed some shrill storming of nouns and epithets; then a pause, out of which the voice snapped once more—

"I hear you, you scum of ditches—you stinking offal of the Faubourgs—you publicans ennobled of a short-sighted Saviour!—Come back and finish your work, and I will spit poison on you that you shall follow me to the hell—to the hell, I say——"

The furious dragging of a chair mangled the sentence; then came a jarring thump and a further shrieking of oaths. With one impulse we made for the door, threw it open, and burst into the room. In the midst of a lofty chamber lay a little man struggling on the floor, a pretty heavy *prie-dieu*, to which he had been bound with his arms behind his back, jerking and bobbing above him with his every kick.

"*Mais c'est une tortue!*" cried one of the crew, with a howl of laughter.

The tortoise twisted up its face, disfigured with passion. It was the face, without doubt, of the little *jesse* - *Mathieu* of Février's restaurant.

The room in which he lay was of good proportions, but furnished meagrely, and informed with the same spirit of graceless economy as was apparent without. For the dark ancient panels of its walls had been smeared with some light-grey wash, and an attempt made to decorate them with plaster wreaths and festoons in the

Louis Quinze style. The work, however, had been left unfinished, and, so far as it went, was crude and amateurish to a degree. Obviously, here was an example of that species of niggard that will try to cheat a dozen trades by wringing the gist of all out of one poor factotum.

But Crépin stood with corrugated forehead; for there were other signs in the room than those of parsimony—signs in plenty, in fact, that he had been forestalled in his quest. Chairs and tables were overturned, a bureau was smashed almost to pieces, great rents appeared in the panelling of the walls, where search had been instituted, one would judge, for secret depositories.

A savage oath exploded from *M. le Représentant's* lips.

"That spy—that swaggerer—that Lacombe!" he muttered, looking at me. "He was vanished this morning—he and his ragged tail—when we rose. He got scent, without doubt, and has played outrider to my mission of search. If it is so; if he has found and removed—my God! but for all his Tallien and the Committee of Bordeaux he shall dance—he shall dance!"

He turned furiously to his men.

"Put the rascal upright," he bellowed.

A couple of them lifted and spun the chair to its legs, so that the old man's skull jerked against the head-rail with a clack like that of a mill-hopper. He did not seem to notice the blow. His eyes, ever since they had alighted on this new influx of brigands, had been set like a fish's—wondering and unwinking. Now they slowly travelled, taking in Crépin, Citizen Thibaut, the escort, until they stopped—actually, it appeared, with a click—at Michel.

His mouth puckered, and, like a ring blown by a smoker, a wavering "O!" issued from it.

"Your *ci-devant* servant?" said Crépin, grimly.

The old man nodded his head.

"Michel. But, yes—it is Michel."

"Thou owest him compensation for that long tyranny of service."

"I owe him nothing."

"And me, citizen? Dost thou remember the Abbaye St Germain and the killings of September?"

I struck in with the question. I was willing, I think, for the girl's sake, to identify myself with a past incident.

He looked at me bitterly, but with no recognition in his eyes.

"I deplore the cursed fortune," he cried in grief, "that preserved me but for this!"

"How now, old fool!" said Crépin, with impatience. "Thou shalt go free when Michel has revealed to me thy secret place of hoarding."

M. de Lâge gave the crying snarl of a wolf.

"Let him go—the ingrate and the traitor! What, Michel! dost thou mangle the hand that gave thee soft litter for thy couch and honest bread for thy belly? Look, Michel!—the white garlands on the walls there! Dost thou remember how thou wrought'st them to pleasure thy mistress—to win her from the depression she suffered in the sombre oak and its long history of gloom? There they cling unfinished,—thy solemn rebuke, Michel. Thy attachment to her was the one reality, thou wouldst say, in a world of shadows, and yet the blatant fanfare of those shadows was all that was needed to win thee from the reality. And what is the price of thy kiss, Judas?"

The man hung his head.

"Not your life, monsieur," he muttered.

"Nay; but only that which makes my life endurable. And the forfeit—what is that?"

"My life, monsieur."

De Lüge drew in his breath with a cruel sound.

"*Hélas!*" he cried. "You will have to pay the penalty! the faithful servant will have to pay the penalty!"

Crépin uttered an exclamation and strode forward.

"You have been stripped?" said he.

"Of all, monsieur, of all. There have been others here before you this morning—fine *sans-culotte* preachers of equality and the gospel of distribution, whose practice, nevertheless, is to enrich the poor at the expense of the wealthy. They were brave fellows by their own showing; yet they must truss me here before they dared brandish the fruits of their robbery before my eyes!"

Suddenly he was straining and screaming in his bonds, his face like a map of some inhuman territory of the passions, branched with veins for rivers of blood.

"Free me that I may kill some one!" he shrieked. "I am mad to groove my fingers in flesh! The time for concessions is past. I was as wax in their hands till they unearthed my plate, my coins, my riches. Now, now——"

He was indeed beyond himself, a better man—or devil—in his despair than the money-conscious craven who had palpitated over that little "*Vive le roi!*" once upon a time.

Crépin regarded the struggling creature with harsh contempt. This plebeian soul also was translated, but not to his moral promotion. It was evident he had enlarged the scope of his antici-

pations greatly in view of his prisoner's promise; and his disappointment brought the spotted side of him uppermost.

"Take the dog," he cried in a hoarse voice (signifying Michel by a gesture), "and whip him to the lair! At least we will look to see if the wolves have left a bone or two for our picking."

"*M. le Représentant,*" I ventured to say, "be just to consider that the prisoner is by all rights my prisoner. Anyhow he has stuck to his side of the bargain. Let me hold you in fairness responsible for his safe-conduct."

He turned upon me like a teased bullock.

"In fairness!" he cried—"in fairness! But you presume, citizen, on your position."

He looked as if he could have struck me; all the beast in the man was prominent. Then he gave the order to march, and I found myself left alone with the little grotesque in the chair.

I was hot and indignant; but the passion of the other seemed to have exploded itself into a rain of emotion. His dry cheeks quivered; the tears ran down them like moisture on an old wall.

"Monsieur," I said, softly, "I know not whether to applaud or upbraid you. And where is Mademoiselle Carinne?"

He seemed quite broken in a moment—neither to resent nor to be surprised at my mention of the girl's name.

"She is fled," he whimpered—"the little graceless cabbage is fled."

"To safety, I hope!"

"To the devil, for all I care."

"Monsieur, I hold your wretchedness an excuse, even if you have been careless of——"

He caught me up, staring at me woefully.

"Careless? but, my God! I have pampered and maintained her ever since her brown head was a crutch to my fingers; and this is how she repays me."

"What has she done?"

"She has condemned me to beggary for a prudish sentiment—me, in my old forlorn age. From the first I saw that the test might come—that she might be called upon to employ the privileges of her sex on my behalf. Free-thought, free-love! Bah! What are they but a self-adaptation to the ever-changing conditions of life. The spirit need not subscribe to such mere necessities of being; and a little gratitude at least was due to me. She has none, and for that may God strike her dead!"

"What has she done?"

"Done!" (His voice rose to a shriek again.) "But, what has she not?—That scoundrel Lacombe would have exchanged me my riches—my pitiful show of tankards that he had unearthed—for her favour. She would not; she refused to go with him; she reviled and cursed me—me that had been her bulwark against poverty."

"You would have sold her honour for your brazen pots?"

"Gold and silver, monsieur; and it was only a question of temporary accommodation. In a few months she might have returned, and all would have been well again. But honour—bah! it will survive a chin-chuck better than loss of wealth. But she would not. She escaped from us by a lying ruse, and they sought her far and near without avail. At the last they robbed and maltreated me, and for that may hell seize them and fester in their bones!"

"And in thine, thou pestilence!"

My fury and my contempt joined with a clap, like detonating acids.

"Lie there and rot!" I shouted, and so flung out of the room.

My heart blazed. That white girl—that Carinne. I could recall her face, could picture her in her loneliness arraigned before Lacombe and his *sans-culottes* and his reptile prisoner—defying them all. With some vague instinct of search directing my fury, I hurried through room after room of the empty house. Each was like its neighbour, vulgarised, scantily furnished, disfigured by the search that had been conducted therein. Once I broke into the girl's own bed-chamber (it was hers, I will swear, by token of little feminine fancies consistent with the character I had gifted her withal), and cursed the beasts who had evidently made it the rallying-point of their brutal jesting. But this, obviously, must be the last place in which to seek her, and I quickly left it.

Not a soul did I happen upon. Of whomsoever the household had consisted, no single individual but the old villain in the chair was remained to brazen out the situation.

At last I made my way into the grounds once more, issuing from the rear of the building into a patch of dense woodland that flowed up to within fifty yards of the walls. I heard voices, and, plunging down a moist track amongst the trees, came immediately in view of my party returning to the house. Then I saw there were two women conducted in its midst, and my throat jumped, and I ran forward.

At least my sudden apprehension was comforted. These crying wenches were of the working class—comely domestics by their appearance.

Crépin stayed them all when he came up to me. The ugly look

had not left his face—was intensified on it, in fact. He stared at me, haughty and lowering at once, and was altogether a very offensive creature.

"Has Citizen Thibaut any further exception to take to my methods of procedure?" he said, ironically.

I looked at him, but did not reply.

"Because," he went on, "perhaps his permission should be asked that these pretty citizenesses accompany me in my carriage?"

"*Mais non, monsieur—par pitié, mais non!*" cried one of the wenches in a sobbing voice.

He bent down to her—a sickly self-revealed animal.

"Hush, *ma petite!*" he said. "We of the Republic do not ask—we take. Thou shalt have a brighter gown than ever De Lâge furnished for thy shapely limbs."

She stopped crying, and seemed to listen at that. He came erect again, with a smile on his face and his lips licking together, and regarded me defiantly.

"The Citizen Representative can please himself," I said, coldly, and pushed past them all and walked on. Crépin turned to look after me, gave a peculiar

cynical laugh, and cried "*En avant!*" to his party.

I was to read the significance of his attitude in a moment—to read it in the dead form of Michel hanging from a tree.

I rushed back along the path, and caught the others as they issued from the wood. Crépin heard me coming, bade his men on to the house, and returned a pace or two to meet me. His mood asserted, he was something inclined, I suppose, to a resumption of the better terms between us. At any rate, his expression now was a mixture of embarrassment and a little apprehension. But I spoke to him very staidly and quietly—

"M. Crépin, it dawns upon me that I am slow to learn the methods of the new morality, and that I shall never justify your choice of a secretary."

"You are going to leave me."

"There will be the more room in the coach for monsieur's harem."

I made him a low bow and went off amongst the trees. He called after me—there was some real regret in his voice—"But you will come to harm! be wise!—monsieur!"

I paid no heed; and the thickets received and buried me.

BERNARD CAPES.

(To be continued.)

KER OF KERSLAND,

CAMERONIAN, JACOBITE, AND SPY.

THE history of the Cameronians, after the Revolution of 1688, is not usually studied, except by amateurs of "the dissidence of dissent." The general reader is satisfied with Davie Deans, in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' who was "not a Macmillanite," and he does not ask who Macmillan was. In days a little later than Davie's, in 1745, Scott's representative of the Cameronians is Gifted Gilfillan, in 'Waverley,' with his flag inscribed "Covenant, Kirk, King, Kingdoms." In fact the Cameronians of 1745 confined themselves to the ideas of that wonderful protest, 'The Active Testimony of the Presbyterians' (1749). They denounced, with equal liberality and emphasis, "the late unjust Invasion of Scotland by Charles, pretended Prince of Wales, and William, pretended Duke of Cumberland." To them, King George was "the Duke of Hanover, a Foreigner by birth, of a false Religion, . . . having no manner of claim but by virtue of the accursed Union"; while King James was "a Popish Pretender, a gross Idolater, and, by the Law of God, should die the death, as he further deserves for his frequent invading of our Land with fire and sword." Nothing was sacred but "the Covenanted Estates of the Commonwealth of Scotland."

So avers 'The Second Blast of the Trumpet,' and Gilfillan, if a right True Blue, should not have been in arms for the Duke of Hanover, as he is, in 'Waverley.' But there is a picturesque moment

in history (1706-1707) when the Cameronians were actually in arms to bring back a Popish Pretender, and were demanding toleration for everybody, including gross idolaters, that is, Catholics. The White Cockade was on the bonnets of blue, and the blue bonnets would have been over the Border—but for the hero of this sketch, Ker of Kersland. This gentleman is not very well remembered; but his career, in that extraordinary whirligig of time which saw the sons of the men of Aird Moss and Drumclog rallying to the White Rose and the Blackbird, is curious enough to be worth a few pages. The story needs telling all the more, as it has been scarcely touched by the Rev. H. M. B. Reid, minister of Balmaghie, in his book, 'A Cameronian Apostle.'¹ Mr Reid writes the biography of Mr Macmillan, to whom Davie Deans did not adhere (no wonder!), but, perhaps doubting their authenticity, he omits the most interesting facts in later Cameronian history.

After 1688, the effects of the reigns of Charles and James II. began to tell in Scotland. The Kirk, as a rule, abandoned her Covenanting ideals, which were inconsistent with the supremacy of the State and with human liberty. Ministers were content with what they could get, which was a position of power as well as of freedom—for themselves; and the persecuting notions of the Covenant were considerably abated. But the extreme "Society men"

¹ Gardner, 1896.

of the Covenanting Left kept up their military organisation in the south-western shires. They were disciplined and armed.

Mr Macmillan was a child of the Remnant, but he took to the Auld Kirk, and passed through its Divinity classes, and sinned by recognising the Establishment. This, from a Free Kirk point of view, was sad, for the Established Kirk is not "free." However, Mr Macmillan swallowed the forms, and was "placed" at Balmaghie. At Queen Anne's accession the oath of allegiance began to vex Mr Macmillan's conscience. He sent in a list of grievances. "Malignants were left unmolested," the oath of allegiance had been taken by ministers: Indulged ministers had not been obliged to do penance, and so on. After tedious proceedings, Mr Macmillan was deposed by the Presbytery (1703). He now had a companion, Hepburn, who, later, in 1715, raised a force of armed men, *not*, as was conceived, for King George. But King James did not come to Dumfries, where Hepburn was in arms.

In 1704 Macmillan stooped to acknowledge, before a Commission of the General Assembly, "my great sin in deserting the Presbytery of Kirkcudbrightshire, also my great sin in declining the said presbytery." "He understood," says Mr Reid, "that it was the price exacted for his reinstatement as minister of Balmaghie." He did not get the equivalent. Probably his game was to imitate his friend Hepburn, who had ingeniously managed at once to keep his living and to be as Cameronian as he chose. However, Mr Macmillan was not "reponed," so now, incredible as it seems, he crouched to the "Societies" of wild anachronistic hill-folk, whom he had previously deserted. "I, Mr John Macmil-

lan, having displeased the Godly Remnant, and grievously offended them, and that in my leaving them when then joined with them, and also since in tampering with the ministers after I had declined them," and so forth. So runs his new apology (August 1706). After this abasement upon abasement, Mr Macmillan received a "call" from the Godly Remnant. Consequently he held his kirk of Balmaghie—"for I'll be vicar of Bray"—by aid of popular riots. The women, or men disguised as women, repulsed the sheriff, who was sent to get rid of Mr Macmillan. "In 1708, however, it is important to remember that Macmillan had at his back not only the great majority of the people of Balmaghie, but an armed force [the "Societies"], which Gordon of Earlstoun, in 1683, estimated at 7000 men," says Mr Reid. We are to sympathise with a cleric who, breaking the laws of the game of his kirk, retains his manse and glebe *vi et armis*!

Mr Macmillan's subsequent proceedings, with one exception, interest us no more. Born a Cameronian, he seceded to the Kirk as by law established. He swallowed oaths. He kicked against them. He was "deposed" by his presbytery. He ate humble-pie, to no avail. He even devoured the same dainty, as provided by the armed Societies. And, by their backing, he kept the living to which he was so strenuously attached. Mr Reid concludes that "recent movements in ecclesiastical circles prove that 'spiritual independence' is still a living principle in many earnest minds." Mr Macmillan is, apparently, a shining example of "spiritual independence."

What, it may be asked, has all this to do with Cameronian Jaco-

bitism? The answer will scarcely be found in the *Life of Mr Macmillan* by Mr Reid, who merely remarks that "the Cameronians were suspected, by many, of holding communications with St Germans, and Ker of Kersland afterwards roundly asserted that he had done so himself." That Ker "did so" is absolutely certain; also that he, a doubly or trebly dyed traitor and scoundrel, was the secular leader of Mr Macmillan's flock of "spiritually independent" men. Why should this be overlooked? That Mr Macmillan, when he got back into his living by aid of Cameronian fusils and broadswords, was himself a Jacobite (1706) we do not assert. Wodrow speaks of a letter to Mr Macmillan from Lord Middleton, King James's Minister, but does not say that Mr Macmillan replied. But we propose to show what manner of people the Macmillanites were, and what kind of leader the Godly Remnant had in Mr Ker of Kersland.

Ker of Kersland, in North Britain, Esquire, as he is called on the title-page of his posthumous *Memoirs*,¹ was by birth John Crawford, son of Crawford of Crawfordland. He was born in 1673, his father being a stanch Presbyterian, and a leader of the party. His brother Daniel (marrying a Ker heiress, he took the name of Ker) led the Cameronians who should have joined Argyll, in Monmouth's Rising. As they marched to this end, "Mr Peden, stopping suddenly, intreated them to halt, and, after a short ejaculation, cried out, 'We have no occasion to go any further, for the Earl is this moment fallen a sacrifice to the fury of his enemies.' Whereupon several gentlemen

pulled out their watches to mark the time, which was afterwards found to answer to a very minute accordingly, though the Earl [Argyll] and they were at least fifty miles distant."

This, as Mr Ker observes, was "a very odd accident." Peter Walker, the Pedlar, gives a variant of the tale. After a sermon, Mr Peden said, "Now Argyll is in the enemies' hands and gone." Walker had this from Mr Barclay, to whom Mr Peden spoke. Mr Ker's brother, in consequence of Mr Peden's second-sight, did not remain in arms. On his brother's death, Ker married that brother's wife's sister, assuming, like him, the name of Ker, and obtaining Kersland. He also succeeded to the leadership of the Cameronians, who were violent against the Union. But his affairs did not prosper, and Lockhart of Oarnwath calls him "a person highly immoral, and guilty of severall base actions, such as forgery and the like." And, indeed, Mr Ker was but too capable of having such accidents happen to him.

The Jacobites, naturally, saw an opening when the Union was mooted in 1706, and worked on the Cameronians to rise against the measure; for by it they were obliged to receive laws from a Parliament where Bishops were members—a notorious breach of the National Covenant. Mr Ker's conscience was pricked at the bare idea of black Prelacy; he fulminated against the accursed Union, and, of course, being Cameronian leader, he was approached by the Jacobites. Things went so far that the westland Whigs, with Angus and Perthshire, were to rise, in 1706, Mr Macmillan's great year, and scatter the Parlia-

¹ Third edition, 1727.

ment in Edinburgh. Later, Ker and others accused the Duke of Hamilton (Beatrix Esmond's duke) of stopping this manœuvre. The Government heard of it, probably from Mr Ker himself, and he was sent for by the Duke of Queensberry. The Duke and Stair persuaded Mr Ker that this, the intended demonstration of the Societies, would only bring in the Pretender and Popery. He yielded to their rhetoric, "but desired them to make no promises of the least acknowledgment or reward, it being necessary to say to the Cameronians that I had no private interest in view—and truly I obtained my request without any difficulty." Ker said that he must seem to enter into all the Societies' measures, and he got a promise of indemnity under the Privy Seal. Behold him, then, embarked as an informer, which, he remarks, shows "how far a furious zeal may carry one"—when one is in need of ready money. But "I had rather the misfortune to believe that I was doing good service to my own country and the Protestant interest."

"Full, then, of unbridled zeal," Mr Ker met the Cameronians near Sanquhar in November 1706. The Minutes of the Societies ought to confirm or invalidate Ker's narrative; but the Minutes (I am told) are in the Free Church Library, and I was refused permission to have them consulted! We must therefore rely on Ker. At Sanquhar he addressed them "pretty near in their own dialect"—Mr Macmillan's dialect—*le patois de Canaan*. He called them "the zealous Remnant in Scotland," and offered to lead them. They burned the Articles of Union at Dumfries Cross,¹ and proscribed all Unionists "with

sound of trumpet and beat of drum." The grand old times of savoury Mr Richard Cameron and precious Mr Cargil seemed to be returning, and doubtless a good deal was drunk on the occasion. Where was Mr Macmillan, the Cameronian apostle? We are not informed. Mr Reid does not tell us. In 1712 he excommunicated Queen Anne, so far did he carry spiritual independence. All Episcopalians were idolaters, all idolaters must die. No spiritual independence for them. Mr Reid says this was Mr Macmillan's "brightest and happiest day in a long life."

Ker reported his performances to Queensberry, adding that "*it might be found expedient to burn the houses of some that had been most instrumental in carrying on the Union.*" But "the Duke might be easy, as it was only necessary to keep up the decorum the Cameronians expected." His Grace of Queensberry may have been a little surprised by these energetic ideas of decorous conduct, and, to be sure, Mr Ker was now in an odd posture, as the Cameronians were determined to go through with it, and the Jacobites summoned them to join the Highlanders in Edinburgh. Ker, therefore, was "put upon the fatal necessity to cant to the Cameronians," and represent the Cavaliers as untrustworthy. *They* had not burned the Articles of Union. The Highlanders naturally began their advance, but having no news of their wild westland allies, retreated. Both sides, Highland and Cameronian, now distrusted each other, "but neither was to blame, as will, to my sorrow, but too plainly appear." Ker, in Jacobite circles, as we shall see, threw the blame on the Duke

¹ This is confirmed by a letter of De Foe to Harley, November 15, 1706. Portland MSS., vol. iv. p. 349.

of Hamilton. But, in his more or less penitent last years, he says, "I have been the unhappy instrument of the Union, and, consequently, of what I dread to name"—that is, an agent of black Prelacy. Scottish Home Rulers, therefore, know whom to curse—namely, Ker of Kersland.

Queensberry was now profuse of promises. Mr Ker was to be "introduced to her Majesty's favour upon account of my eminent services." Eminent they were: had Ker been honest the cowls of Kilmarnock and the claymores of the North would assuredly have joined hands at the Parliament House, and the Union would have been waste-paper.

Ker's next step was ingenious. Conversing with a gentleman of the Duke of Hamilton's, he suggested that what Scotland needed was a king with no claim to the English Crown,—not Anne, or James, but—his Grace of Hamilton. He was of Stuart descent, since before James IV. married the daughter of Henry VII. "But I cannot say that the bait took, . . . for though the Duke acted with more reserve than formerly, it was rather out of policy than pride; or, in my opinion, intending to wheedle the Cameronians and Presbyterians into a belief that he had a mind to embrace the offer"—of the Scottish Crown—"which if he had effected, he might as easily bring in the Pretender as set up himself, and I am pretty sure that was the height of his ambition." However, the Duke did offend the leading Jacobites at this time, and Ker, as we shall see, caused him to be scouted for Royal pretensions which were Ker's own invention and suggestion,—unless he lies.

The Union was confirmed in 1707. Queensberry was about to go to London, and now direct

proposals were made to Ker, "in the Lady Murray's garden," to bring in King James. Ker, of course, informed Queensberry, who bade him enter into the plot, as a spy, just as he had, as a spy, headed the Cameronian movement. "I told him that I was afraid I had gone through too much dirty work already," and Ker went to the Earl of R—. The Earl obviated his objections, "by telling me that I had wrong notions of honour"! Mr Ker replied that he would not bring a stigma on his name, wherefore the Earl bade him sleep upon it. Ker was now plied by his Jacobite friends, to whom he said that he must have securities for Protestantism—"a backdoor to slip out at"; secondly, that the value of his lands must be guaranteed; thirdly, that he must know their prospects of success, "that I might get into the perfect understanding of the whole scheme." They promised an answer, he informed Lord R—, and the Earl went to London, arranging a correspondence in cipher.

Now embarked in a second treachery, Mr Ker retired to Kersland, "to breathe some honest air in the country, which might have had a very good effect but for the bugbear of Popery, which still troubled my head, and prevailed against all the suggestions of honour, interest, country air, and everything."

In May 1707 Ker was recalled to Edinburgh, where his Jacobite friends gave him every assurance for his beloved creed, and, what was more important, "let me into the whole affair." Mr Ker promptly admitted Queensberry into every secret, and in June sent him the cipher of Colonel Hooke, King James's agent in Scotland. The Duke replied with promise of reward, "and truly, I daresay, I was

rewarded just as I deserved." Even now he shuddered at his infamy, but was confirmed in it "by a Presbyterian minister, a man of great learning, and seeming piety." This cannot have been Mr Macmillan, who had no learning to speak of.

Now we begin to get light on Mr Ker from two external sources, the papers of Harley (in the Duke of Portland's MSS., vol. iv., 1897), and the MSS. of Colonel Hooke, the Jacobite agent, published by the Roxburghe Club.

All this time (1706-1707) Daniel de Foe was Harley's spy in Edinburgh. He warned him, on December 27, 1706, of the Highlanders who slipped into the town; he drew a diverting picture of their manners; and he induced English Dissenting ministers to mollify Hepburn, the other great semi-Cameronian preacher and leader—"mad," says De Foe. "The consternation here increases," he says; for the Highlanders who stole into Edinburgh were expecting their westland Whig allies, wherein Ker disappointed them. Captain Ogilvie, too, one of Dundee's famous officers, was spying, and informing Harley of Jacobite dealings with the Duke of Hamilton. He was trusted by Lady Errol, and had good information of the movements of Colonel Hooke. Ogilvie, De Foe, and Ker all say that they have spies everywhere. "I confess 'tis the easiest thing in the world to hire people here," in Edinburgh, "to betray their friends," says De Foe to Harley. He had informers in Parliament and in the General Assembly. The Union had been passed, indeed, but Scottish discontent was aroused on points of trade. De Foe in July 1707 reported Jacobite vaunts, and hunting-parties of a suspicious sort in the Highlands. "King James VIII. will be on show shortly; the

secret talk is that they have 30,000 men ready at a word, and good people are very uneasy."

In fact, Colonel Hooke had landed on April 21 at Slaines, the seat of the Earl of Errol. For seven weeks he was in Scotland, sounding the country. He dealt with the Duchess of Gordon, Lady Errol, Athol, Stormont, and many other people of position, including our friend, Ker of Kersland. About him the Duchess of Gordon writes to Lady Errol (April 20), "The meal-munger [Ker] is an honest Cameronian, who with his other Whig partners proffers very fairly to befriend your young merchant" (King James). Lockhart of Carnwath mentions Ker's success in duping the Duchess and the Catholic clergy. On June 3 a Mr Strachan, a Catholic, brought to Hooke, at Slaines, a letter from Ker. He and other Cameronians promise for the westland Whigs of five counties. "The Cameronians would have risen already if the King's friends had not hindered them,"—nobody having hindered them but Ker! He offers to go to France as a hostage for their fidelity—really, to get out of the mess, or to spy in France. They want James to land at Kirkcudbright. They have 8000 men, armed, but in need of ammunition, and their muskets are not all of the same calibre.

He and his will have nothing to do with the Duke of Hamilton: last winter he offered to disperse the Parliament without desiring the Duke to appear in it, but the Duke forbade him. He avers that he "was tampered with to bring his party to offer the crown to the Duke of Hamilton, . . . which was rejected with heat, and Kersland thinks the Duke, seeing this is not to be done, will not now come into the King. The Cameronians call him the traitorous Duke; he cries

down Kersland, because he has the Duke under his lash, and is ready to prove what he says of him."¹

Mr Ker is a complicated liar: it was he who suggested offering the Crown to the Duke; he who "canted" the Cameronians out of their attack on the Scots Parliament in December 1706. He now curries favour with the Jacobites whom he is selling, by accusing the Duke of his own iniquities. Hooke, the Duchess of Gordon, and others believed that the Duke was really playing for the crown. He met Hooke twice in pitch darkness, that he might be able to swear he "never saw him"; he paltered in a double sense, but he did warn the Jacobites against Ker as a knave. To Hooke Ker represented that Sergeant Smith would "take Edinburgh Castle by a sure way," while he himself would seize Dumbarton. A cipher correspondence was then settled between Ker, Hooke, and Strachan.

Hooke's mission was a failure. The Jacobite chiefs distrusted the Court of St Germain's. They demanded definite promises of large French aid, which Hooke could not promise—the old stumbling-block. Hamilton—thanks partly to Ker—was at odds with, and distrusted by, the party. The Cameronians were stanch, but Ker was their leader.

Returning to Ker's *Memoirs*, we find the nature of Sergeant Smith's "secure way of seizing Edinburgh Castle" in July 1707. He was to have men with hidden arms lurking outside, was to pistol the sentinel and seize the garrison. The sergeant (an assumed name, probably) told Ker, who dissuaded him from the plot, and so kept £400,000, then guarded in the castle, out of the Jacobite coffers. Ker wrote to Queensberry, but on

the Jacobite side he adroitly gave out the plot for taking the castle as his own contrivance. De Foe also heard of it, the scheme "to surprise the equivalent," the £400,000: "I strangely had an occasion to hear something like it whispered to-day (July 8); it comes directly from some that know more than everybody imagines."

In August, Ogilvie the spy was sent to Scotland. He had been a well-known Jacobite, and had belonged, as was said, to the regiment of Dundee's officers in Catalonia and on the Rhine. He was of the house of Airlie, and had scores of Jacobite friends and kinsmen, whom he impartially betrayed. In October he writes: "There was a design on foot to have surprised the Castle of Edinburgh; there was a fellow at the bottom of it whose name is Ker of Kersland, but he went for London, and when he came down there was nobody would converse with him, for they believed he did go up to make a clean breast, and so came down to trepan them"—in which opinion they were entirely justified.

Mr Ker, in fact, had pretended to leave Edinburgh for the country, but had secretly posted to London. Thence he went to Windsor, and found Harley with the Duchess of Marlborough. To Harley he told all that he knew of Hooke and the rest of the Jacobite conspirators, and so returned to Edinburgh. He arrived the day before a London letter from a Scottish Jacobite, who had seen him come out of a certain house in St James's Square. But Ker blustered at the Duchess of Gordon's, and denied the fact. They then asked him, if innocent of treachery, to raise the Cameronians at once, and so induce France to send auxiliaries.

Mr Ker, in considerable per-

¹ Hooke Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 309, 310.

plexity, again acted with "decorum." He collected "that party of Cameronians who followed Mr Macmillan" at Sanquhar, where they denounced Queen Anne at the cross, and declared it illegal to pay taxes. The Lord Justice-Clerk not unnaturally complained of an act which was only "decorous" from a Cameronian point of view. Mr Ker, however, explained that it was necessary to secure his waning credit. He also prevented the other Presbyterians from being reconciled to the Cameronians, for which he later repented, as one that had sown disunion in our national Zion. As late as October 1, 1707, Ker was urging Hooke to make haste and bring an expedition from France. But his game was up. The eyes even of the Duchess of Gordon were opened at last. For months she believed that the Duke of Hamilton was maligning Mr Ker; but, writing to Hooke in France on November 29, 1707, she reports that Ker is "a knave," and (December 2) "Long delays has lost him, but one comfort is, he can do you no mischief; but I believe I have done him some, having taken a way to discredit him upon all sides."

In his Memoirs Mr Ker declares that he never divulged *names* of persons engaged. He lied. Lockhart publishes a letter of his to Queensberry, of 1708, in which he not only gives names, but describes his measures for treacherously seizing Jacobites. He also remarks that, in the interests of decorum, he had bidden the Cameronians to burn the house of Traquair, but had countermanded it, at the request of the Lord Justice-Clerk. "I mention this only to show your Grace how far my zeal transported me"! He then asks for money, which he probably did not obtain.

When King James was on the

sea, in 1708, Ker offered to collect the Cameronians to oppose him, and asked for money. He was sent, but the money he never got. But he gathered the Cameronians at Sanquhar, made a speech, denounced Popery, quoted the Bible, and carried his point. The Jacobites might shun him, but his credit was good still with the Remnant. The French admiral, Fourbin, would not suffer James to land in the Firth of Forth, though Ker believes he never enjoyed so good a chance, if he had set foot on shore "only with his *valet de chambre*."

After this Ker was dropped, "by a great Whig Lord." He was playing his double game between the two parties. In 1711 we find him asking Harley for money, and complaining of "the practice and violence of his enemies, which will hardly promise him freedom from being affronted one day longer."

Ker's later career included the honour of kissing the Elector's hand, on Queen Anne's death, and he dabbled in "bubbles" and companies. He died on July 2, 1726, a prisoner in the King's Bench for debt. His Memoirs, published by Curl in 1725-26, were seized for a libel. The house of Hanover, he tells us, "had always been his idol," but he reflected on "foreign counsellors," and on the King's preference for his German possessions. We may infer that Mr Ker's Confessions were not remunerative.

Ker was quite a peculiar kind of rogue. A Cameronian leader in a Jacobite plot, Ker was an astute and double-faced traitor and hired informer. The wonderful thing is that his cant deluded the zealous Remnant so long, after their Jacobite allies had detected and exposed him. "The bugbear of Popery" served

his turn well. There is no doubt that, if we value the Union and the Protestant Succession, we owe more gratitude to Mr Ker than we are ever likely to pay. On the other hand, he ruined the picturesque policy of a Cameronian-Jacobite alliance. After 1708 the Remnant played no prominent part in political affairs. Cursing Queen Anne, in 1712, was a purely platonic excommunication. Mr Reid calls this business, in which Mr Macmillan, "at the Holy Table of the Lord, debarred and excommunicated Queen and Parliament, and all under them who spread and propagate a false and superstitious worship"—Mr Reid calls it "a regrettable touch of intolerance." Mr Macmillan was pretty safe. Government had learned the impolicy of making martyrs. Mr Macmillan's chief qualities, we learn, were Determination, Conscientiousness, Self-Distrust, Shrewdness, Tolerance," and so on. "His aim seems really to have been to live and let live," and a pretty kind of life Mr Macmillan would have let Queen, Parliament, and everybody not of his own creed live, if Excommunications had still been arms of precision. Such were the *epigono*i of the Covenant. The policy of Charles II. and James II. was detestably brutal and stupid; but it was not easy to know how to handle the Kers, Hepburns, and Macmillans of the earlier generation. This was the real difficulty of Charles II. As soon as he was on the throne, Guthrie and the Covenanting Left were anxious that he should persecute Episcopalians and other idolators. If he refused, the old religious war-cry would have been raised;

so he hanged Guthrie and persecuted Presbyterianism. It seemed necessary to persecute somebody.¹

The history of Scotland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will never be understood while we talk of Covenanters as martyrs of freedom of conscience. Toleration was to them "the vomit" which must never be "licked up." We have seen what that conduct was which Mr Macmillan's biographer humorously calls "a regrettable touch of intolerance." Charles and James made the Kirk acquiesce in the compromise of the Revolution. Out of measureless evil came that amount of good against which the Societies, or some of their members, still bore "Active Testimony" in 1749.

Personally the Cameronians were among the bravest of men, and in their private lives doubtless they were models of conduct. But they were superstitious, savagely intolerant, alternately priest-ridden and riders of their priests. Their political wisdom may be gauged by their selection of Ker for a leader, and by their readiness to fight for King James. That aberration does not rest on the word of a liar like Ker,—De Foe knew of the projected Cameronian armed demonstration against the Scots Parliament of 1706. Such facts should not be left on one side by modern historical sympathisers with "spiritual independence." But in the list of authorities for the period, in Mr Reid's 'Cameronian Apostle,' will be found neither the diverting 'Active Testimony of Presbyterians' (1749) nor the edifying Memoirs of Mr Ker of Kersland.

A. LANG.

¹ The violent and long-enduring desire of the Scotch to be persecuting somebody or other is amusingly illustrated in Dr Joseph Robertson's Preface to the 'Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticane,' vol. i. p. xlviii.

MARUSKA: AN INCIDENT IN MODERN LIFE.

"Not a drop of her blood was human,
Though she was made like a soft, sweet woman."

—ROSETTI.

"For there ain't no Buses running
From the Bank to Mandalay."

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

"WHERE are we to begin to-morrow, Mrs Pierrepont? I suppose you and Marshall have arranged everything as usual?"

"Yes; you are to meet at the Beggar's Gill, and shoot the Dene Wood and the little coverts beyond up to Profit's Farm, where you will lunch. After that, Marshall thinks, there will be just time and light enough to shoot the lower end of the Hammonds. I do hope it will be a good day, especially for your sake; it is so long since you have been at the Hurst."

"Beggar's Gill—the Dene Wood—how delightful the old names sound! You can't think what a pleasure it is to know that I am at Hurst Pierrepont again. As you know, it has not been want of will, but horrid necessity, that kept me from coming to the old place. How often these last three winters, while roasting in the sun at Algiers, I have cursed the heat and light thereof, and longed to be shivering anywhere in England—for choice, perhaps, as right-hand gun by the Beggar's Gill, with the pheasants beginning to come pretty fast overhead out of the little wood up there. However, all that crawling about the world in pursuit of the sun, like some wretched old blue-bottle, is over and done with, I hope—I feel as strong as a horse now. But I consider no one knows what real misery is until he has been forced to bask in some infernal foreign hole during the winter, instead of keeping in a nice, cool, natural state in England. I know you

won't agree with me, Mrs Pierrepont. You were always a great hand at travelling, and I daresay wouldn't mind going off to-morrow, if the pheasants did not keep you at home. I know you always like things to be done just as they were in poor Pierrepont's time. You are a woman of honour and principle, and nothing would make you leave Hurst Pierrepont till the coverts had been properly shot. But now tell me something of your travels: where did you go to this year? Joined the ranks of the blue-bottles, I suppose, as I heard you left home about the end of January."

"No," said Mrs Pierrepont, smiling at the energy with which Lord Bulverhythe spoke. "I did not go crawling about the world in pursuit of the sun. I did quite the opposite: I went to Russia and brought back a treasure with me—a friend. You were so late in getting here this evening that I know you had no time to look at any one in the drawing-room, and since we have come in to dinner you have been too busy abusing the orb of day to use your eyes. But please do so now; look down the table on the opposite side and tell me what you think of my lovely Russian friend."

Lord Bulverhythe obeyed. He looked quickly along the line of faces, most of them well known to him, and stopped suddenly, with a sort of mental jerk, as his eyes fell on a lady who sat near the end of the table. In an instant he

knew that he was looking at the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

And yet only in one particular could he have said wherein her extraordinary beauty lay—and that was in her hair. Features, form, complexion, were unheeded: his eyes, his mind were entangled in that hair. He could take note of nothing else. As he gazed, there seemed to rise before him the vision of a sparkling stream, in which the sunshine lay, brown in its swirls, clearest amber as it slipped more slowly over its bright pebbles, here and there “languid amid lilies and sedges,” murmuring—dancing along—a dream of beauty and delight.

“Well,” said Mrs Pierrepont, with mild triumph, as she watched her old friend’s intent look of admiration. “Well, was I not right? Is she not a bewitching-looking creature? Did you ever see more lovely eyes?”

“*Eyes*,” said Lord Bulverhythe, starting as if he had suddenly been awoken. “*Eyes*—has she got any? I can think of nothing but her hair—never saw such hair in my life. I declare at this distance, even, I feel as if that hair of hers would draw me to follow her down a well if she pleased, or any nonsense of that sort. Who is she? Where did you pick her up? and what’s her name? Of course she’s a Princess—all the Russian women one meets are Princesses; and of course she’s a widow—somehow all pretty young Russian women are widows; and of course she has immense estates—hundreds of emancipated serfs and a cart-load of relations in Siberia—all Russians have those. But go on, Mrs Pierrepont, tell me all about her; did she come back from Russia with you?”

“Yes, she did; and she is a

princess, and she is a widow, and she is young, and she is pretty. But she has not immense estates—indeed she is poor; and as for having relatives in Siberia, I never heard of her having any relatives of her own at all. We met in this way. I went, as I told you, to Petersburg last January and stayed there for some time, getting to know some pleasant people and meeting some old acquaintances. Amongst these was Prince Oustreloff, whom Harry and I used to know pretty well when we were in Paris. His wife had died since then, and at first I thought it was her loss which had so broken him down. He had become quite an old man, shrivelled and sunk, with a look of settled fierce misery which was dreadful to see.

“By-and-by I heard the Oustreloff story, and was told that the only son Alexis had died some months before in a very sudden and awful manner. I remembered him quite well, years ago, as a pretty little boy in Paris. He used to come in his goat-carriage to see me, smothered in furs, chattering broad Worcestershire English in a shrill little voice.

“Prince Oustreloff owns two estates, one of which is called Bielo Ozero, lying far beyond Vologda. This estate he had never visited. Last year, however, Alexis made up his mind to go and see it for a week or two, just as the spring was coming on. Weeks and months passed, and he gave no sign of returning. He wrote very seldom, and then in a hurried, confused way.

“At last his father became alarmed and wrote, ordering him to come home at once. Alexis took no notice of this letter, but, after a considerable delay, sent a hasty note, announcing his marriage with a lovely girl, whom, he

said, he felt sure his family would receive with pride and pleasure on account of her beauty and virtue, though he acknowledged she was not his equal in birth.

"You can imagine, or rather you cannot, the feelings of the old Prince on getting this letter. In Russia the deference paid to *Tshin*, or rank, amounts to a worship. Till you have been there and lived amongst Russians, you can have no idea of the intensity of this feeling.

"Prince Oustreloff, I was told, almost lost his reason. He cursed his son in the most awful way, and forbade him ever to enter his presence again. In a week, as if in answer to this angry message, came a courier from Bielo Ozero, bearing the intelligence that Alexis was dead. He and his wife had been walking together by a little stream that ran close to the old castle. Some *moujiks* had seen them from a short distance, and had gathered from their gestures that they were quarrelling. Suddenly the Princess Alexis ran, or, as the peasants afterwards described it, rather appeared to glide down the bank of the stream and disappeared. The Prince remained, looking after her, but not moving. There was a great water-wheel lower down the stream, which had been stopped for many weeks for repairs.

"Suddenly this wheel began to turn, and the splash of its turning reached the ears of the men like the sound of rippling laughter. In an instant, as if some one had called to him, the Prince darted down the river-bank, crying out some words which were unintelligible to the peasants. They saw him for a few moments in the current, not struggling or trying to swim, merely moving with the stream, and then — before they

could rush to the spot—the great cruel wheel had caught and torn and crushed him to death."

"What an awful thing!" said Lord Bulverhythe; "and all this happened under the very eyes of the poor young wife, I suppose. What did she do? How did she live through the horror of it?"

"Ah! now we come to one of the odd parts of the story, as it was told to me," replied Mrs Pierrepont, "though I never can believe that the Princess acted as she is reported to have done. The servants declared that from the moment she was last seen by the peasants, apparently slipping down the river-bank, she utterly vanished till midnight, when she returned to the castle, humming a Russian country song, with no trace of sorrow or agitation about her. Evidently she could know nothing of the awful calamity that had befallen her. So they told her, as gently as they could, and I suppose she was unable to realise what they said, for she was utterly unmoved, and only asked to be taken to the room where they had laid him. The servants tried to prevent this, fearing the shock to her of seeing poor dead Alexis, so dreadfully changed and distorted. But she insisted, and passed the rest of the night there singing, they declared, those wild little Russian songs the people are so fond of, about the joys of spring and the miseries of the long winter,—more like a *moujik* mother hushing her baby than a wife mourning over her husband's corpse."

"It all sounds very queer," said Lord Bulverhythe, staring hard at the languid, beautiful Princess. "Where did she go to when Alexis fell into the stream, and why did she not reappear at a decent Christian hour at her home?"

"I believe there is no doubt that she and Alexis had been quarrelling," said Mrs Pierrepont. "The servants afterwards reported that, for some days past, they had heard angry words between the Prince and his wife. It seems that he intended to return to Petersburg towards the end of autumn, and this his wife declared she could not and would not do. She absolutely refused to entertain the idea of leaving the country during the winter. To Alexis, of course, this sounded like utter madness. A Russian will endure a short summer residence in the country, but no one who can fly from it would dream of encountering the horrors of the endless Russian winter there. The young Princess would give no reason for her obstinacy. She was not afraid, nor shy, nor likely to be homesick, as she had no relations to leave. She had been in a miller's house farther down the stream when the Prince first saw her, but neither the miller nor his wife knew anything about her, save that in the early spring she had come to their door, ragged and miserable, and had begged for clothes and shelter, which they had given her.

"When Alexis pressed her to give a reason for her refusal to go to Petersburg, all she would say was, 'I could not live shut up in walls, and I must rest during the winter.'

"As to her disappearing for so long after her husband's sudden death, my own very simple explanation of the affair is, that she was angry with him for urging her to leave her beloved country home to go to Petersburg, and that she turned sharply from him, forgetting she was so near the edge of the river. Her foot slipped, and she fell, half under the bank

and half in the stream, and then fainted away. Alexis, seeing her danger, dashed down into the river, was caught by the current, and swept on to his awful death. No one saw where the Princess had fallen, and she may have lain for hours, probably till it was quite dark. She must have been half crazed with terror when she did come to herself, finding she was in such a perilous position. Probably in her fright she missed her way home. And think of the awful House of Death to which she returned! Poor Maruska! the only wonder is she did not go out of her mind on the spot."

"Did the servants notice anything strange in her looks or behaviour when she did return?" asked Lord Bulverhythe, curiously.

"I believe," said Mrs Pierrepont, rather reluctantly, "that they told some ridiculous stories to the effect that she came in looking particularly bright and happy — like a deer that, after being hard pressed by the hunters, has refreshed itself in a stream and has got new life thereby, was their exact simile, I believe. One thing seems to have struck them all alike, and that was her hair. She came back with it all unbound, hanging about her like a glittering cloud, sparkling and dripping with water. The very colour of it seemed to have changed since she had gone out that fatal walk with her poor young husband.

"Of course the servants had never before seen their mistress with her hair loose, but always done up, I suppose, as we see it to-night, with that pretty old silver comb — so, naturally, they were struck by its beauty and profusion. There's nothing wonderful about that, is there?"

"No," said Mrs Pierrepont's Old Friend. "I suppose not.

There are two things a woman always loses in an emergency—first her head and then her hair-pins. The failure of their trifle of brain-power seems inevitably to act on their hair-pins. But there is one point in your story I want to have cleared up. *Who set the water-wheel going?* I thought you said it had been long stopped for repairs. Now I don't pretend to know much about hydraulics or hydrostatics or engineering; but limited as my capacity is, it grasps the fact that even a Russian water-wheel which has been stopped by human agency needs human agency to set it in motion again."

"Really, Lord Bulverhythe," said Mrs Pierrepont, impatiently, "you are too ridiculous and provoking. What do I know about the water-wheel, or what made it turn? I only repeat to you the story as I heard it, and can't vouch for its truth in every particular. Perhaps a miller came and started the wheel, or a rat ran across it, or some water came down suddenly from somewhere and made it move. I declare I believe you wish to accuse my pretty Princess of pushing her husband into the stream and starting the wheel at the same moment. You are so dreadfully insular—you think any one capable of any crime provided he or she is a wretched foreigner."

"No, indeed, I never thought of such a thing," replied Lord Bulverhythe, delighted at having slightly angered his dear old friend. "Besides, you told me the pretty Princess had fallen down the bank and was lying insensible there when her husband was so unfortunately active. By the way, did she return to the castle with only her hair wet? Surely her garments dripped too; or do you think she took a header into that river only

just deep enough to wet her scalp, and finally, of course, to scatter her hair-pins and unloose her hair!"

"You have guessed quite right in your disagreeable, sneering way," said Mrs Pierrepont, still rather angrily. "Another trifle the servants tried to make a mystery and a wonder out of was, that the Princess's clothes were quite dry. It was only her hair that was dripping."

The Old Friend nodded his head triumphantly, and his eyes twinkled with pleasure at his own far-reaching sagacity.

"Don't be angry with me, Mrs Pierrepont, if I make a good shot now and then, and if I am always a little suspicious at first of the foreign friends you pick up here and there all over the world. You have such a genius for friendship, and always bring back from all your tourings a new dear friend, just as other people return from their tourings with cargoes of curios and rubbish of various sorts. I have not your gift at all, you know, and admire it so much in you. I wish I could make new friends wherever I go, but somehow I have only the power of sticking to the old ones."

Lord Bulverhythe's pleasant old voice sank a little at the end of his sentence, giving his words a very agreeable suggestiveness. There was a pause, during which all Mrs Pierrepont's slight irritation died away. "By the way," he went on, "you have never told me yet how you came to know and love the dripping Princess. Did you meet her in Petersburg at her father-in-law's?"

"Pray, Mrs Pierrepont," said the thin voice of the Archdeacon of the South Saxon Marches, suddenly breaking across Lord Bulverhythe's question, "have you heard of our poor dear Bishop's illness?"

"Illness," said Mrs Pierrepont, turning quickly away from her Old Friend, her voice kindling with "that hieropathic affection of which the female spirit is the seat and the ministers of religion the objects"—"illness, no, I have not heard of it. What is the matter? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"There was a village concert at Low Ashhurst," said the Archdeacon, "at which some public-spirited young men blackened their faces. One of them had a banjo, and they were thus able to render harmless negro songs with perfect accuracy. The Bishop was present, and at the end said a few earnest words on the duty of harmony in all our dealings with our neighbours—drawing an 'apt illustration from the very pleasing music to which they had listened that evening.'"

"How well the dear Bishop would do it!" murmured Mrs Pierrepont. "His lightest words carry such weight and produce such splendid results."

"It had been arranged long beforehand that the Bishop was to go to the Rectory for refreshment before driving back to the Palace. But, on his leaving the school-house, a family of position in the neighbourhood surrounded him in the dark and sought to convey him away to their own house by stealth. The Rector naturally endeavoured to frustrate this design, and a sort of battle, if I may so term it, took place for the possession of his Lordship's body. The combat raged——"

"What an admirable illustration of the beauty of harmony as just set forth by the Bishop!" broke in Lord Bulverhythe. "There's a fine flavour of body-snatching in your tale, Archdeacon, that's quite delightful. But do go on, Mrs Pierrepont—I want

to hear the rest of your Russian friend's story."

"His Lordship," pursued the Archdeacon; taking no notice of this interruption, "stood, positively exposed to the rain, for over twenty——"

"Oh Lord!" muttered the Old Friend to himself, "I see his Venerableness is in no way changed. If once we get on to the Bishop and his maladies, we are lost."

"Positively I believe the Archdeacon can tell all his bones! I suppose, Mrs Pierrepont," he went on loudly, drowning without mercy a monologue composed of episcopal catarrh, "you find all your young men friends go down like nine-pins before the Princess's charms. It seems to me, however, that her neighbour Geoff Dallas is, at any rate at present, a nine-pin firm on its legs, for he pays hardly any attention to the Princess; all his conversation is being poured into your little cousin's ear. And no wonder, for what a pretty girl little Lady Molly has grown into—a perfect English beauty, so fresh and wholesome-looking, just like a clean little dewdrop. Evidently I am not the only person who thinks so. Master Geoff has so many interesting things to say to her, that he is obliged to look very often and very long into those lovely blue eyes of hers. And how those eyes shine as she turns her face towards him, listening so earnestly to his yarns. Lucky Geoff! I had heard something of this in London, and I can see that for once report spoke truly."

"I too have heard similar rumours," said the Archdeacon, "and should wish to offer sincere congratulations to your worthy nephew."

"Ah!" said Mrs Pierrepont, softly, "you have both heard of

it. Yes, there can be no mistake, I think,—but at present congratulations would be premature. Nothing, I am sure, is settled, and yet why there should be any delay I do not know. Geoffrey behaves as if he were deeply in love, and I should say little Molly certainly does not dislike him. All last season in town he haunted her footsteps, and here they are constantly together. Still I feel pretty sure Geoffrey has not asked her yet. My opinion is, that for once in his life he has turned shy and timid. He is so much in love that he is positively afraid of risking his all."

"Pity the sorrows of a timid, nervous Dallas! Gad! I should say that if it is come to this, Geoff is in a desperate bad way. But, Mrs Pierrepont, surely you are going to finish your Russian story. Don't go yet."

"I have not time to finish it now. However, the young people will be dancing this evening in the oak parlour, so if you like to come and sit beside me there for a little, you shall hear the end. Now I have caught the august eye, and must be off."

By-and-by dancing began briskly in the oak parlour. The Old Friend strolled in, looked about him, and then crossed to Mrs Pierrepont's side.

"Now go on," he said, seating himself in a comfortable chair and preparing both to look and to listen. "Was it in Petersburg that you met Princess Alexis?"

"In Petersburg! oh dear no," Mrs Pierrepont answered. "Maruska never would go to Petersburg, which was an additional cause of offence to her father-in-law and his family. Of course, as his son's widow and bearer of his name, he felt obliged to support

her in the position to which her marriage entitled her. He had her brought to Alexandrovsky, and intended, of course, to take her to the capital for the winter with the rest of his family. But just as she had been with Alexis so she was with the old Prince on this subject—immovably obstinate. She refused to leave the country during winter, and would give no other reason than her old foolish one, 'I could not live shut up in walls, and I must rest during the winter.' As nothing moved her from this determination, the Oustreloffs were compelled to yield, and they came to Petersburg, leaving Maruska to the gloom and solitude of Alexandrovsky, with a few servants to take care of her and it. In summer, as usual, they prepared to return to the country, and the old Prince begged me to go with them on a visit, which I was very glad to do, as I wanted to see something of Russian country life.

"I remember so well the evening we arrived at the castle. We had had a long tiring journey, bumping and jolting over the worst roads I have ever *felt*, in great heavy coaches, attended by a perfect retinue of servants of all conditions. The sun was beginning to set as we turned in through a great hammered-iron gateway, and the dreary-looking castle came into view at the end of the drive, which wound along by the banks of a stream. Such a lovely, shining stream it was, reminding me of many a Scotch burn I had seen in the old days. A tall, slender girl was sauntering along, close by the edge of the water, dressed in green clothes. She did not stop or turn her head, as our heavy procession of carriages rolled by; but I knew at once from the profound salutations of the servants, and also from the sudden look of disgust

on Prince Oustreloff's face, that it was his despised daughter-in-law past whom we were thundering.

"As you may imagine, I had come full of prejudices against her. I fancied she would be a bold, hardy *moujik* beauty, who, having inveigled poor young Alexis into a hasty marriage, had behaved with shameful heartlessness after his tragic death, and now took upon herself to be full of obstinate fancies, giving thereby cause for vexation to the family into which she had thrust herself. You, who can look at Maruska while I tell you this story, can imagine my shock of surprise as I looked back and saw her that summer evening, —tall, delicately formed, fragile, —the evening sun behind her lighting up her wonderful hair, which seemed to flow round her in golden-brown waves, something like the stream that flowed at her feet. Her lap was full of water-flowers, and she was singing to herself as she walked. I sat struck dumb with amazement and admiration, asking myself with a sort of stupid wonder, Could this radiant exquisite creature be of the same race of beings as myself and belong to the same world? I am, I know, a moderately good-looking, well-preserved Englishwoman; but as I stared at Maruska that evening, and then conjured up my own image, dirty, dusty, arrayed in my serviceable brown beige gown, clasp- ing the umbrella of my nation with no uncertain hold—when I recalled the row of Oustreloff faces, which I had studied and wearied of during our long journey—when I tried to think of everybody pretty I had ever known,—all seemed to me to turn hideous when contrasted with the vision of beauty sauntering carelessly along the brookside. Prince Oustreloff turned towards me with the look of angry disgust

deepening in his eyes. 'See,' he said, 'how the widow of my son comports herself towards me. She does not deign to stay indoors to receive us with a fitting welcome, but wanders abroad, alone and unattended, like a gipsy lass. Throughout the winter she never left her rooms, indeed was unseen by any of my servants for many months; but since spring came she is, I have been informed, constantly afoot wandering about the grounds, principally near this little stream.'

"Well, I am sure you must be beginning to weary of my long story, so I need not inflict on you an account of my dreary visit to Alexandrovsky. I shall never forget the ugly monotonous country stretching endlessly around it—no trees to be seen but fir, alder, and birch. The nearest neighbour was thirty miles off, and *he* was mad. There were no tennis-parties, no visits, no drives, no old women to give flannel petticoats to.

"Gogol's description of the sleepy country life at Ostankino, 'where each door had a separate sound as it turned on its hinges, conveying a distinct articulation to those who could comprehend it,' would have done perfectly for Alexandrovsky. I have often thought that Noah and his party must have led much the same sort of existence on the Ark as we did at that old castle—except that they had, I suppose, the amusement of feeding the animals in a sort of gigantic Zoological Gardens way, while we fed nothing and nobody.

"Very quickly Maruska completed her conquest over my heart. I found that her love of out-of-doors rambling exactly suited my British go-out-in-all-weather's habit. She was so fascinating in her artlessness, and her ignorance and inno-

cence were like a child's. Her beauty, too, was so enthralling. You admire her hair now, but I only wish you could have seen it during the summer. I don't know why it is, but as the weather has got colder it has seemed to lose something of its ripple and also of its colour. "You will call me fanciful, but it looks to me to-night like a stream that is beginning to run slowly before it is actually frozen.

"As the time approached for me to bring my visit to an end and to return to England, the thought struck me to ask Maruska if she would like to come with me. I felt sure the best return I could make to Prince Oustreloff for his hospitality was to rid him for a little of the presence of his daughter-in-law. He never altered in his dislike of her—never spoke to her, and never went near her."

"I suppose this Princess, whom you invest with tidal tresses, which wax and wane with the seasons or the sun or the moon or something, jumped at your offer like a trout at a May-fly?"

"Well, she did, and she did not," answered Mrs Pierrepont. "She paused a long time before replying, and then asked the oddest question: '*Is there any running water close to your chateau?*' I laughed, and assured her there was a brook which ran almost under the windows on one side, right through what is left of the old moat; and promised her that, if she would come, she should have rooms on the rheumatic side of the house, as you always kindly call it. Then she agreed at once, danced with pleasure like a child, and began to sing as she always does when she is happy. So here she is,—sweet, lovely, fascinating; but we are, I fear, on the brink of

a disruption. Of course I intended her to stay with me all the winter, and as I am going to Berlin in the spring, I would take her there, I thought, and send her on, carefully escorted, to Petersburg. I said something of this casually to her the other day: in an instant I saw her face change, and a look almost of horror come into it. Then, just in the same obstinate way as I had heard she had spoken before both to poor Alexis and to the old Prince, she declared she must go back to Russia for the winter. I coaxed and bullied her, all to no purpose, and then I begged for her reasons. All she would say was to repeat the very words she had used before—'I could not live shut up in walls, and I must rest during the winter.'

"What a strange woman she seems to be," said Lord Bulverhythe, "so set on her own way, without any sense or reason. That alone is so very unlike women in general." He turned and looked long and fixedly at the Princess, as if trying to discover the mystery of her actions from her face.

She was lying back in a large arm-chair, languidly watching the dancing. Apparently she had no desire herself to enter "the mazes of heat and sound," for to each entreaty to do so she gave a pretty but very decided No. Mr Dallas came up to her and politely tried to shake her resolution. He bore her refusal with much fortitude, and the next instant he was beside Lady Molly, eagerly persuading her to consent to some nefarious arrangement connected with "throwing over the other fellow."

Maruska followed their movements with her eyes, some of her languor seeming, as she did so, to drop off her. Now they were dancing together, and Geoff was telling Lady Molly a confidential

story which obliged him to bend down his tall fair head over hers, so that his communication might safely reach her ear.

Sometimes she looked up at him, laughing and interrupting him. It was a pretty picture, but it seemed to have a curious effect on Maruska. She moved uneasily from her indolent position and sat upright. The dance ended and the dancers dispersed themselves in different directions. Some time passed, and then suddenly Maruska got up and walked, with the rapid gliding step that was peculiar to her, to the other end of the room. She pushed aside the heavy curtain that hung over the doorway which separated the oak parlour from the little winter parlour. Then she softly turned the handle of the door.

Some one tried to do the same from the inside; the door was pushed open, and Lord Bulverhythe came hastily out of the room, almost knocking over the Princess.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I did not know any one was there. Can I take you to the drawing-room, or back to the oak parlour? I would not go in there, if I were you," he went on, significantly jerking his head backwards; "you will only be thought a nuisance, and two fools will heartily wish you at Jericho—or Petersburg! I strolled in innocently, on my way to bed, but I soon saw I had better stroll out again."

The Princess listened impatiently, but made no answer to this speech, which indeed she seemed hardly to understand, for as soon as it was ended she moved forward to the door again. She opened it gently and went into the little room, which Lord Bulverhythe had just described as consecrated to Love and Folly.

"A mighty queer woman,"

thought the Old Friend to himself, "and not altogether on the straight. Why was she so set on going into that room when I warned her not to do so? It is most provoking, after the very skilful way in which I evacuated it, and gave the timid shy lover a good opportunity to speak to his Molly. Dear little Molly! you are sweet enough to turn a lion into a lamb. It is no wonder our friend Geoff gets into a blue funk, and thinks himself (and a good thing for him too!) a worm and no man, when he reflects on what you are—that he should presume to lift his eyes to you. Molly, Molly, you are sweeter even than your name, and I feel downright angry with that deluded old fool Maria Pierrepont for informing me so calmly that that precious Princess's heathenish name is the same as yours in Russian—Maruska the same to Maria that Molly is to Mary! I don't believe it. How could she say she now had two dear Mollys, one Russian, the other English? As if there could be two Mollys in this world!"

The winter parlour at Hurst Pierrepont had a beautiful carved mantelpiece going right up to the ceiling, in the black loveliness which time, smoke, and dirt give to oak. The carving consolidated itself at the base into two big sentry-boxes, or porters' chairs, one on each side of the fireplace. They had delicately carved little pointed roofs, and their broad seats, covered with faded red velvet cushions, formed a most comfortable lounge.

In the picturesque recesses of one of these antique seats Lady Molly had established herself. Geoff stood almost in front of her, half leaning against one side of the mighty box, looking down at the little light figure seated so

demurely in the deep shadows, with the carved Pierrepont lions over her head ramping for ever in a sweet unrest.

Lady Molly and Geoff looked up quickly as the Princess came into the room. Did a thought—a desire—of a possible residence for her in Jericho or Petersburg, as Lord Bulverhythe had suggested, cross both their minds? “Mr Dallas,” she said, coming straight up to where Geoff stood, and speaking quickly in her distinct foreign tones,—“Mr Dallas, I did make a mistake in saying I would not dance with you. I am not engaged, and I will dance now, at once.”

Had the Princess suddenly thrown a parcel of dynamite at him, Geoff could hardly have felt more astounded or more uncomfortable. In all his previous vast experience he had never, while dancing or sitting out with one lady, been followed by another, soliciting the pleasure of that particular dance with him! He glanced at Maruska and then at Lady Molly. What had happened to the child in the last few seconds? Had she suddenly grown taller or got older? The little figure in the depths of the old oak seat had wrapped itself round in chilling dignity as in a cloak, and the pretty red childish lips had a most unchildlike curl of scorn on them. Maruska stood silent, her eyes fixed on Geoff’s face, one of her hands playing with some loose waves of her hair.

“I am very sorry, Princess,” said Geoff, “that I can’t have the pleasure of this dance with you, but Lady Molly Hesketh has been good enough to give it to me, and we are just about to finish it.”

He spoke very coldly, for he

felt angry at Maruska’s intrusion at that particular moment, and her strange request did not flatter him in the least. Indeed he felt himself to be occupying a ridiculous position, and accordingly detested the woman who had put him into it.

“The next dance, then,” rejoined Maruska, in her clear steady tones.

“For that, too, I am engaged,” said Geoff, brusquely, beginning to show the loss of his temper. “Come, Lady Molly, it’s no use staying here, let us have the short remains of our dance.”

Maruska moved closer to Geoff and laid her hand on his arm. “Stay,” she said, “you asked me for a dance, and I will dance with you. If not this, the next; if not the next, the one after.”

How does the bird feel as the net of the fowler tightens around it? How does the wearied fox feel as Governess, Gaylassa, and the rest close about him in a yelling crowd? How does the fly feel as he reluctantly treads the Via Dolorosa which lands him in the spider’s parlour? What does a gentleman do when a lady persists in asking him to dance with her? Like the bird, the fox, the fly, he submits to fate. Unlike them, he can curse it, which is undoubtedly a consolation.

“Molly,” said Geoff, hurriedly and earnestly, and dropping the conventional prefix, “I want to finish what I had begun to say to you in the oak parlour when that—*undesirable* Princess burst in. When can I see you again alone, I wonder, with all this horrid crowd of people about? No chance this evening, for I know Mrs Pierrepont is going to stop the music when the next two dances are over. To-morrow we leave the house at ten, and the whole

day will be wasted in that wretched shooting. Every moment I shall be thinking of you and what you are likely to say in answer to a question I am going to ask you—a question I almost dread to ask, for on its answer all my life depends. This is what I shall do—directly we've shot the Hammonds, I shall leave the others, take a short cut by Rigden Rough, and get to the east lodge soon after four. Now do you think, Molly, you could manage to be walking up the drive about that time, without a crowd of other people hanging about? Don't trouble to reply if you think you can manage this, and remember the east lodge, not the big one by the river. And do you know, Molly, I am so afraid of your forgetting to take this particular little walk that I think I had better slip this ring off my finger and beg you to keep it till you can restore it to me to-morrow afternoon. Give me something to restore to you, Molly—that will make us feel so business-like and commercial. That little diamond-ring will do—here, give it to me and I will stow it away safe in my waistcoat-pocket. It's no use attempting to push it on one of my big fingers, but I will keep it very safe—till to-morrow."

"Your ideas of business would do credit to a Scotch Jew," said Lady Molly, trying to look up unconcernedly at Geoff and to keep down the little shake in her voice. "You get out of me a good diamond-ring and only give a plain gold one in exchange. However, as it is only for such a short time, I suppose I must submit gracefully."

Very coldly and reluctantly Geoff went up to the Princess and claimed the dance she had thrust upon him. He was, how-

ever, obliged to admit to himself grudgingly that she danced well, moving along in a gliding dreamy way as if she were floating.

The dance over, he intended to take her to a seat and to leave her there at once. But the Princess prevented this scheme of flight being carried out by sinking into a big *chaise à deux* which stood in a recess, and begging Geoff to sit down beside her. He felt obliged to comply, but sat in a sulky silence, his eyes running over the room to see where Lady Molly was.

"To-morrow afternoon I wish to go to the wood above the house, along by the stream. Will you come with me, Mr Dallas? I will go about four o'clock."

A sense of angry disgust rose strong in Geoff's heart.

"I cannot go," he said; "I shall be shooting all day, and when I have finished that, I shall be on the other side of the park at the hour you mention."

Maruska moved nearer to him, and gave a little cold laugh.

"I know," she said, "you mean to meet Miladi Molly there. I heard you arrange it with her. But do not mind her. I wish you to meet me close by the little wooden bridge above the deep pool they call 'Big Orooked.'"

"Princess," said Geoff, desperately, "I must beg you to allow me to manage my own affairs, and to accept as final my answer that I cannot meet you to-morrow. Indeed I may as well say plainly I will not."

"Will not," said Maruska, "but you shall."

Geoff turned and looked straight at her with impatient scorn. She was very unlike the languid Princess whom he had hitherto known. Her eyes fixed themselves on his, —seeming to hold him suddenly

spellbound. Gently, softly, she leaned her lovely head towards him, till the loose ripples of her hair rested for an instant on his shoulder, brushing his face; one lock which had become loosened in dancing fell across his hand.

And then a madness seized Geoff's brain. He forgot time and place and all things; he forgot himself. A vision seemed to dance before him of a clear stream, murmuring along in a thousand gold-brown ripples—calling on him to follow, follow. And he felt that he must follow that call, were it to lead him on to death itself. He turned sick and giddy, and stretched out his arms like a drowning man. But before he could speak Maruska had glided away, and he was alone. Alone—with every pulse throbbing madly—his brain on fire—all thought, all perception, swallowed up in the one mad yearning to see her again, to clasp her in his arms, to feel her head lying on his shoulder and the soft rings of her hair touching his cheek.

The next day's shooting pleased Lord Bulverhythe, though Geoff's demeanour did not. "He went mooning through the best of it like a mad calf," said the impatient old man. "I don't know what to make of it. He never spoke to any one at breakfast, but kept watching the door as if he expected his death-warrant to walk in every moment. And yet everybody was there—except that Russian woman, Princess What's-her-name. Why, he hadn't a word even for Molly. Then he insisted on leaving off shooting much too early—it was such a clear afternoon we could have gone on much longer. But no!—off he bounced backwards like a hot chestnut, towards the west lodge, and would listen to nobody."

Pale and panting Geoff reached the wooden bridge long before the time Maruska had mentioned. The stream, with its

"Huge moss-grown boulders, and thin Musical water half hid,"

rippled pleasantly along. In some way it seemed to bring Maruska's personality vividly before Geoff, increasing his maddening thirst for her presence. It was a beautiful mild autumn evening. Geoff flung himself on the grass, fixing his impatient gaze on the bridge overhead by which Maruska would come. Suddenly there was a rustle, a splash, and then, with the setting sun behind her, lighting up her loose flowing hair as with a glory, and with her green garments floating about her, Maruska came stepping slowly through the stream, her lips parted with the music of a spring song. Geoff rushed down into the water; he caught her up and carried her to the bank, straining her to his heart, covering her eyes, her face, her hair with kisses. A delirium seized him as it had done the night before when first he felt her soft hair lying against his face. He placed her gently on the sloping bank, and knelt before her in his mad intoxication, praying her to love him a little, to do with him what she would, to accept him as her slave. He kissed the hem of her garment, her very feet. With that delirium surging in his brain, there was no wild action of which he was incapable. Of Molly—of his broken tryst with her—he never thought. He heeded not how the time slipped by.

Maruska spoke very little; her eyes were fixed on the running stream at her feet. She accepted Geoff's caresses, allowing him to play with her hair, to clasp her in his arms, and often she turned her

face towards him, giving him kiss for kiss. But occasionally she seemed hardly to hear his ravings, and then for a moment a terrified chill would creep through his wild heart.

The sun dipped below the horizon, and twilight seemed suddenly to invade the little wood. Maruska shivered. She rose to her feet, and gliding swiftly down the bank, she waded slowly again through the brook and passed quickly away in the direction of the house, Geoff following, dumb from very excess of bewildered passion.

Little Lady Molly, with many misgivings and tremors, had gone faithfully to the meeting-place at the appointed hour. Minutes passed away — half an hour was gone, and Geoff did not come. Then, vexed and indignant, she turned away, determined to wait no longer in this humiliating fashion. She walked quickly up the park and entered the little wood, vaguely hoping, with a sad lack of topographical knowledge, to meet the guns on their way home, and to learn from them if any evil had befallen Geoff. Awful tales of shooting accidents rose in her mind — eyes shot out — fingers strewing the ground—even death itself. And she had been angry with him for keeping her waiting; perhaps she would be punished by hearing that he was badly injured — killed. At that very moment he might be lying somewhere, stretched on the ground, life ebbing from many large wounds, his very short fair hair matted with blood, his blue eyes closing in death. A sob rose in Lady Molly's throat as this harrowing vision displayed itself before her mental view, and her fingers sought and clutched eagerly over the gold ring lying loose in her

pocket. She hurried on: suddenly, however, she stopped. She had reached a turn in the path from which, by a straight narrow line, considerably cut through the trees, a view could be got of the bridge and of the "Big Crooked," lying dark and sullen far below.

And then Molly saw Geoff, unhurt, unextended in death, — on the contrary, making violent love to the Russian Molly, kissing her, clasping her hands, toying with her hair. But even as Molly gazed, rooted to the ground with amazement and horror, the scene changed, the actors moved away, and she was left alone, with the gathering twilight wrapping her round, and black despair pulling at her heart-strings.

After a little, like one half stunned, she went stumbling down the path, meaning to recross the stream by the little wooden bridge. Suddenly, almost at her feet, she saw something glitter. She stooped and picked it up, and then recognised it as the comb the Princess always wore in her hair. She looked at it curiously. It was silver, of a strange antique shape, entirely without ornament, save that wavy lines were chased along the top and ran down each division, giving, in a rude way, the effect of water running over the whole surface.

It is a dreadful thing to have to record of a young gentlewoman, well born, well brought up, but Lady Molly, as she held that comb in her hand and thought of the little scene she had just witnessed, determined that never again should it adorn the head of the fair false Russian. She flung it on the ground and stamped on it, but this mighty effort produced little effect except slightly to bend one or two of the divisions.

Should she fling it into the pool

below? No, the springs there might dry up, the "Big Crooked" might become shallow, the comb might be found and restored to its rightful owner. She determined to destroy it utterly. Grasping it tightly, yet with a sort of shrinking abhorrence, she hurried home, rushed up to her room, and thrust the comb deep into the glowing centre of the fire.

Then a strange thing happened. A fierce hiss came from the flames as if water had been flung upon them. The fire burned low and black for a few moments, then, seeming as if it had conquered, leaped up more brightly than ever, and the comb after some time lay a blackened, shapeless lump amongst the bright embers.

That evening was but a dull one at Hurst Pierrepont. Princess Alexis did not appear at all, having suddenly taken ill. Mrs Pierrepont looked anxious and uneasy. Geoff spoke to no one, seemed to notice no one, but hovered most of the evening about the passage that led to the Princess's rooms, constantly sending in frenzied little notes to her, beseeching her to tell him how she was.

Lady Molly was very pale and quiet. The musical set in the party took possession of the piano, and each, in turn, enjoyed his or her own performance on it immensely—each, however, convinced that it was unduly monopolised by the others. Lady Molly saw Geoff come into the room: he seemed to be waiting to see Mrs Pierrepont, who had gone away on one of her many excursions to Maruska's room.

Molly leant back in her chair and looked bitterly at the traitor, with a proud, indignant swelling at her heart. Hot tears came into her eyes, but she brushed them angrily away. At that moment a

Scotch girl who had managed, after the manner of her nation, to vanquish all the English competitors engaged in the struggle for the music-stool, burst forth into an old ballad, with a sweetness of voice which made one rejoice in her victory. The words floated to Lady Molly's ears:—

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
When we sat at the dine,
How we changed the napkins frae our
necks?

It's no sae lang sin syne.
And yours was good and good enough,
But no sae good as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick dear,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

And dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we twa sat at wine,
How we changed the rings frae our
fingers?

And I can show thee thine.
And yours was good and good enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the good red gold,
But mine o' the diamonds fine."

Molly shivered with pain and misery. Would this dreadful song never end? Each word seemed to inflict a separate stab on her. She had been led on to lay bare her heart, and the man who had done this had despised and spurned it. A traitor had held it for a moment in his hand, had read its shy proud secret, and had then flung it away, laughing and making merry with another woman.

"You're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or a mermaid o' the flood,"

sang Miss M'Tavish's clear voice, rising in sweet-toned anger.

Long before the song was ended Mrs Pierrepont returned to the drawing-room and held an anxious consultation with her Old Friend. Geoff went hastily over to where they stood, endeavouring to force himself into the low-toned conversation. But Mrs Pierrepont

turned her back angrily on her heir and resolutely shut him out.

"I am in terrible anxiety," she said. "I have been seeing the doctor, who has just paid his second visit to the Princess—what do you think he says? That in some incomprehensible way she is sinking fast. He does not know really what is the matter. She is so frightfully cold, nothing that we can do seems to remove a sort of deathlike chill that has taken hold of her. If you could see her, you would be horrified at the change these few hours have made in her. She is icy cold, her eyes seem sunk in her head, and, strangest of all, her hair is quite altered. It is hanging straight down, dry and colourless, all the waves gone out of it. It looks, if you can fancy such a thing, as if it had *died*. The doctor says he supposes she must have taken a chill, and the sudden change this evening to sharp frost after the mildness of the day makes it more acute. But he is utterly puzzled, and all he can say is that she may die in a few hours from failure of the action of the heart."

"Does he?" said the Old Friend, drily. "I will make an equally safe prediction and say that when she does die, she will die for want of breath. I am dreadfully sorry for her, and for you too, Maria, but I don't think you need be so downcast. People in England don't generally die of chills in a few hours. You can send a telegram off to-morrow morning first thing to London and have a great man down in a couple of hours. Of course your local man stays in the house all night, and will be at hand should he be wanted. The best thing to do will be to get all these people off to bed at once, so that the house may be kept quiet. Go to bed yourself, and

don't fuss and try to nurse. Your old housekeeper will do that far better than you could, and there's no need for you to knock yourself up when you know you can leave this unfortunate Princess in such good hands."

But, in spite of Lord Bulverhythe's excellent advice and arrangements, the quiet of Hurst Pierrepont was not maintained. Soon after midnight every one in the house was suddenly awakened by a succession of the most heart-rending cries and shrieks, ringing wildly down the long corridor which led to the hall-door. Something fled swiftly down it—something battered with wild groping fingers at the fastenings—something shrieked and wept and moaned. The whole startled household, in different degrees of undressedness, came running to the spot; but only those who arrived first, saw that the moaning, desperate creature lying weeping and wailing before the closed door was the Princess Alexis. She was quickly raised and carried back to her room. She had been seized with a delirium, it was explained to the terrified, shivering party grouped about the corridor. She had got out of bed, shrieking for running water, and before she could be stopped had rushed, just as she was, to the door, endeavouring to get out. By-and-by quiet settled on the house again, after fires had been poked up, sal-volatile administered, brandy taken, disturbed nerves restored. Once more Hurst Pierrepont addressed itself to slumber.

"Well," muttered the Old Friend angrily to himself, as he crept into his "soft and chilly nest," "if Maria Pierrepont is going to turn her house into an asylum for mad Russians to rush up and down the passages at

night, frightening decent people out of their senses, she won't find me aspiring to the post of unpaid warder. I shall certainly clear out of this as soon as I can. It's all very well to have a capacity for friendships, but why the deuce does she not make all her friends of quiet respectable English people, instead of bringing home demented foreigners who get one up in the middle of a wretched cold night? I feel certain I shall pay for her vagaries by a bad attack of bronchitis. I believe I hear the whistle of the enemy already."

When the cold dawn broke, the housekeeper crept, according to promise, to Mrs Pierrepont's room to tell her how absolutely quiet the Princess had lain since her furious midnight delirium. They talked together for a little, and then Mrs Pierrepont went back with the housekeeper to the sick-room. The low French window was a little open, and the morning air blew coldly in. There was no one in the bed—there was no one in the room. The two women gazed at each other, the same thought written in terror on each face. There was another awakening of the house—a terrified search throughout it, and then through the grounds. But to no avail. Some, searching along the banks of the stream, which had here and there a thin coating of ice, thought for a few moments that they saw the figure of Maruska dressed in her usual green garments lying on the ground close by the "Big Crooked." But on rushing up, they found only a heap of half-

withered green leaves, which the next chilly gust of wind scattered in all directions.

Maruska was never again seen nor heard of. The pools of the stream were dragged day after day; every wood, every covert, every corner was searched—everything was done to find her,—but all in vain. As utterly as those leaves in the heap vanished, did Maruska vanish too.

"I am aware I ought not to presume ever to speak to you again, Lady Molly," said Geoff, after many weary months of silence and separation, speaking in a broken, shamefaced fashion—"not even to beg your pardon. I know it is worse than no excuse, no apology, to say that for a day and a night I was a drivelling idiot, quite off my head. Somehow, I declare, I believe I was bewitched, bedevilled. And you never, never can forgive me—can you, Molly?"

"Hum, hum," muttered Mrs Pierrepont's Old Friend to himself, moving softly away. "I think I may soon order my customary claret-jug offering, with the usual legend, written on my card, hanging out of its mouth—'May your future be as rosy as the claret I shall henceforth hold.'"

There was one prejudice which pretty, happy little Lady Molly Dallas was never able to overcome. Nor did she make many hearty, Christian endeavours to do so. To the end of her life she entertained a rooted aversion to Holy Russia and all the inhabitants thereof.

DR PUSEY AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

THE completion of the *Life of Dr Pusey*, of which the fourth volume has just been published by Messrs Longmans, affords us an opportunity of saying a few words on that remarkable movement in the English Church which, originating with Keble and Newman, came ere long to be more intimately associated with the name of Pusey. Dr Liddon did not live to finish the biography, and the last volume has been compiled from the materials which he left behind him, by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College; the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, D.D., late Warden of Keble College; and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, Canon of St Paul's. But the work loses little or nothing of its interest by the change of hands.

Just three-quarters of a century have now elapsed since Dr Pusey was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College, and there formed that intimacy with John Henry Newman which was destined to bear such memorable fruit. To be a member of the Oriel Common-room at that time, says Dr Liddon, "was an education in itself." Yet it may be questioned whether any of the exceptionally able men by whom the newly elected Fellow found himself surrounded, had the slightest prevision of the great changes both in Church and State of which England was then upon the brink. The more popular Toryism of the eighteenth century had hardened under the influence of the French Revolution into the rigid Conservatism of the Regency and George

IV. But it was the creed of the great majority. No appeal to the people ever made any material impression on it, and, in the year 1823, with Peel, Canning, and Wellington for its leaders, it may well have seemed impregnable. Not that the traditions of its earlier and better days were entirely lost. Both the ecclesiastical and the commercial policy which we associate with the name of Mr Pitt had their representatives in the Cabinet. But the great bulk of the English middle classes troubled themselves about neither. They reposed securely under the shadow of that powerful and strongly organised connection which had ruled the country for forty years, had covered us with glory abroad, and had saved us from anarchy at home. Such at least was the light in which Lord Liverpool's Government presented itself to an immense majority of Englishmen. And though by an extraordinary coincidence both Newman and Pusey began life as Liberals, the theory was little more than nominal with either of them, and melted away before the facts with which they were soon to be confronted. But we are speaking rather of the rank and file of the nation, and of the absence of any signs on the surface of society that its smoothness was so soon to be disturbed. And as with the State, so with the Church,

"There was no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake."

And yet, to ourselves looking back upon that period and seeing it in

its connection with the past, it would seem that seventy years ago another of those religious movements by which the Church of England has been swayed at intervals ever since the beginning of the sixteenth century was nearly due. According to the view presented to us in these volumes, the first Reformers thought only of escaping from the Pope and Popery, and in doing so ran into extremes which threatened for a time to destroy not only what was Roman in the Church of England, but what was Catholic as well. Then in the following century came the reaction against *this* extreme. The Caroline divines, according to the High Church theory, redressed the balance and completed the Reformation which their predecessors had left unfinished. They accepted what the Reformers had done, and restored what they had neglected. This was the work of the seventeenth century.

Then there came a third counter-movement. After the Revolution of 1688 the Church of England assumed a character which some historians have singled out for special praise, and others for as grave censure. "The clergy," says Mr Froude, "had thoroughly learned their lesson." That is to say, in the eyes of Keble and Newman, they had laid aside all spiritual earnestness, were satisfied with the mechanical performance of their duties, which they gradually made as light as possible, and took an active part in all the pursuits and pleasures of the laity. The picture of the Georgian Church has been far too highly coloured, we know; but whatever it was, the reality was enough to produce the Wesleyan reaction out of which was gradually evolved the Evangelical or Low Church party among the

clergy, who were for carrying matters to much the same length as the sixteenth-century Puritans. Thus the work of the Caroline Church had to be done over again; and this is what the Anglican revivalists proposed to themselves. This, then, was the fourth great movement towards which, before the death of George IV., events had been gradually tending.

The majority of the English clergy still retained the character which they had acquired a hundred years before, and to know what that was we have only to turn to the novels of Fielding and Goldsmith, of George Eliot and Miss Austen. But still, as in politics, old traditions lingered. What Newman calls "the ancient religion" had not entirely died out. The torch had been handed down by Jones of Nayland, by Dr Sikes of Guilsborough, whom Dr Pusey always regarded as the precursor of the Oxford movement, and by a few others who survive, says Canon Liddon, "to teach a generation of Latitudinarians and Methodists how the great men of the Caroline age in the Church of England had believed and lived and died" (vol. i. p. 256). Newman, who dedicated his 'Romanism and Popular Protestantism' to Dr Routh, speaks in much the same words of him, as one who "has been reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the theology of their fathers."

Keble says of the earlier Tractarians, "We never felt ourselves to be innovators." But it must be specially remembered of the movement of 1833 that it was not merely a religious protest against doctrinal and historical error, but that it was meant as a measure of self-defence on behalf of the whole Church. What it might have turned to in the absence of the

provocation given by the ecclesiastical measures which immediately followed the Reform Bill we cannot say. But it was these which imparted to the revival the form which it actually took. The suppression of the Irish bishoprics, and the general tone adopted towards the Church after the Reform Bill had made the Liberals the dominant party in the State, were the causes which drew together Keble, Newman, and their colleagues in defence of the threatened institution. They were persuaded that nothing could save the Church but the presentation of her to the people as she really was, with all the claims, functions, and prerogatives belonging to her in virtue of her unbroken descent from the ancient Catholic Church of this country fully asserted and explained. They were right. Through a period of conflict, confusion, and danger she has emerged stronger than ever—stronger especially in the affections of the working classes; and thus a prophecy delivered by Dr Sikes in 1833—only a year before his death—was almost exactly verified. Keble, of course, was from the first a High Church Tory of the old stamp; but Pusey, whose Liberal sympathies seem to have been stronger than Newman's, was not so much alarmed as they were, and did not become fully associated with them till 1835. In the contest at Oxford between Sir Robert Inglis and Sir Robert Peel after 1829, Pusey voted for Peel, while Newman supported his opponent.

The clergy in general, and the country clergy in particular, were of very various types. But among the vicars and rectors who hunted, shot, played whist, and went to balls and dinner-parties, there were some who were scholars and readers, and many who knew

enough of the past history of the Church to recognise the truth of the view which the earlier Tractarians advanced, if not prepared to act upon it. But for this, it is difficult to believe that the movement could ever have taken root. They gradually leavened the mass. Still it was not all at once, of course, that the meaning of the movement penetrated to the remoter country villages. It was not for seven or eight years that it came to be generally understood and talked about. The present writer can remember, some time in the forties, in his father's house, a bachelor parson who was a sportsman, a famous diner-out, and a welcome guest at the tables of all the county families, sitting in an armchair after dinner, sipping his port, and twiddling the nut-crackers in his hands, with a kind of lazy satisfaction, saying indolently, when the Tractarians were mentioned, "They're quite right, you know." Another, too, he has in his eye who was learned, like Dandie Dinmont, in "that which appertaineth unto flocks and herds," and whose voice was loudest in the hunting-field, giving in his adhesion at once to the new school, and declaring that if he had to begin life again, he should lead it according to their principles. The 'Christian Year' and the Waverley Novels had to some extent prepared the way before them—had quickened the soil for the reception of the renascent truth. But its apostles, for many a long day, had an uphill battle to fight against prejudice, ignorance, and malice, before which it is no wonder that some of them nearly lost heart.

The Pusey family was one of great antiquity. But Pusey was not descended from it in the male line. Of this the last representa-

tive, Miss Jane Allen Pusey, died in 1789, when the estate passed to the Bouveries. The Bouveries were a Flemish family of good blood, one of whom settled in England in 1567. He and his descendants took to business, and acquired great wealth as Turkey merchants. Sir Jacob Bouverie was member for Salisbury in 1741, a supporter of Walpole, and was raised to the peerage as Viscount Folkestone. His eldest son became Earl of Radnor; his youngest, who took the name of Pusey on succeeding to the estate, was Dr Pusey's father. His brother Philip married Lady Emily Herbert, a sister of the Earl of Carnarvon, who also belonged to the Whig party; so that although Mr Pusey himself was a strong Tory, his son was early surrounded by Liberal influences, of which the traces were long visible. His mother was Lady Lucy Sherard, who was born in 1770; and when she taught her son Edward the Catechism, she taught him the doctrine of the Real Presence, as she had learned it from those of the eighteenth-century clergy who still preserved the Catholic tradition.

Edward Bouverie was born at Pusey House in Berkshire on the 22nd of August 1800, and brought up with all the tastes and habits of an English country gentleman's son. "Master Edward," said the gamekeeper, "be a better shot than Mr Philip: he do take more pains about it." This habit of taking pains was characteristic of Pusey, and clung to him through life. Unfortunately the one thing which did not reap the benefit of it was his English style, in which he took no pains to be either lucid or elegant. At Eton he was not thought an active boy. But at Oxford he found it possible to

hunt three days a-week without neglecting his reading.

He went up to Christchurch in January 1819, and passed his final examination in May term 1822. He obtained a first class in classics, and afterwards the Latin essay prize, the subject being a comparison between the Greek and Latin colonies. But before he had begun to write for it he had gained his Fellowship at Oriel, and the course of his future life was practically determined. He was destined originally for a family living, and had he not been admitted at Oriel and thrown into the society of Newman, the history of the Church might have been different. He was now fixed at Oxford, and devoted himself to the study of the Oriental languages. He paid a second visit to Germany for the express purpose of placing himself under the best Hebrew and Arabic scholars which their universities could boast, with the result that when he had only just completed his twenty-eighth year—that is, in November 1828—he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew.

His marriage with Miss Barker, a daughter of Mr Raymond Barker of Fairford Park, in Gloucestershire, had taken place in the previous June, and for the next six or seven years Pusey seems to have led the usual life of an Oxford Don, his chief interest being now centred in the subject of German theology. On coming into residence at Christchurch in 1829, the newly married couple found themselves welcomed by "a cultivated but narrow social circle," with whom they exchanged dinner-parties in the orthodox fashion. At this time they kept their carriage-and-pair, in which Pusey, who was a good whip, drove his wife about the neighbouring country, and returned the visits of their

county neighbours. In spite of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, confidence in the permanent stability of the Duke of Wellington's Government was not materially shaken. The prevailing belief still was that it would only terminate with his life. The universities, the Church, the aristocracy, and the middle classes basked in the sunshine of "Dukism." The religious feeling of the country had been deeply wounded, but their political allegiance seemed still untouched. Perhaps some such sudden crash as the downfall of the old *régime* was required to awaken people to the fact that the old sanctions and traditions on which our institutions reposed had become effete, and must be replaced by new ones. *Antiquam exquirite matrem*. We must go back to the Toryism of Wyndham and Carteret, and to the Anglicanism of Laud and Andrews.

Such were the thoughts awakened in men's minds by the Reform Bill of 1832, and the revolutionary legislation which followed it. "No time was to be lost, for the Whigs had come to do their worst, and the rescue might come too late. Bishoprics were already in course of suppression; Church property was in course of confiscation; sees would soon be receiving unsuitable occupants. We knew enough to begin preaching upon, and there was no one else to preach."¹ In July 1832 it was certain that the Church Temporalities Act would become law that session. On the 14th Keble preached his famous University sermon, and on the 9th of September following, the first Tract was published.

It was an appeal to the clergy to consider what they had to rely upon, and on what their authority would

depend, if the State cut them adrift. What were their credentials? Whence their right to claim the obedience of the people? A Dissenting minister relied simply on the goodwill of his congregation, which he was obliged to conciliate. The clergy of the Church must take their stand on a very different principle from this,—on the divine authority derived direct from the apostles, as illustrated by the ordination service. This struck the keynote of the whole movement, and gave it a practical as well as a doctrinal character. Newman always attributed to Keble the real origin of the Anglican revival. But if it was Keble who prepared the soil, it was Newman and the powerful ally who was shortly to join him who sowed the seed and tended the growing plant. To these three men, at all events, in whatever proportion each may have contributed—Keble, Newman, and Pusey—the regeneration of the Church of England is mainly due.

In the autumn of 1832 a plan for the redistribution of Cathedral revenues was circulated among the Whig party, to which Pusey replied in a pamphlet, which was highly commended both by the 'Quarterly Review' and in an article published in 'Maga,' October 1833. But Pusey was not fairly united with the other two till the winter of 1834-35. He wrote a Tract on Fasting in December 1833. But his Tract on Baptism was a much more important contribution; and from the publication of this, the Tracts took a new departure and assumed a new character. Dr Pusey brought to the movement exactly what it wanted. He belonged to the country gentlemen whose attachment to the Church of England was as ancient and as

¹ History of my Religious Opinions, p. 43.

deeply rooted as their own oaks. He had been nurtured on the old High Church traditions of the seventeenth century. He was a canon of Christchurch, a Regius professor, and a power and personage in the University such as not even Keble could pretend to be. He was, moreover, a man of great learning, who knew from his experience of Germany what "real learning meant"; and last, but not least, his sobriety of mind, and his better appreciation of what an appeal to the country ought to be, elevated and dignified the Tracts, and gave them new substance and importance.

For the next three years Pusey and Newman worked together in perfect harmony—Pusey, curiously enough, sometimes finding it necessary to protest against the bitterness with which Newman spoke of the Roman Catholics. But his tone soon changed, and in 1835 we find a significant letter from Pusey warning him against the Romish partialities visible in his treatment of Purgatory. But there was no real difference between them till 1842, when Newman could no longer disguise, either from himself or his old and intimate friend, the nature of his feelings towards the Church of England, and his doubts concerning, not the validity but the practical efficacy of her Orders, owing to her isolation from Christendom, and her tolerance of heresy. Pusey tried to extract from Newman some explanation of his words consistent with the belief that it was our duty to remain in the Church of England, but apparently without success.

The censure of Tract 90, which appeared on the 27th February 1841, had been a heavy blow to Newman. His object in writing it has been often explained, but nowhere more clearly than in Dean

Church's 'History of the Oxford Movement' and in the present biography. By the year 1840 a strong Romanising party had grown up within the ranks of the Tractarians, who, when silenced on all other points, fell back upon the Articles. How was it possible to reconcile the Articles with the theory of the English Church held by Pusey, Newman, and Keble? Newman undertook to do it, and Tract 90 was the result. Pusey's final opinion of it, as altered in conformity with his own and Mr Keble's suggestions, was expressed in the following words, written five-and-twenty years afterwards:—

"For myself, I believe that Tract 90 did a great work in clearing the Articles from the glosses which, like barnacles, had encrusted round it. I believe that that work will never be undone while the Articles shall last. Men will gloss them as they did before, according to their preconceived opinions, or as guided by the Puritan system of belief; but they cannot do so undisputed. Even the Four Tutors, in their censure upon Tract 90, seem to have been half conscious of the force of the appeal to the 'literal and grammatical interpretation.' So long as that interpretation shall be applied, it will be impossible either to condemn Tract 90, or to import into the Articles the traditional system so long identified with them."

But Newman was in the hands of men, as Pusey himself was afterwards, who were in no frame of mind to execute impartial justice. On the 26th of March the Hebdomadal Board published their censure of the Tract without waiting to hear Newman's explanation. "It was," said Pusey, "the vent of a long-pent-up wish to be free of us." Our readers scarcely require to be told that the present article is not meant to be a theological treatise, and we offer no opinion on the arguments employed

in Tract 90. They were designed to show that our Church only condemned the Romish version of certain Catholic doctrines, and not the doctrines themselves. And if, in order to establish this position, Newman somewhat strained the apparent meaning of the Articles, the court which acquitted Mr Gorham strained them a great deal more. Newman, for the most part, had the Liturgy on his side, and this had to be explained away more boldly still.

The fact is that, as Dr Liddon points out in the case of Bishop Bagot, the majority of Church and University dignitaries at that time "did not know enough" to do justice to Newman and Pusey. In those four little words lies a whole history. Neither the Bishops, nor the Heads of Houses, nor the English clergy in general, "knew enough," and they were enraged at the idea of having to go to school again. The first tract exploded among them like a bomb-shell among sound sleepers. What did it all mean? Who were these impertinent young men who thus suddenly took upon themselves to instruct their elders and betters? It was a long time before they would condescend even to examine the Tractarian case. They puffed it on one side as something both odious and contemptible. The language of the early tracts was uncompromising, defiant, and aggressive. They took the effete orthodoxy of the day by the throat and put it on its trial. The angry passions then excited never cooled down. Dr Pusey, as we have seen, introduced a new tone into the Tracts, explanatory and more sympathetic. But the mischief was done. Tractarianism *was* Romanism, *must* be Romanism, *should* be Romanism. This point was to be established at all

risks. As far as Oxford was concerned, the Hebdomadal Board little knew that they were sealing their own fate. And as little could the Bishops foretell what would be the verdict of history on their own attitude towards the movement. Without pronouncing any opinion on the doctrinal questions involved in it, we may say that the Bishops who charged so strongly against the Tracts have been convicted by subsequent inquiry of having acted with more zeal than knowledge. They fell into the easy way of denouncing as "contrary to the teaching of the Church of England" whatever seemed novelties to themselves, without its ever occurring to them that they might be in need of information as to what her teaching really was. By acting on this principle they brought themselves into a painfully false position, and weakened their hands in dealing with the long Ritualist controversy which was soon to follow.

After the censure of Tract 90 Newman retires comparatively into the background, and Pusey bears the brunt of the next ecclesiastical storm. We have passed over the Hampden controversy, and some other sources of friction besides, which all had their effect on Newman, and come to the well-known "condemned sermon" preached before the University on the 14th of May 1843. The subject of the sermon was the Real Presence, and the six Doctors appointed by the Vice-Chancellor to try its orthodoxy decided against it—in language, says Dr Liddon, "betraying a fatal want of familiarity with the subject." Thereupon the Vice-Chancellor pronounced Dr Pusey guilty of the charge brought against him—namely, that he had "preached

certain things which were either dissonant from, or contrary to, the doctrine of the Church of England." Dr Pusey claimed to be heard in his own defence. This permission was refused. But a form of recantation was drawn up for him, which, if he was willing to sign, further proceedings would be stayed. The conditions by which this offer were accompanied are the surprising part of it. The communication was to be kept strictly secret. Pusey was to take no copy of it; to consult no friend. In an evil hour he accepted these conditions. But when the whole truth came out, the other side fared the worse. Pusey could not sign the recantation, and demanded again, in accordance with all precedents, to be heard before he was condemned. He was again refused; and then, when he published a written protest against this gross injustice, he was accused of want of veracity because he had said nothing of a communication on which he had been pledged to silence!

Such, in short, is Dr Liddon's account of the matter, appearing in the middle of the second volume, which has now been published four years. They, the Doctors, saw in Pusey's demand, says his biographer, "a challenge to enter upon a profound and serious theological inquiry for which they could not but be conscious of being themselves inadequately equipped." Yes, there is the rub. The Dons were afraid of Dr Pusey. Conscious of their own ignorance, they shrank from discussion. The ultimate result was that Pusey was suspended from preaching for a period of three years.

The censure of Tract 90 in 1841, and of Pusey's sermon in 1843, had brought the Heads of Houses into considerable disrepute with the younger members of the Uni-

versity. The case of Mr Ward, the famous author of Ward's "ideal," drove the last nail into the coffin of the Hebdomadal Board. We need not give the story at any length. It is sufficient to say that Ward's book was one which the University could hardly pass over without some strictures. And had the Board confined itself to a simple condemnation, they would have had it all their own way. But, in addition to this, they proposed a second resolution to Convocation depriving Ward of his degrees; and would, if they could, have added a third, to the effect that every person suspected of unsound opinion should be compelled "to declare that he subscribed the Articles in the sense in which he believed them to have been originally drawn up, and to be imposed by the University at the present time." This proposal was met with such a storm of indignation that the Board was compelled to withdraw it. But they contemplated substituting for it a formal condemnation of Tract 90, which had as yet been only censured. This design was also abandoned in the end, but not before it had given deep offence to a large party in the University, the effect of which the Heads were shortly to experience. The first two resolutions were carried.

We have now brought the movement down to the memorable year 1845, which marks a kind of landing-place in its history. Donatists and Monophysites had done their work. In 1843 Newman had resigned St Mary's. In the autumn of 1845 he was received into the Church of Rome. Numerous secessions followed, and Pusey's position became a most embarrassing and distressing one. But before proceeding any further with his leadership of the Anglican party,

we must turn back for a moment to his private life. When he first married and settled down in Oxford, he could have had no anticipation of the responsibilities by-and-by to devolve upon him. He seems to have felt no call at the time to live differently from other men. As we have seen, he kept his carriage-and-pair, and exchanged hospitalities both with Oxford and with country friends. He often spent some part of his vacation at Holton Park, a pretty place about seven miles from Oxford, on the Buckinghamshire side, which Lady Lucy Pusey had taken on lease. It was within easy reach of Boarstall, Brill, Thame, Chisellampton, Chalgrove, and other places dear to Pusey's Cavalier sympathies. But the house itself had been the headquarters of Fairfax, and the scene of Bridget Cromwell's marriage to Ireton. Holton Stone-pits was, and we believe still is, a favourite meet with the hounds, and one wonders whether Pusey's hunting reminiscences ever prompted him to take a look at them. The social aspects of life, however, were now beginning to have less hold upon him. When the Bishop of London's Fund was established in 1836, Pusey gave £5000 to it; and in addition to this, he gave away large sums to other charities. To enable himself to do this, he sold his carriage and horses, reducing the number of his servants at the same time, and shortly afterwards Mrs Pusey sold all her jewels and gave the money to the London churches. She had been as fond of country life, and of all the pleasures and occupations which it affords to persons of her rank in society, as her husband was. But she now gave them all up. As for Dr Pusey, he had early begun to protest against the luxury

of Oxford. When in 1826 Oriel College celebrated its fifth centenary, Pusey was shocked at the profusion.

"When I first knew him," said Cardinal Newman in 1882, "he used to regret the luxury of Oxford. At the centenary we had a great dinner, among other luxuries turtle-soup. It made Pusey very angry. I remember his coming to me and bursting out, 'What is this stuff that they are going to give us?' That was not all.

"In those days French wines, now common, were considered a great luxury. It was proposed to have French wines at table, besides port and sherry. Pusey and I agreed to oppose the plan; and we carried our point at a Fellows' meeting. But the Provost, Coplestone, forthwith said he should give French wines on his own account. On which Pusey said to me that Oxford seemed incapable of being reformed."—(Vol. i. p. 92.)

In a University sermon he once referred to luxury among the Dons, but lowered his voice so that the undergraduates should not hear him. In those days champagne and claret were rarely, if ever, seen on the tables of even the wealthier class of English clergymen; and it is presumed that in Pusey's opinion the Fellows of a college, constituting a species of monastic foundation, ought not to exceed the secular clergy in luxury. But he was no enemy to the ordinary amusements of society. And in 1854 we find him busy about balls and parties for the amusement of his nieces, who had come up for the commemoration.

Two months after Newman's secession Pusey's sentence of suspension expired—i.e., in January 1846—and he returned to his Cathedral pulpit. No one who listened to the first sermon which he preached after his three years' absence will ever forget that day. The present writer enjoyed

that privilege, and can safely say that no description of it which he has ever read equals the reality. Here was this one man, destitute of the most ordinary arts of elocution, despising rhetoric, and unaided by that nameless charm which enables some speakers to dispense with both, holding an immense audience breathless and spellbound for an hour and a half merely by his moral power. It was a great triumph.

The disappearance of Newman from the Church of England and the restoration of Dr Pusey to his place in the University, occurring almost simultaneously, bring to an end the first stage of the Oxford movement, and land us in the second, which, in the estimation of Dean Church, is really the more important of the two. It is not, however, the more interesting. The one figure in that eventful history which towers above all others in point of personal interest is of course Newman. But we agree with the Dean of St Paul's that the period which followed after Pusey became the one acknowledged leader of the Anglican party, yields nothing in point of importance to the one that preceded it. The more restless elements were now to be removed. The fermentation was subsiding, and it remained to be seen what the new vintage was worth when it had begun to settle down, and its strength and purity had been subjected to the test of time, without either the attractions of novelty or the stimulus of a vanished hand and a hushed voice. Over the progress and development of the Anglican Revival, for nearly thirty years, Dr Pusey presided with a degree of wisdom, patience, and confidence which were crowned eventually with complete success,

though tried to the utmost by the despair, and the recklessness engendered of despair, which surrounded him at first. "Our wrecks are upon every shore," said a prominent member of the party. The reconstruction of it by Dr Pusey, after the crash of 1845, was not unlike the reconstruction of the Conservative party by Mr Disraeli after the crash of 1846. The loss of Peel was to the one what the loss of Newman was to the other. But in each case the right man was forthcoming at the right moment. Neither lived to see the complete triumph of his principles. Dr Pusey was not spared to hear the Lambeth Judgment, after which he might well have said, *Nunc me dimittas*. But the judgment in the Bennett case must have been almost as satisfactory to him, carrying, as it did, so many other points with it. In July 1870 the Court of Arches pronounced

"that it was permissible for the English Church to teach that the Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist was objective, real, actual, and spiritual, and that Mr Bennett's statements did not exceed the liberty allowed by the formularies and the language used by a long roll of illustrious divines who have adorned the English universities."

And on an appeal to the Privy Council in 1872 this judgment was confirmed. Pusey's sermon was completely justified, and the Board which had condemned him proportionately rebuked.

The Scottish Eucharistic controversy, arising out of a charge delivered by Bishop Forbes, the Bishop of Brechin, lasted exactly three years, from August 1857 to August 1860. The Bishop had held language on the subject of the sacrament going rather be-

yond what either Pusey in the condemned sermon, or Newman in Tract 90, had either asserted or suggested, and he was censured by the Synod which met at Edinburgh in May 1858. It took the form of a pastoral letter addressed to "all faithful members of the Church in Scotland." But the case did not stop here. Later on he was "presented" to the Synod, who constituted a Court for the occasion, and the two first articles of the presentment were found proven. But—and herein the conduct of the Synod contrasts very favourably with that of the Oxford authorities—Bishop Forbes was allowed ample time to prepare his defence, and reply to his accusers, and when his explanation had been heard, he was merely admonished, and recommended to be more careful in future. Finally, after another explanatory address, the Synod of his diocese recorded its adherence to his teaching, and entered it in the books of the Synod. It is to be added that Bishop Forbes in his explanation retracted nothing that was material, and that he had never asked for more than "toleration," or expressed any desire to enforce his views upon his clergy. Dr Pusey and Mr Keble were in close communication with him throughout, and helped him in preparing his replies.

Dr Pusey, however, was no Ritualist, and would not allow himself to be called one. "I have a thorough mistrust of the ultra-Ritualist body," he wrote to Dr Bright in 1873. He specially noticed the harm which they were doing to the great body of English High Churchmen, whom popular prejudice naturally identified with them. They were to these what Ward and others had been to the

early Tractarians, and what Ultramontanes were to the Church of Rome. He wrote as follows to Tait, then Bishop of London:—

"In regard to my 'friends,' perhaps I regret their acts to which your lordship alludes as deeply as you do. I am in this strange position, that my name is made a byword for that with which I never had any sympathy, that which the writers of the Tracts, with whom in early days I was associated, always deprecated—any innovation in the way of conducting the service, anything of Ritualism, or especially any revival of disused vestments. I have had no office in the Church which would entitle me to speak publicly. If I had spoken, it would have been to assume the character of one of the leaders of a party, which I would not do. Of late years, when Ritualism has become more prominent, I have looked out for a natural opportunity of dissociating myself from it, but have not found one. I have been obliged, therefore, to confine myself to private protests which have been unlistened to, or to a warning to the young clergy from the University pulpit against self-willed changes in ritual. Altogether, I have looked with sorrow at the crude way in which some doctrines have been put forward, without due pains to prevent misunderstanding, and ritual has been forced upon the people, unexplained and without their consent."

By taking up the above attitude Pusey, of course, placed himself between two fires. But he cared nothing for that. He felt that he had a great work to do—to acquit himself of a great responsibility. He was the accredited champion of those principles which, in the popular judgment, had led Newman to Rome. It was his business to prove that this was not the necessary consequence of them; and having led his disciples up to a certain point, to hold them back from going further. Some

of them were much discouraged by his disapproval of Ritualism, and became restive under the curb. But Pusey handled them with consummate skill, tact, and forbearance, and he lost very few.

The struggle which was going on between Dr Pusey and the more arduous and impetuous of his disciples, especially among the younger generation of both sexes, during the quarter of a century which followed Newman's secession, was one of which the world knew little; and of the vast debt of gratitude which the Church of England owes to him for the services he rendered her throughout this trying period, not one-half has yet been paid. Almost the only fault we have to find with the biography is that it makes little or no reference to Pusey's dealings with the troubled minds which came to him for relief or reassurance. Their name was legion. Those whom his teaching led to Rome could be counted on one's fingers; those whom he kept from it could be counted by hundreds. The correspondence which would prove this assertion is still in existence, though little of it appears in the biography. It seems to us that more might have been given with advantage, to the exclusion of Pusey's letters to Keble on the subject of confession, which are too private for publication.

There is perhaps another subject on which we think more might have been told us, and that is the institution of Sisterhoods, one of the most beneficent results of the High Church movement. Pusey was actuated by a variety of motives when he first thought of making a move in this direction in 1845. The condition of our great cities, and the inadequacy of the clergy to supply their growing needs, was one of his first thoughts. Then came "what had been a tradi-

tional source of uneasiness among the gentry and middle classes in England ever since the Reformation—the want, namely, of suitable employment for unmarried women. "A youth of folly, an old age of cards," was the lot of most of them. Then, too, the sisterhood would be a safety-valve for much of the extravagance and enthusiasm which were already leading many women to Rome or elsewhere. On the top of all these reasons comes his conviction of the superiority of celibacy, so strongly insisted on by the Fathers. Whatever we may think of some of these motives, there is no doubt that Anglican sisterhoods supplied a real want; nor do we know of anything to be said against them, except that in their early days sufficient regard was not perhaps always paid to the feelings of parents. Dr Pusey writes to one of his correspondents that he has been for two or three years "restraining a young person, a clergyman's daughter, where the father is in advanced years, and she the only child remaining at home; and yet, the mother being there too, I can hardly satisfy myself that this exceedingly strong drawing ought not to be followed." It is curious that Dr Pusey seems to think nothing of the mother, who might be more in want of her daughter than the father was. We may depend upon it there were many such cases. Dr Pusey, at a distance, could not possibly know the exact circumstances of each. And as a matter of fact, we know that the encouragement thus given to young ladies to leave their homes and home duties, when there was nobody to supply their place, did provoke a good deal of discontent, which we cannot think wholly unjustifiable. The name of Mrs Sellon has figured very prominently in connection with this system. But much less is said of

her in these volumes than might have been expected from the leading part which she played in it.

We have only space left for noticing one more of the controversies in which Dr Pusey was involved during his declining years, and that is in connection with Professor Jowett, both as Professor of Greek and as a contributor to 'Essays and Reviews.' After a good deal of difficulty, the question of the Greek professorship was on the point of being settled to the satisfaction of all parties by a scheme of Pusey's own suggestion, when the publication of 'Essays and Reviews' suddenly changed the whole situation. Two of its contributors were being prosecuted in the Arches Court at the very moment when, on May 7, 1861, Pusey's plan for augmenting the two professorships (Greek and Civil Law) was submitted to the Convocation of the University. To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, the fat was in the fire, and the proposal was defeated by ninety-one votes to seventy. We have said this much to show that Pusey was always anxious that the Professor of Greek should be properly remunerated. Nor did he object to it because the particular candidate on this occasion was Jowett. What he did object to was any appearance of singling out Jowett on personal grounds, and of claiming this augmentation for him in particular as a recognition of his special deserts and his philosophic eminence. Stanley persevered in representing the proposal in this light, which compelled Pusey and his friends to bring Jowett's opinions to trial before some competent court. They failed, as we know. But as a wrong construction has frequently been placed on Pusey's conduct in the affair, it is well

that the world should now be reminded of the right one.

We have confined ourselves, as far as we could, to those passages of Pusey's Life which were connected with the Oxford movement; and as the Rationalist controversy lies to some extent outside of it, we need only refer to it for the sake of reminding the public that the one great aim of Pusey's life-work was to check the progress of scepticism, which, imported from Germany, seemed to be making dangerous progress in this country. He had conceived the idea of uniting both the High Church and Low Church parties in defence of their common faith. He had always entertained very kindly feelings towards the Evangelicals, and might have accomplished his object had not the ecclesiastical Liberals taken the alarm, and exerted themselves, only too successfully, to prevent it. Pusey's attitude towards University reform, and his opinions of professorial teaching as compared with catechetical, deeply interesting as they are, we must likewise pass over, as only indirectly connected with the Anglican Revival. But we may add a few words on the general result of the movement and its effect upon society at large. Of its magnitude there can be no doubt. If we compare the clergy of 1633 with the clergy of 1697, or the clergy of 1733 with the clergy of 1797, we shall see little essential difference between them. But between 1833 and 1897 we pass into a new world. The clergy of to-day, in their ideas, language, and practice, are as remote from those of seventy years ago as if they were separated from them by centuries. The whole Church of England has been lifted on to a higher platform, and has not merely vindicated her catholicity, but has developed en-

tirely new energies in conformity with the requirements of the age. In public worship, in missionary work among the poor, in education, in sociology, in almost every sphere of activity with which religion comes in contact, the influence of the Tracts is not only visible but conspicuous. We see, perhaps, a less healthy result in the exaggerated and effeminate æstheticism which it has fostered in certain classes, and especially among ladies and the weaker brethren. But the purely sacerdotal tendency of the Oxford movement has, we think, been in one respect overrated; for the confessional is never likely to take that form in the English Church which it assumes in the Roman, though isolated cases may occur in which there is little difference between them. But weighing the good against the evil with an impartial hand, as we look back over this nineteenth century we shall see that the former very largely preponderates. The evils or abuses are excrescences; the good is in the solid body of rescued truth and revived earnestness to which every village church in the kingdom bears witness, and which have wrought such marvellous effects already in our crowded towns.

There is another side to the picture, we are well aware. We have throughout accepted the Anglican hypothesis, as we should have filled a whole number of 'Maga' had we stopped to criticise it. But of course the success which it has met with is not considered matter for congratulation by all parties, and there is a body of opinion in the Church of England still strongly adverse to it. We know what the anti-Catholic party have to say for themselves. They deny the virtue of that appeal to history and antiquity on which the Anglicans rely. They contend

that the formularies and Articles of the Church of England must be taken in the spirit and not in the letter; and that this is wholly adverse to the claims put forward in the Tracts. They maintain, moreover, that even doctrines and dogmas may be adapted to changed modes of thought, and to the moral and intellectual exigencies of successive ages. This position, though it is only Newman's principle of development turned inside out, is not without a certain plausibility. But, for the time being, no doubt Anglicanism has established itself as the dominant character of the English Church, and as the popular creed of both the aristocracy and the people. It is in the middle class that its more stubborn antagonists are to be found.

We see more clearly, after reading these volumes, than we ever did before, what it was in Dr Pusey's teaching which gave rise to the unfounded charge that it led directly to Romanism. No doubt, like Newman, he drew a picture of the Church of England as it ought to be, which had an effect on younger minds different from what he anticipated. While fully accepting Pusey's theory of the English Church, and allowing that all Catholic essentials were to be found within her pale, they could not help looking with a longing eye towards that other communion in which all these essentials would be brought more closely home to them, in which they would find a fuller and ampler system, a warmer and more glowing atmosphere, than the Church of England provided for them.

"Largior hic campos æther et lumine
vestit
Purpureo, solemque suum sua sidera
nōrunt."

How long were they to stand gazing at this imposing spectacle

and listening without yielding to the siren voices which seemed to call them to come home? Pusey had never said anything to raise a doubt of the orthodoxy of the English Church, or of the paramount duty of all English Churchmen to remain within her pale. He had enforced both with all the power of which he was master. But he had also created cravings for something more, which he found it difficult to appease — which became more and more audible every year, and excused, though they could not justify, the misconstruction to which he was exposed. How steadily, how wisely, and how successfully he set himself to resist these tendencies, for which he felt himself in part responsible, we have already seen. Not only was he one of the most learned, most pious, and most devoted of the many saintly characters which the Church of England has produced, but one also whose stainless loyalty and unswerving faith, in years of doubt, confusion, and desertion, kept waverers and enthusiasts true to the old banner, and the old creeds, and the half-forgotten “theology of their fathers.”

Dr Pusey died at Ascot Priory, in Berkshire, on the 16th of September 1882, and was buried in the nave of Christchurch Cathedral on the 21st, in the same grave with his wife and his two daughters. His married daughter, Mrs Brine, his brother the Rev.

W. B. Pusey, the Rev. T. T. Carter of Olewer, the Lady Superior of the Devonport Sisterhood, Miss Turnbull, and Miss Kebbel, stood round his deathbed and witnessed his last moments. The account given in the biography is not correct in every particular, but we can have no wish to provoke any controversy on such a subject. Two months after his death a meeting was held at the Marquis of Salisbury's in Arlington Street to decide on the most fitting monument to his memory, when Lord Salisbury pointed out that the great purpose which Dr Pusey always set before himself in life was the defence of the Christian faith against the assaults of infidelity. And so it was; but he saw in the revival of the Church of England, and in setting before the public her unbroken continuity with the primitive undivided Church, the best if not the only means of accomplishing that object. His share in this revival is all that we have endeavoured to describe, and forms the greater part of what Dr Liddon has to tell. The work is not free from faults; but on the whole it is worthy of the subject, and has given us an opportunity of reminding our readers of what the Anglican party in the Church of England believe to be her ancient principles and her true history, stripped of the coating of prejudice beneath which, like frescoes under whitewash, her real lineaments lay hid.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT—1839.

THERE is a story, in some book of memoirs about the commencement of the present century, that during the earlier days of William Pitt's Administration, before the volcano on the other side of the Channel had poured its streams of fire, famine, and slaughter over Europe, and while the young statesman's main difficulties were connected with electoral reform and Indian administration, he was informed that a Scottish earl desired an interview. When the door opened, he was wont in after-years to say, so magnificent an apparition presented itself that while he guessed some promotion to be the object of the visit, he wondered what, except perhaps the empire of Germany then vacant, would be worthy of the ambition of so stately a personage as the nobleman thus introduced, and was much relieved when it appeared that a simple marquise was the limit of his request. It is possible that Archibald, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, was not quite so stately a figure as that first and last Marquess of Abercorn who lies in the sounding aisle at Paisley, in solitary grandeur, his coffin-plate engraved with the title of the French dukedom of Chatelherault (arbitrarily transferred by Napoleon III. to the other ennobled Hamilton house); but the young earl possessed a finely proportioned well-knit frame, with a countenance "on whose unembarrassed brow nature had written nobleman." His exterior bore true testimony to such gifts and graces as he had inherited from such ancestors as Earl Graysteil and Countess Susanna—patroness

of Allan Ramsay, and reputed in Edinburgh to be the only lady capable of sustaining a conversational *rencontre* with Samuel Johnson. When he succeeded to his grandfather in the earldom, his mother had made a second marriage with Sir Charles Lamb, Knight Marshal to King George IV., whose example would probably incline the youthful peer to pageant and carousal. Or the stimulus may have been given by the ceremonial pomp of the Queen's Coronation in 1838—an event which, in its splendours as well as its shortcomings, evoked a chivalric revival among all classes of her Majesty's subjects. Young England was in the air, to boot; Horace Smith and G. P. R. James had kept alive, if feebly, the flame which the mighty Wizard of the North had kindled in his 'Ivanhoe' and 'Talisman'—Oxford, represented by Newman and Ruskin, was reilluminating the torch of medieval theology and art, and indications were abundant of a Gothic renaissance. Among these symptoms one was the determination of the young earl, at the age of twenty-five, to inaugurate a "gentle and joyous passage of arms" at his ancestral castle near Irvine, in alliance with a band of friends by no means obscure in the world of sport and of fashion. Possibly none of these curled darlings of the aristocracy knew much more of the medieval code of chivalry than the officers of King George's army did, who gave the *mischiienza* (a title equivalent to the modern *mêlée*) at Philadelphia in 1778 as a parting entertainment for the British General Howe—the prin-

cipal actor in the pageant being in this case also a Scottish peer, Lord Cathcart, the father of Wellington's lieutenant, and also of the hero of Cathcart's hill. True, the "knights of the Blended Rose and knights of the Burning Mountain," who defied each other for the love of the American belles, decked in "Turkish habits," with favours in their turbans wherewith to reward their champions' dexterity, did not encumber themselves with the full panoply of the tiltyard, but appeared in fancy silk dresses of red and white or black and orange; but they had their devices and mottoes, more or less chivalric and amorous; they challenged each other by sound of trumpet in phrases which even the redoubted knight of La Mancha would have deemed worthy of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; they were attended by squires bearing lance and shield, which they assumed for the first onset of the joust, though the subsequent passages of arms consisted of the discharge of pistols and the clash of sabres, culminating in a combat *à l'outrance* between the leaders of each colour, which lasted until "the marshal of the field, Major Gwynne," rushed between them and announced that the fair damsels on either side "were perfectly satisfied with the proofs of love and signal feats of valour given by their respective knights, and commanded them, as they prized the future favours of their mistresses, they would instantly desist from farther combat."

In one important respect, however, there was a diametrical distinction between the Philadelphia *mischiienza* and the passage-of-arms at Eglinton. The participants in the former, though they adopted lance and shield as the weapons to be used in their first onset, abjured the weighty armour of

the mediæval lists, and contented themselves with fancy costumes of yielding ductile material: the projectors of the latter tournament, on the other hand, disclaiming the mere parades of Tournay and the Place Royale, would not be satisfied with less than a complete shell of metal, and, as Lord Valentine in Disraeli's novel 'Sybil' is made to say, scorned to "don a Drury Lane cuirass." Yet this determination, although it undoubtedly contributed to the artistic and archæological value of the proposed tournament, produced many difficulties not very easy to surmount, and necessitated the aid of sundry tradesmen styled by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in some cruel rhymes indited in his most sarcastic vein, "tinmen tailors." To judge from certain evidently inspired paragraphs in the contemporary newspapers, the principal purveyor, a Mr Pratt of Bond Street, not only sought out the treasures of every armoury in Britain, but ransacked the whole of Europe for family heirlooms, and pieces of armour, artistically fashioned and engraved, preserved in historic castles. Inasmuch, however, as a suit of steel, to be of any real service, must fit the individual who is to wear it, and the habits of centuries have cast our golden youth, muscular and symmetrical as they may be, in a very different mould from that of the thick-set bandy-legged roughriders who were the type of the armour-wearers in the days of chivalry, a very serious difficulty presented itself in the attempt to adjust the intractable shell to the proportions of the new inhabitant—many pieces of the complete suit, as worn by the warrior armed *cap-à-pie*, requiring to be entirely remade, while others, even though it might be possible to make shift to wear them, must have sorely

tried the endurance of the body they enclosed, inasmuch as nothing is more inimical to the due exertion of muscular force (as experience has shown) than the adoption of an ill-fitting constricted rigid garb. Hence it came to pass that scarce a single piece of armour was assumed at Eglinton which had not been more or less tinkered and patched to render it available for service. One of these suits, worn by the Marquess of Waterford, is now to be seen in the armoury of the Tower of London, and the modern additions can very easily be detected by any one who has but a slight acquaintance with the details and niceties of the armourer's craft. The most important alteration is noticeable in the lower portion of the leg-armour from knee to ankle, the original cuisses having evidently proved too short for the lengthy limb of the modern sportsman.

The nobleman just mentioned, introduced into one of the Bon Gaultier ballads as the "Marquis Hal of Waterford," was a great athlete, oarsman, rider, and boxer, whom one rather wonders to find engaged in such an enterprise as the tournament, the society side of which could scarcely have been attractive to a bruiser whose spirit was like Hotspur's—

"This is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with
lips :
We must have bloody noses and cracked
crowns,
And pass them current too."

Had Lord Waterford met with a biographer of kindred soul to the writer of the life of John Mytton, his freaks and enterprises would have furnished as exciting a parallel to that redoubted piece of eccentric hardihood; but the writers of his own day were puzzled by his dare-devil habits, and

refused to take him seriously. Thomas Ingoldsby, for example, who had already given him the alias of Lord Tomnoddy, had nothing better to say for him, when going over the roll of the "Knights of St John's Wood," than that

"the Knight of the Dragon,
Save at the flagon and prog at the wag-
gon,
The newspapers tell us, did little to
brag on ;"

—a very unfair summary, as the tournament would have missed its few exciting and unrehearsed effects had the Irish marquess been absent. It is interesting to remember that he at any rate did not miss the reward of a *preux chevalier*, for it was at Eglinton that he won the favour of the noble, graceful, and accomplished lady who refined and elevated his after-life.

In addition to this doughty champion, a goodly number of knights adventurers soon presented themselves,—some, indeed, like the Duke of Beaufort and Sir Frederick Bathurst, to be mentioned by the daily newspapers as possible competitors, and there to cease; but others, as in the instances of the Earl of Craven and Lords Alford and Glenlyon, to take a prominent share in the weekly rehearsals which were held during the summer of 1839 on the grounds attached to the Eyre Arms Hotel, then the limit of London to the north-west. It was here that, by the kindness of friends, the present writer had an opportunity of seeing something of the mimic tourney, which soon began to be one of the attractions of the London season, and to divide the attention of the press with the melancholy death of Lady Flora Hastings and the pitiful details of the Chartist riots in Birmingham. The scene was no doubt picturesque and novel in the extreme: the tem-

porary wooden stands for spectators were crowded with the rank and fashion of the capital, and in the promenade, roped out from the lists themselves, might be seen exquisites of the period in their white hats, high-collared swallow-tailed coats of superfine blue cloth with brass or gilt buttons, and duck trousers, shaped to the foot, strapped over varnished boots, arm in arm perhaps with a figure arrayed "from head to heel in mail and plate of Milan steel," all save the helmet, which would be replaced by a fez or a forage-cap; while Highlanders, trumpeters, halberdiers in parti-coloured jerkins, grooms in a mixture of stable-jackets and trunk-hose, jostled knights and squires in every stage of half armour.

Down the centre of the arena itself, which was for the most part covered by a thick layer of tan or sawdust, ran a barrier, a strong wooden fence nearly six feet high, and some hundred yards from end to end; and at the sides of the enclosure were erected quintains, Turks' heads, and rings suspended by loops, &c., to be used for practice. Careering about among these one might discern Lord Waterford, fully armed from the waist upwards, but with hunting-boots and breeches in lieu of leg-armour. He devoted his special attention to a dummy figure of a warrior on horseback, which was propelled down an inclined plane by manual force to receive the onslaught of a mounted adversary. On this target he broke several lances, but at length, his horse having swerved at the moment of contact, he was shot over the charger's head with as clean a purl as ever was seen in high Leicestershire, and came to the ground with a tremendous clatter; the very next moment he was on his feet again, like a true Beresford, and, catching his horse, pro-

ceeded to exercise his swordsmanship upon the Turk's head, as if on purpose to show that he was none the worse for his tumble. Another noble knight was not so fortunate, for he was unable to rise without assistance, and the sympathetic anxiety of the lookers-on was exchanged for a suspicion of laughter when the removal of his visor disclosed beneath it a pair of huge blue spectacles, rendered necessary by defective sight.

To a youth just fresh from the first delicious banquet of the Waverley novels, this realisation of the chivalric scenes of 'Ivanhoe' and the 'Talisman' had something irresistibly charming; but gay and brilliant as was the *coup d'œil*, one or two incongruities could not fail to strike a spectator acquainted, however imperfectly, with Froissart and Guillim. In the first place, with the solitary exception of a trumpery little emblazonment over the earl's own pavilion, there was none of that pomp of heraldry so intimately associated with the annals of gentle and joyous tourney. The horses were swathed in housings of varied hues, but of uniform pattern, wide stripes of scarlet and green, azure or black, relieved by white, the feathers and caparisons corresponding in colour; and the riders wore no surcoats, nor, beyond plumes on their helmets, any visible crests. The other drawback was, however, far more important, as it was the actual demonstration that the human figure, swathed and locked in the rigidity of plate-armour, loses individuality and becomes lifeless as a machine. When the Earls of Eglinton and Craven presented themselves in full array, to take their places at the opposite ends of the barrier for a course, there was as little suggestion of vital energy in their stiff figures as there would be in a couple of those State bed-

steads with towering plumes and flowing draperies which are occasionally to be seen in ancient palaces like Holyrood or Warwick Castle, could they be galvanised into action for the nonce. Even in the charge itself there was little that was spontaneous or energetic. The steel-embedded fingers of the riders clutched the reins with awkward grasp, and the steeds broke into a canter of monotonous regularity, the whole attention of the tilters being engrossed in keeping their chargers close to the barrier, and preventing them from swerving aside; while the angle at which the lance had to be pointed gave a ridiculously lop-sided effect. There was none of that deft precision described in romantic chronicle, but rather an air of helpless discomfort; and when at last, after several failures, the attempt was achieved, the mere splintering of the lance-staff made but a poor climax to so much anticipation. My artistic friends, though by no means out of sympathy with the idea of the scene, gave vent to dolorous prophecies of failure as we drove away.

No doubt the general public, to whom such considerations were probably *caviare*, found in the pomp and circumstance of the St John's Wood lists something highly attractive, which they flocked in such crowds to see that the London police had some difficulty in dealing with the assembly. Nor was their appreciation in any way abated by a somewhat severe accident which befell a well-known sportsman, Mr Campbell of Saddell, not in the precise fashion which readers of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' would infer on the authority of Theodore Hook,—

"Who said, when he heard of the feat,
He was somehow knocked out of his
family-seat,"—

for the disaster which incapacitated him from the tiltyard was really a wound in the arm from a splintered lance.

The part sustained by the disabled knight was assumed by another gentleman also distinguished in the hunting-field, Mr Little Gilmour. It was that of a *chevalier inconnu* in black armour, without retainers or esquires, and with no device upon his shield—an idea evidently suggested by the romance of 'Ivanhoe,' and the dramatic introduction of Cœur de Lion in the lists at Ashby.

The mishap, however, was largely commented upon, and probably exaggerated, by the daily press, and gave occasion to a serious remonstrance from the sheriff of Ayrshire, gravely cautioning the Earl of Eglinton that encounters which involved danger to life and limb would not be permitted to take place within his jurisdiction. This letter produced a temperate and apologetic reply from the Lord of the Tournament, explaining the precautions which had been taken against casualties, and assuring the official authority that no greater danger would be incurred than that which it is customary to sustain in the ordinary sports of the field,—a statement which gave a handle to critics for renewed jeers at the pointless lances, blunted swords, and sawdust-covered lists. 'Punch' had not then come into being; but plenty of publications of less refined order of wit ran riot in their sarcasms upon the tournament, its originator, and individual competitors.

The summer of 1839 had been on the whole a fine one, and the early part of the month of August, instead of the proverbial Lammas floods, gave promise of a settled autumn. Towards the end of that month the west of Scotland for

miles around Eglinton Castle was thronged with sight-seers of every degree, realising the picture in Tennant's poem—

"Each hedge-lined highway of the
King, that leads
Or straightly or obliquely to the spot,
Seems, as the Muse looks downwards,
paved with heads
And hats and cowls of those that
bustle hot."

To this very day innumerable stories are current in the reminiscences of septuagenarians, or from hearsay of the talk of their forebears among a younger generation, as to the shifts and misadventures to which individuals among the throng (variously estimated at 80,000 or 200,000 people) who flocked to the spectacle, had to submit, from the deficiency of shelter and means of transit. The railways of the district were yet in an inchoate condition, trucks drawn by horses supplying the place of regular steam-coaches; and sleeping accommodation was at a premium, suggesting the duplicate arrangement of Messrs Box and Cox. Two narratives of personal observation of the scene are in print, one from the pen of the American tourist N. P. Willis, the other a spirited sportsmanlike sketch by Captain Curling, who gives a vivid description of the beauty of the park at Eglinton, as it appeared on the morning of August 28, 1839—with the gaily ornamented galleries (for which some of the Coronation draperies had been requisitioned); the score of pavilions with flaunting banners and gilded pinnacles; and the brightly decorated enclosure, kept by ancient bowmen with targets at their backs.

Alas! just at noonday the welkin became overcast, and rain, increasing in volume every moment, began to descend. After a futile delay in hope of the return of

sunshine, the procession set forth from the castle with sadly diminished splendour. The Queen of Beauty, Lady Seymour (one of the lovely Sheridan sisters), and her attendant ladies had to be conveyed to the lists in carriages, instead of each pacing forth on her palfrey,

"Whose footcloth swept the ground,"

while the "silken rein" was to have been guided by an attendant cavalier. The fair archeresses, too, who were to have formed their guard of honour, were conspicuous by their absence; and the spectators, though generally in ancient costume, were shrouded by a "forest of umbrellas." According to the newspapers, thirty-five knights had been expected to figure in the pageant, but no more than seventeen appear in the official programme, of whom two certainly took no part in the tiltyard. The champions whose retinue added most to the picturesque character of the cavalcade were Lords Glenlyon and Waterford, the former with a strong bodyguard of Athol Highlandmen, the latter with a miscellaneous retinue of masqueraders, a monk, a Turkish hakim (impersonated by Viscount Ingestre), and other volunteers. It was a period of Chartist ebullition, and some of the mob attempted to annoy visitors in the villages. It was reported, says Captain Curling, that one of the knights and a holy friar were thus assailed, but "gave their foes absolution."

By the time that the procession had reached the tilting-ground it was four o'clock in the afternoon, but despite the melancholy state of the skies, a series of encounters continued up to six o'clock, by which time five pairs of combatants had run their three appointed courses. Two exhibitions of swordsmanship

on foot diversified the programme, which was sustained in spite of all the disadvantages with unflinching hardihood, and applauded as heartily as if the weather had smiled on the festival. As it was, the sufferings of the gaily garbed crowd must have been intense, at nightfall especially, whether they availed themselves of the insufficient makeshifts close at hand, or waited for hours for some vehicle of escape. The next day proved even more inclement than its predecessor, and it speaks volumes for the endurance of the Scottish sight-seers that when the third day dawned propitiously, and the procession had the advantage of brilliant sunshine, several thousand people still remained to fill the seats appropriated to spectators. On this day jousting was continued from three o'clock to seven under most favourable conditions, eight pair of competitors broke their appointed tale of lances, and a final *mêlée* with swords produced a combat of great spirit between eight antagonists, culminating in so sharp a set-to between one of the pairs, the Marquess of Waterford and Viscount Alford, that the marshal of the lists, Sir Charles Lamb, had much ado to stop the parry and counter-parry before any actual mischief had taken place. We are told however, that Lord Glenlyon's sword had bent "like a hoop," and another swordsman had his gauntlet cut through to his wrist.

This duel between Lords Alford and Waterford was the culminating scene of a rivalry which had existed from the time when the first-named, being captain of the boats at Eton, the latter with his Irish crew, the Erin-go-bragh, had challenged him to a race, and beaten him: a performance which had led to more than one trial of skill between them subsequently

in various fields of sport—and no doubt either of them would have triumphed had he been able to unhorse the other. An eyewitness relates that in the encounter between Lord Eglinton and the Marquess on the first day, the latter was "twisted round in his saddle," and Lord Glenlyon, in one of the courses, took off with the point of his lance Lord Alford's plumes. Only two instances of competitors being unhorsed are recorded as having occurred, the palm for horsemanship appearing to have been merited by Sir Francis Hopkins, whose management of his steed was the theme of general admiration.

The difficulties of the guests at the castle itself were not a little enhanced by the fact that a large temporary structure, intended for a banquet and ball room, was the work of London artists, who (to quote the 'Scotsman') "displayed much ignorance of our variable climate." Indeed, it may be noted that Mr Pratt, who acted throughout as general *entrepreneur*, gave anything but satisfaction to the Scottish press. On the second day, however, when the downpour of rain forbade any outdoor display, the pavilion must have been rendered watertight, as it was the scene of various mimic tilts, in some of which mops and brooms were substituted for the legitimate weapons of chivalry. More scientific displays were, however, given by others of the party, and in particular Mr Lamb engaged in single combat with swords no less an antagonist than the future Emperor, Louis Napoleon, attired (as Thackeray wrote afterwards in the 'Comic Almanac') "like Mr Pell's friend in 'Pickwick,' in a suit of armour and silk stockings."

The closing discomfiture of the week was a return of heavy rain on Friday night, entirely prevent-

ing a contemplated prolongation of the sport on Saturday. When it was decided to abandon this idea, the Athol Highlanders, at four o'clock in the morning, set out on their journey homewards. One of their officers used to delight to tell how, after reaching the spot where they were to embark in one of the passenger canal-boats in vogue at that day, they exactly filled the cabin in closest order, and in a very short space of time the steam from the saturated tartans produced such an atmosphere that he was fain to prefer being drowned on deck to the suffocation under shelter. *Exit in fumo.* O impotent conclusion: the breaking of some forty lances at a cost of a thousand pounds a course. No wonder that satirists of every degree, from Thackeray to "Judge and Jury" Nicholson, sharpened their wit at the expense of the unlucky Lord of the Tournament. Even in the epilogue to the Westminster Terentian play that year, the boaster Thraso was introduced coming "*Sancti e silvâ Johannis*" to claim the reward of his prowess from his mistress, while Gnatho described how

"Instaurare volunt pugnam de more parentum—
Fit via: ligneum equum ligneus urget eques."

Thais asks—"Quâ ratione? Deus ne ex machinâ?"—and Gnatho replies—

"Ut arbitror adsunt
Vivi a tergo homines; hic labor, hoc opus est."¹

Among these flouts and jeers one of the most remarkable was the

burlesque tournament held in the following year at Wormsley Park in Oxfordshire, the champions being mounted on donkeys and grotesquely caparisoned with sweeps' brushes, &c., &c. This absurdity was of sufficient vogue to form the subject of a lithographic print. Views of the real pageant were published by Corbould in 1840 and Colnaghi in 1843. In the former of these years a large quantity of the armour and dresses used, after being exhibited in London for some months, were sold by auction, and the topic ceased to interest the public.

Yet the whirligig of time brings many revenges. The Earl of Eglinton lived to become a statesman of acknowledged ability, and twice a most popular and successful Viceroy of Ireland, his early experiment in chivalry forgotten, or only alluded to as a curious departure into the imitations of historical pageantry with which, under the able guidance of Mr Planche, Charles Kean and other managers of London theatres began to make the public familiar. It soon became a reproach to a well-educated English gentleman to know nothing of the equipment of the warriors who first made this country admired and dreaded by other nations. Our Tower armoury was placed by-and-by on a better footing, and collections, both public and private, more intelligently warded than in the days when a long flintlock duck-gun was shown as William the Conqueror's fowling-piece, and part of the housings of a war-horse as Guy of Warwick's breast-

¹ "In the wood of St John they seek to renew battles in their ancestors' fashion, thus: a wooden knight bestrides a wooden charger.

"How? A supernatural machine?"

"I think there are men in the background; their labour gives the effect."

plate. It is not probable that a tournament will ever be attempted again on the scale of the passage of arms at Eglinton. The difficulties are too patent to the more accurate knowledge of the present day; but it is very certain that whenever suits of armour or medieval costumes have to be introduced into any public function, the "tinmen tailors" who dictated to those noble and gentle knights who took part in the Eglinton parade would find their patrons less easy to cajole than did some of the purveyors who professed to discover in private armouries suits of Milan steel, "burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and the bars of the vizor of solid gold"—one of which, we are informed, had been worn at the battle of Cressy!

The study of the modes of ancient warfare which was inaugurated at Eglinton in 1839 soon assumed dimensions which rendered impossible the men in brass armour, apparently stolen from old bedsteads, who figured in the Lord Mayor's procession for so many years, or that fancy suit in which tragedians of the days of Garrick and Kemble impersonated Richard III.; while Academicians ceased to produce historical pictures where warriors clad in armour of Charles I.'s time, attended by cross-bowmen instead of archers, flourished sabres, fired petronels, and generally anticipated military fashions of the time. We may not quite have got rid of the old absurdity; but even the supernumeraries who figured in Mr E. T. Smith's tournament at Cremorne would hardly, without protest, have assumed such a head-gear as Louis

Napoleon's helmet—now in the Tower.

There is, of course, the danger that theatrical realism may be carried too far: an amusing instance of this occurred a few years ago, when a distinguished dramatist of the present day ordered the armour for a certain piece to be of solid steel, not lightened by any contrivance, but strictly in accordance with the drawings which he had prepared. The result was that three pairs of two-handed swords, with a reduction each time in their size and solidity, had to be manufactured before the two strong men who were entrusted with the part of royal guards were able to wield them; while the poor heroine found herself unable to lift the skirt of mail she was expected to wear sufficiently high to put it on, and ultimately wore a facsimile in lighter material.

It is possible that pageantry may be, as has been asserted, a relic of barbarism; but those who believe that "the duller ear needs what the faithful eye at once makes clear" see in whatever brings the eidolon of chivalry before the prosaic, stock-exchange, everyday world a deeper mission than the mere gratification of the spectator. The recent ceremony of the installation of the Duke of York as a knight of St Patrick—a spectacle only to be witnessed in the sister isle—set many of those who were privileged to be present thinking that public installations of the English and Scottish orders might be advantageous in bringing before the public eye the associations of the ages of chivalry, which did their part in completing the constitutional edifice of which the present glorious reign is the crown.

THE STORY OF ST PAUL'S.

A DAY or two after this number of 'Maga' is published, the bi-centenary of St Paul's Cathedral will be reached. To be accurate, the 2nd of December of this year is the two-hundredth anniversary of the opening of it for divine service. On that day, 1697, the Cathedral was far from being finished. The builders were then more than ten years off the completion of the cupola, perhaps more than twenty off the erection of the ball and cross. It had not yet entered the mind of Bird to design the Queen Anne group,—the provocation of lunatics and the derision of the wits. Indeed the Cathedral is not completed now. Sir Christopher Wren undoubtedly contemplated the ornamentation of the interior. His design for its decoration no doubt was not so elaborate as that which now has been carried out in a portion of the Cathedral, but it extended to other portions which, it is probably safe to say, will not be ornamented in this generation. But two hundred years ago, on December 2, the choir was opened for a National Thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick; and it is an interesting coincidence that the bi-centenary celebrations of that occasion can be held in a choir completed by Sir William Richmond in a style of decoration which must, sooner or later, be applied to the whole interior. Until now, that could not have been said of the Cathedral in all these two hundred years.

This anniversary claims an interest wider than that of London and Londoners. The Metropolitan Cathedral is the National Cathedral, and always has been. There

was a convention in it that was a prelude to Runnymede. There was thanksgiving in old St Paul's after Agincourt, as there was in new St Paul's after Oudenarde. For several hundreds of years it has been selected as the appropriate place for the expression of the nation's grief or joy and gratitude: in this century there have been three imposing manifestations of such—the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and, freshest in our memories, the Jubilee celebrations of last June. Much of the money spent upon the cathedrals was raised by voluntary or enforced subscriptions throughout the whole kingdom. It is said that in the records still existing of the sale of indulgences on behalf of old St Paul's, there is evidence of money received from every diocese. Bishop Maurice, when it was begun, on the ruins of an older, in the eleventh century, set himself the task of building a church that should be worthy of the capital of the kingdom. Six centuries later, Bishop Compton claimed for its successor, the present Cathedral, that it was "of very public concernment, and the whole nation, in some sort, interested in it, and the glory of the work will redound to the whole nation, to which it will not only be a singular ornament, but likewise a standing monument of the public affection and zeal of this Protestant kingdom to piety and good works." And that sentiment in great measure is applicable to St Paul's in the present day. It may interest the readers of 'Maga,' then, if we briefly sketch the history of the national monument the bi-centen-

ary of which falls to be celebrated in the present month.

The legend of St Paul's is that upon this site there stood once a temple built by the Romans, and dedicated by them to Diana. There may be fact under the legend, but there is no proof of it. Bishop Corbet, however, made excellent use of the tradition in pleading for funds for the Cathedral. "It was once dedicated to Diana, at least part of it," he said; "but the idolatry lasted not long; and see a mystery in the change: St Paul confuting twice the Idol; there, in person, where the cry was 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' and here, by proxy, Paul installed while Diana is thrust out." Bishop Corbet had the quaintest turn imaginable. "One word on behalf of St Paul: he hath spoken many in ours. He hath raised our inward temples: let us help to requite him in his outward." So he wrote, and we shall have occasion to quote him further. If Diana ever was thrust out, however, it was long before St Paul was installed. The first Christian church on the site, and dedicated to the Apostle, was erected in the seventh century, and we know little more about it than that it was burned down in the end of the eleventh century, probably in 1087. There is some reason for believing that it was constructed of wood, or of something more perishable than stone; but cathedrals of stone that took its place did not fare better. Old St Paul's (so called), begun on the ruins of the still older in 1087, "had a great hurt" in 1136 by a dreadful fire that raged from London Bridge to St Clement's Danes. Being restored, it had many more great hurts from the same element. "It hath twice suffered martyrdom," said the witty bishop already

quoted, "and both by fire,—in the twenty-second of Henry VI. and the third of Elizabeth. St Paul complained of stoning twice; his Church of firing. Stoning she wants indeed, and a good stoning would repair her. St Faith holds her up, I confess. O that works were sainted too, to keep her upright!" As will be seen later, plans were actually passed for the restoration of the Cathedral when it was gutted in the Great Fire of 1666.

Many of our readers will be acquainted with the appearance of old St Paul's through prints after Hollar. It was a Gothic building, showing traces of many styles. Begun in 1087, it was doubtless designed on the lines of contemporary Norman churches, with little of a choir, possibly with no choir at all. At the time of the burning in 1136, the building had not gone very far towards completion, and afterwards, as the restoration and the new work dragged on, great alterations were made on the original plan. When the choir, possibly we ought to call it the new choir, was finished in 1240, the change was considered so great that there was a fresh dedication of the Cathedral. There had been a spire for twenty years before that, but the famous spire dated from 1315, when the Cathedral was pronounced complete. There were twelve bays in the nave and twelve in the choir, giving a long and beautiful perspective from the west doorway to the Lady Chapel with its fine wheel-window in the east. The transepts were peculiar, in that they had important entrances in the north and south, and aisles on both the east and the west sides. The chief glory of old St Paul's was its spire, as the dome is of its successor. It was of wood, cov-

ered with lead, and rose from graceful flying buttresses to a height of about 500 feet,—“Paul’s steeple of honour,” as the clown in “Wounds of Civil War” says. Crowning it were a ball of copper gilt and a cross, twice destroyed by lightning, and latterly replaced by a weathercock, representing an eagle, also copper gilt. The several dimensions of the building are variously stated, and we have no account of the cost.

On the south side of old St Paul’s, in the angle made by the south transept and the nave, was the chapter-house, a singularly beautiful octagonal building set in the midst of cloisters. Farther west, on the same side, the parish church of St Gregory nestled (until 1645) against the mother Cathedral. Another parish church, the St Faith’s “which holds her up,” once stood on the east, and served, we are told, “for the stationers and others dwelling in St Paul’s Churchyard, Paternoster Row, &c.” St Faith’s was taken down, and transferred to the crypt, in 1256, at which early date, apparently, there were booksellers in the Row. There were many chapels, some demolished in the course of enlarging and reconstructing the Cathedral, and one, Charnel Chapel, adjoining Canon Alley, pulled down by the Duke of Somerset, who sent the stones west to help in the building of Somerset House in the Strand. The Bishop’s Palace was in the north-west corner; the Deanery, on its present site. In the north-east corner, at the entrance to the churchyard, where the citizens claimed the right to assemble for their folk-motes, stood the famous Paul’s Cross, transformed from the simple churchyard cross into a structure that was London’s pride. Sermons were preached here by the

divines when inclement weather did not drive them and their audiences to the shrouds, or crypt. When Sir Thomas More said that he considered the day when he did not hear Colet preach as a void in his life, he was referring to Colet’s sermons at the Cross when Dean of St Paul’s. Around all these buildings and the churchyard ran a wide enclosing wall from the north of Ave Maria Lane eastwards by the Row to Old Change in Cheap, thence south to Carter Lane, and westwards to Creed Lane and Ludgate Street. This wall, frequently in decay, existed from the beginning of the twelfth century at least, and had six gates in its circuit, the main one being, naturally, the Great West Gate at Ludgate.

Old St Paul’s, standing at the heart of London from Norman times to the Restoration, had the closest associations with our ecclesiastical and civil history; but of these we may not speak. They have found their enthusiastic historian in Dean Milman. The Cathedral’s relation with the civic life of old London, however, is more relevant to the story of the building itself. At the east end of the churchyard, as has been mentioned, the citizens held their folk-motes; they assembled to arms at the west. In both cases they claimed these usages as rights. One of the earliest bishops, “Bishop Norman,” used his favour with the Conqueror to preserve the Londoners in many of their privileges, and for centuries, probably beyond the time of Elizabeth, his tomb in the Cathedral was visited once a-year by the Senate and citizens in procession. Some lines put upon the tomb in the last days of old St Paul’s advised “Walkers, whosoe’er ye be,” that if they chanced to see “upon a

solemn scarlet day, the City Senate pass this way," they were to know that it was to show their gratitude to William the Norman bishop here inhumed. The solemn scarlet day probably was Lord Mayor's day, though scarlet was not always the colour worn then. Paul's Cross had other uses than the preaching of the Gospel. From it demagogues incited the mob, and bishops, in denunciation of Popery or the Reformation, spoke political speeches on Scriptural texts. And it was at the Cross that Royal edicts were published. Contemporary literature, however, is most full of references to the citizens' invasion of the Cathedral itself. In the end of the fourteenth century Bishop Braybroke, having set the house of his own Chapter in order, turned his attention to preserving the Cathedral from desecration. His proclamation on this occasion shows that the building was little less than a public market, especially on festival days, and draws a picture of men, during divine service, bringing down with stones and arrows pigeons and jackdaws nesting in the walls, and breaking the windows at their games at ball. Such abuses do not arise in a day, so that probably old St Paul's never was quite free from the contempt of the citizens' familiarity. In later times the evil became greater. In the works of the Elizabethan dramatists, "Paul's" is a by-word for a resort for gossip-mongers. "Walke in the middle of St Paul's, and gentlemen's teeth walke not faster at ordinaries than these a whole day together about inquiring after news," wrote Green. The middle aisle, Paul's Walke, was the favourite thoroughfare in winter for the gallants and men about town. "Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo," says Fastidious, in "Every Man Out of His Humour,"

in a scene laid by Jonson in the middle aisle, from which we are able to see by inference the rascality that frequented it,—sharks, coxcombs, clowns,—as well as wits and citizens of all degrees. Decker's Hornbook professed to be a guide to the gulls who walked in Paul's. "Your Mediterranean aisle," it says, "is then the only gallery wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complemental gulls are, or ought to be, hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed to pick out such an hour when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance and your exit, not much unlike the players at the theatres; keeping your decorums even in fantasticality." Among the decorums in fantasticality was doing no more than four turns, and at the fifth passing out to some of the semster's shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers. If you were in search of a courtier, you were sure to find him here, "with a tooth-pick in his hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking." Bishop Earle describes the noise of all this as "like that of bees, a strange humming or buzze mixt of walking, tongues and feet." It was, he says, "the general mint of all lies, which are here like the legends of Popery, first coyn'd and stamp't in the Church." Elsewhere in the Cathedral, lawyers met their clients, and masters hired their serving-men, as Falstaff bought Bardolph. In pursuance of all this business, the pillars were covered with advertisements, and the *Si quis* door, Decker says, was "pasted and plastered up with serving-men's supplications." Bishop Pilkington speaks of "the south alley for usage and Popery, the north for simony, and the Horse

Fair in the midst for all kinds of bargains." The last is no exaggeration. "All the diseased horses in a tedious siege cannot show so many fashions as are to be seen for nothing, every day, in Duke Humfrey's walk," Decker says. He and almost all other writers of the time make reference to "the horse that went up"—a performing horse belonging to a vintner in Cheapside named Bankes, who rode it up to the top of St Paul's. There is quite a literature about this horse Marocco, who with his master was ultimately burned for witchcraft, in Rome or Lisbon.

The desecration within was matched by that without. At such times as the wall round the Cathedral was in repair, and the gates were closed at night and opened in the morning, decency was preserved in the churchyard; but frequent proclamations and statutes attest how often it was otherwise. The setting up of a lottery wheel at the west front is not so unusual an occurrence in the history of cathedrals that stress should be laid on it. Evidently, however, a great licence was allowed in building booths and shops against the very walls—the "wall-creepers," as Farley called them. Among the documents relating to St Paul's published by Mr W. Sparrow Simpson is one showing that a baker, who had erected a bakery in this manner, actually had excavated an oven in one of the buttresses.

In its later years, too, old St Paul's suffered from official neglect. By a fire caused by lightning in 1561, and described by Henry Machyn in his Diary, a great part of the roof was burned, and the spire was destroyed. The roof was patched, but the spire never was rebuilt. In the reign of James I. there was a great

deal of talk of restoration, from the king downwards, but little was done. The witty Corbet said some time later: "Should Christ say to us now, which He once said to the Jews, 'Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will build it up again,' we would quickly know His meaning not to be of the material temple. Three years scarce can promote three feet." On the other hand, Laud's heart was entirely in the work, and he subscribed to it liberally. By his efforts a new roof was put upon the nave; the trumpery buildings that had grown up at the west front were taken down to make way for Inigo Jones's beautiful though incongruous portico; and even scaffolding was set for the rebuilding of the spire. Then the Commonwealth supervened. The portico was turned into shops; the scaffolding erected for the restoration of the Cathedral seems to have been assigned to a regiment for a sum for which the Parliament was in arrears to it. The visitor to the present Cathedral is told that the candlesticks on the altar are replicas of those in old St Paul's, which were sold in the Protector's time, and now are in the Church of St Bavon in Ghent. With the Restoration, Fortune's wheel seemed to be turning in favour of old St Paul's. In dedicating his translation of Freart's work to Charles II., John Evelyn speaks of his majesty's "care and preparation for Saint Paul's, by the impiety and iniquity of the late confusions almost dilapidated." Commissioners were appointed, to whom plans for restoration and reconstruction were submitted, which were ultimately approved. But, as Dryden wrote, "since it was profaned by civil war, Heaven thought it fit to

have it purged by fire." The plans were approved on Monday, August 27, 1666; on the Sunday following broke out the Great Fire, which swallowed up St Paul's in its course.

A minor poet of the time speaks of Pity bidding him go to view "the deformed carcass" of which so often he had seen the "beautiful face." That describes graphically the transformation that had come over the Cathedral, and the sentiment of pious Londoners towards it. In spite of neglect it had retained a beautiful face; now roofless walls 80 feet high and a gaunt 200 feet of tower were all that remained—a deformed carcass indeed. The architect whose plans for restoration had been adopted by the Commissioners was Christopher Wren. Wren was not first and always an architect. He was a youth of extraordinary learning and knowledge which seemed more naturally to point out for him other lines of life. As a Fellow of All Souls, he was referred to as "that miracle of youth" by Evelyn, who on another occasion spoke of him as a "rare and early prodigy of universal science." Scientific genius was at the root of all his architectural work. By a happy chance, however, he was already officially installed as architect and surveyor when London was defaced by the Great Fire. Unfortunately, he was not permitted to carry out those plans for the reconstruction of the city whereby it would have been saved the reproach of provincial ugliness with which a clever writer recently entertained the readers of a morning newspaper. In the haste to build roofs over hearths and business undertakings, Ludgate was rushed up at the old angle to the Cathedral site, spoiling for ever the fine approach from

the west; and buildings encroaching upon the churchyard made impossible the realisation of Wren's plan for a cathedral with an imposing and dignified seclusion. Meanwhile Wren, in the midst of an enormous amount of work throughout the city, was preparing plans for a new St Paul's. The Commissioners had come round to his view that reconstruction was out of the question, and that rebuilding was necessary. About two years after the fire, he submitted what is known in the history of the building as his second design. His first was that for restoration, adopted previously to 1666, as already mentioned. This second design is in the form of a Greek cross, and in the Corinthian Style: the curious can see a model of it, which is back in the keeping of St Paul's after having been exhibited for a time in South Kensington. In it the choir was circular, and there were no naves or aisles,—to all which the Chapter made objection, as being too great a departure from the cathedral form. A year or two later Wren, who, however, seems to have looked back to the earlier as to his first love, submitted another design more in accordance with their views, and it was approved by Charles, and the order issued for its execution on May 14, 1675. This was the design for the present St Paul's, but the present St Paul's does not accord with it quite closely. There was the great dome, of course: how essential that feature was in Wren's mind is seen in the fact that "a dome in the middle, after a good Roman manner," occurs in his scheme for the reconstruction of old St Paul's before the Great Fire. But as the building proceeded Wren was given or took the liberty of making great

changes upon the original design—all for the better, as is admitted. Many of the modifications were in method of construction rather than in design. His scientific principles of construction are the marvels of the work. Mr William Longman points out that his principle for supporting the dome does not seem to have been known in Europe, and was peculiar to India; and that in the plan of building St Stephen's Walbrook, he adopted still another Indian principle. He was, as Evelyn said, "a prodigy of universal science." It is a remarkable fact that he never saw St Peter's. There were, however, great changes in design as well, not all of his own seeking. The unusual side-chapels in the west, it is said, were added by the commands of the Duke of York and his party, who in these oratories were anticipating a revival of Popery.

In 1674 the new foundations were being proceeded with. The first stone of the Cathedral was laid at the south-east corner on June 21, 1675—apparently without ceremony. Advantage was taken of an opener space on the north side of the churchyard to incline the middle line of the building a point to the north-east. The deviation of the Cathedral from the line of Ludgate is thus accentuated. Wren built upon the brick earth, having a theory that in his borings he had found between it and the London Clay a hard sea-beach. At the last point, the north-east corner, this foundation failed him. The angle of the building fell upon a pit emptied of pot-earth previously by the potters. It was suggested to him that he should pile, but he built solid masonry and low arches upon the clay, saying that piles in sand would rot in time, and

that his endeavours were to build for eternity. The researches of modern geologists, however, show that he was more nearly building for time than he imagined. The sand layers which he took to be marine are, it seems, fresh-water formations, and the danger of sifting is so real that some years ago, when a deep sewer was being constructed on the south side of St Paul's, the work was stopped at the urgent request of the architect to the Cathedral. The visitor can see for himself that the walls have settled considerably, in the north transept, for example; and recent changes at the south transept window have discovered the fact that, through the setting of the walls, there the low arch has borne down upon the iron framework of the window, and bulged it considerably.

The work proceeded first in the choir, which was ready for the roof in the summer of 1688. The piers for supporting the cupola had been erected by that time, and in 1686 the old west end was pulled down and work began on the nave. On December 2, 1697, as has been mentioned, the choir was opened for divine service. In 1710 Wren's son laid the last stone; after which at different times came the ball and cross and the various sculptured works. The present ball and cross took the place of the old in 1821. We need not dwell upon the persecutions which Wren suffered in the course of the work, or upon the presumptuous folly which ultimately dismissed him from his office. His salary, which was grudged him, as architect of St Paul's was £200 a year—a small part, we believe, of Sir William Richmond's retaining fee in connection with the present interior decorations. Times change. But the treatment of

genius remains the same, as the history of Alfred Stevens and St Paul's shows. Perhaps the wonder is, not how easily a genius is unappreciated in his lifetime, but how easily he is discovered when he is dead.

It is impossible to tell the story of St Paul's at this moment without referring to the decoration of the interior being carried on by Sir William B. Richmond, R.A. Sir Christopher Wren, as has been said, certainly included in his design the ornamentation of the inside of the Cathedral. We know several of his intentions which were never carried out—the magnificent baldachino for the choir which he designed, for example. As to his designs for decoration proper, however, our ideas rest mainly upon inference. Painting in the dome he certainly meditated. It has been pointed out that in the engraving of William Emmett, the spandrels are filled with designs. Emmett's engraving was made in 1702, therefore in Wren's lifetime; and to bear out the conclusion to be drawn therefrom, there is the fact that the spandrels are of a stone softer and more suited for decoration than the Portland of which most of the Cathedral is built. The appropriate ornamentation for a building of the vast character of St Paul's is mosaic. Apart from the statement made in the "Parentalia," it is possible to argue from several indications that mosaic decoration was clearly in Wren's mind. To take perhaps the most practical, the saucer domes are constructed of small red bricks, specially suited for mosaic work. It is to be remarked on the other hand that the masonry contains much square moulding, and has not the flowing lines to be found in those buildings where mosaic decoration has been successfully

carried out by the architect, or at any rate in accordance with his original design.

St Paul's, as Wren left it, may be said to have contained of decorative work the magnificent carvings from choir to library of Grinling Gibbons, the equally fine ironwork of Tijou, whose gates, originally cutting off the choir, are now part of the Golden Gates of the sanctuary, and Sir James Thornhill's paintings in the dome, placed there against Wren's wish. From time to time since his death there have been attempts, or plans for attempts, to finish the interior, more or less in accordance with the intentions generally ascribed to him. In 1773, Sir Joshua Reynolds and other five members of the young Royal Academy—Barry, Dance, West, Capriani, and Angelica Kaufmann—made an offer of their gratuitous services, which was not accepted. In 1853, Mr Parris restored Thornhill's pictures. Shortly after that, the space under the dome came to be used for public worship, and this led to a revival of the solicitude for the beautifying of the service and of the building in which it was held. At the time, Alfred Stevens was engaged in finding a full expression for his great genius in a monument to the Duke of Wellington, to be placed under one of the arches in the Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter commissioned him to design a mosaic for one of the spandrels in the dome, and the Isaiah was the result. A commission was also given to Mr G. F. Watts, whose St Matthew and St John have since been executed, with the St Mark and St Luke of Mr Britton, and the Jeremiah, Joel, and Daniel of Stevens, who left sketches for them. Stevens, indeed, had worked out a decorative scheme for the whole

dome area, and it was on the lines of it that Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Edward Poynter, and others prepared the models and designs which linger in the by-paths of the Cathedral still. About the time of Stevens's first commission, too, the introduction of Munich glass was decided upon.

The present decorative work began in 1891, when Sir W. B. Richmond entered into an arrangement to supply designs for the scheme of mosaic which the Decoration Committee adopted on his recommendation. The wisdom of its adoption has given rise to angry controversy—all the more angry because the adoption is final. By its very nature, the work already done determines what shall be done in the future. We do not refer, of course, to the scope of the symbolism or to the subject-matter of the designs, which need be governed only by the limitations of taste. There is room, too, for great freedom of style. But we can see no result but artistic incongruity if the nave and dome and transepts are not executed in mosaic, so long as the choir—the portion finished—remains as it is; and to restore the choir to its old condition, if that were desired, is almost an impossibility. Mural paintings can be blotted out, canvases stripped, Salviati mosaic used as a surface for a fresh start. The expenditure of a little whitewash and a little labour will leave the walls a fair page for any new prophet of design to make his heroic marks upon. But the mosaic in which Sir William Richmond is working cannot be removed without a violence that will spoil the original planes, and cannot offer a surface upon which to work anew. Thus when some critics speak of the spoiling of St Paul's, they speak with bitterness, because the

spoiling (as they conceive it to be) is for all time.

Seeing that the method of mosaic work in the choir, which almost necessarily must be extended to the whole, is the stumbling-block to certain critics (who urge, not unreasonably, that the interior stonework makes it incongruous), and that it is to all intents a new method of decoration in England, it may be well to describe it briefly. That this mosaic is a material, the possibilities and limitations and inherent qualities of which had to be discovered by Sir William Richmond for himself for this work, and in the manufacture and execution of which he had to train himself and his English workmen from the ground, does not add one grain of artistic value or rightness to its use in St Paul's; but it certainly gives its use a special interest. The Salviati mosaic, in which the Evangelists and the Greater Prophets in the spandrels of the dome already referred to are executed, is the imitation of a painting in the medium of glass, which is built up in a workshop and then fixed in its position in the decorative scheme. In the method to which Sir William Richmond has reverted, on the other hand, the mosaic is built up on the wall itself. The wall-surface is prepared to receive a layer of cement—the bed of the tesserae, or cubes of glass. This cement remains in a pliant state for some hours, during which the workmen press the cubes home into it in accordance with the design which they are following. Each workman covers with the cement a small area equal to his day's darg of following the design, and when he returns next morning this has set hard. So tight becomes the grip of the mosaic, that to remove it after a short time it is necessary to chip it with

great violence, and as often as not it brings away the brick with it. The tesserae thus bedded are narrow cubes of glass about the length of the joint of the little finger, made in a great variety of colours. This is the normal shape and size,—for they are not fashioned in moulds, but are nipped off the piece irregularly by the workman as he goes along. In the case of gold, a variety of shade is obtained by surfacing the leaf with glass films of different colours. The designs prepared for the workmen are sometimes drawn by Sir William Richmond in the Cathedral itself; those for the quarter-domes, where the work is now proceeding, were done in the positions which they are to occupy in mosaic. From the design the workman makes a tracing, and, placing this upon the cement when pliant, punctures his guiding lines. Thus, so far as method can procure it, a relevance between the design and the position it is to occupy is attained; the mosaic can be built up under the direction of the artist viewing it from the standpoint which determines the effect aimed at, and he can modify the execution as it goes on,—the contrast and harmony of colour, the openness or tightness of the setting of the cubes in relation to the tones required, the angle of the broken surfaces to the incidence of light; and at the same time there enter into the execution at every step the individuality of the workman and the happy qualities of accident.

In this scheme of decoration now carried out to completion in the choir (without the aisles), of course the window glass, or most of it, plays an important part. It has been mentioned that in 1863 the introduction of Munich glass was determined upon, after the surveyor had visited Glasgow

and had reported on the glass in the windows of the cathedral there. The windows put in the apse at that time have been removed now to make way for others of Sir William Richmond's design, and placed in the transept, where it can be seen how wasted they have become, as the Glasgow windows notoriously are. The centre one of the three new windows in the apse might be said to consist of three windows, for the artist has twice backed up the original glass, so careful is he exactly to attain the harmony of colour and the melting light required by the mosaic. If it be said that greater skill would have been shown had a window been designed meeting the requirements from the first, the retort is at hand that the novelty of the mosaic material and of the conditions would have justified any one but a genuine artist in being content to leave well alone in the glass. In the case of the clerestory windows, the danger was that the light that had to flood them to quicken the mosaic would dazzle the eye of the spectator viewing the roof from the Cathedral floor. To avoid this, these windows have been heavily leaded, with the result that while the light pours through them in full volume (so far as there is a full volume of light at St Paul's—a consideration affecting the decorative scheme at every point), they present in profile a subdued mass to the eye beneath. Lest any one should keep these brief notes of the decorations in mind as a guide in visiting the Cathedral, it may be pointed out that in the heavy square panels of the roof, the bosses have been picked out with gesso to give them relief; and that the greyness of the plane surfaces which he may observe from the floor of the choir (though that is

doubtful) is got by the working of subtle patterns upon them.

We have no space for description of the subject-matter of the designs, which, after all, is a secondary consideration, except in so much as the question may be raised how far it is properly intelligible at the great distance of the spectator. A more common criticism of the work than that there is incongruity in having such mosaic at all in St Paul's, is the other that Sir William Richmond is designing it on too small a scale and in too grey a manner. That is how it strikes us. His carefully calculated methods in the roof seem to be too subtle to have full effect below the level, say, of the panels under the clerestory windows. Possibly Sir William Richmond himself feels this, for, as the work proceeds, there is an increasing breadth in the designs. The effect is being reached by simpler roads. This is partly due, no

doubt, to a greater command of the material, some forty different tints of glass now doing the work that over a hundred and fifty did at the beginning. The work now being executed in the quarter-domes is greatly freer, and cruder to the eye close to it, than any in the choir. There, it has to be remembered, the artist always had to contend with the necessity of conveying a sense of loftiness to the roof, which he has sought to do by the mossy effects in the domes. Then, again, in certain weather conditions one is weighted with the sense of an overloading of ornament. But however there may be differences of opinion about the work done, as there are differences of taste as to the manner in which it ought to be done, the promise it gives of a decorated interior removes a reproach against us of nearly two hundred years' standing in connection with our National Cathedral.

THE FUTURE OF OUR N.W. FRONTIER.

AN opportunity now offers such as may never again present itself of increasing the security of our Indian frontier on the west, where alone it can be easily threatened, and of putting our relations with the semi-independent tribes on that frontier on a more satisfactory basis than heretofore.

There is no doubt that the recent outbreak of the tribes has been due to a wave of fanaticism—induced, perhaps, by distorted accounts of the recent Turkish victories over the Infidel; but whatever may have been the cause, the tribes have wantonly attacked us, all past obligations and compacts are at an end, and we are at liberty now to make the security of our frontier and the health of our garrisons on that frontier our first consideration. Hitherto the independence of the tribes has been respected, greatly to our own detriment, as the ghastly sum-total of deaths and invaliding amongst the troops at Peshawur since we occupied it alone would testify; and if there is any interference with their independence hereafter, they have only themselves to blame. The decision as to the frontier policy of the future must soon be made, and it may be useful to such of the general public as may not be well acquainted with the subject, but whose opinion will nevertheless influence the decision, to lay before them a slight sketch of the present frontiers of India, of the policy which has been pursued on the north-west frontier hitherto, and of the considerations which should govern that policy in the future.

It may first be pointed out that the portion of the frontier from the Indus southwards to Beloochistan, which is now giving

trouble, is our weak point. From this quarter alone invasion has come in the past, and need be feared in the future. Our neighbour on the east is China, which shows no signs of awakening. The whole line of the northern frontier from the east to the Indus on the west is secure; the mountain-ranges, that here, as on the eastern and western sides, wall in the country, are in our hands, and the passes through them lead only on to the desolate highlands of Thibet, whence no invasion need at present be calculated upon. The people along this northern frontier are profoundly peaceable and industrious, cultivating their hills to the utmost limits that nature will permit. At frequent intervals are military stations and summer camps, affording the incalculable benefit of a healthy climate to many thousands of British soldiers who would otherwise be wasting in the heat, the cholera epidemics, and fevers of the plains. All this portion of the frontier of India is "ideal," and it is only when we cross the Indus to the west that we find the border mountains pierced by passes practicable at all seasons of the year, inhabited by tribes consistently hostile to us, and our frontier subjected to constant raids and alarms. This portion of the frontier became ours after the annexation of the Punjab, and, with the exception of the lately acquired Malakand position, skirts the base of the mountains southwards to Beloochistan. Across this border the hills are occupied by a series of tribes, the relics of successive tides of invasion, warlike, and looking upon the plunder of the plains beneath them and of

the traders who venture to use their passes as their birthright. They have been held in check hitherto by bodies of special troops kept always in readiness for immediate movement, and these have not suffered from want of occupation.

Beyond this real frontier, a farther frontier—a “sphere of influence”—such as is the fashion in these days, has been marked out between ourselves and the Ameer of Afghanistan. The two border-lines, however, enclose a mere strip of hill, in no place more than thirty miles in width except to the north, where it stretches away beyond Chitral almost into contact with the Russian boundary on the Pamirs and to the south in Beloochistan, where the tribes are under control. Happily the northern portion of the delimited sphere has been made secure from foreign influence by the control that we have obtained over the rulers of Cashmere and Chitral; it is only the narrow strip of hills to the southwards that we have to deal with, so the vista is not interminable.

The frontier policy of the past, which was initiated when we succeeded to the heritage of the Sikhs, was one of absolute abstention from interference with the tribes across the border so far as they themselves would permit. If they remained quiet, our border garrisons stood fast. The tribesmen were dealt with both generously and considerately. They were paid subsidies to keep the passes open for trade, those that chose to cross our borders were given frequently lands and protection, service in our army was laid freely open to them, and without let or hindrance they came to seek employment amongst our people. When they gave trouble, due allowance was always made for

their traditions of plunder. Only when goaded by some inexcusable outrage was a force marched into their valleys to punish them. By all possible means we tried to keep the peace and to conciliate our neighbours; but notwithstanding, since 1852 we have been compelled to send no less than forty military expeditions, some on a large scale, across the border. This policy may have been reasonable in days past, though the economy of it seems open to question, but events have marched within the last few years, and new factors in the problem force us to consider whether such a policy will be possible in the future.

We are at peace with the world and hope to remain so; but beyond this mountain-range, pierced with easy passes, which have been freely used by invaders in times past, and of which the keys are in the hands of tribes openly hostile to us, lies a great military nation with a passion for expansion. European garrisons within striking distance, and with means of unlimited and rapid reinforcement from the west, a railway running “into the air” towards India, force upon us misgivings as to the custody of the passes. It may be urged that the tribes would equally resist an invader of their hills from any quarter, but why should they? They cannot love us, for we have debarred them from their traditional raiding of the lowlands. Our punitive expeditions in retaliation for outrages, burning their villages and destroying their crops, must have seemed to them simply “spiteful.” The northern invader would in all probability fall in with their humours, and they would descend with him to the pillage of the plains of India.

Another consideration which seems overpowering—for invasion may never come, and it might

otherwise be a possible, though hardly a conceivable, policy to take the chance for the sake of economy—is the probability of the border tribes being armed and influenced from the outside. It was a most gratuitous piece of good fortune that brought to light the doings of certain “travellers” in the Hunza country to the north of Kashmir, for it led directly up to the expedition to Chitral. But for that expedition, rather probably than possibly, there would have been a foreign “traveller” seated in Chitral, and streams of rifles trickling down the frontier to the south. Foreign arms and money were actually found in the neighbouring Hunza country, so this is no fancy picture.

There can be no doubt that commercial enterprise *will* introduce modern weapons wherever there is a demand. And we have to face the question of holding the present frontier at the base of the hills, under the altered circumstances of the turbulent tribes being as well armed as ourselves and conceivably initiated and directed by adventurous “travellers.” The pursuit of mountaineers armed with repeating-rifles into a country of such a character as theirs would be unprofitable. Our losses would exceed any punishment that could be inflicted. It would be necessary to have recourse to the rather Chinese expedient of a wall of forts studded along the frontier—the cost of which would be enormous and the efficacy more than doubtful. If, as a recent writer lays down, this is a “financial” question alone—if a policy that would involve control of the clans and the safeguarding of the passes is financially impossible—the retention of the old frontier is equally so. The tribes *will* become well armed—already they are too well supplied with modern rifles—and

their hills will be unassailable. The only alternative left, then, is a retreat behind the Indus. For an empire that is built on “credit,” this would have the effect of the gravest military disaster—and nothing but an enormously increased European army, sufficient to hold down the country by force, could compensate for the loss of prestige.

It seems inevitable that we must set before ourselves the task of gaining over the tribes up to the delimited frontier. There need be no hasty rushing into annexation, if annexation should indeed ever be necessary. It would accord neither with our feelings nor our interests to introduce the civilising process of the Caucasus, “to make a desert and call it peace.” The tribes are very necessary to us as guardians of the passes; but they must be brought to hold them for us, not against us. Looking at the extent of country involved, although it is no doubt difficult and rugged, the work to be done is not so very great. Already many tribes wish for our protection. The people of one valley, the Kuram, have voluntarily placed themselves under our protection. The people of Swat, although they have since attacked us, begged us to come amongst them; and their change of feeling is probably due only to the suggestion that our power was waning. There are the tribes that harry and the tribes that live in constant dread, and there are probably more people in these hills who at heart would welcome us than oppose us. It does not look at present as if this were so; but the tribesmen have been deluded by fanatical priests. If they were told that we were weak, and were going away, those friendly to us would not be likely to make any

move in our favour. The Khyber Rifles, raised from amongst the Afridis, perhaps the most powerful and warlike clan on the border, joined us in an expedition across another portion of the border some years ago, and during the present rising of their clan they have to a great extent remained faithful. Soldiers in our native army belonging to tribes now in arms against us have almost to a man returned from leave to their regiments *since* the outbreak of hostilities. The people are clearly not irreclaimable.

The first step towards a happier state of affairs is one that is now being taken—to make the tribesmen aware that we can subdue them if we wish. No half-hearted submissions from people who have attacked us without cause should be accepted. They should be compelled to give up all the modern weapons that alone make them formidable—no mere surrender of their more useless arms should suffice. Measures for the future will, no doubt, be suggested by the experienced frontier officers; but the general tendency of these, it is to be hoped, will be in the direction of a closer contact and some control over the tribes within the delimited boundary. Those that wished for protection might be assured of it. To overcome the unruly tribes, it might be necessary to choose some sites on the hills, within easy reach of the plains, commanding the country round. These would necessarily be fortified at first, if only to secure due rest for the troops; but they should be looked upon rather as standing camps than as fortresses, and should contain garrisons sufficient to act without reinforcement in case of disturbance, and strong enough to

resist the attack of any combination of tribesmen. There might be trouble at first, and the tribes might knock their heads against these posts, as at Malakand recently; but the advantages would all be on our side, and they would soon desist from such enterprises. It may reasonably be hoped that in course of time a closer contact with us, the gain to be realised from the presence of large bodies of troops, encouragement and conciliation of their local councils and chiefs, would break down hostility, as has been the case elsewhere. This would lead up to complete disarmament, and to the enrolment of tribal levies, armed and organised by our officers, but left otherwise entirely under their tribal government. The passes would then be safeguarded by trained troops in our interests, and the people defended from the tribes beyond our sphere of influence. The permanent stations on the hills bordering our present frontier would give us the much-needed summer stations for the British troops now quartered in the deadly climate of the low ground.

No doubt these measures would cost money at first; but when frontier raids and military punitive expeditions had become a matter of past history, the expenditure would be fully repaid, and we might confidently look forward to a peaceful and secure frontier,—the passes held in our interests; the mountains, instead of being a mere screen favouring only the attack, a real bulwark, whence an invader would only emerge shattered by collision with the levies. Peace would reign on this portion of our frontier as on others; and the native name of these hills, “Yaghistan,” or the “land of misrule,” would no longer be applicable.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK AND THE FAR EAST.

A GENERATION has passed since the veteran who has just died at the great age of eighty-eight retired from official life. His name recalls a period which is practically forgotten by men now living, and which is separated by a very wide gulf from the actualities of to-day. The deceased statesman, for he is surely entitled to be so called, played a part in the history of his own time worthy of the best traditions of Englishmen. Among those who have successively represented Great Britain in the Far East there is no name greater than, and only one as great as, that of Rutherford Alcock, who shares with Sir Harry Parkes alone the proud pre-eminence as man of action to which no other name on the roll has approached. Nor, taking men as we find them, with all their imperfections on their head, and having regard to the trend of public life, is it likely that we shall soon look upon his like again. Indeed it is obvious that the circumstances of our time forbid emulation of the exploits on which the deceased Minister's fame chiefly rests. Such a change in circumstances had in fact already overtaken him before the close of his active life, dividing his public character into two unequal parts, and rendering his earlier experiences obsolete as guides to his later action. It is not the least instructive feature in the record of Sir R. Alcock that his service in the Far East lasted through one entire dispensation and well into another. Exemplifying in his own person the mutations of statecraft and the caprices of policy, he stands like a tide-pole marking the high-water

level of British prestige in the East, and if not quite its low-water level, at least the perceptible beginning of the ebb.

Sir R. Alcock was among the first batch of consuls appointed to China under the treaty of Nanking, which was signed in 1842. He reached his post in 1844. It was a most interesting juncture, just after the first war and the settling of our international relations on a basis of "perpetual peace and amity." Up to the time of the war Great Britain had no relations whatever with China. Only a few merchants who followed in the wake of the East India Company were tolerated at Canton on conditions as humiliating as those endured by the Dutch for two hundred years at Nagasaki in Japan. The war broke this galling thralldom, and a new heaven and a new earth were revealed to us and to the world by the famous treaty. Five ports were thrown open to trade and residence, a customs tariff was settled. The Great Wall of China was at last breached. The hopes of merchants, manufacturers, and philanthropists rose high; nothing was known, therefore everything was expected. Never was there a more pregnant epoch in foreign relations with China; and the circumstances of the time were calculated to stimulate the enthusiasm of those who were charged with the realisation of the hopes which were built on the inauguration of the new era. Under the influence of this enthusiasm Lieutenant Wade threw up his commission in the 98th, and betook himself to the study of Chinese — whereby hangs a tale.

Sir Thomas Wade retired from the post of British Minister in Peking in 1882, having succeeded Sir R. Alcock and being succeeded by Sir Harry Parkes, three names around which the whole web of British relations with China for fifty years has been woven.

That these great expectations were not realised we now know only too well. And yet, if we set aside all that was exaggerated in those sanguine anticipations, our commercial progress in China, which was what we had fought for, has not been so contemptible after all. It is true that further wars were needed to realise this; but when we contrast the one half-open port of Canton and its handful of merchant-prisoners with the twenty or more now fully open on the coast and the Great River in the interior, with the freedom of travel throughout the empire, with the civilised comforts of the foreign colonies, living in peace and security even under the Dragon flag, we must in candour confess that though things might have been very much better they might also have been worse. Of course, if we look at the failures, the might-have-beens rise like a cloud to obscure the successes. And it is the thought of what might yet be that makes our pioneers of progress strain at the leash.

It is useful to remind ourselves of the cause of the failures of fifty years of quasi-diplomatic intercourse with China, that we may do justice to the various individuals concerned, as well as get a clearer comprehension of where we stand to-day. On our part we relied on the treaty we had made, without suspecting that there was a complete misunderstanding between the parties—a misunder-

standing which has never to this day been removed. In Chinese eyes there neither was, nor could be, any such thing as a treaty between equals. For them it was merely a strange device, of which they availed themselves, to get our claws off their haunches—the indemnity or ransom such as in these days might be demanded by Riffian pirates. That it was never ratified by the Throne seems but a detail, for the Emperor's ratification would probably have made no difference in the event. The treaty was a document to be appraised only by Captain Cuttle's formula, that the bearings of it lay in its application. In this it resembled the so-called treaties with African chiefs, by which without intending anything of the kind they give away their country, or some one else's country, but which to the Europeans serve as pretexts for occupation. The Chinese central Government ignored—really was never informed of—the transaction, and the coast officials observed it only so far as they were compelled, or conceived they were compelled. Whether by open violation or ingenious evasion, their natural purpose—a purpose so natural that they probably did not put it into the form of a thought—was to reduce the treaty to nullity and to treat the foreigners with as much contumely as they could be got to bear. The idea of keeping faith never entered into their head, for were we not worse than heretics—brigands, and barbarians at that, whom the Ancients had said could only be ruled by misrule? And so it was that we set out with a colossal misunderstanding, which never has been, and probably never will be, removed. For with the added knowledge and rough experience of fifty years we are as incorrigible in our view as the Chinese are in

theirs. Neither party possesses enough free imagination to place itself in the other's shoes. They neither comprehend each other's motives nor each other's dialect. Words may be translated, and ideas reproduced to the formal satisfaction of the intellect, but that is all superficial. The counters may be the same, but they stand for different values, and represent coin of different metals to the respective players in the game.

Granted, then, this treaty, which one party, the author of it, intended to be fulfilled to the letter, as if it were the lease of a house drawn up in Lincoln's Inn, and the other regarded as a mere *ruse de guerre*, the collisions which were inevitable would depend for their severity very much on the character of the agents, on both sides, who represented the contracting parties. On the Chinese side the position was at least free from ambiguity. They had merely to resist, like Wellington at Torres Vedras. On the British side the position in itself was also as clear as a summer morning in London before the smoke and haze of noon-day have obscured the architecture. We had on paper committed the Chinese to a programme which they did not understand, and could not follow out intelligently even if they would. But as we had forced the harness on them, we had also to force them to draw the cart. There was no middle course. We had to beat or be beaten. Obviously, then, a happy issue depended on the perspicacity and resolution of the Englishmen intrusted with the execution of the treaty. Hence the personality of the pioneer consuls was a supremely important factor in the question. They were taking the first steps in the morning snow,

and in their footprints their successors would have to tread. Every act of theirs was to be a precedent, while they had no precedents to guide them. They were laying the foundations of future policy,—peace, progress, and prosperity all depending on their stones being well and truly laid.

Of Mr Alcock it may be said without the least reservation that he rose to the occasion, and in a very short time became known as "the ablest of our consuls." It was fortunate for himself, for his country, and for China that he soon found opportunities of proving his mettle, and by his combined lucidity and vigour establishing international relations within his own sphere on a footing of lasting peace. His first experience was at Amoy, where he acted for a short time,—long enough, however, to leave his mark on the relations between foreigners and natives there, which has never been wholly effaced. But his proper post was Foochow, where he officiated during the years 1845 and 1846. Soldiers and people had been very turbulent there. Incited by the evil example of unpunished offences at the original focus of anti-foreign feeling, Canton, the Foochow mob had entered on the same course of outrage on the persons and property of Englishmen there. The new consul resolved to stamp this out, and promptly he did it, obtaining not only the corporal punishment of the ringleaders, but a pecuniary indemnity from the provincial Government. The result has been amicable relations at Foochow for fifty years.

A still more conspicuous display of vigour was called for a couple of years later during Mr Alcock's consulate at Shanghai. A murderous attack had been made on three

ambulant missionaries, Medhurst, Lockhart, and Muirhead (the last named still bearing his colours aloft in that same old mission-field), at a place within twenty miles of the city of Shanghai. Punishment of the criminals, promptly demanded by the consul, was of course refused by the Chinese authorities. But they had to deal with a man who meant what he said, and the result was that the most strenuous as well as the most decisive battle ever waged between British officials and Mandarindom was fought out inch by inch on that occasion. It lasted three weeks. The Chinese flattered themselves they had only to draw on their inexhaustible stock of evasion and non-responsibility and the affair would end in smoke. So indeed it would have done had it happened in our day, or at another place where British interests were in feebler hands. When reason had been exhausted, the consul had to play a bolder game. He intimated to the Chinese authorities that no duties would be paid on any British ship or merchandise, and that not one of the fleet of 1400 junks ready loaded with grain for the capital would be permitted to leave the port until full redress was granted. To support these menaces, Mr Alcock had a couple of those ancient brigs, some specimens of which were exhibited at the Jubilee review, but there was a loyal man in command, Captain Pitman, who was prepared to back the consul to all extremities. The mandarins fumed, threatened the truculent consul with the vengeance of the populace à la Canton, and attempted even to break the blockade; but a word from Captain Pitman was as effective in arresting the junk-masters as the raised hand of a London policeman the traffic in Cheapside. It was an

"effective blockade." Eventually the unprecedented step was taken of submitting the whole case to the Viceroy at Nanking. This necessitated the visit of an English ship of war to that port, and H.M.S. *Espiègle* was sent with Vice-Consul Robertson and Interpreter Parkes on board. The whole demands of the consul were conceded, criminals punished, after due identification, officials reprimanded, and the blockade, which had lasted fifteen days, was raised.

This interesting and instructive episode is very clearly related by Mr Stanley Lane-Poole in his *Life of Sir Harry Parkes*, and it was also luminously expounded ten years after the event by De Quincey in a brochure entitled "*China*." From that day to this there has been no spot on the earth's surface where Englishmen have pursued their business and pleasure in greater security than in and around Shanghai, which also has been the experience of every part of China where the Chinese officials have been held to their responsibilities. And it is important to mark this, because at Canton, where the contrary proceeding prevailed, outrages and insults accumulated until a second war became necessary to redress them.

It detracts nothing from the praise due to Consul Alcock to give the due meed of credit to the efficiency of the instrument without which he would have been helpless both in Foochow and Shanghai. He himself acknowledged in the handsomest way the services rendered on both occasions by the youthful Interpreter Parkes, who was sixteen at Foochow, and twenty at Shanghai and Nanking. Lord Palmerston, too, specially commended the "able and judicious" conduct of that promising young man.

way to Peking to obtain the Emperor's—a remarkable inversion of the relative importance of the two formalities—when he found the entrance to the Peiho barred by the reconstructed Taku forts, in attempting to force which a real disaster befell the escorting squadron. Treachery? If the word affords us any satisfaction, why, yes. The act belonged to the same moral genus as the "rebellion" of an African chief whose country has been half filibustered. In all these cases we never get the "dog's version," as Sydney Smith said, and it is an enormous loss to us as conquerors and rulers of a hundred races to have to be constantly passing judgment in our own favour without a word from the other side. From the Chinese point of view the blocking of the Peiho against the return of the English was the most natural, though it proved the most short-sighted, thing they could have done. It was a dictate of self-preservation, a move on the board which lost them the game. Fools no doubt the Chinese were, but they had not suddenly changed their nature by painting a hieroglyph on a piece of foreign parchment.

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Yet the Minister and his Chinese Secretary, Wade, were not idle; they had enough to do in merely finding out how things could be done. A bureau of foreign affairs was extemporised, the chief merit of which was that it had among its members one or two good men, Manchus, who, with all their shortcomings, possess gentlemanly instincts in which the Chinese do not share. They were interesting pupils, and Englishmen are always ready to teach, so that there was a good deal of pleasant platonic intercourse between them in the early years of the Legation.

Some important questions, however, had to be dealt with by the British Minister in those years, connected with the Taiping rebellion. One was the Lay-Osborn flotilla equipped in England under a doubtful order of the Chinese Government, which had to be broken up for the same reason that caused the collapse of the Chinese fleet in 1894, and, to come closer to our own day, the recent failure of certain financial syndicates—namely, the refusal of the Government to place authority in the hands of a foreigner. The

with the Customs. The irregular practice had this evil consequence among others, that it gave the less an advantage over the more scrupulous. The proceedings of the merchants were condemned by Consul Alcock, "who called their harmless arts a crime." He indicted homilies against the "smugglers," and wearied the Foreign Office with diatribes against his erring countrymen. But he had no fulcrum for his lever, for the Chinese officials for whom he was ostensibly fighting were mere Gallios, caring for none of these things. Had he succeeded in making British merchants pay the tariff dues to the last farthing, it would have made their trade impossible or compelled them to place their business in the hands of some other national. Even in cases where the consul succeeded in reaching, through the Foreign Office, the conscience of senior partners in London, and got them to declare that as for them and their house no evasions of duty were tolerated, what was to hinder their juniors in China from charging full duties in their partnership ledgers and yet "smuggling," all the more perhaps that the whole gain would then go into their particular pocket? In short, Mr Alcock had plunged into a quixotic bog.

But Providence came to his aid in the most unexpected way. With the disappearance of the local government there was no one left to collect any duties in Shanghai, and yet trade went on without interruption. It might have looked for a moment as if the bird had escaped the fowler, but it needed an old bird to escape such a keen sportsman as that. The rule was, and is, that ships arriving had to deposit their "papers" with the consul and re-

ceive them back on clearing. Here, then, was the pull he had over them, which he might strain to an arbitrary use if he chose. Consul Alcock did choose. He in fact refused clearance to British ships till certified that full duties had been paid on their cargo, in and out. But there is nobody to receive them! Then I will receive them, said the consul. In actual fact this extra-legal proceeding caused but little friction, because, being a masterful man, and representing the Power to whom the lead in all things was then cheerfully ceded, Consul Alcock easily persuaded his French and American colleagues (there were in those days only the three treaty Powers) to fall in with his view. There would have been objections to receiving money, but a promissory note was taken from each ship's agent for the full amount of tariff duties, to be paid only when the merchants of other treaty Powers had paid their corresponding dues. On this basis the trade of Shanghai was carried on for the best part of a year, from September 1853 till about July 1854. Of course, it was an unworkable scheme. None of these conditional promises to pay could ever be enforced, and they were eventually, after much delay and palaver, surrendered to their signatories, nobody being a penny the worse.

But the temporary expedient served the important purpose of fortifying Consul Alcock in a great scheme which shaped itself in his mind during the interregnum of authority in Shanghai, for which perhaps more than for any other act of his official life his memory will be respected. He doubtless knew or suspected the illusory character of his promissory notes, and bent his energies to the task of replacing the scheme by some-

way to Peking to obtain the Emperor's—a remarkable inversion of the relative importance of the two formalities—when he found the entrance to the Peiho barred by the reconstructed Taku forts, in attempting to force which a real disaster befell the escorting squadron. Treachery? If the word affords us any satisfaction, why, yes. The act belonged to the same moral genus as the “rebellion” of an African chief whose country has been half filibustered. In all these cases we never get the “dog’s version,” as Sydney Smith said, and it is an enormous loss to us as conquerors and rulers of a hundred races to have to be constantly passing judgment in our own favour without a word from the other side. From the Chinese point of view the blocking of the Peiho against the return of the English was the most natural, though it proved the most short-sighted, thing they could have done. It was a dictate of self-preservation, a move on the board which lost them the game. Fools no doubt the Chinese were, but they had not suddenly changed their nature by painting a hieroglyph on a piece of foreign parchment.

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successors. China and Japan had been, and are still indeed, classed together in the minds of Europe as a sort of twin group. This was natural when so little was known of either. Yet the double ignorance aggravated the evils of each separate one by adding confusion to the compound. Instead of entering on his Japanese campaign in a panoply of Chinese experience, it might possibly have been better for the Consul-General's success in his new sphere if he could have dropped his Chinese equipment, as Baron Calicé did when he entered the diplomatic service of Austria in Europe. "I never mention China," he replied to a friend who was inclined to felicitate him on the utility of his Chinese experience. For, as we now know full well, what was even apparent then, there can be no greater contrast between races or politics than between Chinese and Japanese. The contrast was made perfectly evident at the outset of our intercourse. The Treaty of 1858 was imposed on Japan without even such preliminary intercourse as we had had with the Chinese in Canton. It was a leap in the dark for both parties. But the Japanese took the treaty, as they do everything, quite seriously, whereas the Chinese threw theirs behind them. There was all the difference in the world here; and without casting any grave reflection on his fallible human judgment, we may say this was the point which Mr Alcock missed in looking at Japan through a Chinese fog.

When he arrived in Yedo in 1859 he found that the Japanese Government had made minute and in some instances rather quaint preparations for the reception of foreigners. First of all, they had marked out a convenient site for their residence, at a fishing and

farming village then unknown to fame called Yokohama. It had many clear advantages for business purposes, and it was three miles off the great highroad along which the daimios and their retinues travelled to and from the capital. But it was not the post specified in the treaty, which was Kanagawa, a long town on the highroad, and one of the chief halting-places for the princely trains. The Consul-General seeing only in the locating of the port at Yokohama an evasion of the treaty, for motives not apparent, and being firmly resolved to act on the principle *obsta principiis*, declined absolutely to acknowledge Yokohama in any shape. But the merchants, as they arrived, found all they wanted there, though of course in very primitive condition,—houses, offices, warehouses, jetties,—whereas at Kanagawa there was neither anchorage for ships nor accommodation for business. Notwithstanding all that, the Consul-General expected the merchants to back his protest by refusing to settle or to trade in the only place where they could do either. His complaints of their conduct to the Foreign Office, however, drew the curt observation from Lord J. Russell, that the merchants probably knew what they were about, and had better be left alone. This incident had the double effect of impairing the Consul-General's prestige at the beginning of his new career, and of creating a regrettable coolness between him and his nationals, who were all very young, and needed paternal guidance. Instead of which, an opportunity occurred of applying the "rod," which the Consul-General did with more vigour perhaps than the occasion quite called for. But to

explain this, reference must be made to a phase of the bimetallic problem which has been almost forgotten.

The current coinage of Japan was a silver *ichibu* (*ichi*=one), a large bronze coin called *tempo*, and a large thin gold coin called *kobang*. The treaty of Lord Elgin stipulated for the free exchange of Mexican dollars, then as now the currency of the China coast, against *bus* at a fixed rate, based on weight for weight. No one, perhaps, could have foreseen the consequences of this stipulation. Certainly no one did. Whether intentionally restricted or not, the supply of the Japanese coin proved ridiculously inadequate to the requirements of commerce, and had not the native merchants accepted dollars in payment for their products trade must have come to a deadlock. But *bus* were essential for another purpose, the purchase of *kobangs*, a traffic which exercised an intelligible fascination, for silver stood to gold in the ratio of something like 12 to 1. Very large profits were therefore made by the exportation of the "yellow metal," which could only be purchased with Japanese silver coin. As the supply of this doled out daily to applicants became smaller, *bus* rose to a premium, so that the recipients could realise their profit on the spot without investing in gold coin for export. Naturally the demand at the custom-house became clamorous, as every nationality was competing. As is the common practice all over the world when allotments are made of desirable objects, the names of friends and employees were used in the applications, equal amounts being apportioned to each. Then fictitious and absent persons figured, and by way of climax a sporting gentleman applied in the names of his dogs,

and presumably obtained the dole as if "Rover" and "Rattler" had been *bond fide* British merchants. It was a screaming farce while it lasted, but the abuse soon worked its own cure. Perhaps "scandal" was not too strong a term to apply to these practices, though the real scandal existed in another direction.

The Japanese Government accorded to all foreign officials and officers and crews of ships of war a daily exchange of coin graduated in amount according to rank. This allowance was far in excess of anything the merchants obtained. Roughly speaking, the officials received enough to serve for capital to merchants, while the latter received enough for household expenses. The officials sold their surplus to the merchants at a large profit, and thus made a great deal of money. Naturally Yokohama became the favourite rendezvous for the war-ships of all nations!

Out of this bizarre state of things Consul-General Alcock saw his way to a *coup*. Though the Japanese had made no complaint—they would appear rather to have enjoyed the humour of the farce—he descended from Yedo upon the custom-house in Yokohama, where all official business was transacted, requested to be shown the applications for *bus*, which he made the text of a terrible indictment of these young blackguards in a despatch to the Foreign Office. Prompt publication was ensured for it in the English press, and it even appeared in the China papers before the despatch had reached its destination, so pressing was the hurry of the grand denunciation. It was the Consul-General's revenge. Petty as all this appears, viewed across the forty years' chasm, it is yet necessary to remember it if we would follow

intelligently the course of relations between the great diplomatist and his mercantile *clientèle*.

They were stirring times those early years of diplomatic intercourse with Japan. It was indeed a rough school in which to learn the internal history of a new country, and it is certain that Lord Elgin, in adding the opening of Japan to his Eastern laurels in a kind of summer holiday excursion, had no conception either of the sleeping passions he was arousing, or of the prodigious national force that his simple transaction was helping to call into life,—a force which is hardly yet, perhaps, fully appreciated in the world. He did not know with whom he was treating as the sovereign authority. That, and much more, had to be evolved in the very stress of conflict. The British Consul-General had a man's part to play amid warring factions, and he played it without flinching. Assassinations of foreigners were frequent, and punishment or redress difficult, for the Tycoon's Government was unable to keep order among the hostile daimios, who often resorted to outrage on foreigners of set purpose to embroil the Government. The British Legation was attacked, when Laurence Oliphant, who had gone out as secretary, was so hacked that he was invalided home. The Consul-General never quailed, but it was ridiculous to carry on diplomatic work amid flashing swords, and the Legation was moved from Yedo to Yokohama. Mr Alcock had been given the rank of Minister and K.C.B.

Matters went from bad to worse, until Prince Satsuma's castle of Kagoshima was bombarded by an English squadron under Admiral Kuper, the forts guarding the Straits of Shimonoseki were bombarded by a squadron of various

nationalities, and a British force of marines was landed for the protection of the Legation. These are too big lumps of history to be digested in a paragraph, and it must suffice to say that the use of force having roused opposition in certain quarters in England, the Government of the day, who commissioned their representative to carry out the policy he had followed, failed to defend him when attacked, and recalled him from his post while on the road to success in order to placate a section of their parliamentary supporters. But the implied censure was only nominal, as he was promptly appointed to a more desirable, or at least better paid, mission—that of Minister to China and Chief Superintendent of British trade in that country. Sir Harry Parkes was transferred to the Legation in Japan, where for eighteen years he laboured heroically in the work which his predecessor had begun, and which had its consummation in the restoration of the legitimate sovereign and the birth of modern Japan.

It is characteristic of the man that, in the stormy birth-throes of a new nation, Sir R. Alcock found time and detachment of mind for literary pursuits and æsthetic culture. He had not been long in the country when he published a Japanese grammar, which is perhaps not much heard of now; nor had he long left it when he brought out in two big volumes his book on 'The Capital of the Tycoon,' the book of its day on "things Japanese," and still a rich source of information on that subject, albeit the form of it partook somewhat of the Newmanic 'Apologia.' He was a ready and copious writer, and perhaps fluency was his foible. His official despatches were essays, and his notifications sermons. As

his literary aptitude had a certain bearing on his public actions, it is proper to remark, in addition to the innocent vanity which usually besets authors, a polemical thread running through his correspondence. There is about most of his official memoranda a certain tone of the speech of counsel rather than the dispassionate summary of a judge, as if written to establish a thesis which, for the time being, he had at heart. It was not that he was frivolous in taking up new opinions, or volatile in throwing over old convictions—only that he was by constitution an advocate, and could deal with but one view at a time. He seldom stood on even keel, but seemed to be always under a stiff breeze, now from one quarter, now from the other, and if he reached the harbour of calm judgment, it was by the zigzag course of a ship working to windward. Thus if history should ever be written, as it must and will be, from his despatches, it will be necessary to balance one against the other, to allow for their forensic character, and to note in each case what tack he is on. It stands to reason that this versatility of bias neutralised to a considerable extent his political weight in active life, and detracted somewhat from his authority in retired life, for, as some one in the Foreign Office once said testily to a deputation which was citing some of Sir Rutherford's *dicta*, "Don't quote Alcock; there is nothing or its opposite that he has not said." As an assailant he was in his element, but without a foeman worthy of his steel he was at a loss, and then became dangerous to any small deer that might cross his path.

While Sir Rutherford Alcock had been carving out a scheme of international intercourse in Japan, great events were transpiring in the neighbouring empire. Our old

system of dealing with separate provincial authorities had been superseded by the establishment of direct diplomatic relations with the central Government, the anticipated panacea for all our troubles. It was under this new dispensation that Sir R. Alcock was once more called to serve his country in China. But the meaning of the new dispensation can only be realised in connection with the process by which it was brought about.

We have seen that with regard to our first treaty its value consisted in its practical application, which depended largely on the character of the agents charged with its execution. Of these agents Sir R. Alcock showed himself possessed of almost ideal qualifications, and within his sphere things went well. It was otherwise at Canton, where firmness was especially required in order to keep the Chinese to their engagements. Insults and outrages were allowed to go unpunished, until fourteen years after signing the treaty of eternal peace we found ourselves once more at war with the Viceroy of Canton to recover the position which we had forfeited by sheer pusillanimity. The expedition which was fitted out in 1857, with Lord Elgin at its head, has fixed itself more clearly in the public memory perhaps than any other circumstance in our relations with China, because of its coincidence with the Indian Mutiny and the diversion of the force to Calcutta, where it rendered essential service to the Government. It was the second expedition sent from England to replace the first that opened the campaign at Canton at the close of the year 1857.

The supreme direction of this force, as well as the "diplomacy" which was expected to follow, was intrusted to Lord Elgin,—a capable man, as his record in Canada had

shown, but whose temperament had a considerable influence over the course of events. It is in novel circumstances that personal equation counts for so much. It appears from his letters that Lord Elgin's heart was not really in his work, and it is difficult to understand why, with the views he held, he undertook such a mission. In brief, he regarded the Chinese as the oppressed and his countrymen as the oppressors. Yet he had to coerce the former and vindicate the latter. His idea of compromise was apparently to make war with rose-water—to strike, but explain that he did not mean it. Such a policy must ever be disastrous; and so we find that the pronounced humanitarian ended by despoiling the art treasures of China, not to enrich our national museum, but as an act of vengeance.

The occupation of Canton and capture of the Viceroy Yeh (who was transported to India) having made no visible impression on the Chinese Government, the war was carried into the metropolitan province, and a budget of demands preferred on the Emperor. One item stood out conspicuously as the result of our sixteen years' experience, because it was considered to be the key and final solution of all our difficulties with China: it was the right of direct representation at the Court of Peking. Lord Elgin had brought in his pocket from London a draft treaty, which, substantially, he had no option but compel the Chinese Imperial Commissioners to sign. This was done at Tientsin in June 1858. The new treaty having been elaborated out of our sixteen years' experience of the old, surely it was perfect, and would "march"? Certainly it would, but always on the old conditions. It is not enough to hold the title-deed; you must also enter

into possession. To the Chinese the new treaty was no more than the old had been, a form of ransom to brigands, of no moral obligation whatever. The Chinese were in a desperate hurry to get rid of the intruders, and therefore signed the treaty. But the intruders on their side were also fidgeting to be off; and so it came about that the opportunity of testing the sincerity of the Chinese negotiations was neglected. At Tientsin, within seventy miles of the capital, Lord Elgin held in his hand the means of proving whether his treaty was likely to work or not, by merely putting the one test clause into execution, and proceeding himself to Peking, and leaving a representative there. The omission was commented on at the time by residents in China, and, as we now know, was severely stigmatised by the clear-thinking Parkes in his private letters. It was the more surprising in that Lord Elgin was beginning to know something of the Chinese, whose political character he summed up in the memorable epigram: "They yielded nothing to reason, but everything to fear." Certainly no "reason," nor even comprehension, had entered into the Chinese acceptance of the treaty: it was pure fear on their side and force on ours. Where, then, was the reason in first expending your force and then leaving everything to the reason of the people, whom up till that moment you had declared impervious to its influence? It was as if one led a captive to the door of a prison, and then, to suit one's personal convenience, left him free to make his own way inside!

The sequel is of course well known. Twelve months later the new British Minister, Mr Bruce, brother of Lord Elgin, appeared on the scene, bearing the Queen's ratification of the treaty, on his

way to Peking to obtain the Emperor's—a remarkable inversion of the relative importance of the two formalities—when he found the entrance to the Peiho barred by the reconstructed Taku forts, in attempting to force which a real disaster befell the escorting squadron. Treachery? If the word affords us any satisfaction, why, yes. The act belonged to the same moral genus as the “rebellion” of an African chief whose country has been half filibustered. In all these cases we never get the “dog’s version,” as Sydney Smith said, and it is an enormous loss to us as conquerors and rulers of a hundred races to have to be constantly passing judgment in our own favour without a word from the other side. From the Chinese point of view the blocking of the Peiho against the return of the English was the most natural, though it proved the most short-sighted, thing they could have done. It was a dictate of self-preservation, a move on the board which lost them the game. Fools no doubt the Chinese were, but they had not suddenly changed their nature by painting a hieroglyph on a piece of foreign parchment.

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flotilla, which was destined to operate against the Taiping rebels on the Yangtze, disappeared, but the rebellion remained, and began to threaten the interests of commerce even in Shanghai itself. Everybody knows it was eventually crushed by the aid of Chinese Gordon; but everybody does not know that Gordon's force owed its existence and its success to the personal initiative of Sir James Hope, Vice-Admiral in the China station from 1859-62, who first turned British arms against the rebels, and cleared the thirty-mile radius round Shanghai which served Gordon as a base.

These disturbing questions having been disposed of, the new Minister entered on his duties with a free course before him, and a fair prospect of usefulness. For a Government that had just come through such depressing experiences was in a fit condition to be moulded for its own good and our advantage. We blame the Chinese for not learning from their defeats, while we are really more culpable for not accepting the teaching of our victories. Instead of stamping our impress on the gelatinous mass which was in our hands, we created an ideal China out of our inner consciousness, endowed it with imaginary qualities, as a girl does with her dolls, and shaped our policy to suit this conception. This mystic China differed *in toto* from the China of our actual experience, for it was the incarnation of reason, fear and force being henceforth to be banished from her dominions. The efforts of our representatives were directed towards raising the Government in its own estimation, which was already too high. The provincial officials, as acute as children in detecting weaknesses in their parents, soon perceived that they

could take liberties. Aggressions were resumed, for which the consuls were severely forbidden to seek local redress. Every dispute or outrage arising in the provinces was to be referred to Peking, which to the local officials was like throwing Brer Rabbit into the briar-patch. They desired no better way of ridding themselves of the trouble. But no satisfaction to injured Britons was ever obtained from Peking, which became a sink where every question was quenched, a byword, as at this day. The position of the British communities thus became worse than ever; they were deprived of one source of protection without obtaining any other. Sir R. Alcock may be acquitted of personal responsibility for this fantastic policy, yet none the less it rendered his mission in the high diplomatic sphere a nullity, as he himself declared in bitterness of soul in numerous despatches to the Foreign Office.

To an active and earnest mind such impotence was galling; and, as happens in domestic life, some *contretemps* out of doors will cause a man to relieve his feelings by snapping at his family, so the baffled Minister, true to his tradition, would occasionally turn on his merchants and blame their unreasonable expectations for the obstructiveness of the Chinese. To the Foreign Office, however, he laid bare, as with a surgeon's knife, the whole case against the Chinese Government, harping ever on the old string, that the treaties having been made by force—"naked physical force"—it was only by the same agency they could be maintained. Such comments were, of course, an implied reflection on the policy of her Majesty's Government, which he showed to be founded on a conception having no foundation in fact.

Insults, outrage, and direct fiscal violations of the treaty grew and multiplied until they could no longer be borne, and the law of non-resistance was at last broken through. Some of the consuls assumed the responsibility of making reprisals, when they could get a naval officer to back them. The most salutary effects invariably followed, for the most lawless places, after a display of foreign force, became the most tranquil, sometimes with marked increase of local prosperity. No better example can be cited than that of Yangchow, a proud and populous city on the Grand Canal, where outrages on missionaries were promptly punished in a memorable manner, with the result that the missionaries have ever since found it a most congenial headquarters station. It is not to be doubted that the Minister in his heart approved these measures, so much after his old manner, but the Home Government disapproved, and he had to follow suit. The consequence, which was predicted, was a renewal of outrages and massacres on a larger scale, which have continued to this day.

We have referred to the two dispensations under which Sir R. Alcock served, the Provincial and the Central. Under the first he succeeded perfectly; under the second he failed, inevitably, not because its principle was wrong, but because it was carried out in disregard of patent facts. Still the disappointments and self-contradictions to which he was exposed require some further explanation. His first and last periods of service were divided by another line of cleavage which was not shown on the surface. We should get nearer the true meaning of things if we regarded the two dispensations as Palmerstonian and post-Palmerstonian.

Under the former her Majesty's Government spoke with a clear voice, under the second its utterances have never been coherent. It is indeed a noteworthy fact that no English statesman has approached Lord Palmerston in practical knowledge of China, nor have any of our representatives in the front rank approached Alcock and Parkes. With such a trio in charge of our relations, our second war could hardly have been provoked, for the simple reason that provocation would have been nipped in the bud. It is not of course denied that there have been servants of the Crown whose knowledge of "China" far transcended that of any of those named; but that was not the China of common life, and their mistake lay in confounding two things which are perfectly distinct. The pilot, knowing his landmarks, may steer safely by a steeple or a headland without exhausting the parish history or speculating on the geology of the district; and taking China on the showing of her literature as the China with which we have to deal, leads to the same unpleasant consequences as treating Greece in that manner. It is true that even Palmerston, cowed by a clamour, failed to support Sir Rutherford in Japan; but the Premier was eighty, an age when a man should be content to smoke his pipe in the "ingle neuk" and recount the brave deeds of old.

Amid the disillusiones of Peking Sir R. Alcock found there at least one legitimate source of pleasure. The Custom-House which he had planted as a sapling in the nursery of Shanghai in 1854 was now a goodly tree transplanted to the capital, and with branches in all the treaty ports. There had been a natural resistance to the extension of the foreign administration; but the institution having been

made responsible for the collection of the indemnities imposed by the late treaties, it received the potent support of the British and French Governments, which protected it during the years when the indemnities were being paid, after which the institution was strong enough to stand alone. And so China benefited by what was imposed upon her by the strong hand.

It was an interesting coincidence that the parent and the monthly nurse of the Imperial Customs should once more be harnessed together, for Mr Wade continued to be Chinese Secretary under the Ministry of Sir R. Alcock, and naturally they both took pride in the growing usefulness of the service. For in a country so loosely organised and destitute of modern appliances an institution like that had to undertake miscellaneous duties, which in a Western country would be distributed over several Government departments. Lighting the coast, purchasing warships, postal and even political services of the most varied kind, have fallen to the lot of the Chinese Customs, and to such an extent as to provoke the jealousy of foreign Powers.

It could scarcely have been a prevision of the later developments of the Customs service which inspired Consul Alcock in setting up the collectorate in 1854. Probably he only acted on the instinct for doing the right thing at the moment, which is the secret of all success. Nevertheless it speaks well for the soundness of his diagnosis that, after the shock of three or four wars, a crushing indemnity, and forty years of speculative experimenting, the Consul's simple remedy should be found to contain the one healing principle for the maladies of the Chinese State, its true elixir

of life. Correct finance being the corner-stone of all efficiency, a proper revenue service not only fulfilled its immediate purpose, but stands to-day as a working model for those wider national reforms which are necessary to enable China to weather the storms which now gather round her. Efficiency, however, was, and is, only attainable under foreign management—a thing the Chinese Government will never listen to until driven to extremity, even with the beneficent example of the Maritime Customs in their own hands. We blame their obtuseness, yet it is not difficult to formulate reasons for the Chinese objection to foreign interference. They are somewhat in the position of a *parvenu* who engages an artist to decorate his mansion: the servant becomes the master. And if it be only to "save the State" that drastic remedies are recommended, the reply, unexpressed, is substantially that which was popularly attributed to Lord Derby in respect to a certain kind of sherry. There is probably no Chinaman living who cares half as much for the preservation of his State as those altruistic foreigners do who apprehend terrible consequences from its break-up.

For these reasons it was easier to force an alien institution on the Government than to get it to take root in Chinese soil; and no doubt, after the withdrawal of the foreign garrisons, some judicious nursing was needed to safeguard the sapling. Naturally, the chief sympathy with the new service was shown by Great Britain, for material and personal considerations. Equally naturally, her sympathy provoked corresponding antipathy in other quarters, a feeling which, under the exciting circumstances of the past few years, has assumed

an actively aggressive form. The Maritime Customs was thus placed in the line of fire between hostile camps, and every blow aimed at the Inspectorate was considered as good as delivered against England. The attack on the Inspector-General which all but succeeded in 1896, when a nominee of the French Minister was appointed to the office, is, if we are to believe the newspapers, being renewed by France and Russia. These Powers probably do not hamper their policy by the reflection that, so far from Great Britain deriving advantages from the British nationality of the Inspector-General, the case is precisely reversed, seeing the mere suspicion of such favouritism would ruin his influence. And if Great Britain has been of any assistance in supporting the Customs, it has rather been in the way of making it the medium of concessions granted to China.

Of course, in seeking to change the nationality of its head, the allies have no conscious purpose of destroying the service. China, so long as she remains a sovereign State, would be within her right in appointing whom she pleased to collect her revenues. Yet it may be permissible to doubt whether, under a French or Russian *régime*, the relations between Customs and Legations would continue to bear the platonic character which has marked those hitherto existing.

Our position in China has not been improved by the vicious practice which was allowed to grow up during Sir R. Alcock's term of office, whether consciously initiated by him or not, of H.M. Government going behind their accredited agents, not for information so much as for guidance,—guidance which could only be

towards the Dismal Swamp. The first public exhibition of the new tactics was the despatch of Mr Burlingame, United States Minister to China, in 1868 to the Courts of Europe and the Government of America, to explain "China's difficulties" in observing her treaty engagements. Mr Burlingame was a political rhetorician. After making his *début* as Chinese emissary in the United States, he descended like a tornado on poor Lord Clarendon, who, without Palmerston, was like a sweet-pea without its stick. How any English gentleman could be taken in by the wild and windy eloquence of such an orator, and how a Minister of State could accept the allegations of an advocate interested only in misleading him, in preference to the word of the loyal servants of the Crown, are mysteries into which it would be profitless to pry. But the fact was that Mr Burlingame converted Lord Clarendon to the Chinese view that they should in all cases be left alone, strict injunctions in that sense being sent to Minister and consuls. The foreign communities in China received the announcement with consternation. Their apprehensions of the consequences were but too soon justified, and the recrudescence of outrage and massacre, which ensued in 1870, has extended to our own time.

The Queen's Government, however, have learned very little from all that, for they have never wholly abandoned the habit, so unhappily begun, of bestowing their confidences elsewhere than on their own agents, with results always of the most detrimental kind. Our Ministers in China have submitted, some with deep resentment, all with deadening effects on their

energies. Sir H. Parkes, by taking advantage of the troubles with France, certainly managed to clear off large arrears of grievances; but even his strong will and clear sense of duty would probably never have carried him much further until some better understanding had been arrived at between himself and the Foreign Office.

Nor does this exhaust the list of the disadvantages under which the British Legation has been labouring. It has been content to stand very much on the ancient ways—and on its dignity, keeping to the beaten track, and avoiding rather than inviting those wayside confidences which its more genial neighbours have sometimes found so convenient. Its faculty for gathering useful knowledge has never, in fact, been seriously cultivated. Consular reports and Customs statistics tell nothing of what is passing in the street. Yet with such poor equipment the Minister is expected to hold his own with colleagues served by perfect intelligence departments. The German Minister is of course armed at all points. France has a whole hierarchy of Lazarists working in the byways of the capital and the palace; Russia has her traditional facilities,—and as the produce of the two agencies are pooled, not a paper, however secret, nor a conversation, however private, but finds its way into the archives of both legations. With the cards in their hands these two can play a bold game, whether in advancing their own or thwarting their rivals' projects.

The natural effect was well shown two and a half years ago, when the British Minister attempted to prevent the execution of a French Convention, of which

we have heard so much, when in the very act of signature. Had the case been reversed, the French Minister would have been acquainted with each step in the negotiation from the beginning, and would have prevented its coming near the point of signature.

By all accounts we have now got a representative in Peking who has an open mind and an open eye, is practical and sensible, well disposed towards the mercantile communities, and recognises the duty of supporting them in their lawful pursuits; who, in short, is not disinclined to pierce the official cocoon which has half mummified some of his predecessors. Such a man, whatever his capacity may be, might still do something to recover lost ground if he were loyally backed. And as he was the special selection of the present Government, the least they can do is to give him a chance to make the Legation an effective agency for the promotion of the country's interests.

Consider the audacity of free initiative, whereby the French Minister has wrung concession after concession from the Chinese without other force—not even instructions from his Government—than knowledge of the people he is dealing with and the “lay of the land.” M. Gérard learned more, practically, of China in two years than we have done in fifty, for he went direct to the heart of things, perceiving that China was not an Intelligence to be reasoned with, but a body to be moved. And Germany too has found out the trick. She might have gone on negotiating for ever for a coaling-station, which she would have accepted on terms agreeable to China. She has now possessed

herself of the finest naval harbour¹ on the coast, on terms to which China will scarcely be a party, except by courtesy.

It would be idle to speculate on the manner in which Sir Rutherford Alcock might have borne himself during such times as we are now passing through. Accustomed to play the leading part among his peers, the rôle of second fiddle in a jangling orchestra could hardly have been congenial to him, nor its practical results satisfactory. But if the true statesman is the man of his own epoch, never behind nor yet too much in advance of it, then the deceased veteran's claim to that distinction is indubitable. And though it may be said his epoch receded

from him like a falling tide when the affairs of the empire fall into paralytic hands, he still did his best to maintain the manlier tradition. It does not come within the scope of this article to consider either the first or the last stages of his public life,—his early services in the Peninsula, or his honorary services in sundry social capacities during his twenty-eight years of retirement. Suffice it here to say, that a man who for sixty-five years, under the public eye, bore throughout a name unsullied by a stain, and who, under the severest stress, ever held high the honour and the interests of his country, leaves an example of which his countrymen may be proud.

¹ See remarks on Kyao-chiao Bay in "The Chinese Oyster," 'Maga,' February 1897.

'THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR': SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B.,
AND PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

"No man since Æschylus could have written 'The Bride of Lammermoor'—such are the words of Mr Gladstone, quoted in the *Life of Lord Tennyson*. "The most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned"—such is the deliberate criticism of Lockhart. "Scott's first approach to failure in prose"—such is the verdict of Professor Saintsbury on a book which, whatever be its merits or demerits, is unique in the position which it holds amongst the *Waverley Novels*. Criticism, vagrant as are its moods, could hardly in all its utterances show any wider discordance than this. Professor Saintsbury is the last man we should either suspect or accuse of wanton paradox, that facile trick of the "lesser tribes, without the law." His opinions compel respect, and unwary objectors may well dread the weapons which he can draw from a storehouse abundantly supplied with learning and ingenious argument. But he must himself confess—and in his anticipations of objection we read the confession—that here he has committed himself to a paradox; and he has too clear an estimate of, and too deep a sympathy with, the opinions of the devout admirers of Scott, not to be conscious that he is supporting a view which can commend itself only to a small minority amongst them, and will call upon his head the wrath of many. It may be permitted, then, with no disrespect for the Professor's authority, and with no lack of that gratitude

which he has earned from all lovers of Scott for the sketch which he has given us in his contribution to the "Famous Scots" Series—a sketch which is fresh and fascinating even after all that has been written about Scott—to impugn the verdict which he has here pronounced, and to question the arguments by which he has striven to buttress it in the September number of 'Maga.'¹ It is not probable that even Professor Saintsbury's dissent will shake a point so fixed in the creed of Scott's admirers as the acceptance of the unique supremacy in its own kind of 'The Bride of Lammermoor'; but it may nevertheless be worth while to restate the grounds of adherence to the views quoted in our opening lines, were it only to avoid the possible inference that silence in the face of a boldly uttered heresy was to be construed as assent. Let us see whether we have reasonable ground for the faith that is in us.

And first let us deal with a matter which it may be well to dispose of, although it does not really affect the verdict one way or the other. Professor Saintsbury defends his opinion by an argument drawn from Scott's condition when 'The Bride of Lammermoor' was written. "All this," he says in confirmation of his strictures, "is not in the least surprising, since he was in agonies during the most of the composition, and nearly died before its close." Professor Saintsbury attaches so much importance to this that he repeats

¹ The Two Tragedies—A Note. By Professor Saintsbury.

it in his September defence. The tragic action is not right, he says; and he adds in a note, "It would, indeed, have been odd if it were, considering that the author wrote it in a succession of trances of bodily agony, and had even less consciousness of what he had written than one has of the usual bad dream after waking from it." Professor Saintsbury can hardly expect to appease the murmurs of Scott's admirers by such a plea. We have been wont to dwell upon the achievements of Scott's sickness and agony; but it was with no thought of begging, on account of that sickness and agony, for leniency in criticism, or of bating one jot of the reverence which his supremacy commands. That achievement is consummate, not because in his pain he did well enough to plead for mitigation of judgment, but because his sovereignty was never more clear. Analyse them as we please, the workings of genius often delight to baffle us: and when we read that after Scott's illness, during which he had dictated 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the whole had passed completely from his memory, we can only be silent, and agree with Ballantyne "in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful" than such a trance of inspiration. There is no middle position. Either we are right in believing that the fire of Scott's genius never burned more purely than in that mysterious vision, when he was "but fire and air" and had given "his other elements to baser life"—or else we are utterly wrong. We refuse to crave on his behalf for quarter by sick-bed apologies.

But Professor Saintsbury is here guilty of a curious inconsistency. If Scott's fire burned dim

because of sickness, the cause must have been uniform in its effects. But during that same sickness Scott produced another novel; and of it—'A Legend of Montrose'—Professor Saintsbury is inclined to think "that Scott never did anything much better." After this admission, the Professor must not quarrel with us if we will have none of his apologies for this alleged failure. If Scott's genius burned at its full brightness when it created Dugald Dalgetty, its vision was not obscured when, under the shadow of the same cloud, it saw, in all its striking vividness, the tragedy of 'The Bride of Lammermoor.'

Before discussing the grounds upon which Professor Saintsbury defends his paradox, it is needful to point out a slip into which he or his printer has fallen in the quotation of Lockhart's verdict. What Lockhart said was "the most pure and *powerful* of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned"—not, as Professor Saintsbury quotes it, "the most pure and *perfect*." Professor Saintsbury is the last to make light of such a discrepancy, however easy it may be for memory—or the printer—to play us such tricks: and the difference is of very vital importance. Few even of Scott's most loyal admirers would choose *perfection* as his most striking quality; and it may be doubted whether Professor Saintsbury would at first hand, and otherwise than by some waywardness of suggestion, have applied the word to him. It is the *power* of the tragedy which Lockhart maintains, and which the comparison with *Æschylus* suggests; and it is to that power that the vast majority of three generations of readers has paid obeisance.

What, then, are the grounds upon which Professor Saintsbury

invites us to believe that 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is "Scott's first approach to failure in prose"? He tells us that the fortunes of the House of Ravenswood do not rouse our sympathy; that Edgar is a "sulky stogy creature, in theatrical poses and a black plumed hat, who cannot even play the easy and perennially attractive part of *desdichado* so as to keep our compassion"; that Lucy is "a simpleton so utter and complete that it is difficult even to be sorry for her, especially as Ravenswood would have made a detestable husband"; that "the mother is *meant to be and is*" (does Professor Saintsbury mean to say that the identity between the effect and the intention of the character is a flaw?) "a repulsive virago, and the father a time-serving and almost vulgar intriguer"; and that Scott has provided — surely Professor Saintsbury here out-paradoxes paradox — "very few subsidiary characters to support and carry off the principals." This last criticism almost tempts us to think that the novel must in part have slipped as effectually out of Professor Saintsbury's memory as it did out of Scott's. Not to mention those whom the Professor himself cites, has he forgotten Alice, and Lord Bittlebrains, and Gibbie Girder and his womankind? Does he not think even Mr Bide-the-Bent might pass muster as a subsidiary character? or Mortsheugh the grave-digger?

As for Ravenswood, if the memories of Donizetti and of the Lyceum stage weigh too heavily upon Professor Saintsbury, this scarcely can be counted as the fault of Scott; but surely the feathers in his hat might have been pardoned, if only for that one feather which "the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted to Caleb's

feet," when "the old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom." Let it be granted that Edgar would not have made a model husband, does not Professor Saintsbury think that such criticism is rather too general in its application to be of much point? Who knew it better than Scott, and who, indeed, insists upon it more earnestly, until he convinces us that the union of Edgar and of Lucy would have been fraught with scarce less preage of misery than their separation? Professor Saintsbury complains that the whole tragedy would have been solved, had Lucy chosen to insist upon independence, braved her kindred, married Edgar Ravenswood, and settled down as the contented mistress of the household at Wolf's Crag; and in view of this possible and simple settlement of matters, he would have us believe that there is no tragedy at all. Will not Professor Saintsbury himself admit that such criticism, applied all round, might end in a mere parody of every tragedy that has stirred the world? If Romeo and Juliet, without giving a thought to their family troubles, had settled their affairs for themselves, would the tragedy have been solved?

It is, in truth, a mere perversion of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' to say that the tragedy depends upon the success or failure of the love of Edgar and of Lucy. Is there no interest in the House of Ravenswood, when that house represented a hundred others in Scotland whose pride had survived their prosperity, who still clung to a tradition, often perverted, but still noble, of heroism and of honour, and whose place was being usurped by the baser agents of political intrigue? Does not Scott show as clearly as words can do that Lucy's love was largely

the fruit of delusion, and that its object was "the ideal picture of chivalrous excellence which Lucy had pictured to herself in the Master of Ravenswood"? Is Edgar's love ever heart-whole, and does he not admit to himself doubts and misgivings which showed that it was a passion far different from love that had him under its mastery? The tragedy of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' lies in no story of the love of man and maiden. It is one of those tragedies that grow out of the poisoned soil of civil dissension and intrigue, when the time is out of joint, and the passions are roused to fever-heat, or perverted to the basest uses. The victory at such times is not to the chivalrous, the brave, or the highly strung. They too often fail, as Edgar failed, to grip their destiny by the throat, and choose their own path, and so failing they make shipwreck of their lives. Those still frailer suffer even more. When Professor Saintsbury speaks of Lucy as a simpleton, and seems to find an inconsistency in Scott's description of her spirit as high, does he forget the influences to which her mother exposed her? Does he think that because we do not burn witches now, the belief in diabolical devices was not strong enough in the Scotland of Queen Anne to destroy reason and to goad to madness spirits more evenly balanced than the spirit of Lucy Ashton? Is the tragedy less real because its accessories are not those that would have been employed in our own day?

The keynote of that tragedy is struck in one of the opening chapters, when Lucy Ashton sings "in an ancient air, to which *some one had adapted the words*," beginning—

"Look not thou on beauty's charming."

What is the real meaning of these words, which on a superficial reading might seem but a counsel of worldly wisdom? Are they not, indeed, the expression of the deepest sarcasm? "Be deaf to all the calls of love or of chivalry: stand aside from all for which men maintain great struggles and do great deeds: seek no influence, pursue nothing for which life is worth living—only then will you win ease of life, and quietness in death." Was ever sentence more bitter passed upon humanity? And is there no power in the tragedy that preserves that note throughout its every phase, and turns each subordinate incident to the service of one consistent idea?

Far more might be said in support of Lockhart's verdict, "the most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned"; and Professor Saintsbury must show stronger arguments before he compels our assent to his paradox as to the "approach to failure." If this is failure, what is success? Granting to the full the correctness of Professor Saintsbury's distinction between the tragic and the sentimental, and admitting with some qualifications his assertion that in tragedy the connection between cause and effect must be adequate, necessary, and just, we may yet be permitted to doubt whether his description of the *crux* of the tragedy in 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is correct; and if it appears that he has mistaken what is after all only one incident for the main interest of the story, then the whole basis of his attack is destroyed. It is for the lovers of Scott to say whether they will surrender their loyalty to the Professor's arguments.

But there is one more fatal flaw in Professor Saintsbury's indictment. Suppose that all his argu-

ments were just and unassailable, and that with all its profound interest and pathos 'The Bride of Lammermoor' still fell short of the perfect type of tragedy—would it then follow that it was "an approach to failure"? What is it that Professor Saintsbury expects? Does he consider that the rules of criticism are so rigid that they demand in a romance, based upon actual historical fact, and illustrative of Scottish manners at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a strict conformity to the canons of the tragic drama? and that if such a romance lacks that conformity it is "an approach to failure"? Since when has such a theory been propounded? If accepted, how many novels will stand the test? Who has ever claimed for Scott that he was great chiefly as a dramatist? He was notoriously careless as to his plots: over and over again he confesses how distasteful and tedious it was to wind up his story, and tells us that his only anxiety was to pack the puppets back into their box as fast as possible. He was supreme not by virtue of con-

struction, but in the absence of it. And yet none the less it is true that in this one novel he has fulfilled, as no other novelist has ever done, and as he himself has never done elsewhere, dramatic conditions by which he was not bound, and by which it would be absurd that romance should be fettered; and that he has united in this single work the free play and variety of romance with the fundamental unity of the tragic drama. It is at least conceivable that this achievement was not accomplished in spite of illness, but was actually due to the mental detachment which for the time forced Scott's fancy and imagination to work unconsciously amidst the tortures of intense pain. His genius then chiefly showed its consummate power in one peculiar kind. That 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is his greatest novel few perhaps will maintain. But surely the vast majority of critics will recognise in it, not "an approach to failure," but a combination of romance and dramatic tragedy which is absolutely unique.

HENRY CRAIK.

I have no complaint to make of Sir Henry Craik's strictures on my views. When a man strikes a shield, well known to be perilous, with the sharp end of the lance, he must expect a champion to appear, and must be prepared to keep his own stirrups—if he can. It is only a compliment when the champion is a doughty one. The worst of it is that, in rencounters of this kind with the pen, it is difficult to keep to the main issues. "Replies, duplies, quadruplies"—Sir Henry will remember the quotation—are apt to lose themselves in details. I, too, noted with in-

terest Mr Gladstone's expression in the 'Life of Lord Tennyson,' but it was not the first time that fortune had placed me in camps opposite to his. I quite agree (in fact, Sir Henry quotes the words in which I practically admitted) that the fate of the House of Ravenswood might have been made a sufficient central interest: I only say that to me it has not been so made—a matter of "total impression" rather than of argument. I must mildly disclaim all intention of paradox. Paradox—there is authority for the form—is only a young man's doxy; her

charms lose their power on those who have entered the browner shades on the other side of the Age of Wisdom. I cannot admit the inconsistency with which Sir Henry upbraids me in regard to the 'Legend' and the 'Bride': for we are not, I think, told that Sir Walter forgot the former as he forgot the latter, and the grip of mind necessary to conduct the tragic or epical action of the one piece would not be required in handling the less pathetic than ethical *Odyssey* of Dalgetty. And when I am charged with confusing the claims of a novel and a tragedy, I may surely reply that it is as a tragedy that 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is always praised. Mr Gladstone was evidently thinking of it as such, or his reference to *Æschylus* has no meaning; Lockhart (I am sorry for the misprint of "perfect") expressly calls it a "tragedy." We have been invited by its admirers to consider it as such, and as such, though not merely, I have mainly considered it.

But I would fain meet Sir Henry in a style more "manful under shield" than is possible on the ground of these quilllets; and luckily he provides me with an excellent dependence. "If Romeo and Juliet," he asks me, "without giving a thought to their family troubles, had settled their affairs for themselves, would the tragedy have been solved?" I am obliged to Sir Henry for this question, not merely because in Aristophanic language λαβὴν δέδωκε, but because I think it really puts the issue fairly and squarely. At any rate I am quite content to accept judgment on it. I can hardly think of a case which makes more strongly for my own view of the matter than this case of Romeo and Juliet; especially since no one can doubt that Sir Walter himself must,

consciously or unconsciously, have had the parallel in mind. The points which I find in the conduct of the action here are exactly those which I desiderate in the conduct of the action in 'The Bride of Lammermoor.'

When the "tragic fault," or rather combination of faults—Romeo's inconstancy to Rosaline, Juliet's overhasty (if it was overhasty) acceptance of him, and the breach of filial duty by both in contracting and concealing a marriage abhorrent to their parents—when this fault is once committed, all goes as it should. The hapless lovers give no inept assistance to the inauspicious stars they have provoked. They have promptly "settled their affairs for themselves" in the surest way they can, by that double sacrament of ceremonial and passionate union which they know even the Pope himself dare not break, except by subterfuge. Both are guiltless of Mercutio's death, the cause of Romeo's exile, intimately connected as it is with the family religion of hate which they have broken. Romeo's enforced absence makes him helpless in the rapid sequence of events, and he cannot avoid being deceived by Balthasar's false news. But it is to Juliet that we must look for the great, the absolute difference. That chrysolite of girls never fails for one moment in the course of action which, while it hurries the catastrophe, is yet the necessary and right course for her. *She* never had the chance—we know very well how she would have taken it—of confrontation at once with Paris and with Romeo, and of casting in her lot with her lover for better or for worse. She would have been—she is—proof against the wiles of any "ancient damnation" whatsoever.

She, too, can use the dagger; she is from the first perfectly resolved to use it, but she will do it before, not after, she has been false. And she is *compos mentis* in all her passion and despair. She embraces the "kind of hope" that the friar holds out, though it is a kind of hope which would send the Lucies of the world into swoons or idiocy. Her imagination is neither torpid nor distraught; she can see the horrors, real and fancied, of the vault, and yet drink the potion. Nor in the catastrophe itself is there a single point on which Momus can fix and say, "Here a girl or a man of fair sense and spirit would have acted otherwise." No deed of Romeo's, none of Juliet's, could have altered, could have been expected to alter, the inevitable close. The pity of it is neither illegitimately heightened nor legitimately marred by the unreason of it; the penalty of the tragic fault, the Nemesis of the half-illicit enjoyment, comes, resistless perhaps, but, at any rate, not after the first incurring of it, unreasonably invited. At no point can we say what I at least still must say at the scene of the marriage-contract in Ravenswood Castle. I do not quarrel with those whose sympathies can make a compromise with their criticism so as to enable them to drop ungrudging tears on Lucy's tomb. But (if the County Paris, a well-meaning but most unlucky gentleman, will excuse a purely rhetori-

cal usurpation of his words) "Lay *me* with Juliet!"

The contrast itself, I venture to think, is not purely rhetorical at all, but logical in the strictest sense. To the merits in detail of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' I never have hesitated to do justice, though I think them more sparingly found than in the case of most of the earlier novels. I will even cheerfully give Sir Henry the "feather." As for the novel as a whole, and as a novel, I am sure Sir Henry will excuse my reminding him that Lockhart, with whom here also I do not agree, thought the introduction of Oaleb Balderstone a "serious blemish"; and that Scott himself, when he came to the knowledge of the book, thought it "monstrous gross and grotesque as a whole." I lay no stress on this; I do not, in fact, agree with it any more than with Lockhart's eulogy, and we all know Sir Walter's belittling way as to his own masterpieces. But I still maintain, for the reasons which 'Maga' permitted me to give three months ago, that the tragedy of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is not "pure,"—is indeed distinctly faulty; and that, as I observed in the little book of which Sir Henry speaks so kindly, it is in its composition and general character as a novel, not indeed a failure, but Scott's first approach to one.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

'MAGA' AND HER PUBLISHERS.

INTROSPECTION is a thing recommended alike by philosophers and divines, and once in eighty years is not too often for the exercise of serious self-examination. During all that long period it has been the privilege of 'Maga' to hold the mirror up to contemporary literature; and while she has ever striven to encourage all that was best, she has never spoiled any child of genius by her backwardness in administering the rod. And now during these last few weeks she has had the opportunity of seeing herself as others see her, and more especially of seeing herself as reflected in the glass of a very distinguished and perhaps too partial Looker-on. It might be supposed that it was with some misgiving that 'Maga,' with this burden of years upon her, would look back on the crowded years of her early youth; but it is nearer the mark to say that her attitude towards her hoidenish days is one less of sorrow than amusement—resembling that of the incorrigible old gentleman of fiction who is always chuckling with a wicked smile, "We were gay dogs in these days, sir." A great deal has been written of these gay and early days that is, we are convinced, the merest cant; and literary historians, in their pious horror at such atrocities, have always found it an easy task to whitewash their respective clients at the expense of the others, so that even at the present day the attention of mutual improvement societies may be profitably directed to the question whether 'Maga' or the 'Quarterly' had the greater share in killing Keats. We are almost afraid to use so discredited a phrase as

"spirit of the age"; but when 'Maga' began her career, there is no question that a spirit—and that a very turbulent one—was abroad. It was a swashbuckler age, and there is no merit in any attempt to explain it away. The air resounded with blows, and the only marvel is that so little damage was done. Hunt and Hazlitt, Lockhart and Wilson, English bard and Scotch reviewer, have all outlived the noisy *mêlée*, which, after all, was only a warfare of wit. The young critics were slightly intoxicated with a new sense of freedom and of power, and were infected by an almost Elizabethan gaiety of spirit; but nothing could be more ludicrous and misplaced than modern attempts at pharisaical extenuation. There is no denying the fact that 'Maga' was conspicuous even in this noisy age, and exhibited from the first an unholy zest and aptitude for the fray, and we rejoiced greatly that Mrs Oliphant boldly eschewed all conventional apologies. It is curious to think that a woman should become the historian of Ambrose's; but Mrs Oliphant's sympathies were catholic enough even for such an undertaking, and we are sure the heroes of the 'Noctes' would have gleefully risen up to hail her as an honorary associate of their club.

The history of publishing has never fully been written, and one of the hardest tasks that will confront the future historian of "the Trade" will be to point out the transitional links between book-selling and publishing. It is possible, indeed, to go back, as a hero-seeking generation might not unfitly do, to William Caxton, to whom, it seems to us, due honour

has never been rendered as our first "publisher," and the first to give fixity to our language. But this is too wide of our subject to admit of speculation, and it is more pertinent to our present purpose to recall such names as Tonsen, Lintot, Curll, Dodsley, and Cave. Many were the feuds Glorious John had with his publisher-bookseller, and Pope's victims still grin deprecatingly at us from the pillory of the 'Dunciad.' So far as we can judge, the publisher of old had the best of it at the time, though the author had often the good fortune to present his side of the case in immortal prose or verse that has long outlived the cold logic of the bookseller's ledger. But however difficult it may be to determine exactly when the real publisher was evolved, there need be no hesitation in counting publishing proper among the products—some authors will have it among the disasters—of the nineteenth century. To step for a moment on the treacherous ground of generalisation, we would submit that the glorious eighteenth century—the Augustan age of Anne and "that past Georgian day" which Thackeray has conjured up to us in prose as Mr Dobson has in verse—is *par excellence* the Bohemian age of English literature. We have all long ago conceived our own picture of the eighteenth-century writer—a composite picture borrowed partly from the jests of Congreve and the playwrights, partly from the 'Tatler,' himself an "awful example," but mostly from these delightful sketches of Goldsmith where we see the poor hack toiling for a rapacious bookseller. In truth it takes some courage even at the present day to say a word for the old bookseller, and we are glad to evade the task by quoting a notable passage from Boswell, referring to the publication of one

of the heroic achievements of our literature:—

"He had spent, during the progress of the work, the money for which he had contracted to write his Dictionary. . . . I once said to him, 'I am sorry, sir, you did not get more for your Dictionary.' His answer was, 'I am sorry too. But it was very well. The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men.' He, upon all occasions, did ample justice to their character in this respect. He considered them as the patrons of literature; and, indeed, although they have been considerable gainers by his Dictionary, it is to them that we owe its having been undertaken and carried through at the risk of great expense, for they were not absolutely sure of being indemnified."

The first sentence of this passage we would specially commend to irritable authors for its delicious naïveté, and we doubt whether there is in all our literature a more succinct and unconsciously humorous presentation of the author-*versus*-publisher question.

Few things are so fascinating in literature as the tracing of the course of any single development, and there is assuredly none so prominent in our day as that of periodical literature. When Sir Richard Steele launched the 'Tatler' in 1709 he had certainly no prevision of its glorious progeny. One of its immediate results was the reawakening in Edinburgh of literary enthusiasm, the starting of the Easy Club, and the songs of Allan Ramsay. Of this movement our Burns was of course the most splendid offshoot; but it is curious also to note that Scott owed his inspiration to the 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' out of which, he says, "I was taught 'Hardiknute' by heart before I could read the ballad myself. It was the first poem I ever learnt—the last I shall ever forget." But in periodical litera-

ture itself it was long before any new note was struck. The number of papers was legion, but they were not original even in name, and it was not till 1731 that Edward Cave, the first publisher of Johnson, achieved a notable departure with the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' To us it seems that Sylvanus Urban was really in advance of his time. The conception of a miscellaneous magazine was there; but in spite of the practice of a Johnson and a Goldsmith, it is clear that the time was not yet ripe for anonymous magazine writing. It is curious to think that the debt Scottish letters owed to Steele and Addison should have been repaid in kind almost a century later, but so it was. The Edinburgh of the early years of this century presents a strange analogy to the London of Queen Anne, and it was left to 'Maga' in 1817 to revive and surpass the glories of the 'Tatler.'

There have been few more animated and picturesque centres of literary activity than the Edinburgh of William Blackwood's youth. It was, not very happily perhaps, termed the Modern Athens, which was a designation too ambitious to escape for long the raillery of Southern critics. But the time was beyond all cavil the Augustan age of Scottish literature, and Mrs Oliphant is right in declaring that the city was the cynosure of all eyes, the capital of the republic of letters. It is generally easy for the cold-blooded analyst to trace back any literary endeavour to a source less generous than mere enthusiasm, but we are not aware that such has ever been the fate of this renaissance of Scottish letters. The "Blue and Yellow" was a clear case of the spontaneous combustion of wit, and if any more remote cause be sought for its existence, it must be

looked for in the extraordinary fillip which modern publishing had given to the production of literature. Scotland—which has given to the publishing world its Constable, its Murray, its Blackwood, its Macmillan, *et multos alios*—seems to us to afford the first example of modern publishing in the person of an unduly forgotten pioneer. The story of the 'Edinburgh Review' has been so often told, and Lord Cockburn's eloquent testimony to Archibald Constable's princely methods and their effects is so well known, that it is only natural that earlier efforts should be forgotten. But there seems every reason to believe that an Edinburgh bookseller, Charles Elliot, was the founder of modern publishing, and that only premature death arrested an illustrious career. Constable's testimony is alone sufficient. At a time when it was still common to find thirty booksellers' names on a title-page, and when Johnson declared of remuneration at the rate of six guineas a sheet "that it might be obtained for a particular sheet, but not *communibus sheetibus*," Charles Elliot had already begun the *grand* style of publishing, and had the courage to oppose the oligarchy of the London trade by planting a branch in its midst. All honour to him. His countrymen, including his son-in-law John Murray, nobly followed his example, and brought about such a signal revolution in the publishing world that, as has been well said, whereas the eighteenth century offers us the picture of a crowd of eager booksellers hovering round an author, there now appeared the spectacle of the publisher distributing encouragement and splendid rewards to an eager *clientèle*.

It was partly no doubt policy, but it was more largely the force of circumstances, that determined the

uproarious character of 'Maga's' entry into the world. True, William Blackwood in his too great eagerness had already made one futile attempt; but he was quick to benefit by the lesson he learned from the incapacity of his first editors, and he showed his force of character by the promptitude with which he retrieved his error. We are introduced with rare vivacity into the eager preparations that took place within the shop in Princes Street before 'Maga' proper made her memorable *début*. The picture is as convincingly real as it is extraordinarily vivid, and the effect of Mrs Oliphant's narrative can be compared to nothing but a cinematograph display. There is the bustling and eager Ettrick Shepherd, rushing in and out with wildly impracticable schemes for taking the world by storm, yet with ever some method in his madness, which his more adroit and experienced *confrères* were quick to seize upon and bring to a point. There is the brilliant Christopher, bubbling over with unlimited fun and animal spirits, and full of the impetuous daring of irresponsible youth; while beside him stands the shy proud figure of Lockhart, eager as the others for the fray, and only half-successfully concealing his excitement behind his caustic speech. And behind all is William Blackwood, the projector of the scheme, saying little, but observing all things, and viewing with mingled pleasure and anxiety the restless high spirits of his mettlesome team. Then at last the great day came when the doors were opened, and to the surprise not only of Edinburgh but of all the literary world there rushed out a chariot bearing the likeness of George Buchanan, driven by a grave "man in plain apparel," and drawn by a team consisting of a

Leopard, a Scorpion, and a Boar. Never had there been seen so curious an equipage; but the resolute driver knew the character of his strange team and the dangers of the course he was to follow. The commotion made was beyond the dreams even of the sturdy charioteer and his light-hearted steeds, and the law-courts soon resounded with the groans of the wounded in spirit who had fallen beneath the wheels. With feeble hands at the reins the coach would certainly have been overturned, for the team was restive and the road was rough, but William Blackwood made his first progress with 'Maga' successfully, and it is pleasant to think that while the *personnel* both of driver and of team has changed perforce with the passing years, the chariot itself has never undergone mishap or change, and has now all but completed its thousandth journey.

At the commencement of her career 'Maga' was undoubtedly a war-chariot, designed to carry desolation into the camps of Whiggery and Cockney poetry, and there is no question about the vigour of her attack. But it is a mistake to suppose that either side had a monopoly of modesty or ferocity. When the play was with such finely edged tools as irony and mockery, it was inevitable that blood should be occasionally drawn, but to attribute excess of venom to the combating parties, as is so often done, is simply to commit the childish mistake of regarding in its literal significance a cartoon in 'Punch.' The spirit of the fray is really expressed in the witty lines on Jeffrey, which Lockhart thrust into the mouth of the poor Odontist:

"A man like him, (who doubts?) it
hugely tickle
To hear the slang of his own low
Whig pack would,

He knows that he himself has been a
Pickle,
And must excuse the Random Shots
of Blackwood.

I think of manhood if he had a particle
He instantly his nonsense all retract
would,
And set about a clever leading article,
To be inserted (if approved) by
Blackwood."

It was a signal instance of sagacity and good-luck that determined William Blackwood's choice of his first contributors. Each of the three had unquestionably the defects of his qualities; but the combination was brilliant and irresistible. All three of them, too, found in the newly created magazine the precise medium for which they had been unconsciously waiting, and they henceforth devoted themselves heart and soul to its service. So much is this the case, that their history and that of 'Maga' become inextricably interwoven, and any account of them is necessarily incomplete that does not view them as a "group." "Ambrose's" was indeed an eighteenth-century revival, and if it is true that it presents more of the shadow than the substance of the club-life of that age, it is equally true that no literary coterie, with the single exception of Johnson's club, has appealed to the popular imagination so vividly as embodying completely the pleasing idea of a literary symposium. And the later institution has this additional merit, that while the members of the Literary Club were held together mainly by the bonds of social good-fellowship, the Blackwood group were inspired only by an almost quixotic devotion to the Mistress they served. The late Lord Neaves, when celebrating the

five-hundredth birthday of the Lady in whose train he was ever a brilliant and witty courtier, did not hesitate to go still further back for a parallel to the whimsical devotion which 'Maga' always compelled from her willing votaries, roundly asserting that—

"Never since Arthur's Round Table
was seen
Has so gallant a fellowship circled a
Queen."

To many admirers of John Wilson these memoirs by Mrs Oliphant¹ will probably bring the disappointment attending the exploding of a tradition, for the Christopher she gives us is not quite the old man eloquent of the 'Noctes,' the noisy Christopher laying about him with his crutch, and dazzling all the world with his tempestuous eloquence. And all or nearly all the legendary lore and myth that have gathered round "Ambrose's" have been for the first time swept away. To our thinking the gain is greater than the loss. Christopher has been brought down from the cold and impossible altitudes of his Jove-like supremacy, and is now shown to have been only a man full of failings like all of us—but a man, be it observed, endowed with very remarkable physical and intellectual powers. His extraordinary capacity for work, his boundless flow of animal spirits, his recklessness, his learning, his eloquence, his gaiety—all these are happily left to us, and tradition is shown not to have leaped beyond the truth. But other and more human touches are added to the picture, and we find that there were moments when our Achilles became hopelessly unnerved and sulked in his Tent, and when the

¹ Annals of a Publishing House: William Blackwood and His Sons, their Magazine and Friends. By Mrs Oliphant. Vols. i. and ii. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1897.

thought of a literary quarrel or an unkind word from his publisher drove him to the depths of suicidal and comical despair. It seems to us that the faults of Christopher had their origin in the same source as his most estimable qualities—to wit, his invincible boyishness; and this is a trait of character so rare and refreshing amid the all too dreary record of literary envy, and drudgery, and disappointment, that we do not think its possession is too dearly bought at the price of some occasional lapses from courtesy, criticism, and common-sense. On this hypothesis we do not find it impossible to explain why Christopher, shortly after experiencing Wordsworth's hospitality, should have suddenly assailed him so bitterly. It was simply the freakish act of an impulsive boy; and it must be remembered that it was from his hands that Wordsworth received his earliest and most appreciative criticism. So, too, with the almost childish apprehension displayed on one or two occasions of the results of some impulsive attack. When the moment of impulsiveness which had sped the shaft had passed, nothing appears to us more natural than that the Professor should dread the association of his name with a jest that might perhaps have proceeded more fitly from some student of his own. But, as Johnson said of another erratic child of genius, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man"; and we do not think many authors around whom a mantle of tradition has been spread will emerge so well when the inmost history of their dealings with their publisher is laid bare as does our own joyous Christopher. It has often since been a pastime for small critics to yelp at the dead lion; but no

serious historian of our century's literature has failed to point out his great if unequal merit. His style, compared by Hallam to the rush of many waters, had no small share in breaking down the prim formality that was in his day the curse of prose; and though now and again his impetuosity landed him in tumidity or bathos, he possessed the real "feeling for nature" at a time when this was held in small esteem, and he is the true forerunner of Ruskin. And there is no gainsaying the power—the power for good—which he wielded in his own day. Perhaps no critic except Samuel Johnson has had the same influence over his contemporaries, or has exercised so great and enduring a personal fascination. When Christopher's crutch descended, Olympus shook, and young and old, from Coleridge to Tennyson and Carlyle, tacitly or openly paid homage. We are again reminded of Johnson, and of Macaulay's words about him: "To predominate over such a society was not easy; yet even over such a society Johnson predominated." Christopher ruled undisputed over a society scarcely less brilliant and infinitely more unruly. Surely it is quite idle to pretend that a man who could compel this respect among a swarm of brilliant contemporaries was anything but a very notable man of letters.

It is one of the freaks of literature that when so many smaller men have immediately attained to the honours of biography, it was only recently that the biographer of Scott—to name only his most patent claim to recognition—had this last service done him at the facile hands of Mr Andrew Lang. The fact, however, that Mr Lang did not have access to all the possible sources of in-

formation seriously deducted from the completeness of his portrait. 'Maga'—rejoicing greatly at the tardy honour paid to one of her "very own"—took occasion to express her pleasure at the way in which the service was performed; but it was also her duty to point out in a friendly spirit what appeared to her to be some curious misrepresentations in the work. The justice of her protest is now more fully established by Mrs Oliphant's full and charming account of Lockhart's connection with the Magazine. To Mr Lang's mind Lockhart was an ill-used man, goaded by the sorceress named 'Maga' into the committal of all manner of literary crimes, the perpetration of which irretrievably ruined his career. To believe his biographer, Lockhart was the mildest of men, who in an evil hour fell under the power of the Edinburgh Circe, and was straightway transformed into a Scorpion. With apologies to Mr Lang and Mr Burchell we say "Fudge!" The shade of Lockhart must have smiled sardonically at the superfluous zeal of the biographer, and we unblushingly confess our belief that the real Lockhart is the Lockhart of the Chaldee MS., and not the Lockhart of Mr Lang's brilliant apology. We prefer our Scorpion, sting and all, to the invertebrate creation of Mr Lang's genius, groaning under a coat of biographical whitewash, and we find abundant justification for our immoral preference in the volumes before us. The truth is, that Mr Lang would have made Lockhart one of the "unco guid" against his will, and attempted forcibly to thrust him into an ill-fitting suit of literary morality. The attempt was foredoomed to failure, for no sooner did the poor Scorpion become editor of the 'Quarterly,' and free from the

wiles of 'Maga,' than he stung Tennyson to the quick, and sought congenial solace from the insupportable gravity of his new position by harking back to the sins of his brilliant youth. We cannot but rejoice that Lockhart was thus faithful to his first love. When he felt, to use his own cynical words,

"Over-worked, over-worried,
Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,"

he found relief by "stealing off to make a 'Noctes,'" and he was still "'Maga's' very faithful servant" until, to use his own touching words, he was "released from all service." We regret to explode Mr Lang's hypothesis; but our sorrow is tempered with indignation that he should have found it necessary to subscribe to what appears to us one of the two most glaring survivals of literary cant. Happily the time is gone when any self-respecting critic will repeat the parrot-cry concerning Thackeray's cynicism. We wish it were the same with the other cant. But some are still found to hold up the hands of Pecksniffian horror at the doings of our early nineteenth-century critics, and 'Maga's' onslaught on the Cockney School—which name, by the way, she invented—and the 'Quarterly' on Keats, and Jeffrey with his "This will never do," have become the texts of sermons innumerable. As if, forsooth, our young lions had ceased to roar! The only difference that strikes us between the beginning and end of the century is that while the keen rapier of Lockhart invariably pinked his man beneath the fifth rib, our latter-day critics, according to Mr Birrell's admission in the most recent of our critical organs, exhaust their wit in flippancy or irrelevant generalisations. It would be impossible in these

pages to overestimate the value of Lockhart's services to 'Maga,' but we would fain believe, in spite of Mr Lang's opinion, that the connection was fraught with reciprocal benefits. It is perfectly idle to speculate what Lockhart might have done had he devoted himself more to law and less to letters. Had Scott's suit been successful, our Scorpion would have become Sheriff of Sutherland, but a kinder fate and the reputation he owed to 'Maga' made him editor of the 'Quarterly.' Sheriffs can be made, but brilliant writers are born; and it is one of the feathers in the cap of 'Maga' that when the 'Quarterly' required a successor to Gifford, and 'Fraser' was searching for an editor, her London rivals paid her the compliment of swooping down upon the "Old Saloon" and carrying off Lockhart and Maginn.

The mention of Maginn introduces us to the other lights that made up what Christopher called the constellation of 'Maga.' Of these James Hogg is worthy of the foremost place, brilliant if untutored, and, like Falstaff, not only witty in himself, but a cause of wit in other men. It has sometimes been said that the Shepherd fared hardly at the hands of his fellow-contributors, and it is clear that he had sometimes himself an uneasy suspicion that he was being made the subject of an elaborate joke. But there is abundant evidence to show that Wilson and Lockhart and Scott had a very real respect for his undoubted genius; and if his laughable foibles proved too strong a temptation for his waggish friends, the result of the jest has amply avenged him, and the Ettrick Shepherd, whom all his countrymen love and admire, is unquestionably the Shepherd of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' The blow Mrs Oliphant has inflicted

ed on the legend of "Ambrose's" seems to us of small account, for it is no surprise to learn of any enduring literary work that it was due to the expenditure of midnight oil rather than to unlimited potations of toddy. We have been accustomed to think of the drama as real, and to picture the heroes of the 'Noctes' engaged like the gods of old in high thinking and deep drinking. But alas! for fiction. The "making a 'Noctes'" was a much more prosaic matter. It was performed by the sweat of Lockhart's and Wilson's brains, and the printer's devil was not unfrequently hammering at the door while that marvellous tissue of poetry and wisdom and humour and nonsense was being manufactured for the Shepherd's mouth. Happy Shepherd! who was not only born great, but literally had greatness thrust upon him. Very different the fate of his brilliant coadjutor, William Maginn, whose splendid abilities have been forgotten, and who lives in general recollection only as Captain Shandon—the type for all time of the literary Bohemian. And yet there is something irresistibly attractive in the character of this witty Irishman, so reckless of his own reputation, so ready to put his powers at the service of a friend. He had much in common with that other Irish "Doctor," Oliver Goldsmith; but his marvellous cleverness—there is no other word that so fully meets the case—had no stable foundation, and his brilliant sallies, like those of Father Prout, are known to few but those who have the curiosity or leisure to ransack the files of periodical literature. His life is one of the tragedies of letters, and we are grateful to Lockhart for embalming his memory in that one happy epithet, "bright broken Maginn." The epitaph in which these words

occur is unique in our literature, and shows that like that flagrant cynic Thackeray our ruthless Scorpion had in truth the kindest of hearts, "faithful," as the 'Quarterly' said of him, "to old ties of friendship and affection, ready to help even strangers in their hour of need." Poor Maginn's life is indeed a sad commentary on Johnson's words:—

"There mark what ills the scholar's life
assail—

Toil, envy, want, the patron and the
jail."

'Maga' is glad to think that the category is not wholly applicable, and that envy, at least, had no place among the failings of her brilliant and vivacious contributor. It is only fitting that in the history of her early days there should be abundant and sympathetic reference to the genius of Ensign O'Doherty.

In the story of 'Maga' it is inevitable that the main interest should centre round those bold mariners who carried her safely through the stormy seas of her early career. But there was never any lack of volunteers to man her decks, and had there been, there was always an efficient pressgang. The publisher's enthusiasm for his Magazine was infectious, and it is amusing to find that the contributors he enrolled at once set about capturing others. Lockhart, Maginn, and Warren, to mention only a few names at hazard, all exhibited, in the capacity of what Mrs Oliphant calls "crimps for 'Maga,'" a zealous activity hardly inferior to that of Mr Blackwood himself, who is humorously alleged to have asked every one he met to submit an article. Among the "captured" are some whose names loom larger in the annals of literature generally than they do in those of 'Maga' in particular. There

was De Quincey, chief of all, most vexatious of contributors, whose apologies took longer time to indite than the articles which were overdue. But most things can be pardoned to genius, and, as Mrs Oliphant justly remarks, the honour of publishing an essay by the Opium-Eater was worth a world of editorial vexation. Mr Blackwood's experience of Coleridge was equally amusing and vexatious. No sooner had the poet been asked to contribute than he began to give gratuitous advice. Mrs Oliphant's narrative of the proceedings reminds us of the oft-told story of the poet. "Did you ever hear me preach?" asked Coleridge of Charles Lamb; and the essayist truthfully stuttered in reply, "I never heard you do anything else."

Our mention of the early history of 'Maga' would scarce be complete without a word of reference to William Blackwood's connection with Sir Walter Scott. Mrs Oliphant is second to none of the Wizard's admirers in the depth and sincerity of her hero-worship, and we are fain to believe with her that her hero "never can be shamed." But an impartial study of Lockhart's Life of Scott forces us to the conclusion that Scott was ultimately led to concur in a mode of procedure that at one time was repugnant to him. The truth is, that the publication of Scott's works was conditioned by the fact that the publisher, whoever he was, should accept a portion of John Ballantyne's unsaleable stock. Constable, though ever protesting, bore the intolerable condition long, and the coquetting with Blackwood and Murray was designed, we cannot doubt, not only to obtain a new outlet, but also to force his hand, should he finally rebel. The result is fully told in Mrs Oliphant's narrative, and does not concern us specially

here; but we would only point out as a significant fact that when, some years earlier, in the case of 'Guy Mannering,' John Ballantyne made a proposal somewhat analogous to that which Scott adopted in his transaction with William Blackwood, the indignant answer was, "Your expedients are all wretched as far as regards me. If I lose everything else, I will at least keep my honour unblemished." We are far from arguing that Scott went beyond his strict rights in transferring the 'Black Dwarf' from Blackwood to Constable; but the story leaves us with a feeling of profound pity that the Waverley Novels should have had to be used as a bribe for the disposal of a bankrupt bookseller's stock.

Even before the end of Hogg's career, he found to his astonishment that 'Maga' had become too respectable for a repetition of the Chaldee joke. In these early days, as Cockburn wittily said, "there was a natural demand for libel"; but times had changed before the closing years of William Blackwood's life, and the Magazine by the early "thirties" had settled down into a course of serene and tranquil prosperity. Christopher was still what De Quincey had offered to become, the Atlas of the Magazine; and around him he had such men as Galt, and "Tom Cringle," and Chaplain Gleig, and "Delta," whose centenary 'Maga' is pleased to note is soon to be fitly celebrated. Of these John Galt has of late years been singled out for honour. And

not unworthily, for within his limits he is a great artist, and Mrs Oliphant has felicitously termed him the Scottish Defoe. He had the same passion for detail, the same restraint and sobriety of style, and literature to him, as to the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' was no "elegant trifling," but only an element in a lifetime marked by the most strenuous and varied achievement. De Quincey and the Shepherd were writing regularly, and the majority of the "Noctes" during this time were almost wholly from the pen of Lockhart. Among newer recruits were Archibald Alison, who wrote three articles in a week, and upon whose prowess even Mrs Oliphant "looks with awe"; and the author of that delightful piece of Irish humour, "Father Tom and the Pope," well known to a later generation as Sir Samuel Ferguson. Warren also was beginning to lay the foundations of his gigantic success; but more interesting than all is one whom Mrs Oliphant has omitted to note. It is a delight to 'Maga' to be able to count among her poets not only "Bridget Elia" but Charles Lamb himself—names both, to use his own beautiful phrase, "which carry a perfume in the mention." In his essay on "Imperfect Sympathies" Lamb whimsically confesses that he tried all his life to like Scotsmen,¹ which was an ungrateful saying, since Christopher was one of the first to recognise his rare and peculiar excel-

¹ In Talfourd's Life of Lamb there is a delightful account of the one occasion on which Christopher and Elia met: "Lamb only once met that remarkable person—who has probably more points of resemblance to him than any other living poet—and was quite charmed with him. They walked out from Enfield together, and strolled happily a long summer's day, not omitting, however, a call for a refreshing draught. Lamb called for a pot of ale or porter—half of which would have been his own usual allowance; and was delighted to hear the Professor, on the appearance of the foaming tankard, say reproachfully to the waiter, 'And one for me.'"

lence. In one of 'Maga's' earliest numbers there is a cordial appreciation of his genius, and we believe Tickler was strictly accurate when he boasted in the 'Noctes' that it was 'Maga' that first made the name of Charles Lamb known outside the borders of Cockaigne.

To enumerate the contributors to 'Maga' is no part of our present intention, and if we have allowed the earlier period to predominate unduly, we have the excuse that the presence of Lockhart and Wilson seems to us to pervade both of Mrs Oliphant's volumes. There is no lack of curious anecdote embedded in these deeply interesting letters; but thanks to the skill of the biographer, we become absorbed in the fortunes of many writers, regarding whom time has not fully indorsed the contemporary reputation. Nothing could be more entertaining than the story of Samuel Warren's career, and we note the progress of his wonderful romance, rejoice at his success, and enjoy his frank and diverting egotism as heartily as if the world had finally exalted him beyond the Charles Dickens of whom he was the "fearless rival." Almost more extraordinary still are the letters of Samuel Phillips, the "Jew Boy," who rose to a leading position in journalism, and whose long duel with death is so remarkable an instance of indomitable will. The names of Bulwer Lytton and Charles Lever, on the other hand, connect us with the present day, through that intervening period irradiated by the genius of Aytoun, the Hamleys, Laurence Oliphant, George Eliot, Laurence Lockhart, and the author of 'Katie Stewart,' and some few of that older band who happily still survive, and are able in a special sense to share with 'Maga' in the joys and sorrows of her retrospect. For a retrospect of this kind is fitted to

awaken both sorrow and pride,—pride in the long succession of eminent men and women who have given 'Maga' of their best, and served her with chivalrous devotion; profound sorrow as one after another the "old familiar faces" disappear from the stage. "One friend drops into the shadows here and there: another comes to the front and takes his place. It is an epitome of the course of life."

The annals of a publishing house, from their very nature, inevitably throw many curious sidelights on those who played a part in its history, and lay bare to our eyes many traits of character that necessarily elude the pursuit of the most vigilant and indefatigable of ordinary biographers. For the relation of author and publisher is essentially unique, and not unfrequently the publisher's office becomes a literary confessional, in which have been unfolded the hopes and fears, the ambitions, the most secret foibles, the most intimate feelings of many an author, which were jealously guarded from the public gaze. It is highly honourable to the traditions of our national publishing that the cases are so numerous wherein an originally business connection has developed into a lifelong bond of confidence and friendship, for few relations are more liable to fitful gusts of misunderstanding and estrangement. With a certain community of interest there is obviously a manifest diversity, and there have been well-known writers of recent years who proposed in all seriousness to return to the custom of the golden age, when every writer published through his bookseller. There was to be no more heartless rejection of manuscript, no more casting of pearls before swine. The minor poet and the rejected novelist were

to appeal directly to the public purse and conscience, and were to reap a golden harvest untithed by a rapacious publisher. The scheme was certainly "childlike and bland"; but, like most things in this world, it had been tried before with discouraging results. It is curious to find from these volumes that even the "literary agent" is no novelty, for some eighty years ago he was fully anticipated by Mr Alaric A. Watts, whose middle name our Scorpion took the unwarrantable liberty of changing from the anti-climatic Alexander into the consistent but terrible Attila. The folly of a publisher is indeed proverbial, and is the target for the withering scorn of every unsuccessful author who, in grotesque illustration of the most elementary of logical fallacies, consoles himself with the reflection that 'Lorna Doone' went a-begging in its day! And this, too, is a popular argument that quickly seizes on the public imagination, and far outweighs in picturesqueness the other very different mistake of the publisher who "places his money on the wrong horse," and learns by experience that the commercial and literary value of a book is often in inverse proportion to the fanciful qualities attributed to it by its fond beggetter. Mrs Oliphant—herself, 'Maga' is proud to think, a signal instance of the possibility of reconciling the difference—has alluded to the difficulties attending the relationship with singular discernment and sympathy. With much humour and penetration she sympathises with the almost comical amazement of the author who finds that his labour has brought no reward, and with the publisher who realises ruefully that the work on which he has built his hopes has failed to cover the cost of its production. When the author is

brilliant and the publisher virtuous, clearly a scapegoat must be found. With some diffidence we venture to suggest that the real culprit is none other than that hoary miscreant, the General Reader. But we are hopeful that the time will come when the general reader will extend indefinitely the generality of his reading, and then the publishing lion and the literary lamb will lie down together, and the republic of letters will become Utopia, Limited.

There is one side of Mrs Oliphant's volumes on which we have not hitherto touched, although, in the second volume especially, it is perforce the main subject of interest, to eschew which entirely would be as false in its mock modesty as it would certainly be unfair to the accomplished biographer. We venture to think that one of the secrets of 'Maga's' success has been the strictly impersonal nature of her editorship; and among the numerous characters so vividly depicted by Mrs Oliphant's pen, not the least notable are our founder and his sons. The beginning of 'Maga' was virtually the beginning of the successful career of William Blackwood, and the scheme he formulated was as distinctly an innovation in periodical literature as was that of Edward Cave nearly ninety years before. He had the shrewdness to perceive the vast importance it was to a publishing house to possess an organ which might attract the best of young contemporary writers to his side, and be, as it were, a nursery for authors. It is interesting to note how, during the history of the firm, the utility of his project was verified, and how nearly all the writers mentioned in these annals, who lived to reflect lustre on their publisher,

made their first acquaintance with the firm in the rôle of contributors to 'Maga.' At the same time, it is pertinent to observe that in one important respect the interests of the Magazine conflicted with those of the publishing house. It is inevitable that every magazine should have its long list of rejected contributors, of whom but one here and there is destined to achieve greatness. Nothing is more natural than that the rejected aspirant will pay his addresses elsewhere; and to take only one example, the House of Blackwood was deprived of the glory of Thackeray because an early effort was perhaps not unjustifiably deemed unsuitable for the Magazine. But on the whole, nothing could be more satisfying than the relations between our founder and his authors and contributors. The publisher and editor from the first had the entire confidence of his team; and it is almost pathetic, if humorous, to read how, when any difficulty arose, the Leopard and the Scorpion turned to their editor for support. The "man in plain apparel" was undoubtedly happy in his contributors; but it was his own stout heart and firm hands that piloted 'Maga' through the treacherous currents that engulfed so many of her promising rivals. Luckily for 'Maga,' the sons of her founder were equally devoted to her cause; and if 'Maga' has been blamed for exercising a curious spell over her contributors, it can at least be replied that her founder and his sons were themselves among the willing victims, and were ready to sacrifice everything in her service. Few young men have been left with such an honourable and onerous legacy as were Alexander and Robert Blackwood; but they succeeded in compelling the respect of men so different as Lockhart

and Lytton, and their reward was that 'Maga' left their keeping with even additional lustre, and that the young brother John, whose career they zealously watched, lived to confer added distinction on their father's name.

Nothing has been more saddening to 'Maga' in this retrospect of her youth than the fact that the hand which penned these Annals is now cold in death. It is curious to think of any link between our own prosaic age and that lively time when Christopher was in his prime, and "there was a natural demand for libel." But Mrs Oliphant bridges the gap, for was she not introduced to the "Professor" by the kindly "Delta"? Mrs Oliphant has been content to reproduce this portion of the story of 'Maga' and her publishers with nothing but the faintest allusion to her own share in the plot. And yet it might well have been otherwise, for we doubt if any Magazine has ever been more faithfully served. It is 'Maga's' misfortune that her history to John Blackwood's death in 1879 was not finished by her gifted ally: it is her profound regret that Mrs Oliphant did not live to know that 'Maga' was more than satisfied with the brilliant performance of this final task. 'Maga' has had the good fortune to inscribe many very eminent names upon her banner, but we must go back to the days of Wilson and Lockhart and Aytoun for any parallel to the brilliancy and loyalty and unwavering devotion of Margaret Oliphant. *Felix opportunitate mortis.* We could hardly have wished for our very valued contributor a more fitting end to her long life of literary toil than this brilliant chronicle of the periodical she loved to serve.

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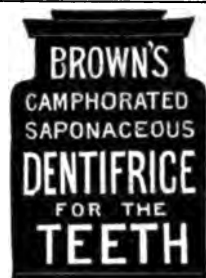
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